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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Volume XXX NOVEMBER, 1916 Number 1

Canada's Plan *for the* Disabled

Written With the Authorization of Sir James Lougheed

By K. Bowker

SOME months ago, a prominent Montrealer suddenly awakened to the fact that some provision should be made for the returned, wounded, or disabled soldier. The thought disturbed his rest. The Government should see to it. Governments, being composed not of men, but machines, do not think of these things. So he made some suggestions for the use of an unthoughtful country. and sent them to Ottawa.

The Government was interested. It was quite a good plan. It was not so good as the plan that had been in operation for some fourteen months, because the Montreal man had only spent a few hours over it. And the Government plan had been the outcome of the deliberations of as many men, who were expert in the subject, as it had been possible to bring together. They had evolved a plan, after the careful study of the systems at present in use in other and older countries. And the plan had then been elaborated and adapted to Canadian conditions.

But it was interesting to note that a business man—a citizen of one of our large commercial and industrial centres, an active able man—had no idea that the Government was making any provision whatsoever for these men.

And then again some enterprising volunteers have gone about taking—or endeavoring to take—subscriptions to supply artificial limbs for the disabled, and to start schools for the blind Canadian soldiers.

In view of the fact that the cases cited are probably more representative than isolated, a statement of the scope, accomplishments, and aims of the Military Hospitals Commission, may not be out of place.

WHEN the European war began, Canada's permanent army consisted of a few thousand men. She had, it is true, many militia regiments. But war came unexpectedly upon a nation unprepared for it. The nature of the conflict, and all that the issue meant for Canada, was quickly realized; and a wave of patriotic fervor and activity swept from end to end of the country.



Sir James Lougheed, head of the Military Hospitals Commission.

The strength of popular determination and enthusiasm was behind the efforts of the Militia Department, and the army that sprang into being was worthy to play its part with heroic nations, worthy to represent Canada among them. It was indeed, Canada in action.

Endless effort and self-sacrifice have resulted in the recruiting of over three hundred thousand Canadians. Of these men, some two hundred thousand have already left Canada. At Ypres, Festubert, St. Eloi, they have set a standard for their compatriots. Those names will stir the souls of Canadians while history endures.

A certain number of men broke under the hardships of training, and returned to this country before the Canadians had actually reached the front. And as soon as the Canadian troops were in action, the number of wounded or disabled who were returning to be cured or discharged, grew to serious proportions.

The existing Canadian Military Organization was not prepared for handling such large numbers of these men. As it had already been necessary to improvise means to meet new conditions in the recruiting and training of men as soldiers, so it became necessary to provide new machinery for dealing with these same soldiers when unfit for further service; and for re-fitting them to be, once more, civilian citizens.

FOR this purpose, the Military Hospital Commission was formed at the instance of the Prime Minister, and appointed by an Order in Council in June, 1915. Powers most wide were given to the Commission, that the problem of the returned soldier, his welfare in sickness and in health might be fully and effectively dealt with.

It's members include the Hon. Sir James Lougheed, P.C., K.C.M.G., President; the Hon. Thomas W. Crothers, P.C., K.C., Hon. Col. Sir Rodolphe Forget, W.K. George, Esq., Lloyd Harris, Esq., J. H. S. Matson, Esq., D. Lorne McGibbon, Esq., the Hon. John N. McLennan, Col. Sir H. M. Pellatt, C.V.O., Lt.-Col. C. W. Rowley, Lt.-Col. Clarence F. Smith Lt.-Col. Thomas Walker, M.D., Smeaton White, Esq., W. M. Dobell, Esq., and the Director General of Medical Ser-



A class in draughting made up of returned soldiers, Toronto Convalescent Hospital.

vices. By arrangement with the Provincial Governments, the Commission has been enlarged by the appointment of one ex-officio member to represent each province.

Until men are discharged they remain in the Military Hospitals Commission command. The Command is a unit of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. The purpose of the Command is to secure the coherence of military organization in all measures undertaken for proper conveyance of returned invalided men to a sound position in civilian life.

AN exhaustive study has been made of the methods and treatment used in the older countries. Germany was in the full swing of extra preparation for her war cripples before hostilities were two weeks old. France and Belgium have risen nobly and intelligently to the need.

In France, four main plans have been followed in providing vocational re-education for disabled soldiers.

Special schools have been established for them.

Arrangements have been made by which they attend technical institutions, or become apprentices in business houses.

Guilds and trade labor associations have provided special training for them.

Under very special circumstances, and to very special cases, the Government has given allowances to maintain these men at their homes, or elsewhere, while they are undergoing their re-education.

Each of these systems has it's advantages, but, as a rule, the establishment of special schools for the re-education of disabled men, is by far the most useful. It teaches quickly and maintains enthusiasm and sound habits of work in those it instructs. Two hundred inmates have been found to make an institution of convenient size.

Since no school is large enough to teach every trade, these institutions are usually placed near large cities, in which instruction and practice in unusual, or highly technical, occupations, can be easily obtained.

It frequently becomes necessary for the training to be completed either in a technical school, or in the workshops or office of some business house. In these cases arrangements have been made by which men who are still soldiers, and under the care of the Government, may continue their training while following a course in a technical school, or while serving as apprentice to a firm.

In order that the men may be near their friends, and the places in which they will probably wish to find employment, they are re-educated, as far as possible, in the vocational school nearest to the place where they intend to settle.

One of the best of the existing institutions for the vocational re-education of the soldier is the Belgian institute, established at Vernon, France. This is in charge of Major Harcourt who, before the war, was a contractor in Brussels, and who has an intimate and unusual knowledge of all trades. Under his direction forty-three different trades are taught covering every variety of occupation.

W. M. Dobell. dealing with this institute, in his report to the Commission, says:

"This institution is operated in connection with the Anglo-Belgian Hospital at Rouen, so that the men are only sent to Vernon when they are considered to have finished with actual hospital treatment. On arrival at Vernon, they are put through a highly scientific test in order to establish their physical capacity, and no man is allowed to attempt to learn a trade which will be too arduous for him, or at which he is not likely to become efficient. The underlying principle of the whole establishment is: Constant work, and no idleness. There is a small hospital in connection, where men who become ill, or who are temporarily suffering from their old wounds, are accommodated; and —unless they are actually helpless—they are required to do some sort of work in bed; the hospital orderlies being men who have passed examination in such work as net-making and light basket work."

When the French soldier has completed his training in one of the excellent French schools for the vocational training of disabled men, a certificate of capacity is issued to him by the institution at which he has "graduated." The greatest care is taken in issuing these certificates, in order that they may become a recognized proof of high efficiency, so that employers may feel that they are safe in relying upon the competence of those who possess them.

There are two great outstanding features in this work.

The first is the necessity for inspiring the patient with the idea that, though the country owes him a great deal, he owes himself more. Dr. Amar, the great French authority, says: "The disabled man must be made to understand (and he will easily grasp the fact), that work is the regenerator and sole fortifier of his body and his mind; it alone furnishes material sources for a livelihood, and those moral resources which, in him especially, excite our admiration. A too-prolonged stay in convalescent homes and hospitals is the true cause of idleness, which is, moreover, accentuated by the condition of the man that is there condemned to inaction. The re-education of the joints and the muscles, followed by exercises in his trade, so harmonized as to assure for the individual, the maximum of his output, must begin in the convalescent home before medical treatment is finished."



Returned soldiers in Montreal Hospital

The second is the necessity for a very careful choice of the trade or profession for which the soldier is to be re-educated. Very many of these men are able to go back to their original callings. The loss of a leg, or even an eye, does not necessarily prevent a man from returning to a shop or an office.

But in other cases it is inadvisable for them to try and resume their former occupations. Their disabilities will make it impossible for them to compete on equal terms, if at all, with uninjured men. Such men are given vocational training in some occupation in which their former trade has already given them a grounding.

It will be readily understood that the choice of a trade should be guided by experts, basing their suggestions on:

1. A man's physical ability—or disability.
2. His previous calling.
3. His tastes, and his psychological capacity.

In England the same course is being followed, though not yet as systematically as on the continent.

French statistics tell us that eighty per cent. of the maimed men can be vocationally re-educated. The greater part of the twenty per cent. that cannot be helped, are either the victims of alcholism, or of the ingrained idea that as they have been wounded in defense of the State, the State must provide for them, with no help on their part.

IN France, the question of pensions has given rise to a good deal of trouble, and some heartburning. The pension of a man vocationally re-educated was reduced by the amount of his restored earning power. This was putting a premium on idleness, as a man's earnings might fluctuate, while the pension of a man who would not help himself, remained secure. Happily, however, this matter is now being readjusted. We are fighting a national war, in which each Canadian feels that he fights for his personal rights. And, if necessary, the country will spend the last man and the last dollar that she possesses. In such a war, each citizen shares the responsibility; and the burden of personal detriment, such as mental or physical injury incurred by Canada's sons, must be born so far as is possible, by Canada's citizens. This is done, in some measure, by paying the disabled men appropriate pensions, the funds for which are raised by taxation. The amount of pension awarded varies directly with the extent of the incapacity of each individual. This is based, NOT on a man's subsequent earning capacity after he is, if necessary, vocationally re-educated, but on the percentage of his physical disability estimated on the basis of earnings in the open market.

In England, between the pension allowed to a private, and the pension given to an officer, there is a great gulf fixed. In Canada, the scale of pensions which came into effect in 1914, also made a most radical distinction between the pensions granted to men in the ranks and those granted to the officers. It has been felt that in this country such a distinction was unjust, but mature consideration made it clear that it would be eminently unfair, after three hundred thousand men had enlisted with a certain scale of pensions in view, to reduce the pensions that were held out to men of higher rank. The result was that the special pensions committee determined to increase the pensions that they thought inadequate, and to leave to the higher ranks the pensions that were promised under the scheme of 1914.

WITH the inspiration of the example of France and Great Britain and the results achieved in those countries as a solid and practical foundation to build upon, the Military Convalescent Hospitals Commission proceeded to work out a system for Canada that would solve this national problem. As a result of what is being done it is estimated that 90 per cent. of the disabled soldiers may be re-educated.

Canadians are not soldiers either by nature or education. They are civilians, and their military training has been grafted on to their civilian upbringing. For this reason they have greater initiative, and a greater sense of personal responsibility. For this reason also they find it easy to relax discipline; self discipline. The peculiar condition of the returned soldier naturally tends to produce a weakened condition of the mind and will, as well as of the muscles. He is suffering from shock, perhaps, as well as from wounds. He may be suffering from nerves. In all cases, his vitality is lowered. For this reason vocational re-education should always be commenced as early as possible, so that the disabled man's lack of occupation will not permit the formation of habits of idleness, and of disinclination for work. In order to encourage those who are taking the courses, arrangements are being made by which they may receive from the beginning, adequate payment for anything

Continued on page 91.



The Witch of Atlas

The First of a Series of Stories of Canadian Rural Life

By Peter McArthur

Author of "In Pastures New" and "The Red Cow."

IN spite of the title this is the story of Phemy Black and,

"These were the pranks she played among the cities of mortal men."

And accident, or, to be more exact, a clumsy mistake suddenly changed her from a demure country girl attending the switch-board of a rural telephone to a mistress of magic fit to be compared with the Witch of Atlas. To begin the story right at the beginning, let me tell you just what happened. Deacon Pullen had called up Central and asked for Burdick's hardware store. Now Phemy was only acting as substitute at the switch-board, while the regular operator was taking a holiday, and she was not so expert at the work as she might have been. Besides, on this particular morning she was suffering from a very persistent heartache because Phil Acton had been seen walking down street with Flora Campbell—but there! I am running ahead of my story. To proceed in an orderly manner. Deacon Pullen had called for a connection with Burdick's hardware store. Phemy, being inexpert and perturbed, carelessly connected him with Jake Rundle, the local horse dealer. Then with a curiosity that seems natural to the operators of rural telephones she listened to hear what the Deacon wanted at the hardware store so early in the morning. This is what she heard:

"Hello! Have you got any ledger-plates on hand?"

"What's that?"

"Have you got any ledger-plates for Deerfoot mowers? I want to know before I take my mowing machine to the blacksmith to get it fixed."

"What on earth are you talking about? Who's speaking?"

"Pullen, John Pullen. Isn't this Burdick's hardware store?"

INSTANTLY there came over the wire a gurgling laugh and then an answer that made the hair creep on the back of Phemy's neck.

"He! he! No. This is Jake Rundle speaking!"

"You miserable hound!" bawled the deacon.

Phemy's first impulse was to disconnect them and remedy her mistake, for it was well known that Deacon Pullen had vowed that he would never speak to Jake Rundle again, even if he lived to be a hundred. But now that the mischief had been done she was overcome by a longing to hear just what they would say. So she left the connection undisturbed and listened.

"Aw, come Deacon! You shouldn't take it so hard! Horse trading is horse trading!"

"But you didn't tell me that the horse you traded to me had the heaves."

"Well, the man who traded him to me didn't tell me that he had the heaves either, so I thought it was a secret."

This is one of the stock jokes of country horse trading and it made the Deacon rage to be caught by it. For the next few minutes he used language to Jake Rundle that no innocent young girl should have heard and before he was done she felt that she could never again attend his Bible-class and listen to his instruction as she had in the past. But the upshot of the mistake was good, for Jake Rundle agreed to take the horse off the Deacon's hands at a reasonable price, and a row that had promised to develop into a feud was patched up.

WHEN they had rung off the flustered Deacon called again for Burdick's hardware store and this time he got the right connection. But Phemy did not listen to the conversation. She was transfigured by a great idea. A moment before the mistake was made she was simply an ordinary country girl. A moment after it was over she was flushed with a sense of power such as thrilled the daughter of Apollo when

"The Ocean-nymphs and Hamadryades,
Oreads and Naiads with long weedy locks,
Offered to do her bidding through the seas,
Under the earth, and in the hollow rocks."

Suddenly she realized that the switch-board at which she was drudging was an instrument of magic which gave her power over everyone within its call. But chiefly it showed her how she could heal or forever blight her heart, which had been aching intolerably all morning. On the way to the telephone office a meddlesome friend had told her that Phil Acton had been out walking with Flora Campbell. Of course, she and Phil were not really engaged, but they had understood each other since they were school mates, and now to have Flora playing deceitful tricks like this——. The frank facing of her trouble made her heart throb so that she almost failed to connect gossipy Mrs. Melville Hall with her crony Mrs. Baxter, to whom she wished to tell the latest bit of scandal about Mrs. Thornhill Jones, the self-elected leader of social society.



Here is the great idea that flashed on Phemy. By mistakenly connecting Deacon Pullen with Jake Rundle she had enabled them to arrive at an understanding and had settled a row that otherwise never would have been settled. Why couldn't she do the same with other people who were "out"? More than that she could connect lovers who were too shy to talk to one another and at the same time listen to what they had to say. But most of all she could put Phil Acton in touch with Flora Campbell and find out the whole truth about them. Neither of them would know that she was at the switch-board that day and probably they would never think that anyone was listening to them.

THE possibilities were bewildering. Having been born and brought up in Egerton township, she knew practically everyone. She knew their rows and their love affairs and knew just what combinations to make to get the most fun from listening. Her chief trouble was that she didn't know where to begin. Above all she wanted to connect Phil Acton with Flora Campbell, but she was too much afraid of what she might hear to do that at once. She would need to think it over. And while she was hesitating the ordinary work of the switch-board went on. People were talking business and gossiping and she made the necessary connections almost automatically. She was not interested in their talk. Her head was seething with little plots and her eyes were dancing with delight at the thought of the fun she was going to have. Before she had made up her mind which plot she would try first a chance came over the wire. Polly Brown called up and asked to be given Martin's grocery store. Instantly Phemy called up the telegraph office and when she made sure that Will Haines, the handsome young operator was on the wire she connected him with Polly. People had just begun talking about Will and Polly and saying that they were sweet on one another and now Phemy would find out. This is what she heard. Polly was in a hurry and began at once:

"This is Polly Brown."

"Yes!"

"Mother is too mad at you to speak herself, so I am speaking."

"For the love of Mike! What have I done now?"

"That box of codfish you sent out with the waggon last Tuesday was all spoiled and the dried figs were wormy——"

"Hey! Hold your horses! Who on earth do you think you are talking to?"

"Martin's grocery store. Er-Who's speaking?"

"Will Haines, at the telegraph office."

"Ow!" Then Polly went off in a fit of hysterical laughter in which Will joined. Finally he broke in.

"Say, Polly, that is some temper you have. I could fairly feel the acid dripping off it."

"But I was mad."

"Hope you'll never get mad at me."

"I won't if you will be good," Polly cooed.

"Say, Polly, have you heard that there is going to be a grand Garden Party at Agersville next Thursday."

"Yes."

"Well, will you come with me?"

"I er—I hadn't been thinking of going" ("O, the fibber," said Phemy Black to herself.)

"Aw, come on," pleaded Will. "I'll get Jake Rundle's driver or—or maybe I can get an automobile."

"O, you musn't be extravagant."

"You'll come won't you?"

"Ye-es. If Mama will let me."

"Well, say. May I go down to your place to see about it to-night?"

"If you want to," said Polly with a shy tenderness that could be felt over the telephone wires.

"What time?"

"About eight."

"Right-o!"

THEY both hung up their receivers and Phemy clapped her hands with delight. They were certainly in love and she had given their love affair a big boost by letting them talk to one another. The fact that Polly forgot all about the scolding she was going to give the grocer showed the state of her feelings; and Will had made his clear enough. It was glorious.

For a while Phemy attended to the routine of her work and tried to make up her mind about Flora and Phil. She still lacked the courage.

Then a whimsical notion entered her head. She had once read a story by Conan Doyle in which it was asserted that any man could be frightened out of the country by sending him a telegram saying:

"All is discovered! Fly at once!"

According to the author, they tried it on a Bishop of stainless reputation and he was never seen afterwards. Phemy made up her mind to try it on Hiram Fowler, the local political boss and saloon keeper. Calling him up she assumed the nearest approach she could make to a deep bass voice and muttered:

"All is discovered! Fly at once!"

"What's that?"

"All is discovered! Fly at once!"

Then she broke the connection. A moment later Fowler was ringing furiously.

"Number please," said Phemy in her softest alto.

"Why did you cut me off?" Fowler asked, excitedly.

"I thought you were done."

"I wasn't! Connect me with whoever was speaking to me."

"Just a minute," purred Phemy. What would she do? Then she remembered that her father always said that Magistrate Fairsides was just as big a political crook as Fowler. She would connect them.

"Hello! Who's this?" asked Fowler in a voice hoarse with fear.

"Magistrate Fairsides," came the pompous reply.

"What has happened?"

"Why, what *has* happened?"



The magistrate's voice was trembling now. "That sounds like the way Pearson, the Dominion Organizer, would give a warning."

"Didn't you call me up to say 'All is discovered! Fly at once!'"

"Good Heavens! No."

"Who could it have been?"

The Magistrate's voice was trembling now. "That sounds like the way Pearson, the Dominion organizer, would give a warning, without letting himself be known."

"But they ought to know at the central who spoke."

"Don't ask them. That would only make talk. Meet me at Jake Rundle's in half an hour and we'll try to figure it out."

NOT knowing the devious ways of politics Phemy did not realize the trouble she was making and did not foresee that on the next train Hiram Fowler should hurry away to Michigan to pay a long-deferred visit to his son in the States. And he didn't come back until the Magistrate had communicated with headquarters and had found that nothing had been discovered. Which made him feel more comfortable for he had been in on most of Hiram's shady work.

In spite of the fact that Phemy's plan was working so well she did not dare to connect Flora and Phil, though more than once she started to do it. And not even the tricks she was playing could make her forget her heartache. So all day she continued her work,

"And timid lovers who had been so coy
They hardly knew whether they loved or not."

She brought together, as the witch would have done, and helped them to arrive at a better understanding. Only once did she do anything mean. It was well known that poor little Amelia Blossom was woefully and watchfully waiting for some one to propose. Phemy remembered a joke about a girl to whom some one called over the telephone,

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes," had been the answer without hesitation and then: "Who is speaking?"

Calling up Amelia Blossom Phemy once more assumed a manly voice and asked:

"Will you marry me?"

"Where are you? Why don't you come to the house? Who is speaking?"

"Excuse me," Phemy cut in, in her natural voice. "I made the wrong connection." And she cut off poor Amelia, who promptly had hysterics. When she came out of the fit she began to guess who was proposing to whom got everything wrong as usual, and presently a story went around that Jake Rundle had proposed to Mary Gall over the telephone and had been rejected.

IT is really doubtful if Phemy could have summoned the courage to call up both Phil and Flora and get them together so that she could hear them talk and judge for herself what their relations were. She wanted to know everything. but was afraid she might find out something. But along in the afternoon her chance finally came and she acted instantly without giving herself time to think. Flora Campbell called up and asked to be connected with Mary Gall, the town dressmaker.

"Just a minute," said Phemy. During that minute she called up Phil's home and got Phil on the wire.

"Go ahead," she called to Flora, and then she listened.

"O, Mary," Flora began. "Don't you think I might have the skirt of my new dress just a mite shorter—I saw one on the street to-day that was far shorter and ——"

There was a horrified gasp from the other end of the wire. "Wait a minute! Hold on there! You've got the wrong number."

But Flora recognized his voice over the telephone.

"Hello! That you, Phil?"

"Why, yes. Who is speaking?"

"Flora Campbell. That stup'd central must have got us mixed." (Phemy noted that "stupid" and even though she knew she had brought it on herself by making the wrong connection she flared up and vowed to get even with Flora some day.)

"I didn't exactly catch the instructions you were giving me."

"Forget it," laughed Flora. "I was just ordering some changes in the new dress

that I am having made for the garden party at Agersville. Are you going?"

"Yes."

"Well, now Phil, if you haven't made other arrangements we could take you along in our auto."

"O, thank you," said Phil. "I have made other arrangements."

"O, all right. Good-bye!" They rang off; and Phemy then made the right connection for Flora.

"Throwing herself at his head!" fumed Phemy. "She actually asked him to go with her to the garden party! I'll get even with her for that!"

BUT though Phemy found that Phil was safe from Flora Campbell she had only changed one misery for another. He had told Flora that he "had made other arrangements." And he had not asked her to go with him! There must be some other girl! But who could it be? With the swift jealousy of eighteen she took stock of all her girl friends and all the girls whom Phil would be likely to know, but although she suspected many she was sure of none. All she was sure of was that he had not asked her. And her heart ached worse than ever. She lost all interest in her game of playing the Witch of Atlas and helping other lovers and patching up rows. She listlessly answered all calls and made all connections with prosaic correctness. Finally she was startled to find Phil calling up Central. Without recognizing her voice he gave her home number. Her mother came to the 'phone. Phemy listened.

"Phil Acton speaking. How do, Mrs. Black?"

"Fine How are you, Phil?"

"Couldn't be better. Is Phemy at home?"

"No. She is in town to-day."

"That so? Well, do you know if she has arranged to go to the Agersville Garden Party?"

"You might ask herself. She is substituting on the telephone central to-day and I'm willing to bet a cookie that she's listening to us talking just now."

"I'm not!" snapped Phemy. "I just listened in to see if the wire was working right."

Her mother laughed and hung up the receiver. She knew Phemy and she knew the possibilities of a telephone switchboard. Phil then talked to Phemy direct.

"Hello, Phemy. Didn't know you were in town to-day."

"Well, I am."

"Say, you'll come with me to the garden party at Agersville, won't you?"

"I don't know that I will."

"Aw, Phemy!"

"I thought you had made 'other arrangements'?"

"Oh! Then you were listening when I was talking to Flora Campbell."

There was no answer to this.

"Come, Phemy. You will go with me, won't you?"

"I'll see"

"Well, say, I'll be down to the store when you leave the telephone at six and we can talk about it on the way home."

"Can we?"

PHIL laughed and hung up the 'phone. He was used to Phemy's little tantrums and this time he had the best side of the argument and he knew it.

It was only the fact that she had the telephone receiver strapped to her head and had to attend to the switch-board that kept Phemy from jumping up and dancing. The heartache had suddenly changed to a great thrill of joy. Phil was still true to her—but she would give him a dressing down just the same. What business had he assuming that she would go with him and telling Flora Campbell that he had already made the arrangements. She would make him suffer for that.

YOU can now see how a country girl at a switch-board, with science for magic, could work wonders similar to those that Shelley recorded in his wonderful poem. All the magic and marvel of the past is around us in our everyday lives if only we had the eyes to see; and all the myths of the past are being lived over every day. No matter what man may invent or what progress he may make it becomes a part of our work-a-day lives and youth, and love can transform it to romance and beauty.

But it was Phemy's fate to prove the fundamental truth of more than one myth. A day came when she heard the beating of the Wings of Icarus as he plunged headlong from the sky, but that story

"I will disclose another time; for it is
A tale more fit for the weird winter night—
Than for these garish summer days, when we
Scarcely believe much more than we can see."

By An Autumn Fire

By

L. M. Montgomery

Author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of the Island," etc.

Now at our casement the wind is shrilling,
Poignant and keen,
And all the great boughs of the pines between
It is harping a lone and hungering strain
To the eldritch weeping of the rain;
And then to the wild, wet valley flying
It is seeking, sighing,
Something lost in the summer olden,
When night was silver and day was golden;
But out on the shore the waves are moaning
With ancient and never fulfilled desire,
And the spirits of all the empty spaces,
Of all the dark and haunted places,
With the rain and wind on their death-white faces,
Come to the lure of our leaping fire.

But we bar them out with this rose-red splendor
From our blithe domain,
And drown the whimper of wind and rain
With undaunted laughter, echoing long,
Cheery old tale and gay old song;
Ours is the joyance of ripe fruition,
Attained ambition,
Ours is the treasure of tested loving,
Friendship that needs no further proving;
No more of springtime hopes, sweet and uncertain.
Here we have largess of summer in fee—
Pile high the logs till the flame be leaping,
At bay the chill of the autumn keeping,
While pilgrim-wise, we may go a-reaping
In the fairest meadow of memory!

WANTED—A National Anthem

By Arthur Stringer

A GREAT war brings about great changes. Otherwise it would not be great. It may not always topple over thrones and remake maps, but out of the national house-cleaning which results from its storm and stress there comes both a wholesome 'scrapping' of superseded ideas and an equally wholesome hunger for the articulation of the newer traditions.

From Canada this Great War has exacted its sorrowful toll. But back to Canada it has also brought that crown of glory which only manhood generously proffered and blood heroically spilled can purchase. It has made the word 'Canadian' mean more than it ever meant before. Across all our national life it has thrown an overtone of austere and noble pride. It has brought to us a newer sense of solidarity, a consciousness of imperial destinies unknown to us in our earlier days. It has unified us into one people, intent on a purpose transcending mere personal interest, proud of the fact that our sons and brothers could gladly die for an Idea.

But along with this pride in our name and our country it has brought another feeling, an indefinite and yet a disturbing impression that in our newer mood we have been compelled, as a unit, to remain tongue-tied. It has given birth to a conviction that although struggle and sacrifices have brought the star of glory to the brow of Nationhood, blood and tears have in some way failed to bring song to her lips. For unlike other nations, we find ourselves without that communal chant of land-love and home-love which is known as a national anthem. We have no song of Canada which we all know and love and sing. And a country without a national hymn is like a religion without a creed.

WE have our noble enough Imperial airs, it is true, from that old-time leonine roar of triumph known as "Britannia Rules the Waves," to that majestic and sonorous supplication for the Lord of all life to preserve unto us our sovereign. We hold them dear to our hearts. We knew them as children, and hope to teach them to our children's children. But we are not blind enough to try to make ourselves believe that they can ever stand as an adequate expression of the spirit of Canada, and esecially of the Canada of to-day and the Canada of to-morrow. They belong to the Empire. Yet the penalty of association with an Empire on which the sun never sets is the consciousness that the personal note must become thinner as the area encompassed becomes wider. We have a hankering for something tangy of our own soil, something emblematic of our own lives as we have lived them. And we are not alone in this, otherwise the sons of Scotia, for example, would no longer thrill to "Scots Wha Hae," would no longer attempt to appease man's hunger for the native and the homely by a song of their own relatively insignificant banks and braes. Every national anthem, in other words, must sound the enchorial note. It must be both endemic and indigenous, for human passion is still colored and predetermined by locality, whether it be love for a home between four walls or love for a Dominion between two seas. And an anthem sufficiently diluted to celebrate the wide, wide world is not only going to prove as unstimulating as tepid grape-juice; it is also going to prove unacceptable to a vigorous young nation intent on expressing itself in song. If you spread your song to cover the whole Seven Seas you necessarily attenuate that note of passion from which all such hymns derive their power.

OUR Dominion, it may be claimed, has its national air in "O Canada." We have, it is true, come into possession of that invocative hymn. But we very seldom sing it, for the simple reason that not one Canadian in ten is able to sing it. And no anthem should be called a national anthem until it carries the seal of common consent—with, I suppose, the one possible exception of the national hymn of Russia, which was made such by the imperial order of the Czar himself. But common consent has never come to "O Canada."

I can remember well, though with mixed feelings, a group of Canadians in Rome, not so many winters ago, happily foregathered and valiantly trying to give utterance to their country's anthem. It was like trying to toast a Sovereign whose name you couldn't quite remember. The anthem had to be given up for "The Maple Leaf For Ever," with "God Save the King" somewhat apologetically thrown in. And I can also remember divers occasions on liners when "O Canada" appeared only in the spirit, like Banquo's ghost; but above all I recall being one of a band of shamefaced Canadians at a Lord Mayor's *fete* in the city of Bristol called on to sing our national anthem. Terror crept over us, like a cloud. But, luckily, amid that band was a musician of much experience and even greater lung-power, a member of our justly renowned Mendelssohn

Choir. He saved the day for us. He was our staff and our guide through the dark valleys of harmony where we all floundered and stumbled after him, a few bars behind, to a melancholy yet triumphant *finale*.

IT is something which we treat with awe, if not with respect, like the village hearse which emerges only on the most solemn occasions. For on those rare occasions when we do happen to hear "O Canada," we are accustomed to hear it rendered dolorously and dejectedly, marked more by the spirit of the hearse-plume than the flutter of a thousand maple leaves singing to their God on high for making them green, with much vague and muffled *tra-la-la-ing* after the opening words of

> O Canada, our fathers' land of old.
> Thy brow is crowned with leaves of
> red and gold.

That cacophonous second line may offend the ear of the sensitive just as much as

> Defend our rights,
> Forefend this nation's thrall

may puzzle the mind of the patriot unschooled in the intricacies of archaic phraseology. But there is small gain, and assuredly no glory, in pausing to ridicule either Judge Routhier's cumbersomely translated words or Lavalee's chant-like music for "O Canada." It may be adapted for mass-singing, but the trouble always seems to be to get the masses to sing it. It has never succeeded in capturing the heart of the country, although a national air becomes a nation air, as a rule, because the people of a nation love that air. And at the same time no Canadian quite remembers this particular hymn of ours, for the adequate enough reason that it is in no way memorable. It has not stood the test of time. It has failed to 'make good,' as our American cousins put it. It stands deficient in that magnetic something which makes for popularity, even though it partially and placidly succeeds in its efforts to express some shadow of the solemnity of national feeling incumbent upon a Dominion emerging into manhood. But the very patriotism which it voices is one standing more as the theme of serious thought than one which might be described as born of pride exalted and emotion enkindled. It is stodgy, not so much because of its meditative melody, but because of its entire conventionalized content. It hasn't a touch of fire. It lacks the quality of spiritedness, tenuous indeed as is the threaded channel between the Scylla of jocosity and the Charybdis of pomposity. If, as has been claimed, it has the quality of permanency essential to all national airs, it is the permanency of the Arctic glacier which endures only because of its absence of warmth. And if anything so venerably austere, so ponderously moribund, as this official hymn of our country can be attacked, I wish somebody would have the courage to do it. For what good, after all, is a national hymn unless a whole nation is ready and able and eager to sing it? What good is a national anthem unless it can send a hundred thousand soldiers thrilling into action—And I have heard no echo of "O Canada" from either the Somme or the Marne! What good is it unless it is sung lovingly about camp-fires, unless it stirs and warms the heart, unless it can bring massed men and women to their feet, proudly and joyously, at the first chords of its call, unless it can be caught up by the crowd in the street as Rouget De Lisle's song was caught up by the marching workmen of Marseilles, unless it thrills the way straight through the marrow of an impassioned people from Cape Breton to Fort Wrangel, and stands its unquestioned and inevitable cry of nationhood?

FOR all this, I venture to contend, is precisely what "O Canada" fails to do. We can, of course, continue to coerce our school children into struggling with its solemnities. Their obedient voices can continue to pipe that austere and fugue-like hymn which moves along as coldly and ponderously as any Greenland iceberg. But I have never heard of any of those children loving it or clamoring for it, out of school hours, since this hybrid hymn, for all its placid and pompous sonorities, is plainly lacking in human appeal, is lacking in homeliness, is lacking in that vital swing and rhythm which, for example, has endeared "Dixie" and "Maryland, My Maryland," and "Marching Through Georgia," in spite of their obvious sectionalism, to more than one generation of our cousins across the Border. It has no touch of the fire of "The Marseillaise," none of the impassioned pulse of "The Watch on The Rhine," none of the Latin-born glamor which even our young neighbor, the Republic of Colombia, has crowded into its people's hymn. During this time of stress, when men are finding in patriotism a deeper seriousness and a newer grandeur, the discovery that our country is without a national air stands a painful reminder that we are overlooking one of the esential requirements for all national greatness, to wit, a conscious and consistent interest in the Arts. We possess a flag that we are proud of, but, the sad truth is, we have no song to go with it. And it is a matter that can be mended, that every new baptism of fire should bring nearer to a mending. We may not be able to choose our ancestors, and it may not be our personal prerogative to select our own Governor-Generals, but we can at least take unto ourselves a national air which is in some way expressive of our national being and by some manner or means affiliated with our ear as well as with our heart. It is an obligation which time has imposed upon us. We owe it to the men who fell at Ypres and Langemarck and on the Somme. Gather up, if we must, all our delinquent poets and herd them in an internment camp until some one of them, be it a Scott or a Campbell or a Service or a Helen Gray Cone, has produced a national anthem worthy of their country.

Continued on page 66.



The first thing our Professor did was to slip away to his own rooms and burn a magazine.

Behind the Bolted Door?

By Arthur E. McFarlane

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT

BUT that seance, if seance it could be called, got no further.

"Let me go! Let me go!"

The cry was bursting from some one in endless shrieks. Chairs were falling, too, one over another. A whole group of figures, indeed, seemed to reach the door together. And a moment later pursuers were mingling with pursued. Willings saw only that one figure had disappeared into the central stairway—the stairway up which the Doctor had all but gone to his death two nights before. And, like Laneham, that figure burst through the fire-door that led to the elevator landing on the floor above.

The hole where the wire-glass had been broken out was still there. And therefore it was still possible to reach in through it and open the elevator door. It was what the Doctor had done. It was what that figure was doing. But, having done it, with one more shriek, ending only in eternity, it was plunging to the bottom of the shaft!

CHAPTER XXIII.

GLASBURY'S STORY.

"ALL I desire is to tell you everything. I feel equal to it now. And it's the least that I can do."

It was Glasbury who was speaking. And they heard once more the voice that cried out in Mrs. Fisher's rooms after the murder. The scene was Dr. Laneham's library. And Glasbury was half sitting, half lying on the big brown leather couch. On a little table beside him was a worn seal-leather portfolio. About him were the Doctor, Judge Bishop, D. Hope and Willings, Jimmy and Inspector McGloyne. In the room below, too, a certain yegg in handcuffs was waiting to be brought up to tell his part of the story when the time should come.

In the meantime the young playwright, his brow grey and damp as with the greyness of a mortal illness, had made his beginning.

"My only comfort is my knowing that I am in no way responsible for the death of Mrs. Fisher. How heavily that of Hooley must rest on me you will judge when I have finished. I have been such a moral coward as I did not believe existed in this world. I know, and Dr. Laneham knows, that a little more and my mind would have gone. Yet so far from having any knowledge of Mrs. Fisher's murder, my own relationship to her was solely that of a man who tried to help her, and who, for weeks, had been working by her side."

"Workin' by her side?" repeated McGloyne.

"Yes, we had been writing a play together."

"Oh," cried D. Hope, "was that it?"

"Yes, that was it. I remember you, Miss Hope. You came upon us one evening in a Casa Grande corridor. And, following her first impulse, Mrs. Fisher hurried back to beg you, I think, to say nothing about it till you, and every one, would understand."

"She did. She did! I didn't know then who you were, and she didn't tell me. She only said—and her eyes were shining so—that I would understand some time—'when she was famous.' I promised, and that was what I kept from Dr. Laneham."

"We were writing a play together," Glasbury went on. "I met her first nearly a year ago at an Arts and Letters dinner. And I could see at once that she was an unhappy woman. She had just begun to find herself. And she had been trying to find happiness in the usual things, old furniture, rare jewelry — the famous pearls, for example, that we've heard so much about—and your Settlement House work. From *that* I knew she was getting a lot. But she had never found any real expression for herself. And almost the first thing she asked me was whether I thought she could ever write anything. Above all, she said, she had always longed to try to write a play.

"I made all the usual evasions, too, till I learned first that she was in earnest; and then, by degrees, that she was the sort of woman who would do what she set out to do. She thought of a play, she said, because there were so many things that she had always wanted to say; and she felt somehow that she could say them in a play. And in the end it came to her asking me, or half asking me if I would help her.

"The best tribute I can pay her is to tell you that I found myself only too glad to. But even by then I had begun to see how big she was. Dr. Laneham, Mrs. Fisher was in many ways a very unusual woman. There was something Elizabethan about her—or, if you like, *really* of this century. And she had something to say; that, too, I began to feel. She had none of the technique, but she had the heart and brain. And very soon I was proposing that we work out something together from the beginning.

"It was not till then, I think, that she fully realized what one of her real difficulties was going to be. Judge Bishop, you knew her private affairs. And from the first you've known Fisher. Well, I am going to say now the thing that he must answer later. If Mrs. Fisher did not act openly, and normally, with a man like that, it was simply impossible that she should.

"I suggested, naturally, that she should come to my office to work. But I soon found that that was out of the question. Then I went twice to her apartment; and on the second occasion her rotter of a husband insulted us there. I took it for granted, myself, that that ended everything. But the very pride in her anger apparently made her determined that, come what might, it should *not* be ended so; what we had planned should be done in some way. And the way was found.

"WE had already discovered that our apartments adjoined — at those little writing rooms, with only a thin, soft-tile partition between. And I believe it was the presence of our Electric Protection workman 'Throaty,' putting in her wall safe, that did the rest. It came just when I was leaving for a week in Chicago, to put on 'The Butterfly.' And I know only this. She suddenly asked me one day, just before I went—and I can see her face burn yet, though with a fine, defiant bravery—she asked me if, in case it could be managed, I would wish to dare it. I didn't believe myself it could be done. If I had believed it, I think I'd have prevented it, if only for her own protection. But it was merely those little writing-rooms that adjoined; they could be cut off on both sides from all the other rooms. 'Throaty' knew how it could be managed quite easily. And when I came back the door was there."

"Door?" McGloyne almost shouted it.

"Yes, a door," the Doctor answered him. "For there is a door there, though it isn't visible from the Fisher side. But Glasbury, for the present I'll ask you to leave those details. The door was there—and is there. And in one of those little writing-rooms you went to work at your play again?"

"We did. And generally we worked in Mrs. Fisher's.. When she had closed the door of her library, too—which next adjoined it, we worked in a room that was practically sound-proof."

"But it wasn't. It wasn't!" It was Jimmy who this time had broken in. "*I* 'eard you! An' so did Maddalina. Doctor, *that* was the voice I 'eard. Mr. Glasbury, you know, yours is a very unusual voice. We 'eard it, though we never 'eard Mrs. Fisher's. And when never did h'any gentleman come out of those rooms, as none had h'ever gone *in*, there were times when it fair made my 'air raise!"

"Yes," said the Doctor, "and the fact, Glasbury, that your voice, and that of old Throaty, and that of one of our jewel thieves as well were all much alike has given us some of our most baffling hours in the entire mystery."

"Well," said Glasbury, "at any rate Fisher never heard mine. She had to protect herself from him, and she did it. He was practically always out in the afternoons between four and six, and it was in those hours that we worked. It was difficult at first, and, I confess, rather a shamefaced business. But that passed off in time as we got into the thing, and the play began to build itself up again. . . . It did, too, and very rapidly. I don't think any one could ever have learned faster than Mrs. Fisher. At all times her ideas came faster than I could put them down. I used the pen, and sometimes she could dictate to me a whole long speech at once."

"But you both came with memoranda?" asked Laneham.

"Why, yes. Yes, we did. But how did you know that?"

"Because I have one of them. But go on."

Glasbury took a sip of water.

"EVERY day when we had finished we used to put everything we'd written into that"—he pointed to the seal portfolio beside him—"and *it* we'd lock in her desk. But I can leave that till later, too. I may as well speak at once of the day of the murder.

"I think, now, that I had a feeling of evil, that afternoon, of something impending, from the first. That may have been because, for the first time, she was not there waiting for me. I was late myself, and everything was already growing dark. Yet the portfolio lay on her open desk. And when I had waited for half an hour, and she had not come, I seemed to know, if only from the silence, that there was something wrong. I resolved to learn what the matter was for myself.

"I entered the library first There was no one there. I did not know the arrangements of the rooms; I had never before been beyond the little writing-room. I had a very natural diffidence. And even at the chance of having to explain myself, as I went from room to room I knocked."

"Yes," exclaimed Jimmy. "Yes; that was the first time! An' I 'eard that."

"I went on, knocking, from room to room, till I came to the pool. And, gentlemen, by the time I had reached it—you will not believe me, but already I was asking myself, 'What if I should find her dead!'" His lips opened and closed. He sipped from the glass again and went on.

"But I did not find her as she was afterwards found."

"No," cried Jimmy, "she was in 'er bath-robe, she'd just stepped into the pool, an' she'd fallen back again over the brim. I'd been in there just before you, sir. And, oh, sir, was it you that rang, an' that moved 'er body?"

"It was. Dr. Laneham, I have roughed it enough to know death without any test of heart beat or watch crystal. And when first I ran to raise her I knew she had been dead for probably half an hour."

"YES," said the Doctor, "and when she fell she struck the side of her head against one of the faucets. It was that which caused the rounded hole in her temple. There's a fleck of blood upon the faucet yet."

"It was *that* that killed her?"

"Oh, not at all!"

"But in Heaven's name!" cried Bishop, "then where does your murder come in?"

"It comes in, be sure of that. She was murdered, and most deliberately murdered. But let Glasbury continue."

"I took it for granted," he went on, "that she had been murdered. I lifted and carried her to a rattan sun-couch in the

bay window. And there, though I know how useless it was, I went through the forms of trying to revive her. It was then, too, in the midst of the horror, I first came to realize what my own position would be if I were found there—and the connection were discovered between our rooms. Believe me, too, oh, believe me, I wasn't thinking only of myself. I was thinking of her. I told myself it was necessary to protect her in death as I would have protected her in life.

"And how could I do it save by getting away at once, and leaving no possible trace behind. It was easy to do, too. Everything we had written was in the portfolio. I had only to pick it up as I ran through. And a moment later I was back in my own room, with the doors between fast closed again. I found that I was still carrying one of her handkerchiefs, a mere sop of blood. As I'll tell you, I returned it later. In the meantime, I had begun to play the coward. I knew that I ought to telephone for a physician. Yet I did not dare telephone from my own rooms. But as soon as I could get back any kind of command over myself, I hurried out and around the corner to Stryker's. I told myself that when I had done that, I had done all that could be asked of me! For by the one hellish chance in a million those two—two devils who did the rest were waiting for me then and there!"

"I've got one of them downstairs," said Inspector McGloyne. "An' he's talkin' a-plenty *now*, at that. But let's hear your part of it the first."



I met her first nearly a year ago—and I could see at once that she was an unhappy woman.

"THERE'S part of it that I can only guess at. I'll never know how the pair learned about the door. I suppose they learned of the wall safe and the pearls through Maddalina. One of them was an Italian, you know. And he was the beast who seemed to be the professional. I mean the professional safe-breaker. But the minute I stepped into my door both of them jumped me—I don't even know yet how they got a key to my rooms—and they weren't long in letting me know what they were after. From the first they kept their guns at my head, and they simply shoved me through to my first they kept their guns at my head, and they simply shoved me through to my writing-room, and then demanded the key to the door between. I've wished often enough that I'd let them kill me then. But even that mightn't have helped much. The mischief had been done. They knew the way. And while the American stayed and covered me, the other went on through.

"And here, again, I can tell only the part of it. The devil that went in must have gone straight to the wall safe. And then something must have disturbed him."

"You, Willings, most likely," said the Judge.

"No, you and the Doctor, probably," Willings answered. "You remember I was leaving just when Mr. Glasbury's knocking came—or his first knocking. You *did* knock a second time, Glasbury?"

"Oh, yes, yes. And I'll tell you about that soon enough. I say something must have disturbed the beast, for he came back to my rooms for a minute to listen there. And then when he thought the coast was clear, he went in again. Only then, too, did he go right through to the swimming-pool, and find the body. I could see the effect it had on him when he came back to us. But he told his fellow that he had anyway taken time to lock all the doors to the corridor. By then, I take it, you were out there trying to get in."

They had been. And would they ever forget it?

"We heard him turning the bolts," said the Judge. "He was just ahead of me at every door! As I touched each knob, the lock inside was turned. And the thing seemed absolutely supernatural! But you—you say it was you who, immediately afterwards, knocked again. Why did you do that?"

"Doctor," asked Glasbury, "do you think you could get me a little brandy?"

The Doctor brought him a flask and glass.

And only when he had drunk did he answer.

"I DOUBT if I could really tell you, intelligibly. I scarcely understand that part of it myself. I only know that when that Italian hound came back, I could see in a moment that he believed that I had done the murder. And they both exulted in it! From that first moment I know they felt they had me in their power

completely. For the matter of that, there on my very desk was that bloody handkerchief. The Italian picked it up and daubed it on my face! *'Ecco!! Ecco!'* he kept crying. And they told me they'd be back to talk more about it later on. . . . Doctor, shall I go on with that part of it now, or tell things in their proper order?"

"In the order of time. I'd like to get everything from the beginning."

And Glasbury went on again.

"I think, for the minutes immediately after they had left me, I was, temporarily, insane. I know I had some crazy idea of making amends to Mrs. Fisher, of making my peace, or something like that. I wanted to be found standing by the body. I felt already that I was the murderer I would be taken for. Indeed, I was ready to believe that it was through my rooms that the murderer had got in. I wanted to approach her again to beg forgiveness. And yet I found myself halting at every door, and knocking on them as if to ask permission. I believe I cried out, too, on the Creator who alone could know."

"Yes," said the Judge. "We heard you. It was that that set us to making every effort to break in."

"And it was the sound of you there, trying to break in, that drove me out again. When the test came, I could not wait and face it. I slunk back like a dog to my own room, once more made the door fast, and that night, for the first time, I slept in the St. Hilaire.

"It did me little good. The newspapers said that the wall-safe had not been located. Accordingly those two fiends believed that they had only to come back again to make their haul. And I believe they actually came back twice."

"They did, by gad," swore McGloyne. "They did. And we'll hear it again from the lad below. But, Mr. Glasbury, you came back again yourself?"

"YES," he said simply, "though I could hardly say so of my own knowledge. Remembering it now is like a remembered dream, or nightmare. But one thing I remember almost clearly. It was after Mrs. Fisher's funeral. I could not attend it. But afterwards I went to the grave. I took a rose and a bit of palm from it. I had been trying to nerve myself to put back the bloody handkerchief. And when I did, that night, as a sort of offering to Mrs. Fisher, I laid that rose and bit of palm beside it. You will feel that those are not the actions of a sane man? Well, I do not pretend that I was sane. . . . But I must tell you now of the portfolio."

"The portfolio?" asked McGloyne.

He pointed to it again. "The thing we kept our play in. The portfolio was mine, so no suspicion could attach to *its* being in my possession. But I felt that I must get rid of the play. It was every line of it in my writing. What memoranda she brought to it, day by day, she destroyed afterwards. But none the less it seemed to me that every line of that play spoke with her mouth, and denounced me. And late one night I went to my offices in the Savoy, and tore it up. I could not burn it. There was no way; but I tore it into pieces so small that I knew there would never be any betrayal there."

"And there was not," said Laneham. "But next morning your waste-basket was in my rooms. And a few hours later we had the fragments of that blood-smeared blackmail note."

"I know. I know. But there is more to tell of that portfolio. When I opened it I found in it more than the manuscript of a play. Gentlemen, I swear to you that that day Mrs. Fisher must have been in the *fear* of death——"

"Leave that, leave that," said Laneham. "That, too, we may come back to, in its own time. Simply tell us what you found."

"I FOUND a will. She had written it herself, that morning, and had had it witnessed by the servants."

"Yes, sir," cried Jimmy, "we witnessed it—me an' that she-devil, Maddalina!"

Glasbury put his hand into his wallet pocket. "I have it here."

"Exactly," said the Doctor. "Bishop, shall we look at it now, or leave *it* till later, with the rest?"

But the Judge was already looking at it. And next moment he was turning strangely to Willings and D. Hope. "Tell me," he asked, after a pause, "have you two youngsters any idea of what there is in this?"

"Why, no. no, indeed," the girl answered. "And what do you mean——? But if it's anything for the Settlement House——?"

"There's a great deal for the Settlement House—an endowment that should carry it for all time to come." He was still reading. "And, so far as I can make out, though it quashes everything before it, and she's made it perfectly sound and legal. . . . Ah-h——!" and again his eyes turned wonderingly to the two "youngsters"—"Ah!—I think you had better read this together."

"But *why?*" asked Willings. "We are concerned only so far as it concerns the Settlement."

"You may believe so. But if you will begin to read here——. Or, no, take it with you into the study for a moment, and look at it alone."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WILL, AND THE STORY OF ONE OF THE JEWEL THIEVES.

THERE was only a single page. Bishop handed it to them, saw them down the little passage to the study, and closed the door upon them.

"You read it," said Willings. "You knew her best."

"No, you."

And then, after a moment, they did as the Judge had told them, and read it together.

Mrs. Fisher had made them, with the Settlement directress, joint executors and controllers of her endowment. And to each of them, for so long as they remained in social work, she had given a yearly executor's fee of $2,500.

There was no reason now why two people should not marry—and at once.

But at first neither could speak.

"Oh!" cried D. Hope, at last, "if we had only known in time—so that *she* could know how much we—we——"

"I suppose," said Willings, "that was one of the things she was going to tell me that afternoon."

"Very likely. And do you think she knew about—about *us?*"

"Why," he asked, "how could she know?"

"She might have known in this way, dear. I—I often spoke of you. And there are some things that another woman always seems to guess at once." She drew his arm about her. "Shall we go back to the others?"

"You don't *want* to, do you?"

"Want to? If we could just blot out all that hideous part of it, forever! Or if we could even let her know the happiness she's giving!"

"Maybe she will."

"She will! She will! We must make her feel it!"

She dropped down into the little leather inglenook, and Willings found his place beside her.

"We needn't go back, need we?"

"If they need us, they will send for us. Until they do——"

And from this point Dr. Laneham's two special deputies enter the tale no more.

MEANWHILE, in the library, McGloyne was asking why that will had been made at all.

"That's the question to be settled now!" he said.

"It is," said Glasbury, "it is! And though I had only intended to go into it later with Judge Bishop, I'll say now that it wasn't by chance she made that will. I realize more and more, from things she said, even to me——"

"You're quite right," said the Judge. "Laneham, do I tell them here? God knows——"

"Better not. It'll come out soon enough. Glasbury, if you'll finish your story now, we'll hear the man below."

And Glasbury finished.

"There's little more to tell. For the killing of Hooley I take as much blame as if I myself had done it. There is only this to say: Those two devils themselves had not really intended murder. Till that last night they believed the pearls were still there—that they alone knew where they were, and that even then three minutes at the little safe might turn the trick. It was the Italian who killed Hooley. And then, when the game was up—and when they couldn't get the pearls—it was he, I think, who had the idea of making me pay instead. And had I been anything but the most miserable of cowards at the beginning——!"

"We can gain little from vain regrets," sand Laneham. "Say no more. Say no more. McGloyne, shall we have up Horsley?"

"Right away."

THE big inspector called down from the landing. And a moment later Horsley, the jewel-thief who had been ready to tell his story, was, with two patrolmen, on the stairs.

They were on the stairs, and they reach-

Continued on page 67

Putting the Crop Across

The Story of No. 1 Hard from Prairie to Public

By B. D. Thornley

Illustrated by Photographs from the Great Lakes



A lake steamer coming into port after a winter trip.

AS a nation, Canadians have never owned maps. They have delighted in bank books and Bibles and Bradstreets. They have carried railway folders in their pockets, the middle pages of which showed a strip of black-spider-webbed cross-continent that bore about the same size relationship to Canada that a lace frill does to a white petticoat. But in how many homes in the Dominion have you ever seen a real man-size map of Canada, with everything in place from pendulous Erie to the last lone point of Grant Island, little ragged speck of indomitable red fluttering from the Pole?

No, sir. The map hasn't been on the wall. Nor in the soul. Most of us—clean-collared, city-shod Easterners—have been content not to know that in the Grand Falls on Hamilton Inlet we have a thunderous psalmster whose voice would drown Niagara; and that nobody we had ever met or were likely to meet had heard it shouting "O, Canada" to the Labrador stars was matter of no concern to us.

We didn't seem to realize that we could sail a thousand miles north from Vancouver and still be five hundred short of Dawson City, which is as civilized as Toronto and grows as lovely flowers as Montreal. We didn't even dream that, north and north again, we owned some twenty million wandering caribou in the Bad Lands of the Arctic Circle—more big-branch-horned beasts by twice over than the folk of all the Dominion.

We didn't even know that we were the inheritors of four hundred million acres of arable land — with a "to let" sign still on every quarter section.

Lastly, it's doubtful if a great many of us ever thought that in Fort William and Port Arthur we possessed the world's greatest grain port with an elevator capacity of forty-three million bushels and a reputation for receiving an eastbound car of grain a minute for two straight months of every year and, on one record-smashing occasion of 1915, an ability to transfer the wheat from the terminal to the grain boat at the rate of seven million nine hundred and sixty thousand bushels in twenty-four working hours!

LAST year on October fifth the Lord Mayor of London and the sheriffs paid a state visit to the little old church of St. Andrew Undershaft. The Baltic Exchange and the National Food Stuffs Association were holding a perfectly sincere and old-fashioned thanksgiving service. And the former Bishop of British Columbia, now Bishop of Willesden, was helping them to do it.

The subject of it all was the three hundred million bushel Canadian harvest. The determined rancher had ploughed up 18 per cent. more of the billiard table prairie than he had ever touched before, and the exceptional weather had brought yields reaching from twenty-five to as high as eighty bushels of wheat per acre. No wonder that the church was packed.

The romance of the fur trade put Canada on the map. The romance of No. One Hard keeps her there. She has looked into the crystal of the future and she has glimpsed a shining wheatfield that stretches from the forty-ninth parallel clear up to Great Slave Lake.

Already she has shaken some $50,000,000 out of her little tin bank and invested it in commercial machinery whereby she can lift No. One Hard and its less distinguished cousins from the ground to the cart, from the cart to the elevator, thence, via rail to the Lake terminal from which the grain boat transfers it to other elevators, to cars again and finally—if so be that it is Britainward bound—to the holds of great ocean-going liners. The financial fansticks of this vast fabric focus at Winnipeg, but the actual hub of the grain universe, the inbound-outbound transportation centre, is at Fort William and Port Arthur. And here, in front of the big map in the office of the Lake Shippers' Clearance Association we take our privileged stand.

LOOK west.

Blot the observation car out of the landscape if you can, and put back the buffalo. Take up the little Noah's ark villages that stand stark on the floor of infinity, and pack them away on the shelf of the future. Fold up the shining rails and pile the ballast into the gravel pits again. Go back to the beginning of the eighteenth century.

You're La Vérendrye, the first plainsdarer!

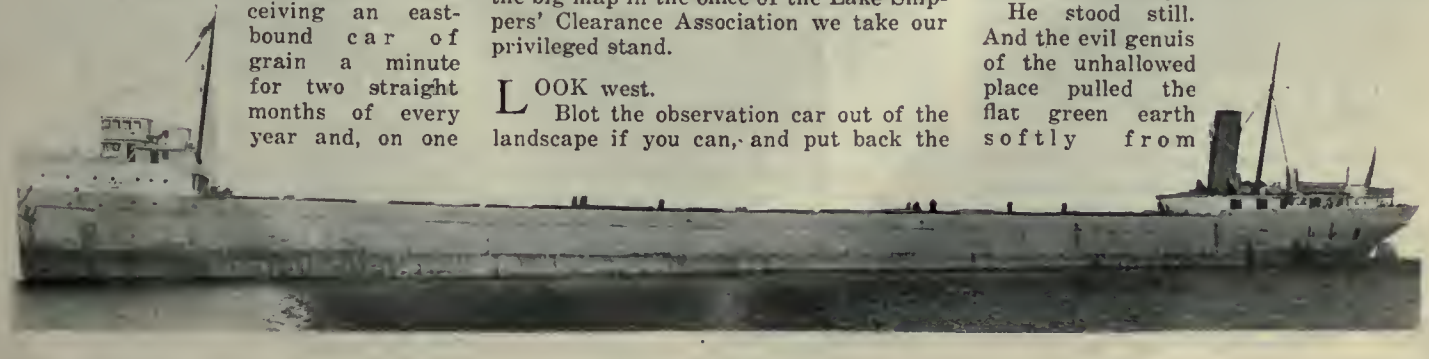
You've crept, day by toilsome day, out under the undreamed-of sun, into a wind-kissed, prairie-rosed eternity of flat greenness. Quebec is centuries behind you. There is nothing known beyond.

The sun climbs over the edge of the world. The breeze ruffles the slough. You kill a buffalo for meat. You sing, perhaps, old boat-songs of New France, asail on this strange sea.

The day goes westerly. There is no longer reflected mountain sunset. Someone has rolled the big red ball off the table, and it is night. You camp. The spot is identical with yesterday's bivouac—slough, roses, stars and murmurous night wind.

That was the soul-shaking horror of La Vérendrye's dreams. He didn't progress as he would have done in any normal Christian country.

He stood still. And the evil genuis of the unhallowed place pulled the flat green earth softly from





Sampling and grading the wheat.

under him in the darkness so that he did yesterday's march over again!

Can you understand a little of the Columbus-courage that was necessary to the man who dared the uncharted prairies ahead of the steel? One Hard was to be like the Scriptural grain of mustard seed. It needed a fearless band to officiate at its tremendous planting.

IF somebody wanted a characteristic coat of arms for the vast plains-provinces of to-day, we'd suggest a country elevator, with a suitable background of nothing at all. This elevator looks like a normal tin-roofed warehouse that some merry-minded elf has taken by the ridge pole and stretched upward till one's brain aches, looking for the top of it. The elf has had a busy time of it on the prairies, for there are some 2,500 of these country elevators with a total capacity of about 84,000,000 bushels, representing capital invested to the sum of $22,000,000. And it is to them that the farmer brings his precious cartloads, shipping to the Government inspection points at Calgary, if he be in the far West, at Winnipeg, if his farm be centrally located.

To the uninitiated Easterner, grain is grain. To the West, palpitatingly athirst at all times for crop reports, there may be anywhere up to the record 428 grades handled by the Lake Shippers' Clearance Association in the bad year of 1912.

Wheat may be mixed with other cereals, or seeds—barley. oats, flax, cactus, chess, darnel, garlic, pigweed, etc. Nobody wants his favorite loaf adulterated. An important part of the Government inspector's work deals with the subject of admixture and is called "setting the dockage."

Wheat may be straight wheat however and still present grading problems. It may be afflicted with smut, rust or some other dread disease of the cereal world. It may have too much prairie rain in its anatomy and be classed as "tough," "damp," or "wet." It may be dirty, musty, heating or binburnt. This part of the classification is called "setting the condition of the grain."

Even after this is done, however, there remains the regular beauty-show grading. If the wheat is of just the precise degree of plump blondness desired by the miller; if it weighs exactly what it should and satisfies the fastidious soul of the inspector to its last line of grace, it is classed as "One Hard." Below this comes six other grades—one Northern, Two, Three, Four, Five and Six Northern.

NOW reach back into the pigeon hole of your brain where you keep the "Permutations, Combinations and Distributions" theory learned in your callow algebraic days and see what happens. Your wheat may be One Northern straight. Or it may be any one of the following:

"No grade 1 Northern tough.
No grade 1 Northern damp.
Smutty 1 Northern:
Rejected 1 Northern.
Rejected 1 Northern mixed with heated.
No grade tough smutty 1 Northern.
No grade damp smutty 1 Northern.
No grade tough rejected 1 Northern.
No grade damp rejected 1 Northern.
No grade tough rejected 1 Northern mixed with heated.
No grade damp rejected 1 Northern mixed with heated.
No grade tough smutty rejected 1 Northern.
No grade damp smutty rejected 1 Northern.
No grade tough smutty rejected 1 Northern mixed with heated.
No grade damp smutty rejected 1 Northern mixed with heated."

A bad season will tack on ever so many postscript sub-classes, and when you remember that each of the seven primary grades may possess any one of the secondary variations, and that oats, barley and flax are similarly long on classification, you don't wonder that it takes a most elaborate lot of machinery to run the Government Inspection Department.

HERE comes a grain train sliding into Winnipeg,we'll say. And here comes the sampling gang—fourteen men as keen as hunters—ready to rope and throw and tie and brand this strange chortling beast in the shortest possible time. There are only about seventy days between the end of harvest and the close of navigation on the Great Lakes and anybody who fools



A congestion of shipping at Fort William during the "wheat rush."

away a minute is throwing good Canadian money into the wastebasket.

The gang contains four track foremen, eight samplers, a car opener and a car sealer. There are some forty-five cars in the train and a good gang will finish the whole business in less than an hour.

The opener is the advance agent. He slides the doors back and dumps an empty sample bag into each car. (No, Gwendolyn, the grain doesn't all run onto the track. There is a so-called "load line" marked on the inside of the car, up to which the wheat lies. A sort of inside door which isn't moved reaches up beyond this, so that the sampler who follows the opener has to run up a ladder and, as it were, climb over the transom in order to get in.) The space between the top of the wheat and the top of the car is just enough to let him walk around, bent over, as he inserts his long probe again and again, bringing up samples which he puts on a big cloth spread on the grain surface at the car door.

Here the track foreman stands on the ladder with his head and shoulders inside, mixing the samples, making out a ticket to go with them into the bag, and seeing that the man with the probe leaves no opportunity for a "plugged" car to get by the department. For there are (even in Canada, Gwendolyn) men so dishonest that they will stuff the grain ballot box and try to hide inferior wheat in the middle of a good consignment. If such a car is discovered, the shipper gets just what he deserves, in that all the grain is graded according to the standing of the fly in the ointment.

MEANTIME the sampler and the track foreman have left the car. The latter hangs the bag with its ticket on the door, the inspection clerk gathers it up to take to the office, the car sealer closes the performance and the next in line is the object of attack.

The men in the inspection office have to have good young eyes and wise old heads. They need a north light, too, and the best part of the day, so that no judging is done before 9 a.m. nor after 3 p.m. The quality, the condition, the admixture are all considered, as has been outlined. The first is a question of eye-and-hand judgment; the second often necessitates quite elaborate mechanical tests for moisture; the third is a sieving and weighing process.

When the grading is finished, each little sample is given a tin to itself, up on a shelf, and is kept until all danger of protest is past, when it is sold. The inspector's reports are at once handed over to be put into the records and onto the certificates of grade issued to the holders of grain.

By this time the train is well ahead on its 420-mile lap to Fort William, thundering along through the ragged rock country toward some one of the twenty-five elevators that stand like huge cylindrical shell cases, or rear their stark blocky masses in square-blot formation against the sky.

IN former days—which is to say before 1909—the in-coming grain was handled and transferred from car to elevator and from elevator to boat by ever so many little private brokers who waxed wilder and madder as the fateful 12th of December approached—that dire date that removed the last vestige of insurance from the shivering freighter, and officially closed navigation.

In September of 1909, however, the Lake Shippers' Clearance Association was organized to consolidate the transportation say-so and save time and money all round. The first year many of the grain men were lined up under the banner of St. Thomas Didymus.

"If such a scheme could be worked," the doubters whispered to each other, "Chicago or Duluth would undoubtedly have invented it long ago. It sounds good —but——"

By the fall of 1910 there was no "but" about it. The Lake Shippers' had handled a difficult crop to the satisfaction of everybody. And something better than 99%

Continued on page 77

The Anatomy of Love

By Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Prairie Wife," The Counterfeiters," etc.

Illustrated by
Harry C. Edwards

SYNOPSIS.—Professor John Herrin Macraven, Dean of Amboro University, who has selected as his life work the preparation of a series of volumes on love, is asked by a former associate, who is going away on a trip to spend part of his vacation on his farm to look after his daughter Sybil. Macraven has been working hard on his last book, "The Anatomy of Love," and welcomes the change, especially as he is apprehensive that Anne Appleby, a very attractive young Amboro woman, to whom years before he had rashly proposed, has designs now on his freedom. He remembers Sybil as a little girl but, walking to the Shotwell Farm from the station, he stumbles across a very beautiful young girl combing out her hair by the side of a pool—and so learns that Sybil has grown. He finds her pleasure-loving, poetical and scornful of science, but decides that at last he has found a girl who might be persuaded to discuss the psychology of love. Sybil initiates the Professor into the delights of country life, even to the extent of making him go barefoot, but rather perturbs him with the intelligence that Anne is coming down also. The girl and the Professor put in the interval enjoyably, although Macraven's enjoyment is still further dampened by the announcement that a youthful admirer of Sybil's, one Richard Ford Sewell, is also to visit the farm. On the last day of their solitude Sybil takes the Professor out hunting pond lilies and he has the misfortune to tumble into the water at the moment when Anne appears. Macraven decides that he must exercise his guardianship in keeping Sewell away from Sybil and so he contrives to get Anne and Sewell away for a day. Sybil seizes the opportunity to hold a moonlight picnic for two and works so potent a spell on the Professor that he feels his resistance to feminine influence slipping. He then begins to discover that Anne is also peculiarly attractive; but that Sewell is winning the affections of Sybil. He overhears Sewell tell Sybil that he (Macraven) is as "cold-blooded as a toad."

CHAPTER XIV.—*Continued.*

"THAT'S only because we don't know him, and don't understand him! He's had to be that way—he's never been taught different. And anyway, he's not frivolous! And you say that just because you're jealous!"

"Jealous?—of poor old Macraven!" And the young man's ironic laughter echoed out across the quiet garden.

Honor forbade that the Professor of Anthropology should stand there and listen to more. He crept silently back through the shadowy underbrush, and made his escape. He crept away like a bruised and stricken soul, his eyes wide with pain and wonder, his thin face white with some ever-increasing agony of mind.

As cold-blooded as a toad!

Like the stricken animal, too, he carried his wound back to his lair, to his oldest and most intimate surroundings. He went straight to the big crimson-curtained, gloomy, shelf-lined library, and locked himself in. It had always seemed to him that he could think more clearly and more coolly when surrounded by books.

As cold-blooded as a toad!

He paced up and down the worn and faded carpet, demanding of himself how true this charge might be.

The overheard word, he knew, was the impressive one, sinking deep into memory. The spontaneous and unstudied verdict was the true one. But was he, after all, the cold and fishy thing which this youth—no, he was no longer a youth to Macraven's eyes; he was a man, mature, combative, masterful—had so bitterly declared him to be? Had all his days been self-centered and selfish, missing the soul, the consummation of life?

SUDDENLY his whole career lay before him, as wide and grey and empty as a flat waste of sand. Out of that waste, here and there, seemed to grow a melancholy and lonely cactus of bitter accomplishment. Yet it lay there, an arid and empty waste, out of which he had never yet been taught to irrigate the alkali of egoism.

Was it this way, he asked himself, was it out of the most trivial word and movement that self-revelation was at last to come? Was it from this meagre accident that some vast and revealing illumination of Self was at length to be struck?

It was no grin and moving *denouement*, no tremendous and volcanic upheaval of spirit, that overtook him as he paced the worn and faded carpet of that silent library. But from his birth, he felt, he had indeed been narrow and self-seeking. He had thought only of himself, of his advancement, of his success. He had built scaffoldings of his fellow creatures, on which to climb above their heads. The strong propulsions of comradeship, the quiet fires of friendship, the transfiguring glow of sacrifice—these were almost alien and unknown to him! The poor, the needy, the unhappy—and there were so many of them travelling the same long road along which he himself was fighting his way—what had he done for them? Had he ever stopped and listened, had he ever stooped and made these lines his own? Had he ever felt their rags, in that imagination which should make all men brothers, on his own back? Had he ever walked in their worn and crippled shoes? Had he ever suffered and lived with them, even in thought? Had he ever felt their human cravings and needs sink into his own watching soul? Verily, this was greater than the Science of which he mouthed and for which so much of him had withered and died!

No, through it all, from first to last, he *had been* as cold-blooded as a toad.

ALL his world, he told himself in that flood of bitter self-abasement which was taking possession of him, all his world had been made up of self-glory. His mind had even been taken up with the problem of how he might evade the obligations of manhood, of friendship, of love itself! His one aim had always been to get through life veritably like some old East Indian "Wuntee"—he had fought and schemed and planned to be venally free, to be selfishly untrammelled. To feather his own nest!—that had been his ruling passion. He had been afraid of the natural man himself, of his racial and irrepressible type, of his instinctive and timeless emotions. Even his affections had been affections of self-gain, and above all things, his jealousies had been selfish jealousies. He had stooped to begrudge Sybil and her lover their passing romance, their youth-dream, their first compelling passion!

And grimly and feverishly he strode back and forth, in that silent library, meeting and combating, face to face, this Enemy who had until then never dared to fight him in the open.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CALL OF THE WORLD.

WHEN Anne came down the next morning she could hear Sybil in the music-room, singing Tosti's "Good-bye" to

Sewell. It carried to her, as she stood in the hallway listening for a minute or two, some wayward sense of autumn. It made her heart heavy, as the fall of the first leaves of some lost summer night.

On the verandah she was confronted by the Professor of Anthropology with a slip of yellow paper in his hand. It was a telegram: A boy had ridden over from Cedar Hills with the message, and stood at the foot of the wide steps, awaiting his answer. Macraven had not appeared for dinner the night before, and Anne was startled by the white face and the lines of doubt and anxiety about his puzzled eyes.

She also noticed that his fingers, as he held the flimsy sheet of yellow paper, trembled a little.

"It's no bad news, I hope?" she asked with the characteristic little out-thrust of her hands, as Macraven looked up from his message and saw her standing before him.

"No, it's not bad news," he said, wearily, as he folded the sheet with the air of having come to some final decision.

"It's a bit of news which I am afraid you already know too much about," he went on, as she groped from conjecture to conjecture in search for some reasonable cause for the bitterness of his tone.

"The Amboro Senate ask me if I could take charge of their Extension Movement for the rest of the summer," he explained, turning away from her. "They also offer me the chair in Psychology beginning next October."

SHE did not seem as startled as she might have been. It was, in fact, Macraven's pale and troubled face that held her anxious eyes.

"But isn't this the best of news?" she asked, still watching his face.

"I might have thought so, once," he said, with a ghost of a sigh. Then he turned on her abruptly. "What do you know about this offer?" he demanded.

"What should I know? What *could* I know?" she parried.

"I feel that you should know, because I feel that some hint of suggestion for it first came from you, long before it officially reached the hands of the University of Amboro Senate!"

"Who am I, to think of dictating appointments to a college Senate?" demanded Anne.

"And under the circumstances," he went on, with his slow and deliberate firmness, "I could not accept the offer."

"But you *must!*" cried Anne.

He looked at her again, almost wistfully.

"Can't you see I don't deserve it?" he asked, less adamantine in his tone. "Can't you see that it's unfair for me to use my friends for my own advancement?"

"That's hair-splitting," said the practical Anne. "It's what you've always looked for, and waited for, and there's no reason why you shouldn't take it."

"It means too much work, too much worry and grind, and getting nothing back out of life!" The young Professor's eyes, as he spoke were on the shadowy gardens, on the sunlit orchard and the undulating meadowlands, fair and fresh in the morning sunlight.



They were interrupted by the sudden entrance of Sybil. She came loaded down with sprays of orange blossoms.

"But it's the work you love!" cried the puzzled woman at his side.

"I know I did, or thought I did, once. But during these last few weeks I've had a chance to think things over, and it's just come home to me how small and narrow that life has been. It seems to me that all my existence has been spent in poring over books and pounding on lecture tables and worrying after some new degree."

"And you're afraid of getting old and grey and frumpish before you've found how much fun there is in life?" Anne's tone was not so unkind as her words. "Well, I don't blame you!"

"It's not just the *fun!*" protested Macraven. In fact, he hated the very word.

"But I think I almost understand," said Anne, her solemn grey eyes still searching his face.

"But I don't understand—*myself!*" declared the young Professor of Anthropology, wondering why, of all things, he should seem ready to lean on a mind so unscientific as Anne's.

"One minute," interrupted the practical Anne. "Have you had your breakfast?"

The man of science had quite forgotten about all such things as breakfasts.

"Then let everything go until you've gone in and had your coffee and eggs—please do! I'll bring the boy out some berries and cream, so he won't mind waiting for his answer."

AND as Anne was obdurate, there was nothing for Macraven to do but to yield.

There was something almost pleasurable, he noticed, in this gentle coercion of hers. It was the same with her air of placid compulsion, as she insisted that he should take a second cup of coffee and a second egg.

He remembered as he ate that second egg, that he had once delivered himself of the opinion (it was in the seventh chapter of his "Woman Recrudescent") that whatever man has wished woman to become, that she has promptly made herself. He wondered if it was the case that the man of abstraction should always lean towards the woman of definite practicalities. Or was it that sentiment, the housekeeper of the heart, adroitly directed the attention towards those complementary traits essential to the well-being of mated life? He felt that he had a new idea for his "Psychology of Courtship" thesis.

"Uncle Henry was telling me that one of the College Row houses goes with the Chair in Psychology," said the ellipitical Anne, over her coffee cup.

"I had never thought of that," admitted Macraven.

"And that means you could leave that damp old hole of a Deanery!" pursued Anne.

The Professor of Anthropology felt his left knee, absentmindedly and yet apprehensively.

"Exactly!" triumphed Anne, as she made note of the movement. "And that damp hole was where you got it!"

HE thought of the Tower, rising above his little windows by night, so gloomy and grim and tactiturn, of the wide Campus beneath him in the white moonlight, of the shadowy maples beyond the Tennis Courts, of the heavy smell of hyacinths in the little Deanery garden. He would be sorry to lose them all; they had grown so much a part of his life there. Yet when he tried to picture himself as viewing them there, season after season, year after year, from the same little gaol-like windows, his mind recoiled from the emptiness of such a future—recoiled with a feeling that was almost terror. The die had been cast, the word had been spoken, before he knew of it. There could be no standing still; there could be no going back to old and outlived conditions. The training of a life-time had given him the onward and upward view. He could live only by progression. Whether it brought him anxiety and fatigue, unrest or years of calm endeavor, he could exist only in the consciousness of advance. He could never be an idler. This *dolce far niente* life into which he had dipped for a month or two had its advantages, but without the salt of labor its sweetness was cloying and enfeebling. For, after all, effort and aspiration had their sublimities—and vast was the exhilaration to feel that one was on the foremost crest of the upward wave of thought.

"You're going to take it," said Anne, with conviction.

"Yes, I'm going to take it," he answered deliberately, after a moment's pause.

"I knew you would," she said, simply. And the solemnity of her face was irradiated with a sudden soft flush of pleasure. "I knew you would, when you'd thought it over!"

He was no longer apprehensive of her emotional betrayals. He felt too abashed and broken and humbled even to walk with self-fear again. He suddenly felt like rising up and calling blessed her illusions, her pertinaceous and feminine illusions that still left him her friend. He dreaded the moment, and it could not now be far off, when those illusions must perish. Yet perish they must, much as he dreaded their death, knowing that man must fear, and never love, the eye that leaves him naked.

THEY were interrupted by the sudden entrance of Sybil. She came loaded down with sprays of orange-blossom and syringa, and her cheeks were flushed and her hair tumbled from running.

"I'm starving!" she cried, from the hallway, as she turned back for a moment to drive out the house-dogs that had followed her in through the open door.

Then she flung herself into her chair between Anne and Macraven. She looked very young and fresh and girlish in her pinned-up green skirt already wet with dew around the edges.

"Talking science?" she asked, shortly, as she reached for the fruit, annoyed at the wordless sense of intrusion which had greeted her appearance.

It was nothing more than the glance of a second that passed between the older man and woman, yet brief as it was, it carried something intimate and interpretative. It was the first time, Macraven felt, that any action of Sybil's had translated itself into mere flippancy.

"My good people," said Sybil, as she devoured her cherries, looking from one to the other with mock consternation. "I'm going to give you both up! I've done my best, and you're hopeless! I wash my hands of you; I'll never make you believe in witches and fairies, and the windflower at the end of the rain-bow and the eternal beauties of the Arcadian life, if you're going to poke over a coffee-pot all morning, instead of getting wet to the knees, and as hungry as a bear, just to see the sun come up over Harkin's Hill! That's what *I've* done! You're as bad as Dickie, who's still in bed, and won't turn out until half past ten, at the earliest! And *I've* walked three miles and more!"

"Anne and I intend to walk six miles and more before luncheon!" declared Macraven, with vigor.

"Do we?" said Anne.

"We do!" repeated the young Professor of Anthropology, meeting her gaze, determinedly. Anne looked up at the unexpected note of authority in his voice.

Sybil flashed a quick glance from one to the other. Then here eyes widened and she slowly and significantly ejaculated: *"Heighty-Tighty!"*

MACRAVEN wondered what was the meaning of all this by-play. More and more, of late, he had been possessed by a feeling of frustration whilst in the presence of Sybil. He had once called her Bubbling Sybil—she had seemed so ebullient, so alert and nimble and resilient. To be near her was like sitting beside a fountain, he had felt, she was so tumultuously flashing and shifting and diverting. But with Anne, he told himself, it was different; Anne would always be more for the grey days; she carried with her more a sense of warmth and softness and shadowy reticence—yet, after all, the most of life was grey: And sitting before Anne so often seemed like sitting before an open fire!

Macraven looked up, on hearing Sybil say *"Heighty-Tighty"* for the second time. As he did so he heard Anne cry "Silly!" to the laughing girl, accompanied by an impulsive little squeeze of the hand across the white damask. And still the movement was inscrutable to him.

Yet as this tableau ceased the two women suddenly became sober. And it was between them, by intuitive and subterranean courses unknown to man or man's science, that a definite and decipherable message flashed. No word was spoken, no outward sign was given. But had the mildly puzzled Professor of Anthropology read and understood that heliographic message the dark and devious paths that lay before him might have been made clearer and easier to his feet.

CHAPTER XVI.

DIFFUSED SUNLIGHT.

IT is true that Macraven and Anne went for their walk, as the man of Science had determined. But his declaration that their walk was to take them six long miles and more across the open country was only another evidence that man as a prophet is not always infallible.

They started off in silence, and in silence they crossed the orchard, and the clover-field, and the sheep-pasture. And each step they took Macraven uneasily realized more and more the weight of all he had to say, until he felt entangled and bound in the very complexity of his emotions.

They were down beside the breeze-stirred stretches of the open river, by this time, and before them stood the gigantic old Wishing Oak. Deep in its quiet shade, fringing the gnarled bole, was the ruinous looking rustic bench where Sybil had once spread her midnight supper and invoked the voices of the fairies.

"Does Sybil's father know that she is to be married?" Macraven suddenly asked, though Sybil was the subject he had least thought of discussing during that walk.

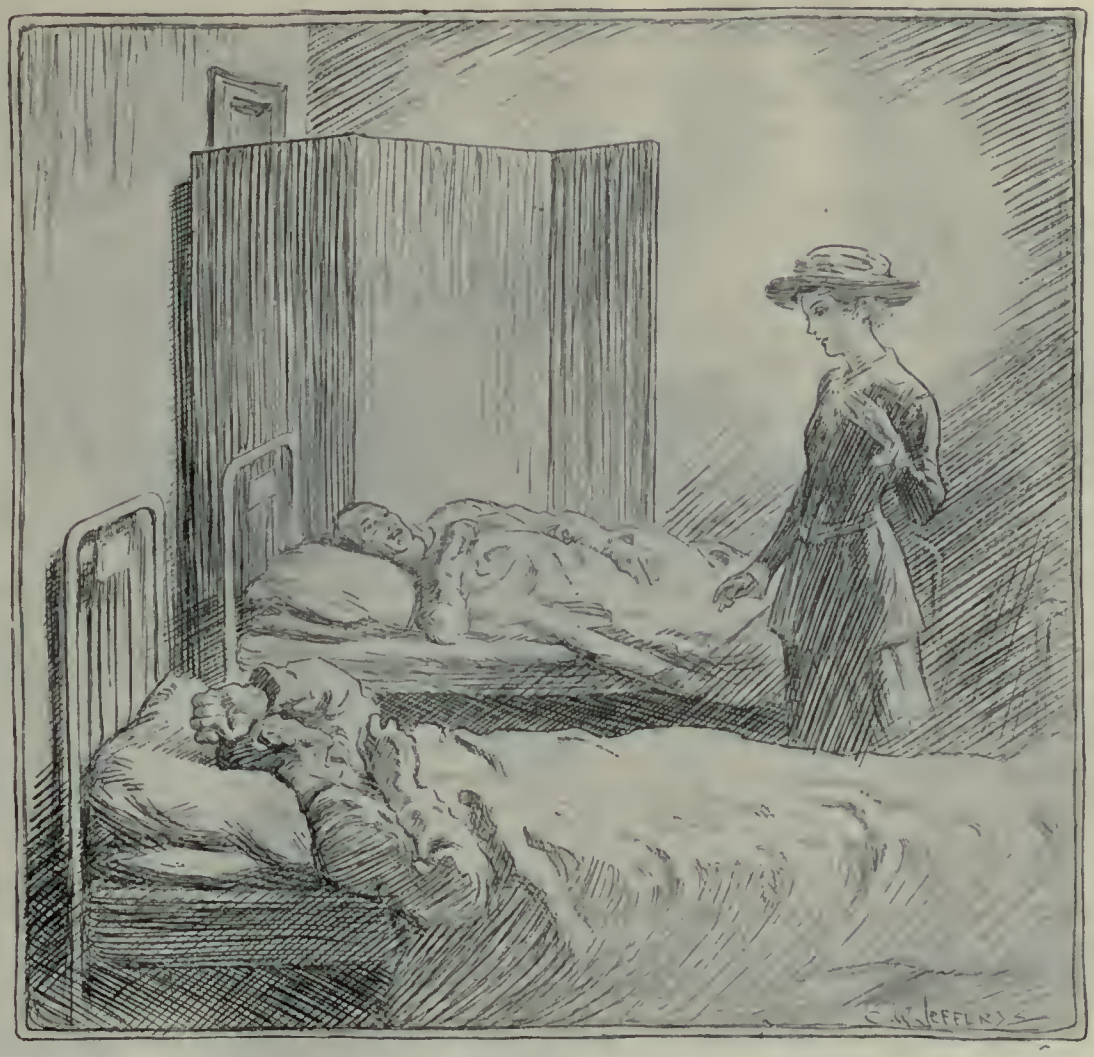
"Does anybody?" asked Anne, evasively. She saw the bench for the first time, and turned toward it with a little sigh of sheer relief.

"Do you mean by that that *you* don't know?" he asked, sitting beside her on the old bench.

"I don't think Sybil knows herself!" said Anne. "After all, she's only a child."

"That's true," said the young Professor, with a sigh. "One can't blame Sybil so much! It's the age, I think; the age seems to be changing. Women, in some way, are different."

Continued on page 79.



Fleurette

By Robert W. Service

Author of "Songs of a Sourdough," "Ballads of a Checkako," etc.

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

THE WOUNDED CANADIAN SPEAKS

My leg? It's off at the knee,
Do I miss it? Well, some. You see
I've had it since I was born;
And, lately, a devilish corn.
(I rather chuckle with glee
To think how I've fooled that corn.)

* * * *

But I'll hobble around all right.
It isn't that,—it's my face.
Oh, I know I'm a hideous sight,
Hardly a thing in place;
Sort of gargoyle, you'd say;
Nurse won't give me a glass,
But I see the folks as they pass
Shudder and turn away;
Turn away in distress . . .
Mirror enough, I guess.

I'm gay! You bet I *am* gay;
But I wasn't a while ago.
If you'd seen me even to-day,
The darndest picture of woe,
With this Caliban mug of mine,
So ravaged and raw and red,
Turned to the wall,—in fine
Wishing that I was dead . . .
What has happened since then,
Since I lay with my face to the wall,
The most despairing of men?
Listen! I'll tell you all.

That *poilu* across the way,
With the shrapnel wound in his head,
Has a sister; she came to-day
To sit awhile by his bed.
All morning I heard him fret:
"Oh when will she come, Fleurette."

Then sudden, a joyous cry;
The tripping of little feet;
The softest, tenderest sigh;
A voice so fresh and sweet,
Clear as a silver bell,
Fresh as the morning dews:
"C'est toi, c'est toi, Marcel!
Mon frere, comme je suis heureuse!"

So over the blanket's rim
I raised my terrible face,
And I saw—how I envied him!—
A girl of such delicate grace;
Sixteen, all laughter and love;
As gay as a linnet, and yet,
As tenderly sweet as a dove;
Half woman, half child,—Fleurette.

Then I turned to the wall again.
(I was awfully blue, you see.)
And I thought with a bitter pain.
"Such visions are not for me."
So there like a log I lay,
All hidden, I thought, from view,
When sudden I heard her say:
"Ah! Who is that *malheureux?*"
Then briefly I heard him tell
(However he came to know)
How I'd smothered a bomb that fell
Into the trench and so
None of my men were hit,
Though it busted me up a bit.

Well, I didn't quiver an eye,
And he chattered and there she sat:
And I fancied I heard her sigh,—
Though I wouldn't just swear to that.
And maybe she wasn't so bright,
Though she talked in a merry strain:
And I closed my eyes ever so tight,
Yet I saw her ever so plain:
Her dear little tilted nose,
Her delicate dimpled chin,
Her mouth like a budding rose,
And the glistening pearls within;
Her eyes like the violet;
Such a rare little queen,—Fleurette.

And at last when she rose to go,
The light was a little dim,
And I ventured to peep, and so
I saw her, graceful and slim,
And she kissed him and kissed him, and Oh,
How I envied and envied him!

So when she was gone, I said,
In rather a dreary voice
To him of the opposite bed:
"Ah friend, how you must rejoice!
But me, I'm a thing of dread,
For me nevermore the bliss,
The thrill of a woman's kiss."

Then I stopped, for lo! she was there,
And a great light shone in her eyes.
And me! I could only stare,
I was taken so by surprise,
When gently she bent her head:
"May I kiss you, Sergeant?" she said.

Then she kissed my burning lips
With her mouth like a scented flower,
And I thrilled to the finger-tips,
And I hadn't even the power
To say: "God bless you, dear!"
And I felt such a precious tear
Fall on my withered cheek,
And darn it! I couldn't speak.

And so she went sadly away,
And I knew that my eyes were wet.
Ah, not to my dying day
Will I forget, forget!
Can you wonder now I am gay?
God bless her, that little Fleurette!

Conserving *the* Conservatives

And The Outbreak Of Bullmoositis In The Government Ranks

By H. F. Gadsby

Who wrote "Ribbing Up the Liberal Party" and "The Duff Boom."

Illustrated by Lou Skuce



EDITORS NOTE.—*In the last number Mr. Gadsby told of inside developments in the Liberal party; in the accompanying article, he deals with the present and future of the Conservative party. It is interesting to note that he sees the beginning of a trend toward "Bull Moose" principles in certain sections of the party in power—the same tendency that led to the formation of the Progressives in the United States. The appearances of the Moose have been infrequent — but he keeps coming back; and it is regarded as significant of possible future developments.*

THE war began, and the destruction of the Parliament Buildings did much to assist the real conservation of the Conservative party in the Dominion of Canada. The barriers between it and its true destiny — which is to conserve ideas, institutions and policies of substantial value—have been shot or burned away. It has been scourged and strengthened by war and fire.

The fire on Parliament Hill found the grand, old Conservative party trying to conserve something that was not worth conserving—namely, a pose. This pose was made up in equal parts of dignity and indifferentism. The fire knocked it into a cocked hat. Robbed of its stately trappings and its historic background, the pose curled up like a worm on a hook. As a matter of fact, it brought both parties down to earth with a dull, sickening thud, but the Conservative party dropped, if possible, just a little harder because it had farther to come down.

If you have ever been a visitor to the national House of Pretence on Parliament Hill, you will understand me when I blame the gray, old building for a good deal of the stagnation in Canadian politics. A gray, old building may look impressive from the outside, but inside oppressive is the word that describes it. The old building, spite of all efforts to keep it sweet, was full of old smells, old ideas, old habits, and old men. The air was heavy with a mixed scent of rubber matting, tabac Canadien, moth balls and legislators. The moribund Senate exhaled a distinct odor of its own. The dust of fifty years hid in the corners where it could not be driven out. The architecture was modified Gothic, but not modified enough to admit freely the light and air which is necessary to clear heads for brisk thinking.

MOREOVER, the place was one huge dormitory. Every member, every Senator, had his room, or his share of a room, in which the sofa was the central feature. Here the wise man slept his days away, and a good part of his nights, only appearing in the House when an anxious whip dug him out to make up a quorum, or when the division bell roused him with its loud alarum. Members of Parliament are allotted these private rooms on the pretext of business, writing letters to constituents, mugging up speeches, excogitating new policies, and such, but their real purpose is the snatching of forty winks, which naturally develop into a profound slumber accompanied by snoring. There was more snoring done in the old building than oratory, bulky though Hansard is.

This explains why Parliament was only half awake. Instead of getting together in No. 6 or No. 16, comparing notes, hatching new plans, bucking each other up, the members would be stowed away in their little cells with blinds drawn and the key hole stuffed, drugging their minds with sleep. The average member of Parliament —I speak from close observation—has a greater capacity for sleep than the fat boy in Pickwick. He can swoon away into dreamland almost any minute, not like Napoleon,with an eye open, but dead to the world until something like Gabriel's trumpet stirs him to life again. The new Parliament Building should be arranged with a view to cutting out the sleep. My own suggestion is a separate building with hard wooden chairs, flat top desks, and office hours, say ten to twelve in the morning for busy legislators, but no private boudoirs and, above all, no sofas.

Thus it had gone on for fifty years; Parliament growing more comatose every day. Its visage, as Mr. Shakespeare would say, creamed and mantled like a standing pond. The Speaker mustered his little pageant each day, the Clerk brought in his law books and sat behind them, Mr. Sergeant-at-Arms speared flies with his tin sword, the statesmen and near-statesmen on both sides of the House went through the motions of debate—but all in a trance. It was a solemn humbug. There were no real differences. Both parties shared the common affliction — a torpid liver. Then along came the fire —God bless the fire—a real stimulant, no soporific. It made a clean sweep of the old building, the old cobwebs, the old dust, the old smells, and the old sluggish comfort. All it left of the old order of things was the library, which was, by way of a hint to the legislators that their minds needed furnishing. That fire served notice on all and sundry that they had been asleep too long and that the time had arrived for both parties to get busy if they would justify their existence. It looked cruel at first to burn Parliament out of house and home, to destroy its local color, so to speak, and jolt loose its old lazy mummeries, but, take it by and large, it was the best thing that could have happened. As soon as Parliament found itself resolved by fire into a more or less dishevelled aggregation of human beings with no roof to its head and a borrowed overcoat, it began to realize that the old pose could not be conserved any longer and that from now on it would have to work for a living.

It did not reach this conclusion all at once. In fact it arrived at it with great reluctance after some months. Members of Parliament, not a few, clung to the old building and its old drowsy ways. They felt they were lost when their old protective environment was taken away. It was while Parliament was in this wistful mood that a committee was formed to conserve, if possible, the old walls. They would conserve as much of their old friend as they could, give it a new gizzard,

perhaps, but keep the old familiar face, even if it did sag a little.

Whereupon enters the Honorable Robert Rogers, a Westerner, and consequently a man-on-the-job, and he says, "Gentlemen, I'll conserve as much as I can because I'm a Conservative, but I have my doubts." The doubts turned out to be good, unshakeable ones. The crumbling walls came down, and Parliament will have a new home with all the modern conveniences.



One might look over the papier mache partition and see the Speaker struggling with his high white cravat.

NOTHING will be left hanging round to remind drowsy legislators of the dear dead days when they slept twenty-two hours out of twenty-four, waking up at intervals to take nourishment, then back to bye-bye again. Personally, I do not believe that a new Parliament Building is an extravagance. This country can afford to spend half a million dollars a month for one year to erect a sanitary edifice which will conserve the health and energy of our legislators as they have never conserved before. What we want is a Parliament, not a case of suspended animation.

What the Honorable Robert Rogers, as a good Conservative, had at the back of his mind to conserve when these walls came tumbling down, was the spirit of endeavor, without which no Parliament gets very far. History will admit that, next to the fire, the Honorable Robert was the best doctor.

THE Honorable Bob also had his reputation as a hustler to conserve, which he did by providing Parliament with a new home inside of forty-eight hours. To do it he had to set the Lord's Day Alliance at defiance, but nice customs curtsey to great kings, and it was up to the Honorable Bob to put the job through. The fire occurred on Thursday night and bright and early Monday morning Parliament was in its new place, with a green Chamber, perhaps a little too green, and a Red Chamber, perhaps a little too red, with pictures on the wall and wooden maces gilded to resemble the real cheese, and a railway bill making its way through both Houses — and so everything going on as usual. Kind words from all sides. Some triumph for the Honorable Bob. An Epoch-making event—a Conservative Minister of Public Works striking a gait that made the swiftest antelope look like a cockroach.

THIS invincible spirit had more good results than merely opening Liberal eyes to the Hon. Bob's virtues as the man who gets things done. Things had to be done in such a hurry that much of the old *dolce-far-niente* stuff was shaken out. Only that was conserved which was worth conserving—namely, the ginger which is inherent in deliberating bodies if it only gets a chance and is not stifled with forms and ceremonies. Forms and ceremonies, Parliament keeps, of course, and uses suitably; but they lack the old glamor. In the old building these pomps burst on the eye full bloom—the place and manner of their making was hidden from view; but in the Honorable Bob's hasty pudding Parliament, one might look over the papier-mache partition and see the Speaker struggling with his high white cravat; or the Sergeant-at-Arms putting on the official trousers; or the Black Rod polishing his ebony wand; or Premier Borden gargling before he plunged into argument; or Sir Wilfrid snoozing while he waited for the bell, or—But what's the use of stringing it out? As I said before, one might peep over the wall or through it, like Pyramus, and see all these casual and personal affairs, and one generally did, with the result that the dignity of Parliament perished right there and never again will Parliament think so much of forms and ceremonies—it knows what's in 'em. It has stripped to the buff. It has seen itself as others see it. It has discovered that Parliament is nothing more than a great workshop with highly organized machinery at which men sweat while the wheels go round.

What was the direct result of this shift to Victoria Museum? Well, first of all, there was no place to sleep in private, so sleep was naturally confined to such hours and seclusions as consort with it. For the first time in fifty years Parliament was on the job—that is to say, it sat union hours and kept its eyes open. Secondly, the supply of private rooms was limited, and that drove the members to the smoking rooms, thus promoting a social and intellectual contact which benefited everybody. Thirdly, members who had previously chosen their lodgings with a view to making the distance between them and Parliament Hill as short as possible, now had to walk a mile or perhaps two miles to the new place of meeting. This was good for their digestion, their lungs, their muscular system and their health generally. Parliament, being thoroughly organized, ate better, drank better, slept better, felt better, looked better, thought better. Also its eyes were brighter, its head was clearer, and is worked better. In fact, it did as much in a day in the new quarters as it did in a week in the old spot. Long-tailed coats disappeared, even among the Cabinet Ministers, and long-tailed speeches kept them company. Debate became terse and pointed. Active service and no frills—that was the motto.

TO put an edge on it, a considerable wing in the Conservative party in the House became Bull-Mooseish. Symptoms of this salutary ailment had appeared two years before when R. B. Bennett led an insurgency, which included Sir James Aikins, Nickle of Kingston, and Sharpe of North Ontario. However, measures were taken to smooth them out. R. B. was made the honored companion of Premier Borden on his journey to England, and his political future guaranteed. Sir James Aikins was made a knight with a free hand to fret his high purposes against a provincial election in Manitoba, with the Lieutenant-Governorship as a consolation prize. Sam Sharpe was made a Colonel, which kept him busy, while Nickle of Kingston, was given a sort of official standing as the white-haired boy.

Under these salves and unguents, Bull-moositis disappeared for a while, and the bull mice went back into their holes. But when Parliament went into a building that displayed a bull moose's head carved in stone over the doorway, and a bull moose, life size, in mosaic, in the vestibule, it was dollars to doughnuts that the Conservative party was due for another attack. Certain persons tried to pooh-pooh it, but the man-with-a-hunch pointed to the bull moose and let it go at that. He was a bull moose and no mistake—a bull moose with a tremendous spread of antlers and a lowering look such as R. B. Bennett uses when he is deep in thought.

The man-with-a-hunch was right. The bull moose broke out again, this time in a most unexpected quarter. Andrew Broder was the victim. Andrew Broder, no less . It was the last thing they had a right to forebode from Andrew, who had been orthodox all his life. Seventy-one years and not a murmur out of him, and now hear him roaring! The underground whips, whose business it is to keep an eye and an ear on those about to throw fits, hurried off with the news that Andy was making the welkin ring. Worse than

that, he was encouraging others to do a little welkin ringing, and the riot was mounting. This was bad to hear, because it showed that the Conservative party was not conserving the old discipline when a veteran faithful like Andrew Broder could cut loose that way. So Andrew was summoned before the powers that be, who used on him tears, threats, entreaties — but to no avail. Andrew kept on bull-moosing. And there you have the ultimate reason of the Kyte enquiry.

Later on in the session, Bull Moose showed signs of going on another rampage in connection with the Quebec and Saguenay railway deal, but somehow or other he was roped and thrown. At the same time there was more than a vague unrest among the Bull Moosers and several of them had to go out and eat four dollars worth of ham and eggs to keep their opinions down.

ANOTHER thing the Conservative party decided not to conserve too strictly was the old idea of indirect taxation. The tariff would hardly stand another squeeze, so Finance Minister White looked about for new sources of revenue. He found them in what you might call a series of special sumptuary taxes, but particularly in a tax on war profits, which was expanded to cover business of a more routinary nature. The rain, as we know, falls alike on the just and the just as good, and some criticism has been leveled at this tax of Sir Thomas' as a burden on industry. Be that as it may, the fact remains that a Conservative Finance Minister was the first to introduce Canada to a Lloyd-George budget. All of which goes to show that the Conservative party holds itself free to break away from the old methods of conserving when necessity points the way.

Another startling innovation in national finance under Sir Thomas' auspices, is the popular loan. Up to date, Sir Thomas has gone direct to the people for two hundred million dollars and can undoubtedly get as much more the same way almost any time he likes. This makes more than a dent in the old tradition that the banks are the agencies appointed by the Almighty to take up Government loans in Canada. It is also to some extent an assault on the sacred dictum of three per cent. for the depositor and six per cent. and up for the institutions that handle his money. I do not know what the banks think of Sir Thomas for his heresies, but I fancy they will forgive him because he is their friend and chastens more in sorrow than in anger. It's love's pinch with Sir Thomas—he has no wish to hurt. His sole aim is to conserve Canadian credit and one way to conserve it is to show the world at large that the Canadian people have the money to back it.

It has also befallen Sir Thomas to expound the railway problem and to prepare the public mind for public ownership. Here, again, the wish is not father to the thought. Rather is the thought child of hard necessity and Sir Thomas simply leads it in by the hand. No doubt Sir Thomas began his political career with every desire to be a good, old-time Conservative, but fate headed him off. Circumstances drove him along this thorny path—*ad astra per aspera*. The end Providence has in view must be the conservation of the Conservative party through the adoption of progressive measures which will give it a new hold on the people. Sir Thomas is much in the position of the prophet Balaam, who was obliged to utter blessings, willy-nilly.

At all events, Sir Thomas is the foremost apostle of the new Conservatism which seeks to conserve by getting rid of shop-worn theories. Some talk there is of him as Premier Borden's successor, but to this the objection is raised that he ought to take longer to graduate as a Conservative. He has done very well so far, has shown himself a clear thinker and a powerful debater; but his best friends admit that it would be crowding the mourners to push him along too fast over the grizzled heads of the faithful party followers, who were ignored when he experienced conversion and was taken into the Cabinet. Sir Thomas may have to do penance for a few years longer. The party must make sure that he will not backslide. Meanwhile, he is a White Hope—let us leave it at that.

ONE of the wisest things the Conservative party is doing is conserving its youth. I allude to the practice of appointing under-secretaries, which Premier Borden has copied from the Mother of Parliaments. It works well over there—It gives the cockerels a chance and mightily do they play up to it. They answer questions like old hands—do these rising statesmen—and no amount of fagging can kill their zest for work. They are mostly graduates of the Oxford and Cambridge debating clubs, with a skilled sense of rhetoric to build on. They are seasoned Parliamentarians long before the first gray hair shows itself. England has this advantage over Canada—that politics is a career for her best families over there and consequently a full supply of ambitious youngsters is always available. But there is no reason why rich young men should not feel the same way about it. We can understand that a man with his future to make hesitates to interrupt his life work to go into the unremunerative profession of politics, but the rich man's son should have no such scruples. To him public life should take shape as a duty.



Meanwhile he is a White Hope

The Conservative Government has broken the ground in this matter, but it cannot be charged with rashness. R. B. Bennett, as Under Secretary of External Affairs, and F. B. McCurdy as Under Secretary of Militia, are young Conservatives of fifty or thereabouts, and may be said to have cut their wisdom teeth. A Canadian Government that will start its kindergarten even at twenty years younger will invite no rebuke. The greatest Empire in the world, which once boasted a premier twenty-three years of age, does not consider youth a crime. It is this tide of youth ever flowing into her councils that keeps England young. The balance of action and reflection is held true.

Over here we have seen too many Governments grow old while we waited—their eyes dim, their cheeks sag, their heads gather snow—while they draw the ring closer to keep the fresh young fellows out. The Conservative party has gone in for a real bit of conserving in its system of under secretaries. No doubt the Liberals would follow suit. The elements of good government will be properly commixed and contending. No longer must we sigh,

"If Youth but knew, and Age could do."

ANOTHER factor that will demand considerable conserving is our population. We are told that already some five hundred thousand of our most desirable immigrants have drifted back to the United States. The prospect of heavy after-the-war taxes does not soften the rigors of our winter climate. The Conservative party will probably plan to meet this with a sound plan of taxation, an enterprising agricultural policy, assisted settlement, rural credits, wider markets and other approved devices.

To insure that Government shall be thrifty and the graft cut out, the Conservative Government will probably go in for proportional representation. There is nothing like a close majority to keep governments up to the mark.

Still another matter that will furnish food for plain and fancy conserving is our returned heroes. The boys—three hundred thousand of them at the very least—will come marching back, having done their duty nobly, high rewards in their eye. These boys have had a liberal education—foreign travel with a post-graduate course in death and danger. How will they regard Canada—as the home of the free or the wilderness of the down-trodden? If they compare it with the European countries they have visited they can come to only one conclusion. Canada is the land for them. That is the moral we must conserve. But to do it Canada must find land for them or its equivalent, jobs.

Strawstack Strategy

By H. M. Tandy

Who wrote "A Fourth For Bridge."

With Illustrations

THIRTEEN miles down the track, east, No. 7 edged from behind a poplar bluff. From there she flashed a wedge of light which, faintly at first, illuminated the cubes and rectangles of the barns, elevators and scattered homes of Ducksfoot. In the glare of the approaching headlight the town rose naked and unashamed from the flat, green prairie, with the geometrical austerity of a set of children's building blocks scattered on the baize surface of a card table.

Twenty minutes later No. 7, whose journey started at one ocean and ended at another, rolled alongside the squat, red depot and stopped shaking an iron head and groaning in protest that its important flight should be interrupted by such architectural and numerical insignificance as Ducksfoot presented.



Dennis was much the most attractive masculine figure the scene presented.

First to detrain was Jim Kardova, a first-rate fellow in the main, but his every line and joke familiar. Jim, having escorted a car load of hogs to market, was home again. He was expected back. Here he was. "Howdy, Jim."

Close on Jim's heels came a girl personage of tremendous sartorial efflorescence. As she glided from the car's dim interior to the platform's edge and poised there, in a bar of level light from the sinking sun, the effect was much as if a moth of brilliant color had emerged from its drab cocoon.

She—Felice—was the answer to that perplexing question: "Why do those in solitary places habitually meet trains?"

THOSE on the station platform turned to gaze with the perfect unison of a creature in possession of many faces, but only one will and set of muscles. As, like a plumed and fluttering moth, she poised upon the step, Felice bore the scrutiny of the collective gaze unshrinkingly. After a moment, with a smile and a nod of recognition, she gathered her wind-swept garments about her, though in the doing of this she risked the exposition of inches of silken hose; then, floating down to the common level, she threw herself with girlish abandon into the arms of Mrs. Chitbottem, wife in good standing of the local implement dealer.

There was none present who did not experience a certain glow of pride and satisfaction that one so smartly elegant should come, if only for a space, to dwell amongst them. Nor did Felice suffer this sensation of mild excitement to abate a jot or tittle when acknowledging with metropolitan *sang-froid* such introductions as Mrs. Chitbottem put under way between the visitor and those Ducksfooters who were by the merest accident standing by.

Now, friend reader you are about to come into the possession of certain knowledge which for the nonce is withheld from Ducksfoot. Felice was a Homeseeker. She had come to Ducksfoot in search of these twain—a Home and a Husband—the most desirable, she was determined, in points of social and financial influence, which Ducksfoot had in stock.

Ducksfoot, through experience, had knowledge of Homeseekers — their ways and their wiles. But along convential lines only. Felice presented the old, familiar goods in a new, gaudy and misleading carton. Ducksfoot knew Homeseekers as lowly spirits of sombre dress, eager to please, thankful for favors, boasting—if at all—love of children and knowledge of household economy, sharing a man's name and property with humility and thankfulness. Small wonder then, as Felice opposed this tradition at each and every point, that Ducksfoot missed its guess.

AMONG those who witnessed the descent of Felice from No. 7, but in background, seated on a baggage truck, playing with the ears of a fox terrier that lay on his knees, was a long-limbed youth who as a matter of fact did not belong to No. 7's regular reception committe. He, properly speaking, was not of the town. He dwelt some miles down the south trail where he owned by virtue of inheritance, two sections of land and "a bunch of cattle."

This young man's parents in an exuberance of patriotism had ordered him christened Dennis Killarney Burns, the poetry of which selection hardly survived the ceremonials, as was of course bound to occur.

Den had ridden to town that afternoon. After dining at the Chinese restaurant, where the visitor to Ducksfoot must dine or not at all, he had played a listless game of Cow-boy pool, looked in socially on the barber, made a few small purchases from the bartender and, having thus exhausted the town's resources for amusement, had drifted with the crowd to the depot to greet No. 7.

Without bias or prejudice, Dennis, seated on the truck, silhouetted against a pile of returned-empty cream cans, was much the most attractive masculine figure the scene presented. Felice, giving him a cursory "once over" made a mental note to that effect. This note, as things transpired was equal to a chapter of incidents in his immediate future.

There was little of the actor in Dennis. When he was happy he laughed. When he was mad he swore. And when he was dejected, as now, the imps of unhappiness perched about his person. Until a short week ago his life had been a thing of keen and singing zest. More grain, more cattle, more pigs, more material possessions, to lay at the feet, metaphorically, of course, of a girl. That, until lately, had been life for Dennis. Then, existence with quick and cruel suddenness, had been drained of its zest and its song. Since then, nothing in life had been worth a simple effort to attain. Life had become a dark and empty cavern that gave back hollow echoes. He pondered continually upon leaving Ducksfoot for a locality with numerous, direct roads leading from bad to worse and on to oblivion.

The girl's name was Sally—Sally Penington. Her folks owned and operated land adjoining his. Sally had been born on the prairie and belonged to it, like the crocuses that sprinkle its grass and the willows that wave over it; and the sun that floods the prairie with gold and the wind that sweeps it clean, had given her a body formed in grace and colored in tints of surging health.

So these two, as all the countryside knew, were agreed to marry; and all was merry as a wedding bell, till from a sky containing no cloud even so large as a man's hand, despair descended and laid icy fingers about the heart of Dennis.

"'Twould not be so bad," Dennis had told himself repeatedly, "if I had done anything. But I haven't."

IN order that you may judge on this point for yourself, here, briefly, is the *causus belli*, so to speak:

Slowly, insidiously, Sally had become the victim of an obsession that Dennis did not sufficiently appreciate the honor

that she, in consenting to become his wife, was conferring upon him. Sally argued in this fashion: "Den figures he's got me thrown and hog-tied for branding. How'd it be, I wonder, if I broke out on the range for a little?" Her phrasing was idiomatic of the plains, and not meant to carry any disrespect to herself in drawing the comparison. Such a process of reasoning, you will surmise, was too deeply subtle for an open air, one-cylinder thinker like Dennis.

It happened on a Sabbath evening. They were alone in the sitting room of Sally's house. A great log, snapping and crackling in the grate, threw alternate bars of light and shadow across the room. Dennis, under cover of a shadow, yawned. Five minutes passed. Another shadow and another yawn. And yet again. And still once more—and this, to mix and dilute a metaphor, was the yawn that broke the camel's back.

"See here, Dennis," snapped the girl, who had sprung to her feet, her eyes like points of metal as she glared at him, "our engagement's off. You're too fat mentally. Things have come your way too easy—and I don't propose to join the procession. Good night."

There you have it. Sally left him and ascended the stairs. His jaw hung in suspension and, as his brain received the full shock of the situation, his eyes assumed the stunned and staring expression that steals over eggs in the poaching process.

"Dog-gone it!" he murmured bitterly. "A fella can't even yawn!" While as a matter of fact Sally knew, and we know, that this was not the point at all.

And it was at this time that Gloom built her nest in the back of his head and started hatching the Imps that perched about his person.

BUT as for the wonderful stranger Felice—she had work to do. She lost no time in setting out to stun the populace. Gown after gown, crisp and fairly dripping style, she flaunted before them. Shoes the like of which they had not heretofore believed in. Shoes, laced not in front, but at the sides forsooth, and still laced when they eventually did disappear beneath a short and shameless skirt. The shadow of a probability of an excuse evoked something new in hats—hats that flopped beneath the weight of a single rose or shot a geyser of feathers from atop one ear, outward and upward to the skies. She was, in short, the prominent current event and the cynosure around which circled much of the local interest.

The young men of the town descended on the stogy home of Mrs. Chitbottem; and it was stogy no longer. They draped themselves on verandah, parlor and lawn, crowding the genial implement dealer himself to his last line of trenches in the kitchen which he held with ominous mutterings.

Dennis came with the crowd and the crowd, under the deft touch of Felice, receded and left him alone. He was taught to dance, than whom a camel has more grace. He was taught and urged to sing with the self same voice which from childhood had been used as an urge to horses and cattle. And many another city-bred herring was drawn across his path. He submitted. The pursuit of the Arts might serve, he reasoned, to obliterate the shadow of a false and fickle maid that, in a most disconcerting way, imposed itself still between him and every girl he saw.

Felice, in turn, was taught to ride and to shoot. She learned but slowly and imperfectly to the accompaniment of many appealing little screams for help and the display of much super-feminine dismay.

SO passed the summer. But not so Felice. She remained. Fall saw the cut grain in stooks, like rows of short, fat soldiers in the fields. To such a field, upon a certain day, these two had come to shoot the wily duck. Dennis made an ambuscade of sheaves close to the edge of a slough. In the intimacy of this golden horse-shoe the search of Felice came almost to a successful end, for the conversational ice upon which Dennis stood was thinner than he in his philosophy wot of. Only the whistle of a flock of ducks, so close and low that they could not be overlooked, saved him, snatching defeat, as it were, from the very jaws of victory; and all that Felice bagged that day was seven barley-fattened Teal which Dennis tied to her saddle horn as they started for home.

"Oh, well," argued Felice, "there's another day coming, and it's not good hunting practice to crowd 'em."

EVERY day that the sun shone—and this provided few exceptions—Sally, the sadly neglected, saddled her pony and rode out — alone. Most often she went



Felice was the prominent current event and the cynosure around which circled much of the local interest.

across the back fields. Sally togged for a ride was a sight for easy and pleasant contemplation. Her habit was, to a certain degree, striking, and departed, in several essential points, from what is considered *de rigueur* in the equestrian by-paths of Central Park and Rotten Row. First came a red sweater, faded, and shapeless—till Sally pulled it on. On her head was a round cloth cap of the shape and color of half a walnut shell. This was designed to keep her hair in order and out of sight—but was not always successful in this. Her straight young legs were enshrined in whipcord breeches. These were cut as far as the knee with sheer abandon as regards material, but there the spirit of economy had evidently prevailed and they shrunk and tapered to fit into shoe-packs that terminated in nests of rabbit's fur.

It would be very satisfactory to interject at this point a description of Sally's mount, running in this fashion—"beyond question here was a horse of noble lineage. His dilated, blood-red nostrils, his curved neck and shapely head, ... etc., etc."

But that were fiction, and we deal in the common clay of fact.

Spider was a cayuse which, plainly speaking, means "just horse," and in color, buckskin, which in case your memory fails you, is the hue which a moccasin assumes with age and use. His height was under fifteen hands, and on his right withers he carried a burn-scar in the form of a double "S" since his yearling days, when a group of rough and uncouth characters had descended upon him, roped, thrown, tied and stung him near to death with a red-hot iron, laughing meanwhile.

AND now to digress; but just for a moment.

Perhaps you have noticed that many of the master tragedies of fiction and fact have for their chief *motif* the element of delay. After the maligned and hunted hero has plunged home the fateful dagger, posthumous evidence turns up sufficient not only to clear him entirely had he lived but forty minutes longer, but quite ample to elect him mayor. And the matrimonial ventures that have been wrecked by important letters secreting themselves in cracks and crannies just long enough to allow some weeping Beatrice to contract a misalliance! Their name is legion. And so on.

And we call the responsible party, Fate. She delays an entrance by part of a second. The hero jumps off the bridge. The happy ending is wrecked beyond peradventure. Fate allows an exit too sudden, but a minute, a month or a year, and it is next to impossible to ring the curtain down on aught but trouble and tears. It might, therefore, be a worth-while idea to appoint a number of Assistant Fates whose duty it would be to see that delay and misconnection at least do not mar the happy endings. Thus, lightly, do we provide another field in which may soar Feminine Endeavor.

AND now back to the story—and Sally riding the buckskin-hued Spider. On such a day as this the sensation of riding the prairie is good for the soul and the body. Autumn, who had charge of things outdoors, had arranged for the sun to supply light, heat and general decorative effects. Through the timothy field and barley stubble on their own place went Sally and Spider; then through a gap in the fence which the threshers had left, into the south field of Neighbor Burns. Dennis' cattle had been turned into this field when the crop was taken off. Some of them stood motionless as stumps, soaking up the sunlight. Others grubbed around the stacks in search of chaff and

such grain as had gone over in threshing. Among them were the spring calves, sturdy, round-bellied little chaps, but over-young yet to stand the cold that crept over the prairie on the heels of the receding sun.

When Sally got within a few rods of a stack she raised in her stirrups and assured herself that nothing human was in sight. Then she dismounted and dropped the lines to the ground. A short run and a quick spring landed her quite some distance up the side of the strawstack where, to borrow a phrase from the current war, she proceeded to "dig in."

Not long afterwards Sally descried a moving object on the horizon. In exact proportion to the speed of a slow moving horse it resolved itself into the owner of the farm, coming to herd his "young stuff" into shelter for the night. First of all he started for home those calves scattered about the stubble. Then, when he rode close to the stack after those engaged in grubbing there, he pulled up and listened to the strangest sound that ever he had heard coming from a strawstack; and he, born and brought up with strawstacks, one might say. Shaking the lines he started on a cautious circle of investigation. When this brought him to the south side of the stack there he found Sally, curled up like a sheep dog and weeping fit to melt the heart of a stone, than which Dennis' heart was considerably more easily affected.

Directly below her at the foot of the stack, making frantic, plunging efforts to reach her, was a Hereford bull, the overlord of the herd, a thousand pounds of horned and hided fury!

DENNIS swung from the saddle. He ran to the bull and seized the ring that hung from its nose like the knocker on a cottage door. He fairly spun the bull on his (the bull's) hind legs and sped his departure with a splendidly timed, wholesoled application of boot leather.

"Why, Sally dear, he wouldn't hurt you, little sweetheart. He ain't got the guts of a rabbit, that old bull ain't. Why shucks, he's only an onery old he-cow."

It is to be deeply regretted that Dennis made reference to the internal furnishings of the rabbit. It makes an inelegant printed word. Still he but used an idiom of the prairie; and further, the idiom is apt, for naturalists tell us that the rabbit, alone among the furred and feathered, is without weapon of offence or defence (barring his undoubted ability to get away from a standing start on high)—an unequivocal pacificist. And, as Dennis used the comparison and Sally found it acceptable and reassuring, it must stand as spoken.

Sally, now with her head on Dennis' glowing shoulder, sobbed to a slow finish. Her arms about his neck detained him though, goodness knows, he had no wish or intention of departing anywhere. He kissed away the tears as they trickled down her cheeks. He patted her back with a hand as soft and yielding as a piece of two-by-four—the gentle, healing contact of the wings of love to Sally. Finally, from the corral of his arms, she smiled a wet, winsome smile and said: "Oh, Denny, if you hadn't of come!"

They caught Spider easily enough, and Dennis swung the girl from the ground and dropped her into the saddle, which is as good a way as any to mount a horse. But then, small blame to him, he drew her down again and half way out of the saddle, a manœuvre which the horse was unprepared for, and he moved away leaving Sally, her feet inches from the ground, in the arms of Dennis. For this neither of them thought less of the horse, nor chided him.

With "whoops" and "hi-hi's" the calves were sent loping down the trail for home. Then, because the air was keen like wine and the great danger was over, they raced their ponies to a certain poplar tree and back, and the girl, because of Dennis' clever horsemanship, won by the length of Spider's nose.

AND now, please note, an interval of more than a year has passed.

Mrs. Dennis Burns emerges from the house carrying across her arm a young and tender parcel of humanity in a way apparently gratifying to the youngster itself, but always the cause of nervousness to bachelors, spinsters and the well-meaning general public. She crosses the lawn and enters the barnyard, crowded with cattle from which are to be selected those adolescents sufficiently advanced to carry on their ribs, seared in with stinging irons, the armorial bearings of the house of Burns, to wit, "Capital B couché, field of scorched hide, calf rampant."

"See pittie cows. Rhoddie pat the pittie cows," croons Sally in the mysterious *patois* supposed to bring the King's English down to the level of infantile comprehension—much as food intended for the same consumption is oftentimes diluted.

Baby, nothing loth, advanced a miniature hand which he wiggles in the white face of the nearest animal.

"Hi, Sally. Look out!" shouts Dennis, as he comes running from a far corner of the yard. "That's the very bull that scairt you in the strawstack that day."

"Goodness gracious!" cries Sally, snatching the child away and starting back for the house.

A close observer would have noticed that, when half way there, she snuggled her lips to the baby's ear and murmured that which a super-acute listener would have translated somewhat as follows: "Baby darlin', your daddy came just in time that day. I couldn't have kept that bull much longer. The oats I was feeding him were almost gone."

What we mean to say is that even a few humble oats, in the right hands, are capable of overcoming the malignancy of the blunders and plots of Fate.

In the December Issue

A Humorous Article - - By STEPHEN LEACOCK

A STIRRING WAR POEM

"The Ballad of Jean Desprez" By ROBERT W. SERVICE

THE CONCLUDING INSTALMENT OF

"The Anatomy of Love" - By ARTHUR STRINGER

Christmas Stories and other features by well-known Canadian Authors.

What The Gods Send

By Hopkins Moorhouse

Who wrote "The Years of the Wicked" and "1,000 Per Cent.—Net!"

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

UNDERCURRENTS.

POMEROY recovered quickly under the influence of cold water and a flask of rye whisky which the Swede, with a generous grin, had unexpectedly produced from its hiding-place beneath the flooring. He sat with his back against the wall, propped as comfortably as might be with Macklin's coat. The arm rested in a sling, bandaged tightly in the rough splints that Macklin had improvised. Macklin had also located a silver cigarette-case in a pocket of the muddy coat, and the expression on the secretary's pale face was so much more cheerful that the ministering angel grinned with pleasure.

The Swede had gone back to his duty as guard outside, refusing to listen to the arguments vehemently presented by the said angel—in fact, deliberately relocking the padlock on them. Because his one prisoner had multiplied into two was reason rather for doubled vigilance than otherwise, according to the workings of Svenson's intelligence. What the outcome of this attitude might have been in the face of Macklin's furious remonstrance is hard to say had not Pomeroy interfered.

"What did you say these beggars had locked you up for?" he asked with some curiosity.

"Search me! I came down here on a freight to look for a pocketbook I lost when our van was here the other morning. We're up on the next siding west of this now, you know. Well, just as I was thinking of borrowing a lantern from Halldorson — he's the foreman here — didn't the whole gang jump on me! They pounded me 'round a bit, tied my hands and feet together an' slung me in here!"

"And you don't know what for, eh?"

"You know as much about the reason for it as I do."

THE secretary glanced up quickly; it was almost as if he would satisfy himself that there was no hidden significance in the remark. He blew a cloud of smoke to one side and smiled a little.

"Well, never mind, Tow-head. We'll attend to His Nibs when the time comes. Before we need to bother about him, there's some talking to do in order that you may understand exactly what you have to do to-night. And time is precious."

Macklin stared for a moment, then nodded attentively. It seemed the proper thing. the only answer that was expected. President Waring's secretary was studying him attentively in silence. There were many who had grown uncomfortable under the cold appraisement of those shrewd little eyes; in their dark depths lurked inherent wariness, a knowledge of the world. Macklin stared back steadily.

"D'you know, Macklin, I rather like your appearance," said Pomeroy unexpectedly. "You've got a good face."

"It's honest," agreed Macklin mendaciously. "I was born that way."

"Exactly. It's honest. I think you are to be—trusted."

"Why, Mr. Pomeroy, you——" The other's raised hand checked him.

"That's alright. I know what you're going to say," he protested. "That's my business—to know men. I haven't been secretary to the President of this road for three years without meeting a few, believe me. So it's not at all necessary for you to tell me that you're on the square, that you're loyal to the Company you're working for and that you'd feel yourself honored by any demands which might be made on you by President Waring or myself. Is that right?"

"It certainly is, sir."

Pomeroy eyed him keenly.

"And if I'm not greatly mistaken, Mr. Macklin, you belong to that sterling class to whom loyalty is a thing beyond the reach of barter—to whom, in short, it is a deep-rooted sentiment, something that's in the blood, so to speak. Go through hell itself for a man you respected, eh, Macklin?—for a superior officer who was on the square, for instance?"

AGAIN Macklin nodded. He was too much surprised at the seriousness of the other's manner to speak. He wondered what all this was leading up to.

"That's probably a part of your family tradition," nodded Pomeroy with approval, "so that such an attitude comes as naturally to you as would your antagonism to anything mean and underhand in one man's dealings with another. I'm glad you're that kind of a man because—because, Macklin, you'll have need of those qualities to-night. Your presence here is a godsend; nothing short of it."

He paused, frowning at the floor as if choosing his words with care. A queer little thrill of elation warmed the younger man. His eyes focused steadily on the secretary's wan face while he listened intently, lips parted.

"What I have to tell you," continued Pomeroy, "must appear to you on the face of it as so preposterous that I find difficulty in presenting the facts in such a manner that you will accept them unhesitatingly as the truth. It is essential that you do so accept them if you are to prove your worth at what is undoubtedly a crisis in the history of the Canadian Midland. God knows, it is hard enough for me to be incapacitated as I am at this time when the need for my best energies is greatest, when the fate of—I was almost going to say of the Company itself—hangs in the balance. It's hard for me to have to delegate the secret in my possession even to one I know will carry out my instructions to the last minute detail. If you fail in believing me—you *must* believe me! Do you hear, Macklin, old man, you must believe me without question!"

HE clutched the other's hand. His cheeks had flushed faintly and the glitter of a strong excitement was in his eyes. Macklin breathed quickly; he had a feeling of being dragged beyond his depth—into things with which he was unfamiliar, big things.

"Listen. You know about how much love is lost between our road and the C.L.S. people. You know that it's always been bitter war between them. There's a time coming when both roads may become transcontinentals, and meanwhile those fellows are watching every move we make—like hawks. They're continually watching for a chance to forestall us, both on the stock markets and in the field. They have spies in our camp!"

"Spies?"

"I venture to say there isn't a department that hasn't one or more clerks who are secretly drawing pay from the C.L.S. for keeping their eyes open."

"As bad as that!"

"Worse. For instance, it leaked out not long ago that we were contemplating expansion northward, that secret surveys were being made, that our pathfinders had located a big mineral deposit which would be of untold value to the road. It became known somehow that maps and full data had been prepared. Macklin, several attempts have been made to obtain this information!"

"By the C.L.S.?"

"By agents of theirs, working under cover."

"But Great Scott! they didn't get it, did they?"

"No. The little fellows hadn't a chance. The papers were placed for safe keeping in the vaults of a certain bank and remained there until recently, when they were removed to President Waring's private safe, pending an important directors' meeting. Does that strike you as being a little—well, out of the ordinary?"

"You mean——?"

"Why weren't they left in the bank vaults? It would be a simple matter to send a reliable messenger over to the bank for them after the meeting was called in the President's office, wouldn't it?"

"May be Mr. Waring wanted them right beside him where he could look after them himself and——"

"That's a better guess than you know,

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Macklin. He did want them right beside him where he could look after them himself." Pomeroy smiled a little. "And where none of his associates could lay their hands on them," he added. "It works both ways, you see."

"I—I don't think I quite follow that, Mr. Pomeroy."

"I don't suppose you do. The game has been played very shrewdly, I must admit, and everything would have gone forward as planned—but for the interference of Little Willie, meaning me. Oh, yes, there's been a lovely little game in progress for some time—a fine little frame-up," nodded Pomeroy as he noted his auditor's bewilderment.

"But let me explain. There isn't time now to go into details as to how my suspicions were first aroused. I've been watching things carefully for some months. I couldn't believe the thing possible at first and that is why I've delayed acting. I wanted to be sure of my ground. It wasn't till Waring removed the packet to his private car, just before we left on this last trip, that things came to a head. When plans were suddenly changed and we came up this way, I knew the time had come to act and to act quickly if I was going to do anything to save the situation for the Canadian Midland."

POMEROY paused. He wet his dry lips and the clutch of his fingers tightened on the other's arm. His eyes were burning feverishly and his voice grew suddenly husky with eagerness.

"Macklin," he announced solemnly, "this man Waring is a traitor to his business associates! That's a pretty grave charge to make, I know, and I'd be the last one to make it if it wasn't true. You know that. I've got no kick coming on the way he's treated me; but when it comes down to a question of personal loyalty against loyalty to the road there can be no question of the only course that's open to a man of moral responsibility. I think you will agree with me in that.

"Waring's sold out to the C.L.S.! He has agreed to turn over these closely guarded papers to the Midland's bitterest rival. He expects to meet their secret agents in the matter to-morrow night at a certain rendezvous some miles north of Indian Creek!"

"Indian Creek!" gasped Macklin, his face tense. It was the agent at Indian Creek who had told the Boss about expecting the President's car up the line!

"Yes. Of course, he's merely stopping off there for 'some fishing'!"

"But—Good Heavens! Surely—surely this can't be true, Mr. Pomeroy!"

Yet even as he spoke he felt that it was. The secretary was too deadly in earnest for any other conclusion.

"I tell you they own Waring, body and soul! I can prove it!"

MACKLIN got onto his feet. He paced about in agitation. He was greatly shocked at this revelation; it upset his hitherto matter-of-fact acceptance of all ordered affairs. If this thing were true——!

"But—but a big man like the president of a railway—surely he couldn't expect to get away with that kind of funny work! His job—why, he'd lose his job!" he objected blankly.

Pomeroy gestured impatiently.

"That's easy. You don't imagine for a moment that Waring hasn't got a soft nest to light in, do you? The C.L.S. people'll look jolly well after him, don't you see? Everything'd be covered up as slick as you please. The papers will be stolen and Waring'll kick up a great hulabaloo about it—make a tremendous fuss. Then it'll all blow over and you can bank on it that John F. Waring is slated for the presidency of the C.L.S. inside of six months with a fatter salary than he's getting now and a nice bunch of stock tucked away in his jeans! Believe me, Macklin, I *know* what I'm talking about."

Macklin was young and inexperienced. His knowledge of this world of big financial undercurrents was limited to what he read in the newspapers. He had a vague idea that it was a potential world where the undercurrents were deep and dark with warring intrigues. He had read a novel one time——. In the uncertain lantern light his face showed pale and troubled. He was filled with a dismay that seemed to clog his faculties.

THE secretary was speaking again and Macklin was presently aware of a change in voice. He noted with fresh surprise that there were tears in the other's eyes.

"It's something more to me than a mere matter of ethics, old man," Pomeroy was saying earnestly. "This good old road has a history that stirs the blood and I've been with it long enough to be loyal to its traditions. Are we going to sit down calmly and let a shyster like this man, Waring, get away with a deal as raw as this It's often done by fellows like him, but this is one time when the trick don't work! I say, are we going to let him get away with it?" He threw down the end of his cigarette with a force that scattered a shower of snarks. "Dammit! Macklin, old boy, not if my name's Hugh Pomeroy!"

"And not if my name's Horace P. Macklin!" supplemented Macklin excitedly. "The confounded old scoundrel!" he exploded. "The measly cur!"

Pomeroy drew a long breath.

IV.

MR. POMEROY BECOMES EXPLICIT.

"THEN listen," he went on hurriedly. "Last night I watched my chance to get hold of the packet. I got it after everyone else in the car turned in for the night. I planned to drop off, walk back to the nearest station and catch the westbound Limited at midnight. Waring's steward is a light sleeper and I heard him stirring in his berth just after I got the papers. It hurried me up, so that I went out at once and dropped off the black platform of the private car.

"She was hitting up a faster pace than I bargained for and when I came to I was in pretty bad shape. I don't know how I put in the night; guess I was off my head part of the time. Anyway, I kept going. When I got to this tank I was all in—simply had to give up. The door was open and I stumbled into the corner where you found me.

"It was noon before I came to my senses and—I was afraid to stir outside in my helpless state. I figured it wasn't safe because if I'd been missed——. Anyway, I thought it was best to wait for dark. I—I guess I was pretty weak and must've lost consciousness again. My — my memory seems kind of—hazy. Funny how a fellow gets sometimes, ain't it?" He passed his hand wearily across his white forehead and laughed nervously.

"But, Holy Smoke, Mr. Pomeroy, why didn't you try for the section foreman's? Halldorson's shack isn't more'n a hundred yards away from this tank. Mrs. Halldorson'd have fixed your arm up and given you a bite to eat——. Why, say, you must be nearly starved!" cried Macklin as the other's plight unfolded more fully to his imagination.

"Never mind me!" Pomeroy's voice was petulant with impatience. He fumbled clumsily in his hip pocket. "There's the reason I laid low."

HE tossed a bulky blue envelope to the floor, a long, strong linen envelope, and the junior member of Topographical Survey Party Number Two noted with a certain sense of awe the official seals that covered it, their irregular daubs of wax blood-red in the lantern light. It looked very important.

"Nothing matters but that packet, Macklin. That's what's made me ill—to be so helpless with everything depending upon me. I'll be alright now. I couldn't trust any lout of a section hand, don't you see? As I said before, your arrival has been nothing short of a godsend. It is an evidence that the right's on our side."

"What am I to do?" asked Macklin eagerly.

"I want you to take that packet—better put it in your inside pocket right now. Here, roll up my coat and put your own on. That's the stuff! Button it in! You are to get down the line just as fast as you can. Walk to the nearest flag-station, east of her—it wouldn't be safe to hang around here—and jump the first train that comes along—freight or passenger or work-train — anything at all on wheels that'll get you on your way. If you could only run across a divisional engineer and his velocipede——! Here—take this. It's my personal pass—good on anything, engine included. The point is, you've got to get to headquarters as soon as possible. Don't lose a minute."

"Headquarters?" echoed Macklin.

"That's what I said. Now listen to me carefully. For the life of you, don't take that envelope out of your pocket till you do get there. It might mean danger to yourself if certain eyes saw it in your possession. So don't let anyone know you've got it or that you've seen me. And when I say 'anyone,' Macklin, I mean just that. If anybody gets inquisitive, you've been sent back to town by the Boss—mean-



"Ay tank you not fale smart faller now v' batcha," growled Svenson from the doorway. A half grin was dodging about the corners of his wide mouth.

ing Rutland, you understand—to get a few little things that he was needing.

"It isn't likely that you'll have any trouble, but in a game like this it's always well to reverse the Wise Man's advice and cross the bridges *before* you come to them. If you can avoid the rivers altogether, so much the better; for, believe me, they're no mere brawling brooks that can be hopped over or waded with your trousers rolled up!

"I don't want to scare you unduly, but everything depends upon secrecy, Macklin, and the whole future of the company is inside your coat. Remember that!

"When you get to headquarters you'll need to be doubly cautious. There is only one man in the whole city who must get hold of that envelope. None of the Midland officials must get it, none of the directors, not even the Vice-President. Remember that it has been saved from the President himself only by the greatest good luck. Don't trust a single soul. Do you hear? Are you quite sure you understand me?"

Macklin nodded quickly.

"Go on," he urged in a voice thick with excitement. "Who's the man I must give it to, then?"

"You know Cranston, I suppose — Bob Cranston?"

"You mean the detective?"

"Yes, head of the company's detective force."

"I've heard of him, but never met him personally."

"Good. So much the better. If you've never met him he won't know you by sight. Steer clear of his department whatever you do, Macklin!"

"Keep *away* from Cranston?"

"YOU bet your life! Cranston and his bunch of wooden-heads 'd ball this whole thing up in no time by making an official noise like an increase of salary! You catch on, I hope? This is a matter that must not leak out—for a hundred reasons. You're mixing up with the real stuff in diplomacy, Macklin. Don't forget that. It's a whole lot deeper than petty theft, ticket-scalping and playing spotter to a gang of train hands. It's completely out of Bob Cranston's class and he's a pretty good man.

"You're to go straight to the Crown Life building down town, and on the fourth floor you'll find an office door lettered—write it down carefully, now—'John O. Fuller, real estate, loans and investments.' Got it? The number on the door is 417. Don't open this door but follow the corridor around the corner till you come to the first door on the left, labeled 'Private.'

"Tap cautiously on this door four times —two quick knocks, then two more. See here, like this. Get it right, now—two quick knocks, a pause, then two more quick knocks."

"Sure. I won't forget. Go on!" nodded Macklin breathlessly.

"The door will be opened by a little bald-headed man with squinty eyes and a rather red nose. You'll know him when you see him. If by any chance it's anybody else, pretend you've got into the wrong office and get out just as fast as you can. Don't linger for anything, but beat it right out of the building. Not much danger of Fuller himself not opening that particular door, though; for it's his private office and he's mighty particular about intruders. If you don't happen to get an answer after trying a couple of times you'll know that Fuller's out and you'll have to try again later on."

"Who's this man, Fuller?"

"He's the man you've got to hand the packet to—to Fuller and nobody else."

"Yes, I know. But who is he?"

"This is no time for idle questions, Mr. Macklin, but a time for blind obedience!" reproved the president's secretary sharply.

"I — I beg your pardon," stammered Macklin with burning ears. "I—I meant no offence, Mr. Pomeroy."

"I know that, old man. Forgive me. I —I'm over-anxious just now and you'll have to make allowances. This busted wing of mine—my nerves——. You'll understand that in an organization as intricate as that of a railroad there are wheels within wheels. Fuller's part of

Continued on page 94.

The Advance of Canadian Stars

How They Are Getting Ahead —And Why

By Hugh S. Eayrs

Who wrote "The Last Ally," "Our Latest Industry," etc.



Mary Pickford, who was born a few doors from the home of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, *as she appears in "Less Than the Dust."*

THIS is to be a chronicle of achievements; and the resource, the daring, the courage behind each.

It takes courage to throw up, even temporarily, a real success on the chance of greater achievements later. Christie MacDonald—most diminutive, dainty and dimpled of comic opera stars—was scoring a success that was very real. In "The Spring Maid" and "Sweethearts" she had captured the fickle affections of a theatre-going continent. Any light opera with this winsome little Nova Scotian in the leading role was sure to draw long lines to the box offices. But two years ago Miss MacDonald gave it all up and went over to Europe for an extended period of vocal training. She wanted to sing better things than such airy trifles as "Day Dreams." For two years now she has striven and worked and is at last ready to come back to astonish musical America. Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, has written an opera for her which may be produced later in the present season and in which she will be able to show the results of her two year's earnest work.

Christie MacDonald is a Canadian, one of a large and brilliant coterie of stage stars who claim the Dominion as home; and it is significant that the same dauntless determination to get right to the top that has caused her to relinquish two years in the middle of her career to study, is also found in every one of these Canadian notabilities. Thev are all singing, acting, dancing their way to the front with a resourcefulness that must awaken pride in the people of Canada: for, the presence of this quality in all the Canucks of Stagedom would almost seem to indicate that it is a national trait. And it is further to be noted that the past year has seen the most remarkable advance in the case of practicaly every Canadian mimic leader. It is the object of this article to chronicle the achievements of this fruitful year.

It is, for instance, within the past twelve months that Mary Pickford, called by some "the most famous woman in the world," has formed her own company, first known as "Famous Players — Mary Pickford, Inc.," and now "The Artcraft Pictures Corporation." She is guaranteed a salary, or earnings, of $600,000 a year. This dazzling figure has been rolled so often on the tongues of movie "fans" that it has lost its significance. But back of the accepted fact lies something that the public has never paused to consider. How is it that any girl, be she ever so beautiful and clever, can earn the stupendous salary now paid to this rollicking bit of humanity who but a few years ago ran barefoot down the very avenue where MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE is published? She has a pair of eloquent eyes and a head of hair that "films" like spun gold; but other actresses have quite as much physical charm. Her powers of facial expression are equalled by many a screen rival. Why, then, is she paid a salary that would ransom all the kings of the Balkans?



To Maud Allan belongs the credit for the starting of a remarkable school of dancing. Below she is seen in her latest dance, "Nair the Slave."

Perhaps the reason can be found in a recent story that is told of this famous little lady. One day a member of her company happened to walk through a section of the East side of New York, which is safest when traversed in a sight-seeing bus. And there, rather shabbily attired and muffled up some to escape notice, who should he see but Mary Pickford. She was strolling coolly along among the Red Idas and the Shang Ganleys and taking in everything.

"See here," said the actor, edging up alongside of her and speaking in an agitated undertone, "this is no place for you."

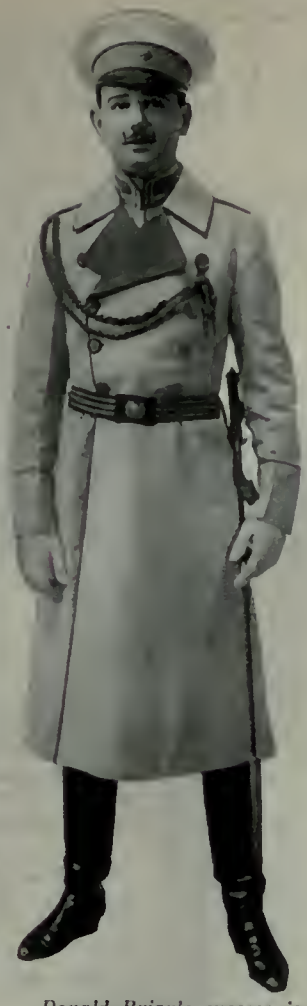
"It's exactly the place," was her cool response. "I've found out a lot of things. We've not been putting on these east-siders right at all. I'm going to see that

a few points about costumes are corrected after this, and I've discovered how the East side girl really walks and carries herself. She has a way all her own — something like this."

"If they got on to who you are," said the actor, nervously, "you'd be kidnapped sure. I'm going to get you out of here right away." And he did. But the object of her visit had been accomplished.

That is one reason why Mary Pickford's work is so popular with the public that she is worth $600,000 a year. There may be other reasons. But it is her determination to study every detail of costume and carriage, to hunt up historical points, to read, observe and analyze continuously, that enables her to exploit her screen personality with such success.

Mary Pickford's own company is just nicely started and her first play, shortly to be released, is "Less Than the Dust," a rather remarkable dramatization of Amy Woodforde-Finden's love lyric



Donald Brian's success is not entirely due to the possession of a handsome face and a pair of dancing legs. He has worked hard.

of that name. It will be awaited by Canadians with redoubled interest.

THERE are three stages in a successful theatrical career — first actor, then star, finally actor-manager. Attaining to the last stage is proof positive of the possession not only of histrionic gifts of the rarest sort, but also of business ability. Some of the most brilliant actors are quite incapable of managing a company or, for that matter, of acquiring sufficient money to launch so ambitious an enterprise. The very best actors of modern times— Irving, Tree, Mansfield, Forbes-Robertson and others — have, however, combined with their strong imaginative and creative powers a solid business sense that not only made better actors of them, but helped them to achieve the most complete success. They became actor-managers and were successful in a more or less degree in this dual role. It follows that the man or woman who finances and manages his or her own company is superior in many respects to those who limit themselves to their work on the boards; and it is highly gratifying to note that no less than three of the leaders of the mimic world who hail from Canada have recently undertaken to produce plays under their own management.

First and foremost is Margaret Anglin. This member of a distinguished Canadian family, who, by the way, first saw the light of day in the Speakers' Chambers at Ottawa, undertook some two years ago to produce a series of plays from the Greek classics. It was a courageous step. Imagine playing Grecian tragedy in the land which invented the musical revue, and made ragtime a national obsession! But it proved successful; and when later Margaret Anglin followed it up by producing on a most splendid scale a series of Shakespearean comedies, she effectually established herself as the leading female exponent of the classic drama in America. This season she is playing in "Caroline," by Somerset Maugham.

Miss Anglin's position among the greatest actresses of the day is too firmly established to require mention. It has been interesting, however, to note the success which has attended her first efforts as a producer.

NEXT comes James K. Hackett, the big, upstanding, square-jawed hero of romantic plays, who was born in St. John, N.B., and who established himself



Margaret Anglin is now acting under her own management. This season she is producing "Caroline," a scene from which is shown herewith.



Julia Arthur, who is now appearing under her own management in a new play, "Seremonda."

as the greatest of matinee idols by his "Rudolph Rossendyl." Hackett is his own manager now. Last season he produced "Merry Wives of Windsor" with Viola Allen, another of our all-Canadian list, as leading lady. He has not as yet selected a vehicle for this season and may be seen again in Shakesperean roles.

It is worth noting that Hackett is one of the wealthiest of living actors, though a big share of his fortune came to him as an inheritance. He is handling his wealth skilfully and will probably become a financial force in the theatrical field.

THE third is Julia Arthur. It was a severe loss when, some years ago, Miss Arthur retired from the stage, and her return last season was heralded from one end of the continent to the other. It is worth noting here, as evidence of the high purpose of Miss Arthur that she considered coming back to the footlights for some years before finally doing so, but purposely delayed her return until a play could be found which would warrant her leaving private life again. Her final choice, "The Eternal Magdalene," was a play of lofty intent in which she played with even more finish and emotional force than ever before. The play unfortunately did not prove as successful as had been hoped. This season she is producing under her own management a romantic drama of old France of the twelfth century, "Seremonda." While Miss Arthur's plans for the immediate future are not absolutely definite she has in mind the revival of one of her previous successes and the presentation of a modern play. But these are held in abeyance until "Seremonda" is successfully launched.

BEFORE leaving the subject of the business ability of stage stars, mention should be made of a successful venture of May Irwin's in the shape of a summer hotel in the Thousand Islands which she owns and operates. May Irwin was born in Whitby, Ontario, so many years ago that she is to-day one of the veterans of the American stage. But time has not dulled her capacity either for business ventures or refined comedy. So far as her theatrical connection is concerned she was last heard of in "Friend Wife," and, it is believed, is now preparing for an appearance in a new vehicle.

AND now consider the dancing field. That brings one first of all to Maud Allan. Some years ago England was literally swept off its feet by the work of a young girl who came from Hamilton, Ontario (famous also as the home of Julia Arthur), and who had found, invented or revived a new kind of dance. Maud Allan's "Salome" was the first manifestation of the craze for the classic dance which has since clutched two continents and has helped to bring grace back into the Terpischorean art; so that to Maud Allan belongs the credit for the starting of a rather remarkable school. To-day dancing classes, barefooted and clad in robes of pure Grecian brevity, may be seen everywhere at work on beaches and in forest glades, trying to catch the spirit of Hellenic abandon.

The secret of Maud Allan's success was originality. Out of the whirl of dancers of all sorts, Spanish, Russian, Swedish, she emerged with all the spectacular suddenness of a new and brilliant comet swinging into our solar system. After the furore created by her Dance of the Seven Veils had subsided, Maud Allan went to England and Australia. But she is back and promising to become as conspicuously successful as before: for the same reason. She has something original. She is doing pantomime-opera, "Nair the Slave." This is a kind of entertainment entirely new to the stage, Miss Allan claims. Arabian in atmosphere, it is dramatic and intense. The scenario was written by Pierre Boldrini, a prominent Italian novelist, while Belpassi—name to conjure with in Rome—wrote the music. Miss Allan also has several new dances, among them a cycle of eight of Chopin's preludes, Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and the "Peer Gynt" suite from Greig.

Miss Allan is under her own management—another evidence of her success.

AND speaking of dancers, recalls the fact that a Newfoundlander, Donald Brian to wit, is one of three stars to score the longest run that New York has seen in some time. "Sybil," with Julia Sanderson and Joseph Cawthorne sharing the limelight with the lithe and handsome Donald, ran all last season and is starting out again this fall as though, like Tennyson's brook, it would go on forever. It takes something extra good to run so long in Gotham and certainly a large share of the credit is due to the work of this Newfoundland product.

Donald Brian's success is not entirely due to the possession of a handsome face and a pair of dancing legs. His career has been marked by hard work and unremitting efforts to improve himself. He has acquired the peculiar combination of qualifications needed to make a comic opera star by much the same process as that by which, for instance, the general manager of a bank attains that lofty eminence; he found out first what was needed and then brought himself up to that standard.

MENTION might also be made of the achievements of many other Canadian stars—Rose Stahl (who hails from Montreal), George MacFarlane (a Bluenose), Matheson Lang and others almost equally illustrious. In every instance there could be adduced the same lesson of application, determination and, greatest of all, real business-like qualities.

Donald McLauchlan

A Story of Adventure and Mystery Laid in the North

By James Paxton Vorhees

Author of "Caverns of Dawn."

Illustrated by J. W. Beatty

HE and the Indian sat alone in the cabin. Although friendly they sat apart as was their custom. Pipe in mouth, the Indian sat silent, immovable. The Scotchman—a huge dwarf—in a flow of sound from an accordion in his big, crooked hands, looked up from the fire. He saw himself in a glass — a piece of broken looking glass, with nails driven around it into the wall, above the rude cabin fireplace. At sight of his image he laughed grotesquely, gleefully. He was native to the vast wilderness itself. Donald McLauchlan was a mighty woodsman. Far up where the tamarack grows and the birch and spruce put forth their first green and tender signs of spring, the misshapen being was known for his wondrous wilderness skill. He was full of kindness and humor. His large, weather-stained features, stiff bush of dark, tow-colored hair and ragged beard, his great cavern of a mouth, crooked limbs and rude deformities seemed but to mark a sense of humor in the dwarf's surrender to the comic tragedy of life.

Long ago from cherished "auld" Scotland's rocky glens he had brought to the land of the North—to the reaches of the Hudson Bay and the Peace River—to the McKenzie River and to the south and west of it—a fading though original memory of Scotland's crags and wastes, its rushing torrents, its brawling streams, its rich and treasured heather scents. Its purple bloom, however, blent with a love of the great Canadian wilderness which, for a joyous and perilous stretch of seasoning years, had given him company in its solitude, happiness in its wild, far-reaching ways, and—home. And so he loved the great North, its vast and enrapturing lakes, rivers, the sun sinking in the northern electrical air in blazing gold and red and purple above its endless forests.

IF spring had its green "shoots" so had winter its frosts, and the dwarf gloried in the regions of sun-shot ice and wintry fancy! A moment since, but for the Indian, alone he had been standing outside the cabin in the wilds and the heart of the North, the snows and the frozen waters. Ever had been his uncanny humor, loving the solitudes of winter—"th' on-ding o' snaw an' th' blast"—happily to laugh in his beard, which shaggily covered his rugged features. The Indian had stood beside him clad in the coarse, modern dress supplied by the Company — the Hudson Bay — that still practically controlled the trapping of the region. Donald might be said to have been similarly dressed. Coarse mackintosh covered the dwarf's sinewy and twisted form. Great mittens of deer skin were on his big, gnarled hands. The winter cap of wolverine fur, with fur-hangings about the ears, protected the disproportioned head. The mercury stood at forty degrees below zero.

"Tis fair cold," the dwarf had said, at the door of the cabin, where he and the Indian had halted on their snowshoes in the gully-way they had made through the deep snow from the door when, some days before, they had dug out to the surrounding country. "T' snaw's like bittie crystal 'een," in his Scotch nature an unconscious poet, Donald added.

The Indian stood silent.

"Ye sure ye saw no more?" Donald waited, then spoke in fuller terms. "Ye're sure ye did not see t' way t' moose trailed off?"

"Moose—him—shadow—moose," said the Indian.

Donald grinned. He held his hand on the latch-thong of the rude cabin door.

"Ye mean a speerit?"

The Indian was silent.

"Ye ken a speerit when ye see one?" asked the dwarf.

Still the other was silent.

THE Scotchman was not sure. There lurked somewhere in his old-world being the "gleam" of Scottish-hills belief. At last he had pulled down on the thong, and the rough door swung open. The two entered the cabin.

"A speerit-moose, ye say?" said the white man, who had employed a lengthy silence while together the two northern-winter cabin-dwellers had got the fire going afresh. "Aye, aye, mon, maist like —maist like! Dinna ye ken ye're leeing?" A good natured twinkle in the eye of the dwarf went with this direct thrust to the aborigine's veracity.

If the Indian understood the jest he kept the stony silence of his race.

"Can't ye speak?" the dwarf exclaimed insistently.

The Indian turned slowly and stared at him.

"Spirit-moose," was his only utterance.

Donald could relish a joke, even if it was on himself. He roared aloud.

THE Indian had come to him in the cabin with the information that he had seen a moose. They had started out to find it, but the spoor—the tracks—were nowhere to be found. The Indian had said little at any time. He now said less. Donald McLauchlan was not at rest. If it were a spirit-moose it were best to know it, he reasoned in a simple, childlike way.

Moved by a doubt as to the propriety of laughter the dwarf eased his mirth. He did not at once begin it again, but sat hunched up on the hard-packed earthen hearth before the blazing log fire, his long, gorilla-like arms wrapped about his twisted knees. His mind wandered back over the moving years. Picture after picture! "Auld" Scotland's bonnie peaks! The "byre," the heather and the sheep! The brawling "rin," the fay and kelpie! . . . Then came the little Canadian playmate of earlier days—a tender hearted little girl—a child, himself a man—a "wee lassie" with whom he had "made friends" among those who had mocked at his deformity. Far back in the wilderness settlement of Rosseau still lived the "lassie," now grown to beautiful young womanhood. Besides the Indian here none other had been his friend.

In all the years, in advancing civilization and settlement, she had figured as a mystery of unknown quantity in the dreams of his hunchback's mind. Even had she, in the strange intuitions of a phase of life's finalities, borne a vague and shadowy relation to a future speculation and catastrophe, though always brightened by some happy inner light that would well up from his spirit, flooding out darkness and despair. She was, in a sense of rapt suspense, thus joyously supported in his very spirit's core, and his emotions swam in a dream of ecstacy, far off sounding a minor note of exquisite and tender pain that unaccountably completed the happiness of the moment. Ellen, his "bonnie, sprightly, northern fay!"

THE little animals of the North, that he had snared on winter's icy trails or summer's warm and mellow one, and had brought back to her—with a rare bird or plant—stalking over vast stretches that they be carried home alive—these things gambolled, frisked and sported with his imagination surrounding this perfect object of his love. He saw her tiny little feet dancing and flitting past and through his spirit, enclosed in dainty, beaded, many-colored quilled moccasins of exquisitely soft-tanned white deer skin brought to her faithful young girlish heart from far distant trader's post. He heard her low, tuneful, laughing voice. The vision dissolved and vanished.

And then, as thoughts like birds take

flight, his own flew to the movements of that civilization which was covering the earth — the loyal, loving heart of the North—binding it with unyielding bands —the rails of steel. The blazing eye of a monster ever before unknown heralded, in bellowing snorts, the trumpeting approach of the devouring leviathan.

The mighty North — vast, majestic — eternal, smiling! His sweethearts were there. The rocks, the forests, the rapids, the loved trails. Could he live without them! . . . And Ellen—the lassie, the little girl! How strangely the thought wove in his fancy.

As he reached up to the shelf, on the cabin wall, on which rested a worn old accordion, his fancy next caught fire from recollection that the railroad, at Hearst, had been started by the government. Her sweetheart—his little lassie's sweetheart —was engineer for the railroad.

HE played disconnectedly on the accordion. Soon there would be no moose, no anything but "spirit-moose" or spirit anything! A clamor of shrieking and wailing sounds arose in the tongues of the instrument writhing in his bony hands.

"Weel, weel." said the dwarf, gazing into the fire. "be it so, be 't so."

The wild. tumbling tones of the accordion continued.

The Indian stirred like an animal worked upon by the music. In that far, intense clime the high pitched, northern. electrical atmosphere is filled with visions of second sight. The Indian had seen the spirit of the vanishing moose—the vanishing wilds — flit past him over the frozen snows of the North. in the pale-lit, winter-sunshine afternoon. . . .

It was at this point that the dwarf raised his eyes to the piece of broken looking glass over the fireplace. He saw himself northern-wild and blurred. . . . He continued to play. The howl of risen tempest about the cabin door was in harmony with his weird, uncanny sounds. nor disturbed his cheerful composure and submission. Suddenly—strange freak of an elfin nature that had caused those of the North to avoid Donald McLauchlan!—he broke into a strain of wild and penetrating music, and roared forth in a voice at once inspiring and powerful, a wildly rollicking song. It was crude, it was rude, it was barbaric. Almost it filled the little cabin to bursting. It rattled the door, and all but defied the winter-wilderness storm without — not quite, for the rapt dwarf was not a defiant spirit. being like woodsmen are of humble nature. In turn, he filled the place with strange, grotesque laughter, all the while producing curious and startling twists upon the accordion—quickly drawing it out, smoothly closing it up once more. He would wave it above his head, drive it forward in a thrust in his hands, cause it abruptly and swiftly to descend between his distorted knees. The firelight spun its own web of gladness upon his wild, woodland face, filling the corners of the cabin with eerie, dancing shadows which, as the firelight fell on the face of the dwarf, paused to linger 'round the mysterious object of their contact and attention and maybe to whisper of a spirit of cheer and faith and acceptance that dwelt in a seeming puzzle behind this veil of life. And even as the mad, wild creature played and swayed and sang, and closed his eyes and opened them again, and appeared like one deprived of any sense but that of purest joy, again and yet again would he lift his flashing eyes up to his image in the glass, and laugh, rejoice, sing and shout the louder. While the Indian after the first movement he had made, sat, with motionless look on space. seeing in his racial sight all things —silent. . . .

WORK on the railroad had advanced beyond the "water level"—flat and rolling country — and had entered a stretch of territory covering rock and ravine. To Hearst, whence the road had been projected, thence to the north and east, in the days following the passing of winter, came the dwarfed Scotchman and the Indian, with their mysterious warning and message from the spirit-moose.

The superintendent of the construction camp was talking with the dwarf. Donald's bent and crooked form stood, in an attitude of stooping attention. With twinkling eyes under bushy eyebrows he searched the face of the superintendent, mutely speculating upon the subject of his beloved wilderness now surely beginning to disappear.

"Donald," the official of the road said, "they say you're not with us?"

"Best laff as cry," said the dwarf simply.

"Don't you see, Donald," the man hesitated. He did not wish to hurt the northman's feelings. "Don't you see these things—these changes are for the best?"

"It is richt," said the Scot. Good nature struggled with ill. Good triumphed. "Th' wilds'll ha' t' go."

"Do you not know——" what the superintendent knew that Donald might not know may not be told.

A shattering explosion broke in upon them. Shouts and confusion reigned. The blast intended for the opening of a way through rock and defile had opened one of trial for Jasper Boynton, engineer in charge of the railroad.

HE was lifted from the ground where a great piece of blasted rock had struck him down. As they carried him away he was followed by the dwarf, who knew of the place the insensible man held in the life of her that had been his own cherished love when as a little child she was his one defender among the inhabitants of the settlement. It would break her heart—his "bittie lassie, his bonnie Ellen!"

Boynton came back to life, but to strive for a hold upon it. He muttered brokenly, and a foreign woman—wife of a navvy—with woman's instinct, made clear his broken words:

"Hees sweet-h'art—he want 'er,—hees sweet-h'art!"

They sent for Ellen. A trained nurse as well as his sweetheart, she answered the call.

The dwarf was present when a construction train brought Ellen to her lover. And so it was that later the good natured, merry being found a peaceful resting place.

His devotion to Ellen made the powerful and muscular dwarf—whose physical strength was no less famous than was his knowledge of the wilderness—a matter of note, as well as his passion one of sincerity and intensity. The girl was the presiding genius of the old Scotchman's life, before which in spirit the winter candle was lighted and the summer campfire burned. But with all his extravagance of humor and cheerful acceptance of life, the man's days had a silent, lurking sense felt by those witnessing the passing of dear and treasured features of an old face, an old scene, an olden past. . . .

"Ai wad gae th' wa' o' a', an' wull na greet a bittie, bit th' bonnie weelderness na mair wull be ma hame!" It was a poem and a parting of the last of the old guard.

BOYNTON mended, and Ellen—nursing him — between times, in her walks, was thrown with Donald.

The wild and adventurous locality, the spirit of the early dweller in the wilderness — the habitant, pioneer of trading post and trail—called to the girl in the wilds of Ontario. Donald knew the region. Its solitudes and grandeurs, to the fervent and devoted Scotch-Canadian, were echoes of his own heart. But he knew the rougher quarters, the snares of rocky trail and rushing rapids and of narrow defile. He urged caution in the girl's determination to explore the wilderness.

"Would she use that caution th' noo?"

"Indeed, she would. Donald."

"I'll go meself," the dwarf suddenly made exclamation, with a quick look up into her face, and apparently moved by an afterthought.

"Why, Donald, the superintendent——" Ellen started to say.

"Hoot!" repudiated Donald, and perhaps justifiably. "Th' super-een-tendent is verra weel, but no' mony ken more'n Donald aboot——"

"Oh, Donald," objected the girl, "you know I did not mean that—that you do not know the trails!"

"No, no, lassie, 'tis that I know ye didna," the dwarf hastened to say contritely.

"Why, Donald," Ellen conceded prettily. "if you want to make one of the party—"

"Th' pairty, lass! Aye, but 'tis yer ain bonnie sel', Ellen——" and like a dumb animal he gazed up into her face.

"Weel, weel," she said, unconsciously falling into his own way of speech, while someone was approaching—"weel, weel. Donald, I know you have my best interests at heart—I know. So there!" And she impulsively held out her little slender hand.

He took it in the wilderness of his own great hairy one, and gently let it go.

"An' if 'tis th' last time," he said, but his words were brightened by a quick and happy smile.

"What do you mean?" was the equally quick reply of the girl.

"'Tis maybe," said he. "that I ha' had a veesit from th' speerit world——" He

Continued on page 64.



Ellen was clutched in the arm of the dwarf—his other arm thrown across the trunk of a tree.

REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

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The Tragedy of the Quebec Bridge Span

Evidence of the Fall From Authoritative Sources

MANY opinions have been expressed, not a few theories have been developed, and from observation and otherwise there is a conflict of opinion as to what actually happened, to account for the centre span of the new Quebec Bridge, failing to reach its intended location, and finding instead, a lodgment at the bottom of the St. Lawrence. Quoting briefly from the most authoritative source we have the following opinions of experts:



—Bernard Partridge in Punch.
The Doomed Idol.

In a graphic description of the hoisting of the span and its fall, Harry Barker writes in *Engineering News*:

When the scows drew to one side, revealing the spectacle of the great 640-ft. span hanging suspended from the lifting chains, a tumultuous chorus of cheers resounded from the crowds aboard the vessels which crowded the river downstream, and among the many thousands of spectators on both banks of the river. Everybody believed, of course, that the crucial and difficult stage of the work was past and the rest was merely a routine operation. Four lifts of 2 feet were taken with the north jacks and five lifts with the south jacks. Work was then suspended for a short time to relieve the men before starting on the long and taxing routine of hoisting.

The lunch interval lasted an hour; then all hands went back to the bridge, and jacking was resumed. The operations worked perfectly as before. The span rose steadily.

At 10.46 a.m. one additional lift had been taken at each cantilever since the lunch recess, making five lifts at the north end and six at the south. At this time on each side of the river the top jacking pins were out; the bottom jacking pins were in, and the top girder was descending for another cycle. The weight of the suspended span was hanging from the lower or fixed jacking girders and everything apparently was stable and secure.

At this moment, something, somewhere, gave way on or about the suspended span, far above the level of most of the observers. What that initial failure was, every engineer in every branch of the profession will earnestly desire to learn, for concededly this bridge represents the height of constructional effort. It is possible here to give only an account of the fall of the suspended span as seen by the editor of *Engineering News* and as recounted by other eye witnesses afterward. These descriptions permit an answer to the puzzle—in fact several answers, wherein lies doubt and confusion for the present. Several combinations of circumstances can be formulated to agree more or less closely with all the evidence at hand.

At 10.50 a.m. the attention of the closest observers was attracted by sounds that seemed to tell of serious structural failure. To some there was a noise like the discharge of a cannon, almost immediately followed by the lighter cracking of accessory failures, and then slipping and roaring noises, as the span went into the water. It is hard to separate the subjective from what was actually observed in the few seconds while the amazed observers watched the span disappear.

The hanger chains, as previously stated, are still there and substantially intact, with the lifting girders hanging at their lower end. *But they are not uninjured or unmarked*, and this, of course, is significant.

In a later issue of *Engineering News* convincing evidence has been gathered from the condition of these hangers. The writer says:

Descending the southwest hanger the most prominent thing observed was that, of the four centering plates, the northwest plate was in place but crushed down vertically with two of its bolts sheared off vertically and two intact. Alongside of it was the suspension bridle, in place, also crushed vertically. The southwest centering plate was missing, but

its bolts had been sheared off vertically, also indicating the descent of some vertical load upon it. Probably both northwest and southwest plates were crushed down by the same action, and their different behavior is due to incidental effects.

The presence and condition of these two centering plates really is the key to the whole evidence on this hanger. It proves that there could have been no departure from normal conditions up to the moment some vertical blow was delivered to the west centering plates of the southwest hanger. These plates are the only points on any of the hangers where direct vertical action is indicated—all else shows a combination of turning, twisting and sliding. The vertical injury to these two plates must have preceded all other effects noted elsewhere.

The other two centering plates at this hanger showed the bolts sheared downward and forward (i.e., toward the suspended span) at 45°; the southeast centering plate was free and the northeast one was missing. These conditions indicate backward movement of the girder occurring on the east side of the pin simultaneously with the dropping of the truss shoe.

The lower pin was in place, but rotated eastward on top 1½ in. and scored spirally, indicating backward movement of the girder and crosswise movement of some super-imposed burden. The east bridle hitch angles close by showed a deep 45° gash, indicating the same movement as shown by the pin.

The south tie plates on both the box hangers were found bent by contact against the connecting link of the hanger chain, the easterly one being the more damaged. These bent plates indicate positively a strong rotation of the lifting girder. The inner (east) chain shows a scored edge, which can be explained by the chain's shearing through the bottom end strut between trusses. This end strut consisted of two ribs each made up of a 54 x ⅝-in. plate and two 6 x 6 x ⅝-in. angles, and the inner chain passed through between the two ribs; before the span could separate from the lifting girder or hanger chains, the inner chain had to tear its way out through one rib of the end strut.

The earlier steps of the accident are made apparent by the just-described conditions at the southwest hanger. Something must have broken in the northeast quarter of the shoe detail. It could have been only the intermediate or rocker casting. The fracture most probably occurred near the root of the front lower pin-bracket of this rocker, putting the bearing on the lower pin out of service; and in all likelihood the fracture entered the upper pin seat and one of the upper brackets also.

Concentration of the enormous 1,200-ton load on the fracture edges must have caused crushing, tipping of what was left of the rocker, and backward movement of the lower shoe and lifting girder.

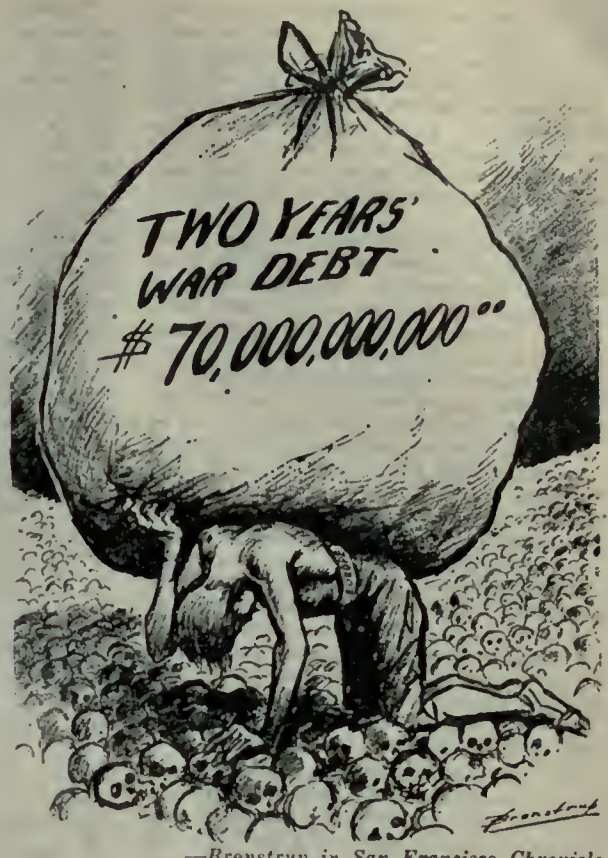
It was incidental to this quick-passed stage of the catastrophe that the westerly fragment of the rocker bore down on the two west centering plates, curling one of them over and forcing the other off by downward shear. In the same action, however, the fragments of the broken rocker were ejected from between its two pins like a smooth wet orange-seed, and, the impulse kicking back the entire swinging girder, the corner of the span fell free, only grazing the pin and the girder cover-plate as it went off.

These events, written in the markings on the southwest girder, make all the other actions subsidiary. And, indeed, the examination of the other three hangers shows the very actions there that must follow from the starting of the fall as just sketched.

Some parts of the southeast hanger were severely punished, while others escaped very easily. Some 8 feet above the girder top the inner hanger chain was badly bent, forced to the west, and heavily scored. The pressure accompanying the movement at this point is indicated by signs of high local heating of the steel in the score marks on the inner hanger chain.

The pin in the box hanger was moved west 1 inch, but showed no signs of rotation. The top inside edge of the west plate box hanger was crushed, and the box rivets were forced into the link. The south bracket at this box hanger was untouched, and the north bracket had its east edge only slightly bent inward. The corresponding detail at the east box hanger is entirely untouched.

Looking at the lower shoe detail, it is seen first that all four of the centering plates are in place and bent outward. On both the east plates are found large splashes of pin grease, and the direction of these splashes indicates that some turning of the rocker casting must have neatly spooned the lower pin out of its pocket. The turning of the casting undoubtedly bent down the westerly plates, and the pin forced over the easterly pair. Remarkable to record, the upper pin lies in the lower pin bearing; to drop into this position it must have turned 90° from its original direction. The crushed and bent-in west bridle hitch angles and bridle are further evidence of this action. The bent and scored edge of the girder cover plate nearby marks the final path of the edge of the truss end post as it left the lifting girder.



—*Bronstrup in San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Crushed Atlas.

What happened at the southeast hanger is easily understood. The overturning west truss, through the action of the portal and top laterals, twisted the end post of the east truss to the westward and down. The bottom end strut, already torn loose from the west truss when that ripped through the hanger chain, offered no resistance to the tipping movement. The truss was tilting on its lower rocker pin at the start, and after reaching the limit of the rocker's turning freedom it canted and slid on the transverse pin, forced the rocker out backward and eastward, and dropped the upper pin, now vertical, into the lower shoe, where it dropped into the bearing. The end post now was on the point of slipping off, having in the meantime banged heavily against the inside face of the west hanger; it dropped to the river, hardly touching the top of the lighting girder. The blow from the end post, possibly supplemented by dowuward pressure from the end strut, tilted the whole girder series of the hanger about the longitudinal supporting pin on top of the upper chord of the cantilever arm. But there was no rotation about an east-west axis; the east truss tipped purely westward, remaining a span between its two end bearings until the moment it slipped off the southeast bearing.

Almost identical pictures were presented by the northwest and northeast hangers: Lower pin in place, apparently not rotated, its top half wiped clean of grease; rear (north) centering plates in place untouched; front centering plates gone or at least torn loose, and showing horizontal shearing of the bolts; and practically no other damage except to the respective inner hanger chains, which had to tear out through the end strut. The movement of the north end of the span was evidently straight forward, in the direction of midspan. As might be expected, both lifting girders tipped forward during the fall; the northeast one shows the strongest evidence of tipping.

The north mooring span was appreciably warped; the lower end was rotated clockwise, probably from the sequence in which the four mooring lines parted. This damage appears to have no relation to the other evidence or to the cause of the fall.

At the northwest hanger, the two forward centering plates were gone. The bridles were gone; the east bridle hitch angles had the south end bent inward slightly. The west hanger chain was untouched. At the east chain the connecting link was slightly bent to the west, and the pin through the box hanger was moved a bit to the west. The edges of the bracket plates on this box hanger showed some damage. The apper edges of the rear tie-plates on both box hangers had come into contact with the link, showing rotation. The rocked pin had longitudinal scratches and its front end was scored.

On the northeast lifting girder the southeast centering plate was gone, and the aouthwest plate off but lying nearby. The cover plate of the girder showed a small bend at its front edge. The east hanger chain was undamaged except for slight bending of the rear tie-plate of the box hanger, which had come into contact with the connecting link by rotation of the girder. The west chain showed the same effect more strongly, the toe-plate being bent and torn; here the outer rear corners of the connecting link were scored. The link also had a bend to the west, and the pin through link and box hanger was pushed westward a trifle.

The above description of conditions tells its story fully. When the southwest sup-

port moved away from under the span, the long and heavy 640-ft. span could not maintain its integrity; its laterals, sways and portals were incapable of holding it together when resting on only three supports. That the span kept up its integral action long enough for complete failure of the south end to precede the fall of the north end, however, is excellent testimony to its good construction.

A point of great moment, in view of the failure of the southwest rocker, is the clear evidence that lies in the investigational findings as to the behavior of the other three rockers. These rockers remained intact throughout, as is amply proved by the absence of severe punishment to the girder cover plate, hitch angles and shoe. They held the truss corner high above the lifting girder so that it slid off without touching the girder, or at best barely grazing it. Yet these rockers were subjected to a severe duty. The southeast rocker had to carry, in addition to its normal load, an extra reaction great enough to wreck the portal and lateral system of the bridge, and the unknown impact produced by the start of the failure. At the same time it was subjected to extreme canting and tipping actions, continued to the point of concentrating the whole load on one corner and forcing the rocker out of its seat. The north rockers bore nearly as severe a tipping effect, and they too held up intact.

The span rested on these same rockers for five weeks at Sillery, and they bore variously in that time about 10% more load than they carried during the hour and a half in which the span was auspended from the cantilever arms before ita fall. This extra load was due to a very heavy material track (removed before the floating) on which ran a locomotive crane and material cars.

The destruction of the southeast rocker, therefore, did not develop from inherent weakness in the design, even though the rocker may have been overstressed (on the commonly-used assumption of uniform load-distribution along each pin, the maximum tension in the base would be computed at about 30,000 lb. per aq. in.). Defects in the southwest rocker made it weaker than its three mates.

Dealing with the actual cause of the accident, *Canadian Machinery* says:



—Stinson in Dayton News.

Climbing.

The casting which is stated to have failed, formed part of a ball and socket support, one of which was at each of the four corners. A failure at one of these would result in the entire weight being supported on the two diagonally opposite points, as the fourth corner would only be balancing the weight of the structure now pivoted on two points. The complete reversal of strains in many of the important members resulting from this lack of support, following on the repeated stressing due to rapid elevation may quite well have been the undoing of the job. Such an occurrence may very naturally have been left out of the list of possible contingencies taken into account of the designers.

In the absence of a detailed statement of future intentions beyond the determination to build and place another span the suggestion is advanced that with proper safeguards in lifting, along with increased stiffening, the job will be completed safely. Safeguards include methods as well as appliances, and the advantages of using three points of support at each merit consideration. Should the support at one corner fail, the area still supported would be more than half, and if emergency stiffening were in place the evil effects of the overhung portion could be safely neutralized until corrected.

The statement attributed to officials that the span had been resting on the ball and socket supports for six weeks previous to erection is doubtless perfectly true, but in view of the difference between conditions during that time and those under which the span was being elevated, it is not possible to accept this as a fair test of the ability of the suports to stand up at the crucial moment. It would appear that the rigid slinging aggravated the stresses in a green girder which had not been allowed sufficient time to settle and adjust itself to a severe change in its method of support. Such adjustment undoubtedly reacted on the supports so that they were stressed in a totally unexpected manner. That such stresses were intensified by the rate of elevation seems more than likely, and in a case of this kind there is truth in the adage, "the more haste the less speed."

Twenty Years Of Woman Suffrage

What the System in Actual Practice Has Proved in Idaho

TWENTY years of "votes for women" should be able to give a satisfactory answer to the question of its advisability. The State of Idaho. is rounding out this experience, and a careful survey of the status of its civic affairs and the effects of its equal suffrage, as described in the *Outlook* contains information of special interest to Canadians just now. The writer, Pearl Tyer, President Boise National Council of Women Voters, says:

Its effect can best be discerned in the trend of the civic development of the State itself, for Idaho was not established with set institutions nor convictions before suffrage was a factor. Admission as a State was granted in 1890, and six years later, in November, 1896, the suffrage amendment was passed at the general election and the ballot became a reserve power back of the influence of women. In the early years of Statehood Idaho was a rough-and-ready land with sparse settlements and few railways. The first settlers were gold-seekers, prospecting a bit on their way to California; then, following, came a hardy few who sought new homes because the fire of adventure was in them. The destruction of the Civil War drove others to this almost unknown land. Although the early stories of Idaho do not partake of the reckless disregard of human life incident to some pioneer communities, it was not until the general exodus to the Far West brought hundreds of citizens, ambitious and abounding in energy, that it began its great change in civic ideals.

Woman suffrage cannot claim the entire credit for this change from the free and open days of the saloon and gambling tables, but woman suffrage became alive at the time the change began and was one of the factors. Two years after Idaho became a State, at the Republican State Convention, several of the prominent office-holders were intoxicated in public. This was a period in the history of prohibition when the Republican party in some of the older States was passing prohibition enactments. The spectacle of drunkenness was so disgusting to one of the delegates, now a distinguished citizen, that he determined upon a woman suffrage policy as the surest remedy. Two years later he was one of the most arduous workers in the campaign for suffrage, which was indorsed at the conventions of all three parties. This citizen claims that this was the turning-point for State-wide prohibition, which reached its goal last January, when every saloon was closed by statutory enactment.

The influence of woman suffrage was noticeable immediately upon the passage of the amendment. H. E. McElroy, a prominent attorney and candidate for Governor on the Progressive ticket in 1914, wrote at the time the women cast their first ballot: "It was tacitly understood among politicians that the standard must be raised in order to avoid scratching by the new voters. In fact, the expectation is universal, for some cause or other, that women will make independent voters, and party names will not save undeserving candidates."

James H. Hawley, afterward Governor of Idaho, said of the first election in which women participated: "The ladies turned out very generally on the day of election, nnd were everywhere treated with the greatest respect, and never in my experience have I seen a more orderly election. The very presence of the ladies at the polls seemed to entirely eliminnte many of the objectionable features of former elections."

Naturalness is an expressive word for the manner in which women exercise their citizenship in a State which has developed under the suffrage regime. Men and women are comrades in civic endeavor. The condition of sex organization based upon sex, and not upon the general obligation of citizenship borne by all, to which Charles E. Hughes has recently called attention, will be found to be a condition preceding woman suffrage and not accompanying it. The privilege of the ballot of twenty years in Idaho has broadened woman's outlook, and pride in sex accomplishment has correspondingly lessened. To designate an institution or legal enactment as men's or women's is as difficult as to dissocinte the father's and mother's influence in a harmonious household. Some measures are mothered especially by a woman's organization, but all such have their champions among the men, and men and women work together for their adoption. The term, women's mea-

sures, is an anomaly both as to purpose and history.

The catalogue of measures which have been presented to the Legislature under the tutelage of women, either individually or representing women's clubs, and which were persistently cared for until finally signed by the Governor as a statute, includes a public library commission and library control (there were previously no library provisions), child labor prohibition and juvenile court creation, humane society, equal property rights for men and women, equal custody of children, right of women to make their own wills, the Iowa infringement and Abatement Law, making wife desertion an extraditable misdemeanor, pensions for mothers, nine-hour law for women, State Industrial School, Institution for Feeble-Minded, separate dormitory for women at State University, placing domestic science in the University, and appropriation for Children's Home-Finding Society. The only legislative measure which women have worked for at more than one Legislature and lost is the Civil Service Bill. Yet this phenomenal legislative record has been accomplished in the Legislatures of twenty years, in which but three women were seated. This illustrates the co-operation of the men and women. In every "women's measure" the genius of men and women has united.

Although to a large extent intuitively and unconsciously, in their legislative methods women have been fulfilling the essential requisites of lawmaking in a democracy. It is fundamentally true under a representative form of government that the power is with the people and not the legislators. The conception of legislation in a republic is that the demand should be with the consent of the governed and should come from the people *up* to the lawmaking body, and not be induced from the lawmaking body *down* to the people.

Women's part in lawmaking has included the education of public sentiment to seek the desired measure. By educating themselves through the women's organizations, which are largely the instruments through which such public opinion takes form, and by agitating the proposition and keeping it as a reminder in the press, the desired reforms have come in naturally and quietly. The statutes providing for a commission form of government for cities, a direct primary law, the discretionary power of judges, and the labor of convicts on State improvements outside the penitentiary walls are examples of measures which were thoroughly discussed in women's meetings and reported in the press, but which were not introduced by them in the Legislature. The anti-gambling law was passed shortly after the ballot was granted to women and before the State Federation of Clubs was organized. William Balderston, editor of the Idaho *Daily Statesman*, at that time wrote:

"The influence of this new voting element was felt in the Legislature in the passage of the law prohibiting gambling. It is universally conceded that such an Act could not have been passed had it not been for the fact that the members felt they would be held to account by that portion of the population which is unalterably opposed to the vice that ruins such large numbers of men. It is a significant fact that the law was passed without any organized movement on the part of the women. It was the silent influence of woman as a voter that carried it through."

The State Federation of Women's Clubs, which is the most prominent women's organization legislatively, does not seek the enactment of a measure which has not had at least a year of State-wide discussion and propaganda. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union also has always depended upon the education of the masses rather than upon "lobbying" its bills through.

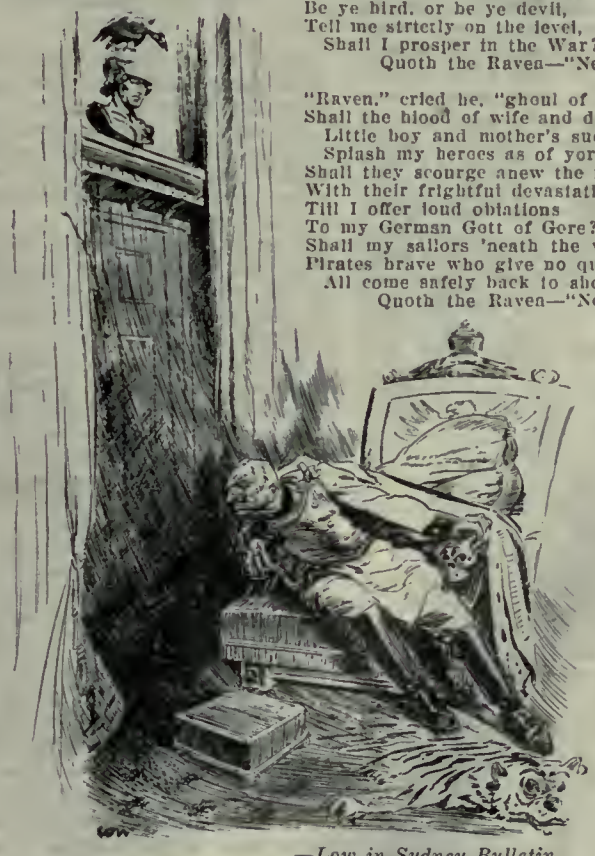
Idaho women with meager exceptions, are not politicians. They are not to be found where political trickery and trading are in practice. They work by fostering certain measures and by doing their part in the election of officials who will uphold these measures. Sometimes a mass-meeting is called at the instigation of the women, and candidates for office are called upon before election to state their attitude on certain points. The Boise Council of Women Voters, in union with the Good Citizenship Club, which had experienced difficulty in securing certain park actions in Boise, before the next city election invited the nominees for mayor and commissioners to appear before them and express their views on parks and playgrounds. Not one of the candidates apparently considered the meeting unimportant. Ten were present, and the remaining two, who were unable to be present, sent written statements. The sentiments of the candidates were given to the public through the press. The Legislative Committee of the State Federation of Women's Clubs secures the attitude of all candidates for the Legislature before the election upon the measures which they propose to present at that session. When the legislator comes to the capital, he is sometimes confronted by his own written statement of his pre-election views.

Should an official fail to keep his promise to a woman's organization, he is advertised throughout his territory and told that he will not be further supported. These "clearings up" have been without demonstrations of malice and universally accomplished with dignity. The most notable example of the politician disappointing women and then reforming is Herman H. Taylor, Lieutenant-Governor. He came to the Legislature in 1912 as President of the Senate with a plurality of 6,403 votes. During this session he used his influence against the measures offered by the women, to which he had been thought favorable. In the election of 1914 his plurality was reduced to 464. At the Susan B. Anthony banquet that year he acknowledged publicly that the women had almost defeated him; during that Legislature he supported the measures which had been defeated largely through him the previous session. Washing-

The Raven

"Raven," cried he, "thing of evil,
Be ye bird or feathered devil,
Tell me truly, I command you,
In the sacred name of Gore!
Tell me, carrion bird of omen,
You who feast upon and know men,
Shall I yet with future foemen
Wipe the kultured German floor?
Be ye bird, or be ye devil,
Tell me strictly on the level,
Shall I prosper in the War?"
Quoth the Raven—"Nevermore."

"Raven," cried he, "ghoul of slaughter,
Shall the blood of wife and daughter,
Little boy and mother's suckling
Splash my heroes as of yore?
Shall they scourge anew the nations
With their frightful devastations,
Till I offer loud oblations
To my German Gott of Gore?
Shall my sailors 'neath the water,
Pirates brave who give no quarter,
All come safely back to shore?"
Quoth the Raven—"Nevermore."



—*Low in Sydney Bulletin.*

Nevermore.

ton County is a strong woman's club centre; in 1912 it sent a Representative to the Legislature pledged to support the Iowa Injunction and Abatement Law for the closing of houses of bad repute; he became its opponent and was chairman of the committee in which it died. He was defeated for re-election to the next session, at which the bill was almost unanimously passed.

The women themselves are not largely office-seekers. On the ballot the only offices commonly containing their names are those of State Superintendent of Public Instruction and Treasurer, and county superintendents, treasurers, and members of the Legislature. The office of State Superintendent has been occupied by women for the past sixteen years, and that of State Librarian since its creation. Three-fourths of the county superintendents are women, and one-third of the treasurers. The clerkships and second deputyships held by women in State offices and the number of women employed in State institutions bring more than half of the State pay-roll to women.

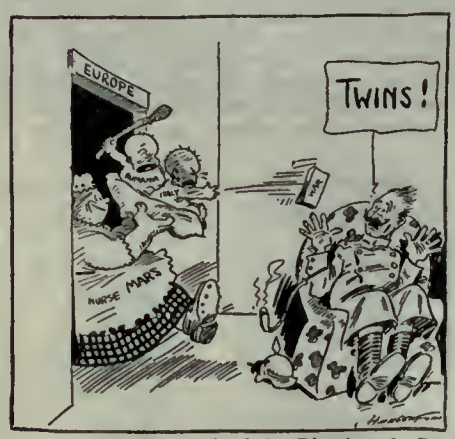
The presence of women in caucuses and political gatherings is kindly met by the men. This condition is also true in the neighboring State of Utah, as is illustrated by the following incident: A prominent Utah woman was being told the story of an Idaho woman's attendance as a delegate at the Republican State Convention, and was told that when the Idaho woman had mentioned this fact to a Far Eastern woman the Eastern woman had exclaimed, enthusiastically, "Oh, and did the women send you?" The Utah resident interrupted the story at this point. "No, the men sent her," she said. A man had placed the Idaho woman's name in nomination and another had resigned his place in her favor.

Party lines are not held as closely by the women as by the men, which may account for the adoption of a State primary law, and the commission form of government in Boise, both of which eliminate the old-time party conventions with their trading and machine rule. The women compose part of the membership of the Hughes-Fairbanks Clubs now under State organization, and two years ago there was a woman's Democratic Club; but the organizations where the women work shoulder to shoulder for civic reforms, as the Good Citizen Club, the Council of Women Voters, and civic departments of literary clubs, are invariably non-partisan. The measures thus launched are generally indorsed by all political parties or their candidates. The recent prohibition law, springing from the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Anti-Saloon League, was placed in the platform of both political parties and passed the Legislature with but one dissenting vote. The policy of making a measure an issue in one party and asking the women to vote outside their party to support it has never been followed.

Non-partisanship in lawmaking by both men and women is shown in the activity of the Legislative League, which was in session during the last session of the Legislature. This was organized by men engaged in various branches of business, and included in its membership by their invitation business women and representatives of every woman's civic club. The purpose was to study measures under debate in the Legislature with the aim of encouraging good and hindering immature and hasty enactment; insurance men, commission merchants, attorneys, Mothers' Congress delegates, and Federation Club workers co-operated with the Legislature and gave them the advantage of the more extensive view-point.

Although the Western-trained woman takes her balloting naturally, the race training which for generations has endowed men with this responsibility is noticeable in the greater familiarity of the men with statutory technicalities. As yet the conversation and companionships of the average girl do not give her as accurate a civic training as her brother's, although she is intelligently informed. Mrs. Cynthia Mann, a teacher at the time of the adoption of suffrage, and later donor of the Idaho State Children's Home site, said in a memorandum the year following suffrage:

"Another effect that is worthy of notice is the great interest among the pupils of our public schools in the study of political economy. The girls often felt less interest in this science because they would have no voice in political affairs, while most boys said that they could vote without studying this science. Now the girls, like their mothers, look upon this new responsibility as a grave one. The boys



—*Hungerford in Pittsburgh Sun.*

More War Babies.

are not to be outdone, and it is delightful to see the zeal with which they attack this so-called dull study."

The average woman grown to maturity in a non-suffrage State in removing to a suffrage State accepts her new privilege as a burden, while it is probable that the daughter is abounding in the joy of having a part with her father and brothers in the local affairs. But when a question up for election appeals to the mother as one of right or wrong, the voting ceases to be a burden and becomes a weapon.

The training received as clerks and judges of election is valuable to the women. An Illinois judge has made mention of the efficient clerical work of the women in the elections of Chicago recently, upon which new labor the women of that State are entering. The greater part of the book work in connection with elections in Idaho, including registration and polling, is done by the women, which gives them a more intimate conception of the machinery of government. The polls are quiet and maintain somewhat the dignity of a formal social function with men and women present.

The omens are already in the sky predicting that women may become more informed as citizens than the men. The women's clubs for civic study and the practical application which is given their balloting are having a broadening and educational effect. Where is to be found an organization of men with the purpose of perfecting the members for the more efficient performance of the duties of citizenship? The history of education, which at first in the annals of mankind was restricted to the masculine sex, may be considered as a precedent, the number of women completing high school and collegiate courses now exceeding that of the men.

Has the ballot affected the femininity of women? If the charm of womanhood has escaped with the entrance of the ballot, both men and women are so blind to the condition as not to know their loss. Rare indeed would be the person found repining for the good old days when women couldn't vote. Do the women vote the same as their husbands? Some women vote to the dictation of the men, which condition will continue until every woman knows how to express her own self. The point is, the woman who is awake to her privilege of expression has it, and it is potentially possible to the unknowing one when she awakens. Some men still sleep. There has not been a record of the percentage of men and women voting, but in some precincts it is said that more women than men vote.

Twenty years of the ballot in the hands of women with men in Idaho has developed that State along moral and advanced lines, with legislation which has outrun the old Puritanical States of their forefathers. The temptations of the early days—drink, gambling, and houses of ill repute are swept away. But it is claimed by some who have watched the change of the past twenty-five years that Idaho with statutes, granting them enforced, is not as righteous as Idaho without statutes. The story of the pack-driver with one barrel of whisky more than he could haul up the hill is told to illustrate the former integrity. Finding it impossible to continue his journey so heavily loaded, the driver deposited the barrel of drink by the roadside with two cups, one for the passing travelers to partake of the contents and the other to receive the pay. Later he returned and took his cup of coin. No such sense of honor is universal to-day, say the story-tellers. Yet even they would hardly want to go back to the old days.

The intense attitude of some of the promoters of equal suffrage might have led to the belief that when the reform went into operation the commonwealth would be in a state of upheaval and that radical measures would be enacted to the disturbance of the common peace. Its practice, however, has proved that it does not carry a destructive tendency. Eighteen months after its adoption Mrs. Cynthia Mann, quoted above, wrote:

"When the Supreme Court of Idaho decided that the equal suffrage amendment had carried, it was pleasing to note how quickly all aggressive opposition ceased. Those who had been zealous opponents refrained from predicting the evil consequences that would be the result of women voting, and at all elections held since, primary, municipal, and school, have vied with the ardent advocates of this reform in politics in securing the presence at the polls of this new element in governmental affairs."

It has continued sane in operation; the leaders among the women are of a high type. Its inherent policy of educating the general public to its reforms burns out fanaticism in the long journey of the proposed enactments through committees, local discussions and press reports. The exaggeration of energy displayed in the fray for suffrage is one of the results of antagonism. When the antagonism is withdrawn and suffrage is permitted to fill its mission, its course has been found to be orderly and constructive. This is the inevitable working of the metaphysical law. For equal suffrage is an expression of the principle of equality, and, as a principle in operation, can produce only harmony and satisfaction in its proper manifestation.

The Awakening of Argentine and Chile

News of Progress in the Lands That Lie Before Capricorn

THE North Americans living in a continent that lies nearly all in the temperate and cooler zones, scarcely realize that South America is four-fifths tropical. Fields of wheat and oats are scarcely seen outside of Argentina and Chile, except in high cool valleys. In these two countries, however, the hardy grain crops flourish, giving a peculiar interest to the tapering tip of the southern continent at the home of vigorous, energetic peoples, competent to rule themselves. The rest of the continents, except perhaps Uruguay and the high lands of south-eastern Brazil, is a banana country, the land of the siesta, to be developed and administered by peoples of the temperate zones. Quoting briefly from *The National Geographic Magazine*, we have the following interesting news of the resources and development of these progressive lands of the South:

The great task and obligation of Argentina, southern Brazil, and Chile, the A, B, C powers, is to guide the development of the tropical Americas, through the exercise of wise statesmanship, toward stability, peace, and prosperity.

Rio de Janeiro, on the Atlantic coast, and Antofagasta, on the Pacific, mark the southern limit of the tropics, and thence southward the southern continent narrows rapidly to the point of Cape Horn. The equivalent distance in North America is from Florida to Labrador, or from oranges to reindeer moss. Florida and Rio are both renowned for their oranges, and Cape Horn shares with Labrador a most inhospitable reputation; but it is more like Scotland than Labrador.

The southernmost land, tapering southward between the oceans, is nowhere so cold as the broad expanse of North America is in similar latitude, and Tierra del Fuego, a region of fogs, and snow squalls, is a congenial home for Scotchmen and long-wooled sheep. Buenos Aires, the focal point of life and intercourse south of Rio, lies half way between Rio and Cape Horn, in the latitude corresponding to Charleston. Palms grow there in the public gardens, and yet, the houses being unheated, a northerner may greatly enjoy on a damp, chill winter day the soft coal fire which he will find where Englishmen congregate.

Neither very cold nor very hot, the seasons are similar to those of our coast from Norfolk to Charleston; but they are reversed. As the sun circles northward past the Equator their summer ends, while our winter half begins. There is always summer, north or south; always winter, too. When we are preparing to leave the cities Argentine society is gathered from the country estates for pleasure and politics in the greater metropolis, which alternates with Paris and vies with the French capital in seasons of gaiety.

Buenos Aires is to Argentina what Paris is to France—the centre of national industries, thought, and culture. Commerce, journalism, politics, the drama and music, literature, art, and social life are intensely focused there. The brilliant activity of the greatest city of the Southern Hemisphere (the fourth city of the Americas, after New York, Chicago and Philadelphia) draws the Argentines to it as a flame attracts moths, and one-fifth of the population of the country struggles there in feverish competition for pleasure and gain.

No traveler to the southern countries but stops as long as he may in Buenos Aires to enjoy or to study the most cosmopolitan, yet most latinized, of the Spanish-American cities. We shall have occasion to return to the metropolis that is at once the heart and the brain of the country, but first let us look at the land itself, of which the port is the gateway.

The location of Buenos Aires combines the advantages of those of New York and of New Orleans in all that relates to oversea and to



—*Raccy in Montreal Star.*

Chief War Starter.—Himmel, and that's the country my spy system informed me was ripe for rebellion, ready for insurrection, and only awaited a chance to break from the British Empire.

inland commerce. Trana-oceanic routes converge to the Rio de la Plata as they do to the Hudson; the navigable waterways of the Parana-Paraguay reaches as far into the interior of the Mississippi-Missouri and offer deeper channels to navigation. As far as Argentine jurisdiction extends, the Uruguay, Parana, and Paraguay rivers have been dredged and buoyed and already are prepared to serve as arteries of commerce, such as the Mississippi is yet to become.

North of the Rio de la Plata and between the Atlantic and the Parana-Paraguay basin stretches the most beautiful and healthful region of semi-tropical South America. Here are the coffee plantations of Sao Paulo, Brazil, the most productive of the world; here the German settlements of Santa Caterina and Rio Grande do Sul constitute the isolated Teutonic colonies; here Uruguay and Paraguay form buffer States between the great rivals, their neighbors, and here are included the rich Argentine Commonwealths of Entre Rios and Corrientes.

Equivalent in area to the region which stretches northwest from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi and the Great Lakes, equal to the States of Alabama, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois in extent, beautiful in upland landscape of verdant hills and valleys, this territory invites a dense population whose prosperity would be assured under a good government.

But divided as it is by arbitrary political boundaries, misgoverned with various degrees of misgovernment, it lies inert. The failure of individual and governmental initiative, the isolation of the frontier, where weak settlements face the forest, the lack of roads and railroads leave the interior still a part of the wilderness.

The pampas are a vast grassy plain. Is there anything more to be said? As an Englishman put it, "What can you say about a bally billiard table except that it is a bally billiard table?" Yet the plain of the pampas is not like the great western plains of the United States. The latter are broken by gullies, furrowed by streams, traversed by river valleys. The pampas are not.

Among all landscapes of the world there is none more meadow-like than the flat pampa, with the cattle grazing in the rich grass; but the meadow grass hides no meandering brook. Hour after hour and day after day you may ride without crossing a stream. You will, however, encounter many shallow pools and lakelets.

The pampa looks so flat, so featureless! But is it? Watch a horseman galloping away toward the horizon, toward which he rises silhouetted against the sky. Soon he sinks and drops out of sight, having apparently ridden over the edge of the world; but an hour later he may rise again, topping a more distant swell of the vast grassy ocean surface. North, east, south, or west it is the same—a billowy plain, hollowed and molded by the wind, the free-flowing air, which in place of running water has sculptured the immense expanse of fine brown earth.

It is a paradise for cattle in the average year, when the rain fills the lakelets and the pasture, whether freshly green or cured to natural hay, affords abundant feed. Occasionally a dry season intervenes; the water pools dry up; the plain becomes a waterless desert. Formerly in such years disaster overcame the herdman and his herds. Lingering by the shrinking pools, hundreds of thousands of cattle and sheep suffered from thirst and famine till they fell and mummified in the dust. It is somewhat different now.

The seasons still vary inexorably, and from time to time comes one of drought and loss; but it has lost its gravest menace. Scattered over the pampa, wherever they may be wanted, are windmills, and beside each mill is a tank and drinking trough. The wind, which so sculptured the hollows of the plain that a very large proportion of the rainfall sinks into it, now pumps the supply back to the herds, which otherwise might perish stamping the dust just above the subterranean waters.

The soil and the climate of the pampas give the Argentine Republic its high rank among the wheat and corn-growing countries of the world. The soil is an ancient alluvium, the fine sediment carried by old rivers far out from the mountains, like the deposit now being made by the Paraguay and its tributaries, an island delta far in the interior of the continent. The sediment was very fine, and mingled with it is a large proportion of fine volcanic dust, blown from the volcanoes of the Andes.

It covers about 200,000 square miles in the provinces of Buenos Aires, Santa Fe, Cordova and San Luis. Like the renowned loess soils of China, it is exceedingly fertile and, being very porous, absorbs the rain waters, which rise again by evaporation and supply the surface soil constantly with plant food.

In the former days it mattered nothing to the world at large and comparatively little to the Argentine himself whether the season was a favorable one for wheat or not; but now, when millions beyond her confines look to Argentina for bread and when Argentine

prosperity is regulated by the wheat she sells, it matters much.

The time will come, probably, when plentiful rains or drought will matter less than now; for at present agriculture in Argentina is in that elementary state when it is most exposed to injury by the vicissitudes of climate. Great fields are cultivated by few hands. The poorly prepared soil, the shallow plowing, the neglect of cultivation, all invite losses in any but a favorable year.

In the east the rainfall is usually abundant or excessive. There are areas of Buenos Aires province which are inundated by heavy rains, and great drainage works have been undertaken by the government at the instance of the land-owners. From east to west the rainfall diminishes till it becomes insufficient for agriculture in the average year, and farming can prosper only where irrigation is practicable.

Thus the pampas, of which we may think as a monotonous region, exhibit great diversity of aspect. Proportions of them may be flooded while other distant regions of the same plane are drying up. Portions are suited to the growing of wheat, others to cattle raising, and still others in the warmer, rainy zone about Rosario are adapted best to the raising of Indian corn.

The Great Southern Railway of Buenos Aires complies for its own information charts which show the quantities of wheat, oats, linseed, cattle, sheep, and alfalfa received at each of its stations year by year. Thus the management may know not only what income any station yields, but also what is the crop that produces the particular return. It is most interesting to observe the grouping of products—wheat in this district, oats in another, cattle elsewhere—each in its preferred localities predominating over minor quantities of the other products and demonstrating the existence of controlling factors which give great economic diversity to the apparent natural monotony of the pampas.

In part due to natural conditions, in part dependent upon artificial ones, such as the lack of roads, these factors are changing from year to year; and they are destined to change constantly in the direction of greater security and productiveness in agricultural pursuits as the country passes from the actual primitive conditions of development to those of a more advanced community.

To gain an idea of the extent of the fertile pampa region, one needs but look at a railway map of Argentina. Buenos Aires and Rosario are the two ports of shipment of its products, the centres from which traffic radiates to all sections of the country. English and other capital has been expended to the amount of 200,000,000 pounds sterling in building railways to develop the rich lands, but in the more arid and less profitable country the lines have been extended only as trunk lines, aimed to reach some distant point. The pampas are the hub of the Argentine wheel of fortune, of which Buenos Aires, the Argentine El Dorado, is the centre.

The area of the pampas, about 200,000 square miles, is one-sixth of the country. In the larger part which lies beyond the pampas, the other five-sixths, there is a great extent of lands destined by the general scarcity of water to pastoral pursuits; there are some real desert areas; and there are also districts of great natural resources, which are either actual or potential contributors to the natural wealth.

In the Argentine all travel, all enterprise, all development, starts from Buenos Aires. Let us place ourselves in that Rome of the Southern Hemisphere, from which all roads lead, and make rapid excursions to the more interesting of the outlying provinces of her commercial dominion.

Where the streams from the mountains spread upon the tropical plain, there are extensive plantations and refineries; and on the mountain slopes are the villas of the wealthy planters, who may be whirled in a few moments in their autos over well-built roads to temperate or even to Alpine climes. Extending still farther northwest, the railway reaches Quiaca, on the Argentine boundary, where it is eventually to be connected with the Bolivian system that centres in La Paz. Those who do not mind two or three days' staging may even now go on via La Paz to Antofagasto or Mollendo, on the Pacific coast.

Mendoza is the southern California of Argentina. Irrigation has long been successfully applied to her vineyards and she has grown rich on their products. She lies also on the historic route across the Andes by which San Martin entered Chile with the army that liberated that country from the Spanish dominion. The railway now ascends by the valley of the Mendoza River over the barren wastes of the high Andes, which are here cursed by both drought and cold; and, passing through the summit at 10,600 feet, descends rapidly to the valley of the Aconcagua River and the fertile plains of central Chile.

In the valley of the Rio Negro is a region which, through the utilization of the waters of that great river for irrigation, is being converted into one of the garden spots of the Republic. The climate, which in temperature resembles that of our South Atlantic Coast, the fertile soil, and the abundance of water, which will eventually be brought under control, so as to minimize the effects of floods and the scarcity of the dry seasons, all combine to give this district a rich promise. At present it is still in the initial stages of development, lacking adequate organization of its industries and society and needing competitive development of means of communication with its markets.

In this excursion to the valley of the Rio Negro we reach the southern limit of the connected Argentine railway system. We are on the northern borders of Patagonia, the synonym for remoteness and isolation. Yet within its confines are to be found immense sheep ranches, managed not only by Argentines, but the largest and best of them by Scotchmen and Australians, who direct the investment of English capital. National railways have been extended at government cost into the interior, and when the wave of prosperity once more returns to Argentina, as following the present depression it soon will, Patagonia will invite still larger investments of capital and take rank among the growing territories of the Republic.

One is constantly surprised at the magnitude of the far southern country. Hidden in the Andes of Patagonia and occupying but a small part of their great length is a country as large as Switzerland—a region of beautiful lakes, forests, and snow-covered peaks. We have now spoken of southern Brazil and of Argentina. There remains of the temperate lands of South America only Chile, that longest and narrowest of all the countries of the world.

Santiago is the chief city of Chile, but not in the same degree as Buenos Aires is of the Argentine Republic. Buenos Aires has become almost the Republic itself, in the sense that Paris is France; but Santiago is but the capital of the country, which has other cities that may compare with it in local importance. Santiago contrasts with Buenos Aires as the conservative capital of a small country with the metropolis of the continent. You feel in the Chilean capital the conservative character of the people; in Buenos Aires the liberal spirit of the world city.

In the Argentina, as in all other Spanish American countries, the prevalence of great estates, the condition of the "latifundia," the old Roman curse, is the greatest obstacle to citizenship and good government. To pursue this topic would lead us too far afield; but it is pertinent to the contrasting of North and South America to remind ourselves that the Republic is founded in that body of intelligent and independent citizens who own their homes. They alone govern steadily.

Holland, a Gateway to Germany

The Smuggler and the Law—and How the Netherlands Oversea Trust Unloosed the Grip of British Sea Power Upon Dutch Commerce

CARTOONISTS have been keeping us graphically informed of the smuggling of food supplies to Germany through Holland, but we do not often come upon such a thorough explanation of the commercial intercourse going on between Germany and the Netherlands as recently appeared in *The World's Work*. The writer, D. Thomas Curtin, says:

From the very beginning of the war Germany's trump card has been her battering-ram military machine. To enable her to win, this machine must decisively defeat the enemy armies. On the other hand the trump card of the Entente Powers has been control of the sea. Great Britain in particular thoroughly believed from the first that her navy would eventually strangle Germany.

Holland has vividly felt both of these forces. Her front door opens on the North Sea ond her back door into Germany. America is too far removed from the great conflict really to breathe the atmosphere of war. The Dutch, however, stood right in the wings looking out upon the stage where the tragedy of Belgium was being enacted. Their southern provinces echoed with the roar of battle; they saw nearly a million Belgians fleeing wild-eyed from the sulphur storm, and when Antwerp fell they saw the shattered battalions of Belgium and England fall back across their borders. They learned the meaning of war without being in it. The sight of Belgium writhing in the clutch of the conqueror quickened their imagination to a not impossible future for themselves.

Holland began to mend her easy-going military ways. One of her early acts, however, might cause a twinkle in the eyes of any one in the least familiar with German knowledge of invaded territory, for the Dutch, in the innocence of their unmilitary hearts, pulled down all cross-roads guide-posts in the strategic part of the country. Contemplate the dilemma and dismay of a German army in darkest Holland with no sign-posts to guide it! That the Germans might not be outdone in this battle of wits, however, a German automobile company put advertising signs near where the former guide-posts had stood, on which were added such directions as: "Utrecht, 24 kilometers." When the Dutch

became cognizant of their counter attack they demolished these signs, but the Germans, determined to go down fighting, brought suit for the destruction of their property. They won the suit.

Energetic work nevertheless has characterized the military preparations to guard against any trouble which might arise with the great neighbor to the east. Huge war-expenditures have been voted, class after class has been called to the colors to be trained, the strategic line of main defense near Utrecht has been strengthened, beautiful trees have been sacrificed, trenches which are not for practice work have been dug, and families in some sections have received minute instructions on what to do when certain orders are given.

There has been little friction with Germany, however, while on the other hand there have been and will continue to be great problems arising from England's naval pressure.

A series of official acts in England cast dark shadows across the North Sea upon Holland. At the outbreak of war, to be sure, the British Government adopted the Declaration of London of 1909, although it had never been ratified and such adoption prevented the full exercise of sea power. But the net was gradually tightened. On November 2, 1914, the Admiralty declared that a state of war existed in the North Sea and, on December 24, Britain extended her contraband list to a degree which spelled chaos for Holland. When Germany began her submarine warfare in the following February, Britain decided that the Declaration of London was no longer in force, and by an Order in Council, March 11, 1915, declared that no commodities of any kind were to be allowed to reach Germany.

Immediately after the outbreak of war German agents swarmed through Holland as through other neutral contiguous countries, buying and contracting for every scrap of material which might be of future use. New dealers in copper, cotton. oils, foods, clothing, and the like sprang up, and the day of the successful smuggler had once more dawned upon the earth.

But most of the dwellers of this land below the level of the sea knew naught of the ways of smugglers; they knew only that they faced dire need because England and France considered goods consigned to Holland as possible future imports of Germany. Matters went from bad to worse. Trade became paralyzed, work grew slack, and general discontent arose. A deluge of appeals poured in upon a newly created trade commission.

This commission, known as the Netherlands Overseas Trust, literally saved Holland. It was established at the Hague September 21, 1914, to act as intermediary between Dutch merchants and traders and the Entente Allies. Their proposition, reduced to simplest terms, was that the Allies should permit goods to enter Holland under the sanction of the N.O.T., which in turn should be responsible for them not going into Germany.

The company is managed by a board of directors, appointed and dismissed by the shareholders, the latter consisting of the most powerful business concerns in Holland, as the Holland-American Line, the Amsterdam Bank, and the Netherlands Lloyd. The directors, all high in the financial world, won the confidence of the British Government and the grateful approbation of the Dutch people.

Though the statutes provide for the continuance of the company until December 31, 1919, it will vanish with the war. Its first powers were exercised on January 6, 1915, and after twenty months of activity it receives enthusiastic praise throughout Holland, while its leaders are looked upon as the life-saving crew which is rescuing a country



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surrounded by spiked helmets and ships of war.

The N.O.T. is a new institution, a product of the Great War. Nothing of the kind has ever existed before, and, there being no precedents to which it can refer, it has had to grope more or less in the dark, with the natural result of a certain amount of toe stubs anud bumps.

The *modus operandi* is simple and theoretically prevents the re-exporting to Germany of goods brought into the country through its medium. Suppose that a Dutch merchant desires to import a certain commodity. He fills in a form issued by the Oversea Trust, the officials of which then ascertain if he is a *bona fide* Dutch merchant and is not merely a link in the German chain. When permission is granted he must furnish the Oversea Trust with a bank guarantee to the amount of goods ordered, this being a forfeit or part forfeit should the goods be re-exported. The importer is held responsible for the actions of future consignees. The N. O. T. receives as its commission one-eighth of one per cent., with a minimum of 2.50 guilders ($1). After a dividend of 4 per cent. has been paid the rest will go to charity.

Dutch imports may be divided into three classes. First, there is, as in all neutral European countries, a government embargo list which forbids the export of arms, munitions, leather, meat, fodder, and the like. In the Scandinavian countries similar lists cover ten pages of fine print. In Holland, owing to the activities of the N.O.T., the list covers considerably less than a page. In the second class is, with a few specified exceptions, everything else. All these commodities must be imported through the Oversea Trust in the manner described above. The third class includes tobacco, coffee, and Mediterranean fruits, but although no N.O.T. permit is necessary to import these the re-exportation of these goods is subject to the rules of that body.

Thus problem number one for Holland is: Imports and how to deal with them. Problem number two concerns itself primarily with home products and with restrictions upon their export.

Suppose that a Dutch farmer suddenly learns that by taking his cheese, butter, milk and eggs a few miles east he can receive three times the amount that they bring in Holland. The Dutch farmer learned this interesting fact some months after the outbreak of war and ere long the Dutch consumer was bitterly complaining that not only was the price of the necessities of life nearly prohibitive, but that food could not be obtained in sufficient quantities. Meanwhile the farmers were driving in cheerfully every week to Rotterdam Gouda and other centres, where they displayed large rolls of money in the coffee houses before walking across the street to pass them through the window to the receiving teller in the bank. When others complained the farmer simply claimed the right to sell his produce where he could get the most money for it. And to remember that in the days when the ancestors of these get-rich-quick farmers reclaimed the land upon the sea more people were employed in manuring it than could be fed on what it produced!

The Government, having become a buffer between producer and consumer, finally decreed that every town should each week take an account of the supplies on hand, and on the basis of this a certain percentage might be exported.

We have seen the laws, and now for their evasion. It must be remembered that the Oversea Trust has no official connection with the Government. This should prove a very great weakness so far as England is con-

cerned, since Government officials on the frontier have thus no power to hold up goods with the N.O.T. label. The N.O.T.'s only recourse is to fine the original exporter, *if it has proof that goods have left the country*, and refuse him further permission to import. Nearly a year after the first business of the N.O.T. on January 6, 1915, a series of events made known to the outside world that the Dutch frontier was not smuggle-proof. Most people in Holland have known this right along The Amsterdam *Telegraaf* asserted that Germany was being fed through Holland, similar remarks were made across the North Sea in the House of Commons, and General Snyders, Commander of the Armies of the Netherlands, made haste to tighten the frontiers.

The *Telegraaf's* revelations of the methods of the smugglers and its attacks on the Government's laxity in running them down finally resulted, in December last, in the arrest of its editor, Mr. Schroeder, on the technical charge of having jeopardized the nation's neutrality.

All over the world there are just as clever people trying to beat the law as to make the law, and it would be as much beside the point to argue that, because there exist in Holland regulations against the re-export of goods, no goods are re-exported, as to maintain that moonshine whiskey is not distilled in the mountains of Kentucky because of Federal excise laws.

In the early days attempts were made on a grand scale to get goods to Germany. The N.O.T. met this by inserting a clause in its contracts which forbade the re-export of goods to a neutral country through a belligerent country.

Some dealers in oil imported a vast amount and then re-shipped it all to Germany, the price received being sufficient to allow them to sacrifice their entire deposit to the Oversea Trust and still make a handsome profit.

But it is the small smuggler who is picturesque. A young man was recently banished from the frontier districts of Holland. About a year ago he spent all his money on one horse and, surreptitiously leading the animal across the frontier, he received two and a half times what he had paid for it. He engineered the act repeatedly and would have become a wealthy man if the authorities had not finally stopped his activities. As it was he cleared 80,000 guilders ($32,000).

Many other Dutchmen have increased the value of their horses by leading them a few miles in an easterly direction. An animal worth 400 guilders on one side of the frontier is worth 1,000 guilders on the other. Two hundred guilders appears a large sum of money to a weary frontier guard whose remuneration is considerably less than half a guilder a day, if he will but look in a specified direction for a short length of time. His country is not at war, he may consolingly reason, and what matters it if just one more horse is turned loose into Armageddon!

In peace time nearly four-fifths of the Dutch trade with the Rhine was towed up the river from Rotterdam in huge canal boats. The war has practically killed this trade. Canals are easily guarded and it is not on them that smuggling is done; it is rather along the high road, by-roads, and paths that small quantities of goods are dribbled over the frontier. Much of the work is done at night, and women and girls are particularly active both day and night. I know of one girl who continued smuggling even after her father was shot in one of his attempts. The wide, full skirts of the Dutch peasant women have become wider and fuller with contraband sewed in them.

The Dutch customs officers have had their duties reversed by the war. Formerly it was

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their business to prevent stuff unlawfully coming into the country, now they must see that it does not unlawfully go out. The strip of land three miles running along the frontier is a special zone in which the inhabitants need permits for all goods which they use. Some dwellers in the zone, nevertheless, have been highly successful in paying off mortgages in recent months.

Although many people are in business for themselves in the smuggling game, others are but employees in extensive systems. One contraband distributing concern is known to have its headquarters at Rozendaal, whence it sends a stream of people, even young boys, across the line into Belgium.

In addition to the "honest" smuggler one finds the dealer who cheats his confiding German customer when possible. This has happened sufficiently often to cause some German newspapers, including the *Berliner Tageblat*, to warn their readers to beware of the wily Dutchman. Cases have been exposed where German purchasers of oil have later had the unpleasant truth dawn upon them that they have paid exorbitant prices for ordinary water that has been topped with oil.

There is, of course, another side to this story. Holland is not only the Gateway to Germany. It is also the Gateway to England. The exports do not all go across the lonely frontier of the Eastern heath. They sail in little ships across the North Sea and enter the Kingdom of Great Britain. Provisions of all sorts go to England, and so great is the demand for transports of all kinds that ships of incredible antiquity and unbelievable unseaworthiness have been pressed into this service. Butter, meat, eggs, but most especially vegetables and fruit, are every day sent across the North Sea to England. A German submarine intercepted a few of these ships and brought them to Zeebrugge. Upon arrival there it was found that they were carrying eggs by the million and other things in proportion.

Now the people of Holland are not fundamentally interested in the cause of Germany. Like the people of most small nations they are interested in their own existence. Their big neighbors have never treated them very well. Now that they are fighting each other, Holland and Denmark and Sweden and Norway and Switzerland want to keep out of the struggle. But meanwhile they sell their wares wherever there is a demand for them, just as America and every other nation is doing. The price of eggs and nothing else influences the final sale of this product of the industrious chicken. The demand for veal carries calves across the sea or across the land-frontier. The desire for fresh butter influences the butter export westward or eastward, but no considerations of international politics.

Holland has war-time interest other than that of trade. More news filters through it than through any other country, and clashes of opinion not possible in a belligerent country result in many interesting disclosures. Rotterdam, for example, is twelve hours from Berlin and the same war-time distance from London. It is less than four hours from Brussels and only five hours from the great fortress and commercial city of Cologne. The traveller who left the heart of the British Empire in the morning is in the evening jostled by the crowd in the narrow Hoog Straat with his deadly enemy who has left Unter den Linden the same morning.

Both sides forbid the importation of enemy newspapers except by duly authorized persons, and it is in Holland that these persons snap up copies of the enemy press and hurry them to their respective governments and leading newspaper offices in London and Berlin, where they are officially devoured with searching scrutiny.

Holland is furthermore a fertile ground for skilled correspondents. Some of the big London dailies, working entirely independently of the Government and solely bent on news scoops, have rivaled the agents of the far-famed German secret service in obtaining valuable information of enemy plans and doings. These correspondents have built up skilled corps of assistants who cover every possible source of information, and who flit to the Belgian border, not always stopping there.

One London correspondent attracted wide attention by accurately foretelling the second battle of Ypres more than a week before the great German attack. This notwithstanding that Germany had for some time locked her frontiers to every one, even Germans, going out.

But what about the Dutchman who is not a maker of regulations or a breaker of them, what of the average citizen of this artificial land where countless windmills continue to brandish their long arms despite the war, where canal boats are poled through streets of water, where the countryman clatters along in his wooden shoes while well-dressed men and women alight from automobiles before luxurious restaurants and clubs at the Hague?

When on one occasion I asked a foreign diplomat his opinion on war sympathy in Holland he irritably replied: "The Dutch are pro-Dutch!" I agree with him, but I also grant them the privilege to consider the welfare of their own country first. Some, to be sure, are for Germany, others are for the Entente, but all realize the true position of their country as a real power in the world of to-day. The Dutch are a slow-going, hard-working, practical people who are careful to make no bluffs that they cannot back up. They make no idle boast based upon the fact that their armies once beat the greatest soldiers in Europe and their fleet made proud England strike her flag.

What they clearly realize is that Holland is a little nation of only six million people and that it stands second among the nations in the extent of its colonial holdings. The Dutch are proud of their little navy, but they know that it would be quite useless for them to attempt to defend their colonies. Therefore, although they can naturally dispose of their home produce where they wish, they do not challenge England's decree that their colonial products shall be imported into Holland under the same conditions that other products are imported through the N.O.T. In other words, Holland may sell her own produce to Germany, but not the produce of her colonies.

On the other hand the Dutch well realize that their flat country offers scant defence as compared to a mountainous country like Switzerland. To be sure, they can open the flood gates, but that would be only to let the sea destroy some of the land in order to bar the Germans from the rest—a very desperate proceeding.

Finally, Holland, unlike the Balkan states, has not the slightest object in entering upon a war, except in absolute self-defence, in which case she would undoubtedly fight as valiantly as when she drove the Spaniards from the land. She plots only against her old, ever-present enemy, the sea; indeed, the Dutch have already completed plans to roll back the Zuyder Zee, which ruthlessly invaded their territory in the thirteenth century, and so enlarge their country.

A Town Shot Dead

A Typical Picture of the Aftermath of War on the Austria-Italian Front

THE following war-picture was sent from the Italian front by a correspondent to *The Outlook*. The writer's graphic portrayal of the trail of war in the Austro-Italian territory seems well worth reproducing. We quote from his own words:

Have you ever seen a man who had been shot dead? Or, rather, have you ever entered a house in which a man had been murdered and the body of the victim was still warm? It is an unpleasant picture to call up, but it is the only way to give some idea of how it feels when you stealthily enter the town of X.

It used to be a flourishing little Austrian city before the war, alive and gay with a civic life and a civic pride of its own. Then came the audacious dash of the Italians for the lower Isonzo, and the Austrian soldiers were driven across the river. There they turned around under cover of their mountain fortresses and shot the little city dead. They might have stopped then, because it is just like a corpse and cannot fight back even if it would; but they have riddled its body time and again, uselessly, cruelly, wickedly.

I say this because I saw it done when I went to "view the body" as a sort of neutral coroner, and these are my findings upon an actual inspection.

We had driven from Army Headquarters past the rear lines and encampments through that zone I have heretofore described as being within reach of the long-range guns of the enemy, and where civilians still prefer to take the chance of an occasional bombardment to the severance of the old home ties.

Now we were leaving all that behind us for more exposed highways. Where there was no shelter of wall or cover of trees on the highroad the military chauffeur would put on full power and the machine covered the open stretch on racing time. It is really wonderful how fast an automobile can be made to go when it is a question of dodging shells; it is a speed test which our automobile selling agents might consider.

As we drove into the square of the murdered city a strange sensation seized one; it was very, very still, with houses which were more impressive because of their look of having been absolutely and hastily untenanted than on account of their dismantled appearance.

In all this solitude a lone sentinel presented arms to our colonel as we got out of the car. He was the only fighting man visible, and of no military value, but he was guarding the corpse. You looked down deserted streets, with roses blooming on shattered walls; noble horse-chestnut trees with their white spring blossoms stood majestically still near roofless houses; you saw the well-laid-out little parks of the town, cool and refreshing, but with the grass of the lawns grown high and ragged. A desperate loneliness was all around the place.

Over all this stillness there gripped at your heart a strange, unexplainable feeling that you were not alone in this solitude; that

somewhere, perhaps under your feet or in the shelter of those trees, some one was watching.

You could see nothing of human life except the shell of its social expression; there were churches with their carved doors nailed up, there were public buildings with broken panes and awnings in shreds, schools and asylums with doors ajar and shutters thrown open, like corpses of dead men with their glassy, staring eyes turned towards the light. You missed the children at play, you missed the women at the thresholds of houses, you missed every kind of human life in that deserted place which was meant to be lived in. You missed the horses and the oxen, the rumble of carts, the tread of feet. Had a dog jumped out at you, it would have been like meeting a dear, beloved friend.

The cannonading was a welcome break in the silence, because it made you feel that after all, something *was* going on, and that that something was *war*, and not some secret, impenetrable, sinister action behind your back. That furtive sense which gripped us on our arrival had been awful; it seemed so wretched to force this sort of a fate upon a trim, living town like this, a town which had comfortably housed so many peaceful people and had obviously given her citizens so many legitimate pleasures and social advantages.

As you walked stealthily by its schools and theatres, past its once busy shops and stores, and gazed at its pleasantly gardened inns, all snugly within its stout mediæval walls, the wretchedness of the fate visited upon it seemed a great injustice. A new feeling came upon me, a new realization of the truth: the little town, after all, had not been shot dead; it had been wounded and then buried alive. It had, I now perceive, some signs of life, however weak, but it couldn't move; it did not have a chance to fight back.

The Italians complain that this town is an example of how the Austrians make a civic centre of no military value uninhabitable when they have to give it up, merely through wantonness and the lust of destruction. I cannot pass on the justice of this complaint, but apparently there was only a handful of soldiers there, doing police duty, and absolutely no artillery or defenses of any kind. The place lies on an open plain by a broad river's edge where nothing can be masked.

We walked carefully about the town, with the feeling that some terrible pest had ravaged its citizens and eaten like a gangrene at its very walls. The havoc made by the mere air suction of the Austrian three-hundred-and-fives is amazing, while some of the enemy's hits have caused the most bizarre wounds in certain buildings. Half a house would be down, while the household effects of the other half, although it was close to the edge of the "smash," were perfectly all right, even the glass articles uninjured. Most of the house doors were ajar, and through them one could see the furniture thrown about in confusion; or a wall would be left standing with carefully starched curtains at the windows as a frame for the vista of blue sky through the roofless home. Alas for the loving hands which had labored to make that home bright!

From one of the houses came a few bars of music, a few cracked notes of a piano which had weathered the storm so far, touched by a passing soldier; the notes sounded like a mocking, derisive voice. Where bombs or shells had not struck, the walls bore signs of rifle shots; and you could gather handfulls of Austrian bullets along the highways. We were ordered to keep close to the left of the streets and hug the walls, so as not to be seen by the enemy on the near-by mountains; a few days before the Austrians had caught sight of a group of war correspondents and had poured shrapnel for two hours along their road of retreat, forcing the representatives of the mighty press to lie flat on their stomachs till the fire had ceased.

As we drew closer to the end of the town, nearer to the enemy's lines, the houses were battered into all sorts of strange, dead attitudes, like men you see on a battlefield after an assault on a wired intrenchment. The silence, when unpunctuated by the cannonading, added to the awful brooding feeling which seemed to hand stealthily and furtively over everything. The scene was so oppressive that in the end any sociable thing, even if smashed and in ruins, had a sort of wild charm and mad attraction. The awkwardly painted sign on the *Osteria* yielded the pleasurableness of works of art; a bureau or a pitcher and basin in a dismantled house made you breathe more easily. When I climbed through the debris of the Teatro Sociale and entered one of the few boxes left standing, I felt like clapping my hands; the stage was down, but you could see the dressing-rooms at the back and the sylvan scenery in a heap in the pit. Duse had played there and the Commedia dell' Arte had found a hospitable home. The theatre-goers of this Austrian town had evidently been loyal Venetians; they had raised a marble tablet to Gallina and a bust to Goldoni, making their allegiance to Italy under a permissible admiration for Italian comedy. Somehow, after the tenseness outside, you felt strangely joyous here; thousands had laughed and enjoyed themselves right where you stood, and not so very long ago. The sense of their pleasure was still about the place, despite the havoc. I could see the throng of fathers and mothers, of children and youths, gathered here, enjoying the simple, imperishable art of Carlo Goldoni. The wickedness of the Teutonic military castes in disturbing a peaceful Europe never struck me as so criminal, so unnecessary, as here in this homely playhouse as I looked over the ravaged theatre of this little town whose deserted streets bore every index of a laborious, peace-loving community.

I walked back in a melancholy mood towards our starting-point, where our machine was waiting. Yet as I walked the cloud lifted very quickly. Though all was desolation about us and only immovable ghosts seemed to have been left of a past busy life, yet the spell of Italian geniality was somehow making itself felt. Even a corporal's guard on the place sufficed for the miracle. I saw the "geniality" walking down a ravaged street in the shape of a young peasant soldier with a flask of ruby-red wine in one hand and a bright red rose in the other. Then I became aware that there were many, many birds singing in this desolation of man, and that flowers were blooming in profusion and in fragrant loveliness all about us.

The tenseness seemed over, and my heart exulted with every crash of the guns on the bloody mountain slopes beyond. I felt certain that, though this poor stricken town had been "buried alive," the good wine of the country, the humble wholesome bread, and the kindly care of that handful of good guardsmen would keep its poor heart going until the glad day when its hurt body would be lifted gently out of its living tomb and the Italian tricolor run up over those ancient walls which were its historic pride and which the Venetians built against the barbarians centuries ago.

Haig: The Fighting Presbyterian

A Sketch of the Career and Character of the Cavalryman Who Directs Britain's "Big Push"

IT did not come as a surprise to military authorities that Sir Douglas, the moment responsibility had been thrust upon him, revived the cavalry. When he was in Germany long before the war studying Prussian military methods he did not conceal from the friends he made there that the general staff in Berlin would yet pay dearly for its neglect of this arm of the service. In making mention of these things, says *Current Opinion*, the Paris *Debata* credits Haig with discovery of the parallel to the Gettysburg crisis afforded by the operations in western Europe to-day. Haig is said to deem the Confederate J. E. B. Stuart, the supreme cavalry genius of the nineteenth century. When he was general officer commanding at Aldershot, Haig impressed the details of Stuart's career upon his staff. His failure to achieve promotion to the very highest command earlier in his career — the chief is fifty-six, nearly — is ascribed to that heresy prevalent on the subject of the cavalry, against which Haig's own career has been one long protest. He is at the head of the "big push" because of the belated discovery in Europe of the real lesson of the Civil War in America. Speaking of the General's outstanding personality and character the writer says:

The personality of Haig has much in common, our French contemporary thinks, with another of his heroes—Stonewall Jackson. Like the great Confederate leader, Haig has a marked strain of evangelical piety. He has a serious style of speech and a touch of the pale student, for he has delved deeply into military history and written much on the theme of cavalry. On the whole, he is somber, like Jackson, rather than dashing, in the fashion of Stuart, the pair whom he seems to place above any others as the heroes of his own arm of the service. Haig has humor, nevertheless, and he sometimes reveals it through the medium of an apt citation from the Scriptures, which he reads diligently. His intellect is markedly Scotch and metaphysical and his favorite poet is affirmed to be Robert Burns. It is said of him that he never reads a novel. One of his complaints against the war office in London has reference to its failure to provide music, a neglect now almost a thing of the past. The British military band yet bids fair to rival the German trumpeters, thanks to Haig.

Looking somewhat taller than he is, owing to the slimness of his build, General Sir Douglas Haig, in the *Figaro*'s description of him, suggests the military hero of whom young ladies love to read in romantic poems. He is graceful in every movement, yet masculine in the muscular strength stamped upon him by a life of activity. The complexion is swarthy, tanned by African and Indian suns, yet the bluish gray in the large limpid eye flashes under gray brows and betrays the northern extraction. The hair is grizzled, like the mustach, and imparts an oddly youthful finish to features finely chiseled. The salient feature is the strong, shapely chin. The lean

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brown hand clasps that chin in moments of reflection. It is the chin of an artist, and the face is the face of an artist. Sir Douglas is a great soul, a Scot of the breed that has given currency to the saying that "tender and true" is the north from which he comes. The voice in which his few words are spoken is low, modulated to the atmosphere of the drawing-room, yet commanding, decisive. He moves quickly, yet his gestures are few. The figure is clean cut, the build slight, the cheek darkened by years of the closest shaving, the bearing very straight, like the walk, which is regular, rigid. Sir Douglas does not lean against the back of the chair in which he sits. His hair is plastered down upon the head.

The career of the General has been that of the typical younger son in a wealthy and aristocratic British family. The English and the Scotch are blended in him. His own early ambitions were literary and his career at Oxford was distinguished from that point of view; but a decline in the family fortunes made a career important and his skill as a rider indicated the cavalry. He was an "intellectual" from the start and even in his early days as a hussar he found the excessive centralization of the war office system a check upon efficiency. He stagnated until the expedition into the Sudan which, under Kitchener, made an end of the Mahdi. He owed his important appointment with that force to the fact that he was single, Kitchener holding that marriage was an obstacle to a successful military career. Haig did not share the distrust of women which is said to have characterized the hero of Khartoum. In fact, he is to-day a married man and his only child, a girl, is about ten years old. Although Haig was for a long time thrown constantly with Kitchener, discussing plans of campaign with him in Egypt, sharing with him the hardships of the weary drive through the desert and taking the liberty now and then of making suggestions, when asked, that were not at all palatable to the hero of the hour the relations of the pair were delightful. Kitchener did Haig the unusual honor of shaking hands with him whenever they met after an absence of any duration and they often lunched together. The fact that Haig not only "got on" with so cold and distant a being as the Sirdar, but thawed him into a warmth of cordiality has often been cited as proof of the characteristic charm of the great cavalryman. It would not be easy, according to the French daily which dwells upon this point, to say precisely how this charm in Haig becomes manifest, but Kitchener undoubtedly succumbed to it and saw that the efficient Scot was mentioned in despatches and rewarded with promotion.

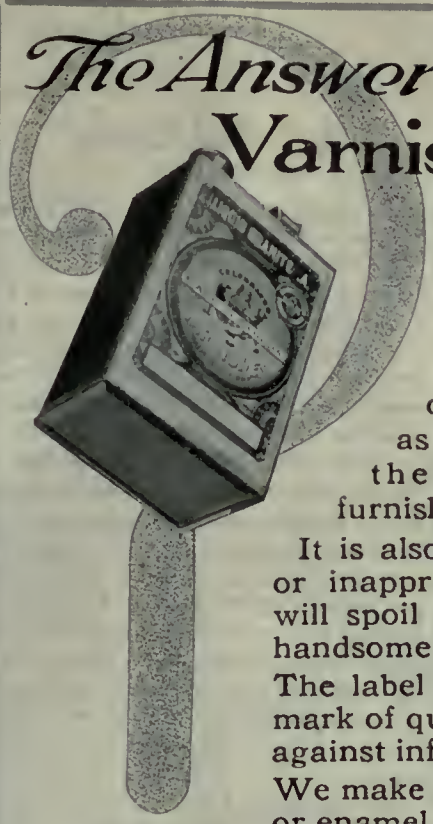
Haig's real opportunity came in the South African war, according to the London *News*, for it was his work with the cavalry that brought him under the notice of General French and turned the tide of British disaster. Here it was that his piety shone. Haig does not swear or gamble or dance all night at revels or affect the dress uniform of his rank. This asceticism has always been understood, for he has the Presbyterian temperament markedly. The officer's mess was not, all the same, prepared for his reply to the quartermaster who asked him during the Colesberg operations if, in a brush with the Boers, he had lost anything. "Yes," confessed Haig solemnly, "my Bible!" Not once did his countenance relax is gravity as he gazed at the grinning faces in his vicinity. To this day, Haig is grimly Scot in his spirituality, attending Presbyterian services every Sabbath at the front, reveling in doctrinal sermons that are not at all brief. He suggests Gladstone in a certain passion for theology, and his

private library, when he was general officer commanding at Aldershot, was well stocked with works on polemic divinity. Haig has a decided taste for reading, which, even when of a serious kind, is one of his relaxations. He keeps in close touch with the very heaviest periodical literature and he can read German and French as readily as he reads English. He has likewise an excellent working knowledge of Arabic.

The statement that Haig has qualities that are solid rather than brilliant must not be interpreted in a mistaken sense, according to the *Temps*. He has intellect and character in perfect balance, the thing so much admired by Napoleon. He profoundly impressed the members of the general staff in Berlin when he studied German army methods there several years ago. In Paris his name was a familiar one long before the present war brought him renown with the multitude, for Haig followed the manœuvres in the Champagne country and elsewhere in the capacity of British military attache. The net impression in the French journalistic mind, based upon first-hand knowledge, is that Haig has the very strength of character prescribed by Napoleon for him who must wage, with a perfect sense of its significance, the kind of battle that history will call decisive. He has not exemplified the supreme defect of generals pointed out by the immortal Corsican. "They took their position into careful consideration, they formed their combinations and mediated upon them, but there began their indecision, and nothing was more difficult and yet more precious than to know how to decide." It is in knowing how to decide that Haig shows the rare form of brilliance that is peculiarly his. Decision is in the line from the chin through to the cheek, in the click of the jaw like iron when it is set after issuing the word of command.

The extreme deference of Haig for the views of his subordinates and the charm of his manner in dealing with them are a revelation to those at the British war office who had accustomed themselves to the gruffness of Kitchener. His daily relaxation of a horseback ride affords him opportunities for that intimate personal touch which is so essential a feature of his system. Only through personal contact, as he said long ago to a staff at Aldershot, can the commander inform an army with the spirit of victory, and in the practice of this subtle art Haig may be described as Skobeleff is outlined by de Vogue. He is so extraordinary that he can magnetize a crowd with the hope within him. He does not invent a strategy to become classical in military academies because he has a higher and a more effective gift—that of communicating the ardor of combat until thousands rush at his word of command upon the foe. His is the magnetism without which every general, however commanding his intellect, however noble his character, remains the cold calculator of combinations that inspire no victory and remain sterile in the brain that conceived them. It is this mysterious quality which renders a distribution of decorations and rewards over which the "Chief" himself presides and at which the humblest rifleman in the trenches has his gracious word with the corps commander as intimate as a family reunion and gives point to the phrase so often on the lips of Haig on these occasions: "We are all here brothers in arms." His manner to his men is a demonstration of it.

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Hindenburg, Germany's Hope

Glimpses of the Private and Military Life of the Chief of the German General Staff

ON August 29, 1914, General Quartermaster von Stein sent out the famous telegram: "Our troops in Prussia, under the leadership of Major-General von Hindenburg have defeated the Russian army, which came from Narew, consisting of five army corps and three divisions of cavalry, in a three days' battle near Gilgenburg and Ortelsburg, and they are following the enemy over the frontier." No one in Germany except the Kaiser and the military men had heard the name Hindenburg before, but at once it was known to the whole German nation and to the whole world—Germany had a new national hero. He now holds the destinies of the Central Powers in his hand by his new appointment as chief of the great German General Staff. The New York *Sun* gives the following interesting sketches of the character of the man who can so wholly inspire the confidence of his countrymen:

Von Hindenburg is very tall and broad-shouldered. His features remind us of Bismarck—"hewn with an axe." He is idolized by his soldiers, who feel that they are the best taken care of when he is command. He is human when he is with his men, but at the same time he is bound to get the last ounce of vigor out of his armies. His strategy is admired by friend and foe. He always knows how to find the weakest point of the enemy. He never gives up, and keeps at it like a bulldog.

After defeating the enemy he follows up his victory in the most merciless fashion. He gives the enemy no chance to rest and recuperate. He draws his men with an unheard of energy, but they are always ready to give him their last drop of blood and their last bit of strength. They feel satisfied, confident and happy when Hindenburg is in command. His companion, friend, adviser, conjutor and best comrade is the chief of his staff, Gen. von Ludendorf, who is praised as one of the best officers of the whole German army.

Von Hindenburg is very real, but at the same time myths have surrounded him as they did Bismarck and Von Moltke. One of the best books published about Von Hindenburg's personality and his private life, his youth and his development has been written by his brother, Bernard von Hindenburg. If you read this book you will be struck by the sentimentalities of young Von Hindenburg. He went to the "Jahrmarket" in Glogau, but did not spend any money on himself; he bought for his grandmother sixpence worth of candied orange peels because the old lady liked to munch it; some chocolate cigars for his brother and a rubber ball for his sister.

When he went to public school in Glogau he was not considered a brilliant student He chatted too much and failed in arithmetic. When he left public school in Walstadt he wrote his last will and left his toys and books his brother Paul to do as he had done and give his lunch, which consisted of a roll, to a poor boy. He wrote to his parents asking them permission to take home during his vacation somo of his poorest comrades. He made a list of the Christmas presents he wanted; first a paint box, second a pocketknife, third an interesting atory book, fourth a large diary and an album, alongside of which he put three question marks, thinking that he might be asking too much.

Some of the great character traits of Von Hindenburg are his piety, his love for the fatherland and his faithfulness to the Kaiser. When he was a young lieutenant he used to carry the New Testament in his breast pocket. This saved his life during the Franco-German war. A bullet struck the book but did not penetrate all the pages. It is a well known fact that in the Church of Glauwitz Von Hindenburg prayed aloud for victory. Hindenburg's private life is absolutely clean. He never played cards or drank excessively, and he hardly ever smoked.

Von Hindenburg never speaks of fate or luck. He does not talk about genius, but he believes that God helped him. "God helped me to gain a victory and the Kaiser gave me the soldiers, he made me commander, he trusted me. Be grateful to God and the Kaiser, do not thank me," is what he told the people of East Prussia when they came to thank and praise him as their deliverer.

As professor of the "Kriegs Akadamie" (sent there by the order of the General Staff) Von Hindenburg found the best occasion to educate the young officers in the most important subject—"applied military tactics." Frederick the Great invented for the benefit of his army officers the "Kriegs Spiel" (war game), and Von Hindenburg followed in the footsteps of the Prussian King by improving the war game. It is a peculiar coincidence that he once worked out with his pupils how to defeat an invading army near the Mazurian lakes, exactly the location where he achieved his great victory over the Russians.

The friends and admirers of Von Hindenburg point out that he has been for years a member of the great General Staff, that he was Chief of the Department of the East, and that the General Staff "could not do without him." It is a fact that Von Hindenburg did great work as chief army critic. He invented a new system of passing judgment on the manœuvres and it brought the best results.

They used to tell a story about Von Hindenburg and the Kaiser, but lately you do not hear it any more. The story was that Von Hindenburg in his capacity as chief critic criticized the Kaiser, who was directly a manœuvre in Prussia. This resulted in his retirement. Of course to-day everybody will call it small talk and will point out the fact that Von Hindenburg was appointed Commander of the East by the Kaiser right after the beginning of the war.

In the East Von Hindenburg was the undisputed "boss," and his connection with the General Headquarters was kind of loose. He was not hampered by orders and enjoyed the full confidence of the Kaiser.

When Von Hindenburg (1873-76) was studying in the "Kriegs-Akadamic" he became a pupil of Prof. Pochhammer, who tells us that Von Hindenburg cut an imposing figure. He called this soldier, over six feet tall, with broad shoulders, short cropped hair and big mustache, broad forehead, "the living personification of the war god." When Prof. Pochhammer in his lectures became tedious and tiresome Von Hindenburg used to take out his maps, pencils and compass and commence to work on a plan for an imaginary battle, without paying any attention to the professor.

To understand Von Hindenburg and his kind you must know his family tradition. About 900 years ago the Beneckendorffs and Von Hindenburgs were living in the Mark. We find the Beneckendorffs first mentioned in

the year 1130. During the time of the Great Elector of Brandenburg one of his ancestors was Chancellor and his relatives served in the army. Two branches of the families of Von Beneckendork and Von Hindenburg united in 1789 and adopted the double name "Von Beneckendorff and Von Hindenburg." The ancestors of Von Hindenburg were with only a few exceptions soldiers who served the Hohenzollern well and were good Christians.

His father, Robert Von Beneckendorf and Von Hindenburg, died April 16, 1902, a retired major. His mother, Louise Schwickert, was the daughter of an army surgeon. Von Hindenburg was born October 2, 1847, in Posen, where his father was lieutenant and aide de camp. As little Paul wanted to follow the career of his ancestors, he was sent to the military school. On April 7, 1866, he became Lieutenant of the Royal Prussian Guards. In the same year he went to war and fought with distinction in the battles of Trauten-au-Koenigshof and Koniggraetz.

In 1870 he fought against the French in the battles of St. Privat and Sedan and was decorated with the order of the red cross and the iron cross. In 1872 he became First Lieutenant. In 1876 he became a member of the General Staff. In 1878 he was appointed Captain. On November 14, 1880, he married Gertrude Von Sperling. In the year 1885 he became Major in the service of the General Staff. In 1891 he received the title of Lieutenant-Colonel.

In 1911 he retired from active service until the war of 1914 broke out, when he again returned to the army and was appointed Commander in the East.

Our Victorian Evolution

A Protest Against the Dismal Theory of the Decay of Nations

THE decay of nations is a topic much in vogue among people whose temper is bad, or whose digestion is bad, or whose historic insight is bad, writes F. J. Gould in *Public Opinion*. We quote from his spirited protest against this catastrophic view of human history as follows:

"The decay of nations is a topic much in vogue among people whose temper is bad, or whose digestion is bad, or whose historical insight is bad," he writes.

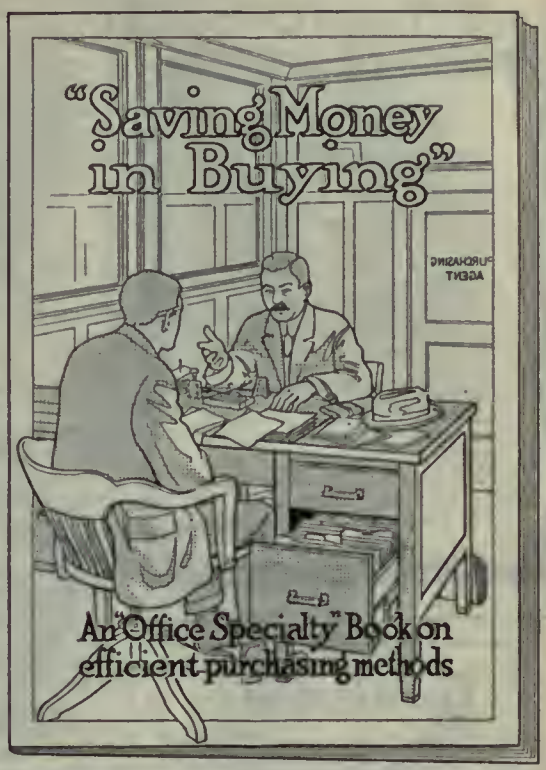
"Just now, after two years of the war wickedly opened by the Austrian Kaiser, these people have a fine opportunity for a regular orgy of groans, sobs, and meditations among the tombs. They speak of the decline and fall of Babylon, Nineveh, Thebes, Athens, Rome, Constantinople, Spain, the Mogul Empire, Napoleon, and the rest. 'History repeats itself,' they wearily murmur; 'humanity reaches a brilliant climax, only to lapse again, and renew the tedious enterprise, to be once more foiled of enduring success.'

"The agitations of history are incidents in the ceaseless movement of the expansion of the human race towards the complete peopling and occupation of the globe. Vast spaces are still awaiting populations which will exploit their natural resources. But we can see the trend of events.

"Even after the globe is covered with settlements and colonies, a sort of counter evolution will occur. I mean what may be called intensive development, or a continuous im-

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provement of the breed, the economics, the institutions, the politics, the philosophy. My present thesis is, that the course of human destiny has borne us, and is still bearing us, towards a date when statisticians will record a practical annexation of every corner of the earth.

If mankind could have started out with an earth-planning committee, with constitution makers like the Abbe Sieyes, and land allotment experts like Sir Rider Haggard, and military organizers like Kitchener, and financiers like Rothschild, we should have managed things more methodically.

These patriarchs would have begun with the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, or the Nile.' Their successors, on seeing these initial experiments well established, would have summoned a Conference of Egyptians and Mesopotamians at the midway city of Jerusalem, and sketched out peaceable extensions into Eastern Asia, into Europe, and into Arabia and Central Africa. When the Greeks began to yearn for a place in the sun, they and the Persians would have held a congress at Sardis, and agreed on a friendly delimitation of frontiers. In due time Rome would have evolved, and would have amicably persuaded Athens and Macedonia and Alexandria to fall in with a new Mediterranean polity, and Hannibal would have been appointed governor of Carthage on behalf of the Roman Republic.

"In the fifth century of the Christian Era the bishop of Rome would have sent out writs for a council of Roman pro-counsuls, Teutonic chiefs, Keltic tribe-masters, and Druids, and propounded a scheme of devolution, under which the huge Empire and its border-lands of the north might have been divided up into nationalities, with centres of municipal life and autonomy.

"Some two centuries later the prophet Mohammed would have been invited to interview the Pope at Crete or Sicily, in order to take mutually concentrated measures for apportioning the regions most suited for Catholicism or Islam. In 1492 Columbus would have gone sunset-wards, in the name of united Europe, and the princes of the West would have sent embassies to Africa, offering honorable pay and pensions to such negro communities as might be willing to transfer their activities to America."

And so on.

"Our ancestors, however, did not proceed on these lines of co-operation, consultation, and schedule times. To tell the humiliating truth, they had not the brains to do it.

"At the close of each great experiment—Assyrian, Egyptian, Macedonian, Roman, and the rest—when novel forces of expansion arose and manifested irresistible pressure, they could find no way out of the difficulty except the sheer physical clash of war. At each shock certain institutions and politics declined or fell, but the chart of history or the chronoligical atlas will perpetually tell of enlargement of human views, human possessions, human culture, human relations.

"For instance, a moment arrived when the American colonists became too vigorous and too creative to endure the officialdom of London. The West called; a New World had to be made with rifle, plough, and canoe; and, unfortunately, the only device available for Washington was to fight the War of Independence. Lord North, hearing of Cornwallis's surrender, stupidly exclaimed: 'O God! it is all over!' But a magnificent drama was now beginning, and scene after scene would unroll from the prairies to the Rocky Mountains, from the mountains to the shore of the great Pacific, and American mothers were to bear such sons as Lincoln, Grant, Emerson, Whitman, Gorgas.

"As in the United States, so also in Canada, South America, Africa, India, Japan, Australia, New Zealand; and so even in old Europe, well peopled, yet not finally systematized and harmonized. New and urgent forces continually emerge, and demand adjustment. The appearance of such new capacities and needs is, in itself, wholesome, natural, and inevitable. They are all agencies towards the ultimate conquest of all nationalities for commerce and joint, fraternal action.

"Agitations, revolutions and wars (civil as well as international) are movements that indicate life, not decay, and progress, not dissolution. They are the painful adjustments necessitated by this gigantic, and healthy, and passionate strife towards world-seizure and world-unity. Wars or no wars, and whether in tempest or in serenity, the vast motion must go forward.

"If you are a poor negativist, you will perceive only the tragedy of the adjustments, and cry shame on mankind.

"If you are a poor fatalist, you will say wars are unavoidable instruments of our expansion and adaptation.

"If you are sane, you will see that history is not a tale of declines, falls, and catastrophes, but a drama of evolution into a world-community, in which the national members will be adjusted in mutual respect and confidence.

"Those people and those nations are the most reactionary which are slowest to attain the vision of this final union, and least inclined to aid in its realization.

"Those people are the happiest, those nations the wisest, those international alliances the most enduring, which have the clearest conception of the glorious goal towards which the ages have unfailingly struggled," concludes Mr. Gould.

Lord Derby's Call For a "Central Party"

The Need of Constructive Political Action to Build a New Britain After the War

LORD DERBY'S suggestion of "one central party of business mind," to replace the old political parties after the war has created general interest in Great Britain. The conception of a new national party in British politics has arisen from a combination of circumstances as to which no freely-working mind is in any doubt. According to *Public Opinion* the main considerations are two:

It is taken as fundamental, in the first place, that the nation will be faced after the war with the necessity for political action of a sort, and upon a scale, of which it has hitherto had no experience; political action that must be constructive, far-sighted, courageous, vigorous, undelaying, and free from the preconceived ideas of the time behind us.

In the second place, the necessity for politicial action of that character being in prospect, what means are there in prospect for dealing with that necessity In other words, is our political life as we have known it, organized upon the basis that we have known, and manned with such personnel and by such methods as we have known, capable of rising to the situation? Not to mince

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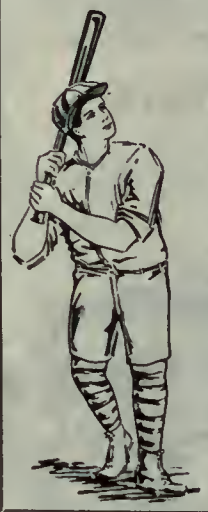
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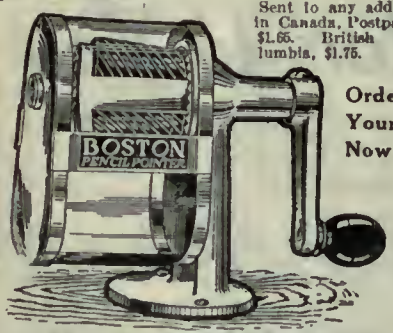
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matters, can we look to it to save the country?

That is a plain question, which we think can only be answered in one way by nine-tenth of those persons who will put it to themselves in all honesty and openness of mind. The task, they will assuredly conclude, will be one far beyond the powers inherent in the political organism of which the present House of Commons is the latest fruit; a House of Commons elected for the most part through the operation of a hopelessly hide-bound two-party system, of which the struggle for office, and contention for contention's sake, are the life and soul.

To say that the system is incapable of giving the nation what it will need, that it could only break down disastrously under the burden, would be greatly understating the case. It had already broken down, to all intents and purposes, before the war. At no earlier period had the moral authority of the politicians been so small; at no time had their hold upon the respect and confidence of the country, outside political circles, been so weak.

The conflict of ambitions had ceased to be dignified by the association with it of all the best of the national mind, divided by genuine and deep-rooted differences of principle; and the less there was of that association the more plainly the paltriness and the insignificance of "professionalized" politics came into prominence.

The House, indeed, had long ceased to be constituted upon the pure two-party plan. The approaching breakdown of that system was plainly foreshadowed in the presence of powerful independent groups; and the necessity of bidding for the support of these, or intriguing for their detachment, had still further lowered the tone of politics.

It is needless to pursue the point; it will be willingly conceded by most men outside the scope of party attachments, of whom the number was never anything approaching what it is to-day. *What we are urging is that this system being irreclaimably unfitted for the work that will have to be done, a national party ought to be constituted, which should appeal to the country, when the time comes, to place in its hands the task of building up the new Britain.*

To set up such a party, and to get it into power, is easier said than done, we are very well aware. The experienced party-organizers, the manipulators of the standing machinery of public life, will smile at the notion, exchanging the augurs' wink as they feel under their hands the levers of the two great engines for the directing or misleading of the national will. It is certainly true that only one thing can prevail against that machinery; and that is the strong and purposeful action of men of influence, men who are known and believed in, in each part of the country, in each class, and each calling.

At the bottom of the proposal is one conception, which must appeal with equal force to every soul that knows the meaning of patriotism—*the conception that after the war the danger of ruin will be not less great, the need for self-restraint and sacrifice not less urgent, than it is while the war endures.*"

Muskoka, Ont., June 21, 1916.
Dear Sirs,—I think the magazine is very interesting. I remain
Lieut. Harold S. Hutchings.

Hamilton, June 15, 1916.
. . . . . for your very interesting magazine. . . . Good luck to you.
(Miss) A. R. Hutchinson.

The Channel Tunnel Scheme

French Engineers' Views of the System's Efficiency

M. SARTIAUX, the chief engineer and general manager of the Northern of France Railway Company, has spent a great many years in studying and bringing to a point as near perfection as possible, the plans for the completion of a tunnel under the Channel. The final project, definitely decided upon is believed from a technical standpoint to be a great improvement on all the previous plans, and has received the full approval of the well-known engineer Sir Douglas Fox. The system is outlined in the London *Daily Mail* as follows:

According to this plan the trains from the French side would enter a tunnel at Marquise 3 kilometres, or roughly 6,600 yards, from the sea, and descend below the surface at a gradient of 15 millimetres per metre, the use of electricity as the motive power allowing of very steep gradients being used. There would be two tunnels, an "up" and a "down" tunnel, side by side, bored in the chalk of the Cenomanian strata at a depth of 40 metres below the bed of the Channel. The tunnels, bored in impermeable chalk, would be perfectly round —after the style of the London "Tube" railways—because this shape offers the greatest resistance. The inner walls could be lined with iron or steel, or concrete, or armed cement. The engineers favor the use of cement as being the least expensive, because found on the spot and offering all the required strength of resistance. The tunnels would be drained by a tunnel bored in the green chalk below. The average temperature in the tunnels would be 62 degrees Fahrenheit, and the ventilation would be, so to speak, automatic in character, each train acting as a ventilator as it traveled through the tunnel, but if experience showed that this was insufficient ample ventilation would be provided from the electric power stations at either end. It would, says M. Sartiaux, be a material impossibility to destroy the tunnels by any explosion from the bed of the Channel, for even assuming that there was any known method of exploding a mine fixed in the bed of the sea, so that the effects of the explosion would proceed downwards instead of upwards, the distance from the sea bed—namely, 40 metres, or 44 yards, equal to 132 feet—is so great that no explosive, however powerful, would have any effect on the structure of the tunnels. The tunnels could only be destroyed by an explosion from within the tunnels themselves, and in times of international crises or of war the greatest precautions would be taken, such that explosion could only be fired by the party in possession of the tunnel. The tunnel could not be used for traffic once the electric current had been cut off, and as the French authorities are perfectly willing that the current should be controlled from the English side, it would be difficult for an enemy to obtain possession of the tunnel by surprise so as to use it for the transport of troops and war-like stores. Such a surprise assumes that an enemy would have already succeeded in invading England either sea, or in the air, and so have obtained possession of the English end of the tunnel. The plans provide for the possibility of the tunnels being worked for 20 hours in each day, leaving four hours for maintenance work, as in the London Tubes.





A New Chapter in American History

Valuable Historic Relics of the Revolution Unearthed on Manhattan Island

SOME valuable historic evidence has recently come to light in a tract of land on the upper end of Manhattan Island. During the seven years of the Revolution there were encamped here practically the entire fighting forces of the British and Hessian armies, and now, a century and a half later, the place has been found to be one of the richest fields in America for archaeological research. Writing of the discoveries in *The Bookman*, Francis A. Collins says:

This remarkable *cache* was found by accident. Several years ago a heavy rainfall cut deep into the earth in this region, exposing several ancient bricks evidently piled together for some definite purpose. Nothing could lie long unobserved on Manhattan Island and the news of the singular discovery soon spread. In cutting through new streets and digging the foundations for buildings a variety of Revolutionary relics have from time to time been unearthed. Profiting by these discoveries a systematic search was commenced by two local historians, Mr. R. P. Bolton and Mr. W. L. Carver, who brought to the task a wide knowledge of the subject and a remarkable persistence. For more than a decade these men have devoted their Sundays continuously throughout the year, weather permitting, to digging up these historic treasures.

Supplementing the active work with shovel and sieve, the historians have made remarkable discoveries in the literature of the period. Mr. Bolton has carried on a personal study in the library of the War Office in London, in a room overlooking Whitehall, reading in the original manuscripts the reports told in the first person of the campaign to subdue the colonies. Several of the English and Hessian regiments engaged in the war, again, have published detailed histories which have naturally a very limited circulation. These have been sought and an immense volume of material discovered that has not before been available. It was found, for instance, that a Hessian officer named Krafft had written very fully of life in camp and even illustrated his reports with a detailed map of the region. His drawing proved to be the key to many new discoveries. Any one familiar with the region will recognize the ancient map. Despite many changes, the coming of the elevated railroad and the miles of towering apartment houses, the contour of the country is still unchanged. On this map the position of the Hessian nnd English camps was accurately indicated, and the historians set to work to verify them. After diligent search they discovered three huts and once having found the spacing the work proceeded rapidly, until at present writing more than a hundred such huts have been unearthed. Each hut contains a fireplace of stone or brick with the space for the beds, and most of them are rich in relics which help to reconstruct the daily life of the soldiers.

In nearly a century and a half the floors of these huts have been buried to a depth of three feet or more. As the earth is dug away it is carefully sifted and the relics identified and carefully classified. The commonest find are the buttons. Thousands of buttons have been found, and since each one is marked with the regimental number they tell a story. From the immense quantities of buttons it is supposed that the huts were covered for protection against the weather by the simple expedient of throwing old uniforms over the roof. The last vestige of cloth has long since disappeared. Buttons of every regiment quartered here during the Revolution have been found save one.

From the débris at the bottom of the sieve one day a beautiful silver belt buckle was picked up bearing the initials "G. R." and "28th Regiment" and on the back the initials "J. E." From the military records it was found that First Lieutenant James Edwards was an officer of the 28th Regiment, that he was injured in the battle of the Brandywine and was dropped from the regiment in 1779. In several huts the searchers were puzzled to find tiny pewter cups and saucers of a toy-like size. They seemed to have no positive utility in a soldiers' camp, but on looking up the history of the regiment quartered in these huts and identified by the buttons, it was found that a number of the wives and children of the men had shared the hardships of a New York winter.

The daily life of the camp may be reconstructed in remarkable detail from the relics unearthed in this region. The immense store of black bottles now broken to bits gives ample evidence of the liberality of the allotment of rum which was then part of the soldiers' rations. The ice cleets again show that the men must have trampled far over the rivers in the long winters. Many fragments of china and glassware are found which suggest an unexpected delicacy of taste and carelessness of the rights others, since it was doubtless looted from nearby mansions. The immense deposits of oyster shells again show the invaders to have had a cultivated taste. They also distinguish the British huts, since the Hessian huts were paved with the shells of mussels.

Donald McLauchlan

Continued from page 42.

broke off abruptly, for the Indian had approached.

"Spirit-moose," said the Indian.

"Ah, weel! Spirit o' moose 'r fantom o' th' deer, it matters no'—it is a sign."

"Why, Donald,'—she would have even added "dear," but that he checked her further utterance of any kind with a motion of the hand.

"Dinna fre yersel'—'twull be bit as th' gude way alone'll ha' it!" And no more explanation was forthcoming from the Scotchman, the partner of the Indian's mysterious experience in the snow-locked winter-wilderness.

Mighty rocks, like great battlements, clothed the lofty banks of the madly rushing stream headed, through rapids and wild whirlpools, into the mission of its place upon the earth. Near the construction camp, and by trail smothered in seemingly impassable "bush," was "The Devil's Hole." It had been given its name by the men—rough lumberjacks—that had worked and come and gone in this region. It was a fearsome, menacing spot—a hole, indeed, for the devil himself. It was a boiling, seething rip of water at the foot of a towering embankment roughened and broken by massive rocks and crevices, and sloping steeply to any passing that way. Even safely passed and the adventurer arrived at the bottom, the steep, rugged slope at the foot of the declivity led to other snares and pitfalls.

In the river, close to the embankment, was a double formation of rock. It was formed of two tables of stone, one reaching far out from the bank to nearly mid-channel. The other was beyond this and separated from the first by a wide gash or chasm through which the water bounded, burst and boiled.

FROM above, fascinated, Ellen looked down upon this devil's hole. It became at once her purpose to find a way to the table-rock which thrust its irregular surface into the river from the bank below. She made no announcement of her daring intention, foreseeing objection or at least the offer of assistance from the dwarf and that, to her fearless and adventurous spirit, would have robbed the action of half its charm.

Donald stood apart discussing some knotty point of woodscraft with a teamster who had driven the exploring and sight-seeing party a portion of the way over an old logging-camp trail.

The superintendent of the construction camp, who had accompanied the party, was not conscious when the girl flitted from his side, absorbed as he was with his first view of the scene before him.

In front of Ellen was a descending way of rocks, some large, others varying in size—some rising high above all the rest, giant guardians and sentinels of a way down the steep decline that still might be threaded, here and there, through more open spaces between boulders of greater or lesser bulk. At the brow of the embankment a line or fringe of trees—birch, oak and maple—marked the limits af the wilderness-forest behind, and among these trees had stood the little party of adventurers.

Ellen, like a mountain sheep, springing from stone to stone or threading narrow passageways with the certainty of a skilled seamstress with thread and needle, had covered some distance before her movements were discovered. Even then it did not fully strike the superintendent, in his absorption, and the first to see her, that she ran the risk that followed. However, he called after her:

"Hi, there! Where you going?"

IT had the effect though of catching Donald's attention. He looked around. Like a flash the dwarf darted to where he last had seen the girl. With a final spring Ellen was on the table of rock that ran into the boiling river. As she sprang for foothold onto the rock connecting directly with the shore, for the first time the old Scotch trailsman saw the danger to his beloved charge.

"The foothold!"

With the thought unspoken he bounded orward. Like some huge object hurled om the lofty top of an embankment by ege guns of the gods, he seemed literally shoot through space, in appearance arcely touching the surfaces of rocks, aping from one to another or bounding own between. Down, down the steep scent he went, long trained instinct iving with force beyond control.

HE had neared the yawning chasm be- tween the tables of stone, bent on mak- g the most of her liberty, bent on one ok into those white and seething depths! e saw her with strained eyes even while ing through the air in the clutch of his ighty resolve. He had sense of coming velation, but would he be in time! He ade one last wild leap.

As Donald had thought, her foot- old, insecure from the spray and wash waters a-slime with river deposits—her othold gave way. She may have heard m coming or, if that could not have been the sound of waters, she might easily ve expected pursuit, for she looked ound. This may have shaken her poise. he had impetus—"go"—from her swift scent. The sudden glimpse into the irling vortex was bewildering. . . . er foot slipped. She disappeared. As ough in truth he had shot himself from ove at the chasm and hit it true and ir, Donald went into the water after r.

The superintendent of the construction mp and the teamster were quickly at the asm. The superintendent was the first arrive. He peered over into the dis- rbed water. Ellen was clutched in the m of the dwarf—his other arm thrown ross the trunk of a tree—an old ram- ke windfall caught in the rapids, and in e stubble branches of which doubtless llen had lodged. She was unconscious. nald was unmoved, though blood ran m his forehead. A look of fixed and athless purpose bespoke his will. He ght, in the next moment, pass to that ich others could call "death"—but this t he sheltered in his strong arm should saved.

He muttered hoarsely,

"Take her," and, by a mighty effort, th one hand lifted the girl above his ad. They received her gently, the sup- ntendent getting foothold below. The l safe, immediate attention was given the imperilled Scotchman.

HIS loyal strength, so great, of a sud- den seemed to depart from him. He ng limp. In the light of that which lowed, there is little doubt that he had n vitally affected by his accident, while is doubtless equally true that, had not risk to Ellen been such as it was, he l yielded at first to the wild waters of beloved wilderness home. He seemed struggle for speech. As they prepared scent to his rescue, in deep humility he ke:

'Maybe — 'tis — they ha'—no—more— —f'r th' merry auld Donald!" And smile was one of uplifted happiness. 'h' weelderness is gone!" He appeared



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to raise an uncertain, groping hand to meet relief from those above. Again he smiled and, in the sun shining brightly on his high raised face, there was sweetness in his smile.

Even as the hand of the superintendent reached out to grasp him, Donald's hold relaxed on the windfall trunk. Drawn beneath the turmoil of waters he was gone.

They found him lying peacefully below where the river had consented to give back the companion of its wild, wild life. And they gave him resting place in his own wild wilderness glory.

Before earth was added to earth, Ellen with Jasper Boynton, looked long upon the face of the devoted dwarf, while the Indian—who, in the construction camp, afterward had heard—looked silently on.

Is the merry hunchback's idea finished? If his joyous day and generation are passing, truer, brighter, diviner love has no one ever known, and his sturdy happy spirit is still heard singing in his homelike wilderness.

Wanted—A National Anthem

Continued from page 16.

Then court-martial a musician or two, if we must, but by hook or crook let us have a national air that a Canadian will sing and will want to sing, inspiring in melody and harmony, spirited in movement even while dignified in workmanship, and, above all, adequately set to an adequately noble poem. For a good many months now we have all been hearing and seeing our men in khaki drilling and route-marching and making ready for the front. But never once, about watch-fire or on route-march or in drill hall, have I heard those men join together in singing "O Canada." They may have done so. But I merely record the fact that I have never heard of it.

AND that fact is not without its significance. I shall venture to go farther and say that with the right sort of national anthem there would have been need of far fewer recruiting meetings. For men are neither driven nor taunted into serving their country and their King. And a poem in the heart is worth countless posters on the sign-boards. There is a something in the air, once the right air is captured, which is subtler than exhortation and stronger than shame. From the golden goblet of music a wine can be poured into our hearts, the wine of patriotism, and warmed and thrilling with that wine men flock to the Old Flag, and they follow the Old Flag, and they die for the Old Flag. That is what the sons of France have been doing at Verdun to the music of "The Marseillaise," and doing without protest or regret. And surely, somewhere in this Canada of ours, is, or can be found, a son of the Maple Leaf and a child of the Empire, who may prove a second Rouget de Lisle and evoke for us a national air that we can love and sing and leave rich with a thousand memories.

Behind the Bolted Door?

Continued from page 20

ed the landing. But at the topmost stair he suddenly wheeled. In some way he managed to get one of his hands free. He was a big and powerful man. His bandaged shoulder seemed to trouble him but little. And with one backward thrust he sent the patrolman on his right headlong down. He swung the chain and manacle like a sling and brought it home across the face of the second policeman. And then with a terrific lunge he drove straight for the landing window.

The fact that he had to do everything with one hand lost him perhaps two seconds, and it was Jimmy who stopped him. He caught him by his foot as he went through, and was dragged after him. But he still held on. They went out and down together, in the deep snow of Laneham's garden. And there, battered but unspeaking, Jimmy got a better grip. He was still holding on when McGloyne and the others reached them, and carried the man in again.

"'S all right, frien's, 's all right!" he said, quite philosophically. "That's *all* I was savin' up. An' if it ain't come off, no harm done—any more than I've been hurted myself. Now, if you want, I'll talk till fare-you-well!"

Laneham looked him over professionally. "I should say," he said, "that there's not a whole lot you can tell us."

"But, by-y gee," swore McGloyne, "he's goin' to tell us that!"

"In the first place," said the Doctor, "to go back to the beginning with *you*, what part did Maddalina play in it?"

"A good fat part, considerin' she was a skirt an' all. She went an' hired to Mrs. Fisher only because we'd heard about them drops o' milk. Her and Lotufo—that' my guinea friend—they always been strong pals. An' she was put in to make the inside lay. One thing she learned pretty soon, too, was that there was a chanst for a double lift. She got onto it that, every three months, Mrs. Fisher was in the habit of havin' one of them big blue envelopes full of yella-backs waitin' on the premises for your friend Willin's. An' when *we* were fixin' for the pearls there didn't seem to be no good reason why we shouldn't have Maddalina make *her* get-away with the money. Only a matter of *timin'* the job right."

"Yes," said McGloyne, "you timed it right. But how did you know you could get in through Glasbury's rooms?"

"Maddalina again. If she was keen enough to find where that little safe was planted, you can bet yours she wasn't believin' long in any spooks causin' them *voices*. An' one afternoon Lotufo decided to lay up in Glasbury's dump an' learn for himself. He learned all right. How did he get in first? With a key. An' where did he get it? Sho, what's a key? Any one can fix up for a key! The thing I'm tellin' you is that he found out about that door. An' after that it was only an argy-

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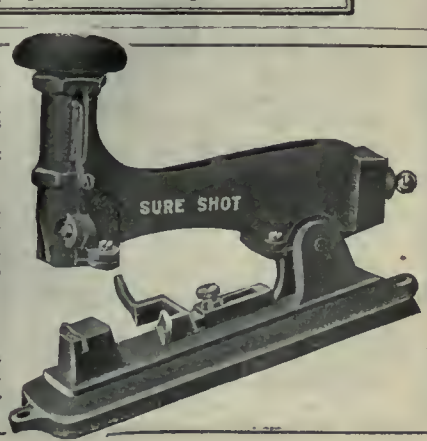
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ment as to *when*. That was for Maddalina to tip us to.

"An' she tipped us wrong. She'd got the idea that Mrs. Fisher was goin' to be out that afternoon. She'd heard her 'phonin' to Mr. Willin's; an' as Maddalina got it, the money was to be there for him, but she, Mrs. Fisher, would have to be away. An' as it was Jimmy the butler's day off on top of it, what more would any two ginks want for an open door?

"Howsomever, Maddalina was all wrong. An' she went wrong in somethin' else, too That day around noon she made a play that give Mrs. Fisher at least the cold beginnin' of a hunch; an' there was a plenty row in Maddalina's room. Only Mrs. Fisher didn't suspect enough—an' *act*.

"ALL right. Come on to *our* part in it. But, mind you, an' I'm tellin' you straight, *I* wasn't in that part of it no more'n to be adviser. Lotufo, he was the only one was ever in them Fisher rooms. It was him went in that day. We'd found signs that Glasbury was at home—an' we'd gone in, as it happened, just about two minutes after Glasbury'd gone out again."

"Yes," said Glasbury—"after I'd found the body and gone to telephone!"

"You know about that, friend. An' maybe this part of it has all been told before. What we didn't know was that frien' Glasbury here was going to choose the same day, an' that for croakin' the dame!"

Every one started save Laneham. "I see," he said quietly. "You still believe that Mr. Glasbury did it?"

In his turn the man gaped at them. "An' who else? Say, where you gettin' to now?"

"Never mind about that. Go ahead and tell the rest."

"Well, once we'd got that, and once we'd learned from the papers next day, too, that the jewel box was still a-awaitin'—*fine! fine!* We made up our minds to come again, an' keep a-comin'. No reason why frien' Glasbury shouldn't have callers every second night. We was both swell dressers, too. So no need for him to be ashamed of us.

"ONLY, when it got out that it was a spook job, we decided that *we'd* have to spook it, too. That explains why Lotufo ghosted himself the night he went in an' had to put it over Sergeant Hooley. An' no use denyin' he did. When he's had time to think it out, he won't deny it himself. An' what, you'll ask, did he belt him with? Why, there again, we thought we'd play Mr. Glasbury into it. Since he'd hit Mrs. Fisher with somethin' leavin' a round smooth hole about an inch across, that was the weapon to use in case another job'd have to be done in there. An' to make the weapon, all was needed was to do a little bendin' an' hot-forgin' on a pipe end. There you are again. You'll find that little gold stick up in the dump we have in East a Hundred an' Twenty-ninth street. Anything else you want to know about? If there is, now's the day, while the tellin's good."



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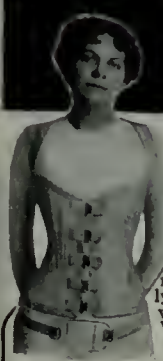
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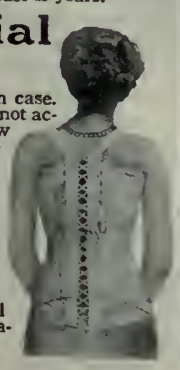
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Lancham looked at the fellow and turned away. "You can send him down again," he told McGloyne.

And the Judge asked the next question—speaking to the Doctor himself.

"And now, Laneham, about the secret of that damnable and murderous door?"

"If you'll wait ten minutes," the Doctor answered, "I'll take you up to the Casa Reale and let you see it for yourself."

"Good enough!" said McGloyne. And then he, too, had a question to ask: "But, Doctor, there's this. As *I* understand it, at the start, you were goin' to have this story told in its right an' regular order. If so, how was it you've left out the first thing of all, the enterin' in of the man who went into that swimmin'-pool room, an', as we know now, really did the job?"

"I'm having the story told in its regular order," Laneham replied. "Mrs. Fisher's murderer was never near her body, nor even near the pool, until hours after she was dead."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

"IN the name o' Gawd!" said McGloyne.

"Laneham!" exclaimed the Judge. "Then you mean that he had another do it for him?"

"No, nothing of the sort."

But only when he had repeated that could they believe that he was speaking literally.

"Well," said McGloyne, impatiently, "well, go ahead an' tell us."

And the Doctor began his explanation.

"There were, broadly, three questions to be answered: 'Who killed Mrs. Fisher, how he did it, and how access was obtained to the apartment.'

"For most of you the first question is already answered. If under the influence of a séance that I may now tell you was largely hocus-pocus—if after a performance which to every one else was almost meaningless, a man rushes forth and seeks only the nearest opportunity to commit suicide, that alone would appear to be evidence enough. I believe it's even an old legal maxim that suicide is confession. I knew when I arranged that séance it was Fisher who was our murderer. I had every suspicion of it the night of the murder. And every day since then has simply furnished me with new confirmations.

"In every crime the psychoanalyst looks first for the man morally capable of committing it. And Fisher was morally capable of it. I felt sure of that. But against that, his character, there seemed to be something that absolutely guaranteed his innocence, the fact, I repeat, that he was not in the apartment either for hours before or for hours after a murder which seemed to have been one of brutal violence. Nor was he the sort of man who would ever run the risks of hiring an accomplice." He turned to Bishop.

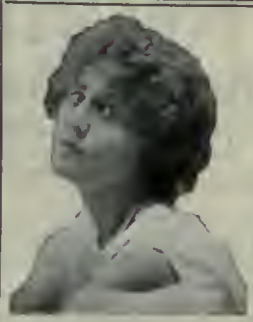
"JUDGE, *you* will remember that when I took up the case, the first thing I set myself to look for was what we call 'evidence in the destruction of evidence.' The criminal will half the time betray himself, if you look closely enough, by his

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very determination to be sure he has left no trace behind. He destroys evidence which to no one else could possibly be evidence. And the first thing Prof. Fisher did after he came home that night and found that his wife had been most foully murdered, was to slip away to his own rooms, and burn a magazine.

"We have another saying about crime psychology. It is this: If you are looking for clues, look for the unusual. Well, *there* was something which I think was a bit unusual. When I found the ashes of that magazine—and was still able to decipher the one word in large letter on the back of it—'mund'—its ashes were still warm. It was a virtual certainty that no one else but Fisher could have burned it. But if I had needed further confirmation there, I was given it next day when I found that even the ashes themselves were gone. I pretended in his hearing that I believed the Casa Grande house men had removed them. But I may tell you now, Inspector, that I knew you well enough to be sure there wasn't any chance of your allowing that. I made up my mind that if I could get hold of another copy of that magazine, I would have at least a beginning of knowledge. Miss Hope was able to find another copy for me. And what it contained I'll tell you in due course. In the meantime many other things had taken place.

"For one thing, we had found Jimmy. From the first I believed him innocent, for reasons you've already heard. You've already heard. too, how I was able to learn where to look for him.

"WELL and good. We found Jimmy. He told a straight story. At any rate, he didn't hold back any more than every other 'friend in the case' felt the same moral need of doing. Of that more in *its* place. And Jimmy clearly indicated the guilt of the maid Maddalina.

"But now, before going further, let us see what our problem really was.

"The mystery was seemingly inexplicable simply because it contained so many elements that appeared from their nature to be mutually contradictory.

"There was, first of all, murder and murder apparently *without motive*. For if you will recall the order in which the incidents followed one another that day between half-past four and six, the second entry, and the attempt upon the wall safe did not take place for at least fifteen or twenty minutes after Mrs. Fisher's death!

"Second, there entered some one else. Was it man, or apparition, or some sort of demon-ridden soul? We did not know. We knew only that he had, apparently, been in the apartment *before* the would-be safe-breakers, that he was there *after* they were; and that he knocked crazily upon the doors and cried out upon his God. Could he, conceivably, have been employed to kill Mrs. Fisher? Not for a moment. Think only how Fisher's every look and motion when first he heard that voice and heard that knocking showed that it was something he understood as little as the rest of us. Again, was it the voice and the action of any conceivable jewel thief? And to add to that, it was equally plain that Fisher knew of no secret means of ac-

cess to the apartment. In a word, every new thing we discovered seemed to make everything else impossible. Yet if the known elements of the case did not hang together, how explain their *presence* together? In one way only, by pure chance and coincidence. We had a drama whose actors did not know one another—or had met only at the hour of the commission of their crime or crimes. Obviously, I could hope to get further into the mystery only by getting hold of one of the criminals themselves. And—again by a method and clue I've already told of—I was able to get hold of Maddalina.

"Good again. And, in half an hour a little opportune hypnosis was telling us much of what Maddalina had to tell. What was it.?

"FIRST, that it was Maddalina who had extracted the bank notes. Second, that Mrs. Fisher had suddenly become suspicious of her. Also, Maddalina's love-letter showed clearly that she had at least one accomplice: The inference was that she had been doing the 'inside' work. Finally, through Maddalina and Jimmy together, we learned that the very morning of the murder Mrs. Fisher made a will. In her haste she had Jimmy and Maddalina witness it. And, since at the same time she sent a note to the Judge, here, asking him to call in the afternoon, it was reasonable to believe that she wanted to see him about the same thing. And so we reach our next step.

"For why this sudden — this ghastly sudden feeling on her part that she must make a will—or rather make haste if she was to make a new one? What did she fear? And why? The facts are these. As Judge Bishop can tell you, she made her former will when she married Fisher. She then believed herself in love with him. In that former will she made him practically her sole inheritor. As the Judge can also tell you, she had been intending to alter all that for some time."

"She had," said Bishop. "And that was the thing I was holding back. She hadn't merely come to find life intolerable with the man; she had grown vaguely to fear him. I don't mean that till the last day, perhaps, she could actually believe she was in danger from him. But she had at least taken a resolve that he should not profit by her death—and I think she had let him know it. Oh, I know. I should have told all that. But it would simply have been to accuse the man, without a tittle of evidence, when he had been away the whole day of the crime, and when, obviously, he expected to find her alive when he came home that night. For he did, Laneham, he did!"

"No question of it," said the Doctor. "And to tell you now, he did not expect her to meet her death until the morning!"

"Good Lord!" gasped Glasbury.

"Man," said Bishop, "what are you going to tell us next?"

And, as before, even the big Inspector seemed to shudder and shrink in upon himself.

"But get on with it," he said, "get on with it!"

IT STANDS ALONE



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"WE have not finished with the will," said Laneham. "What was it, that morning and a few hours before her death, that made her suddenly resolve to make that new will, and at once? That is something we can never know. But just as the man in the death cell can pick out among a dozen the keeper who is to kill him, so, I'm satisfied, she read the thing in Fisher's eyes. So far as Jimmy knows, though they had quarrelled the day before, she had had no quarrel with him that morning. Fisher himself assured us that they had 'made things up' after their last. And accordingly he was bringing Potter home for dinner and the opera. Doubtless the devil had parted from her with the best expressions of affection he could summon. But can you arrange murder without betraying at least some vague, heart-chilling shadow of it to the victim you have marked? It is enough that after the murder Judge Bishop here twice *dreamed* that Fisher had killed her. It might be against all the evidence, he might believe he didn't believe it, but it came to him—as Freud points out such things do—through his very sub-consciousness. And, when I put it to him, he had to own that he had."

"That is true," said Bishop. "It is perfectly true."

"And in some way, by some instinct," the Doctor continued, "Mrs. Fisher had half guessed. She had time to make the new will. But Fisher's arrangements were already made. By then, as I'll show you in due course, his trap was set.

"First, come back to all I had to work upon, his actions after the crime.

"I SAY again he showed clearly that he knew nothing of our safe-breakers, or of any secret access to the rooms, or of the owner of that terrifying voice. At the same time he was making great demonstrations of affection for his murdered wife. Though it was well known to all their friends that for long enough there had not been even tolerance between them, he felt it necessary to act like a young man crazed by the loss of his well-beloved. He must needs prove it to Miss Hope and Willings by making a sort of maniac's attack on them. Yet within a few hours he was wholly himself again.

"Again at the first suspicion he was for having Willings railroaded to the chair. A little later it was Jimmy. And later our man was quite as ready, in due course, to give an exhibition of believing that Maddalina and Mr. Glasbury in their turn were guilty. No psychiatrist on earth was ever fooled by such flimsy pretences. But meanwhile, I had resolved to test him out in another way—by letting him feel, for a little while at any rate, that he was himself suspected.

"Till then, naturally, he didn't know of my giving any thought to those ashes. He had burned his magazine: the ashes he had gotten rid of also. He believed firmly that all had gone unnoticed. Well, as you'll remember, Inspector, as we were going down in the Casa Grande elevator on a certain occasion, I decided to speak of them.

"It nearly knocked him over. It was just after he had heard the voice. One

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who didn't know could easily attribute his collapse to that. And, of course, when he could get words to answer at all, he denied. He knew nothing of any ashes. He did not believe there had been any. But I had got what I wanted. He knew himself suspected. And then in order to make sure I hadn't overdone it—to give him the feeling that I merely suspected him among others, immediately afterwards, and in his hearing, I proceeded to bring suspicion, and unworthy suspicion, upon those two unfortunate West Indians of the Casa Grande elevator staff.

"THEY really got themselves into their trouble, and allowed of my making use of them by their own ill behaviour in the beginning. For while they cannot be accused of having even the remotest knowledge of Mrs. Fisher's murder, both, at the start—and with them all their fellows—united in a fine case of wholesale perjury.

"At the hour of the murder, or just after it, you'll recall that Willings very suspiciously walked down the stairs instead of using the elevator, because, as he said, the elevators were not running. And they were not. Both young gentlemen supposed to be in charge of them were just then interested in something else. I early inferred that they must have been. And I set to work to learn what it was. Well, merely by consulting the police records, I found that substantially at that moment a pigeon thief was being chased and arrested on the roof opposite. There was only one place from which our friends could watch the excitement, the Casa Grande roof. And it was a safe guess that to remain unseen themselves when thus neglecting duty they would keep in cover of the scuttle.

"My guess was right. The shot went home. Only, instead of confessing at once to the lesser sin, they tried in their terror to stick it out. In their turn they became new stalking-horses. And Fisher might well have believed that he was suspected only in a secondary degree.

"Well, if he did, at least he took no chances. For it was he who tried to kill me by throwing me down the elevator shaft."

"He?—*Fisher?*" demanded McGloyne.

"NO one else. But, for that matter, he gave you one kind of proof by rushing at once to the same death hole, for his suicide. It was he! He had gone back to the ninth floor, that day, you remember. And no doubt he saw me enter the stairway. It was dark enough for his purposes. I suppose he felt that my death would be attributed to the same demon-apparition to whom his wife's death was already being attributed. I take it he didn't know he would be given his chance by that open shaft. Probably he had some sort of weapon with him. At any rate, he it was; for, if anything else were needed, I recognized his step.

"But the story is already too long, and I must go more rapidly. There is much detail that I must leave till later. It will be enough for the present to give you the main lines. And first, from the beginning, I had resolutely rejected all explanations



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that admitted of the more than natural. I do not say that I was not myself affected by some of our experiences. I was. But, always, next morning and in the light of reason, I determined anew not to be influenced by them. There seemed to be no possible way by which any one could get into those rooms—or get out of them again—but we knew that not only had the so-thought apparition done so, but those jewel thieves as well. And there was little about them that was super-natural! Well and good. I worked accordingly. And, by pure chance, almost at once came Miss Hope's recognition of Glasbury.

"THE next step suggested itself. If you want to learn about a man, his actions are one source of information, his correspondence is another. His correspondence in this case gave me, first, that blackmailing letter — and, incidentally, the gentlemen responsible for the attempt on the jewel safe and the death of Hooley. Second, it gave me my first guess at the common interest by which Mrs. Fisher and Glasbury, here, had been drawn together."

He walked to his desk, and came back with a bit of paper half hidden in his hand.

"Glasbury, you told us that in your collaborating Mrs. Fisher let you do all the actual writing, but you both brought memoranda and suggestions to work over side by side. You believed that you destroyed them all, but I think not. Is not this one of them?" And Laneham produced that first "murder note."

"Yes, yes, it *is!*" The young playwright thrust it away from him. "But some other time, Doctor," he said faintly. "If you will—not—not just now. I wasn't expecting that."

"I know, and I want to ask you only this: Isn't this the explanation of the note—that there was some one in the play you felt must die? 'We have now reached the point,' you wrote, 'where it must be either murder or suicide.'"

"Yes."

"And Mrs. Fisher added: 'Couldn't it be made to look like an accident?'"

"Yes," shuddered Glasbury, "that is her writing. She felt I was making it too horrible."

"But the death's head?"

Glasbury again put it away from him. "Doctor, that was a *joke!* I had found it funny to be putting such a subject down for an afternoon's discussion, so I decided to add an illustration. We often laughed together over things like that."

"I see. And naturally, naturally. Well, I shan't trouble you again. Only this: From the moment I learned that you had destroyed that play, I suspected the explanation might be there."

And then Laneham turned back to the others.

"Two things still remain, the unknown door, and the actual method by which the murder was committed. To get to that we must go back to the scene of it. For the present, I think the Judge, the Inspector and I had better go alone. And we'll go first, Glasbury, to your rooms in the Casa Reale."

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CHAPTER XXVI.

THE END.

A FEW minutes more and they were on their way. And, as they went, Lanham took up his story again.

"We are going to the Casa Reale. But from there we shall enter the Casa Grande through the door itself. And in that there is the explanation of everything not yet explained. We examined the walls often enough and carefully enough on the Fisher side; but we never examined them on the Glasbury side. From the construction of apartment houses, apartments, or sections of apartments, correspond. I suppose it was the arrangement of the halls or something which said that both those little rooms—both used as writing-rooms or studies, too—should be almost counterparts of one another. And when the interior decorator decided that both should be panelled, he did the rest. We tested the panelling in the Fisher room. Every oak strip was solid. Not a one had been tampered with. That any door, or the edges of any door, could be hidden behind them seemed impossible—till you remember that a door may open only in one direction. There is the same panelling in Glasbury's little study. We are now going to examine *it*.

"But, first, here, too, there is something else. If there were a door, would not its very thinness, as compared with the rest of the wall, betray it when sounded from the Fisher side? Doubtless, if it were of the materials of which ordinary doors are made. Gentlemen, I have as yet to see the thing myself. I have been proceeding by pure logic, if you like by mathematical certainty. But we are now here, and need talk no more." And stepping into a Casa Reale elevator, they went on up.

IT was McGloyne, indeed, who really made the demonstration. Walking straight through Glasbury's little suite, he went to the panelling of that little writing-room, and began to try it with his hand. The third strip opened as on a hinge. In truth, a second look showed that it was hung on *three* tiny hidden hinges. And when the strip was turned back, it showed not merely the door edge but the lock and bolt. Two feet to the right another upright strip hid the pins of the door. And at the top and bottom the horizontal strips, likewise hinged, did the rest. The door was still unlocked. And, taking hold of a sort of countersunk latch, the big Inspector swung it open.

"Well, by the Livin's!" he said. "An' whose work is this?"

"Why, Glasbury told us that. It's the work of 'old Throaty,' the safe man."

"Right you are!"

"He'd been putting in hidden work all his life—and heavy door and metal work at that. What easier than to do a job like this? As you see, he simply cut the section out. With his tools he could go through such soft-tile stuff like old cheese. And when he had hinged it up and fixed his panelling as a cover he simply used the said section as the door itself. That is why—considering the safe-like soiidity of the bolt work—no amount of sounding told you anything. But we'll be coming

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1 cup orange juice and pulp
Whites of three eggs

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved, add lemon juice. Cool slightly and add orange juice and pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat, using wire whisk, until light; then add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, and beat thoroughly. Turn into mold that has been dipped in cold water and if desired line mold with lady fingers or sponge cake. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of whites of eggs. Other fruits or nuts may be added.

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back to this. In the meantime, we'll go on through to the Fisher side, and the swimming-pool, and learn the rest."

ONCE more, however, Laneham had an explanation to make on the way.

"In a sense, all our mystery has been the mystery it has been, simply and solely because of the joint and several facts the various witnesses—with the best intentions and against all warnings—kept to themselves. And the one thing of that kind still to tell is this: Two days before the murder Willings saw Fisher buy a length of fine platinum wire. It was in an electrical supply house; it was a perfectly legitimate thing to buy; there was no reason why Fisher shouldn't have bought it. Yet simply because he showed some uncalled-for agitation at being seen buying it, Willings must make up his mind to say nothing about it. There was evidence, as he believed, that made it certain Fisher could have had nothing to do with the crime. Therefore, why put in as evidence something that could only throw unjust suspicion on a man perfectly innocent?

"Well, in a sense, I wasn't circumstantially certain myself that Fisher was the murderer. And I arranged the séance. But if I had known of that platinum wire, I don't think I should have needed to look for that German magazine. But, again, come and see for yourself. And—just before we enter—let me again point out that the dressing-room door contains a full-length mirror — which explains, I think, Policeman Grogan's belief that his spectre passed through the wall."

And he led them through to the swimming-pool.

"The platinum wire was attached here." He mounted the plant stand, and pointed to a discoloration just barely discernible on one of the thick, insulated wires that ran out to the big, central lighting bell. "Thence it was carried under the stand here, and along the floor to one of those metal fittings beside you — that nearest faucet, probably. And the fineness of the wire would make it practically certain it would never be noticed. Now, if you will try the water still in the pool you will find it salt. And that salt, also put there by Fisher, was one more needed preparation. Once it was there—without going into any electrical technology — Mrs. Fisher had only to touch the water, with her hand upon one of those metal fittings, something she was morally certain to do when stepping either in or out, and her death was certain. In fact, it was the voltage shock which caused the swelling and discoloration about her thoat. Then, as she fell, she struck the faucet with the side of her head, and received what seemed to be the real wound. The platinum wire? Oh, it naturally fused and left no trace—save the little pellet of metal which we found two days ago."

"And the magazine?" asked Bishop. "Where does your magazine come in?"

"That magazine," answered Laneham, "Contains an account of a similar crime committed in lower Austria. I have no doubt it was what suggested the whole devilish plan to Fisher. And the fact that it is the most obscure of German medical journals, with not ten subscribers, I sup-

pose, in all America, made it seem to him that he was perfectly safe to take the chance he did."

THE END.

Putting The Crops Across

Continued from page 23

of everybody has been dealing with them ever since.

Here comes the C.P.R. steamship *Keewatin*, let's say, scheduled to carry seventy-five million bushels of grain, consigned to her by six or seven different shippers and stored in four or five different elevators. Owing to the strict Government inspection, One Northern at the Empire Elevator is just the same as One Northern at the Canadian Pacific "D," the largest of them all. In the days of private brokers there was no system whereby a call at the former for 25,000 consigned to the *Keewatin* by Sammy Saskatoon could be avoided, even if the ship was taking on the identical grade at the C.P.R. "D," consigned to her by Lemuel Lethbridge. The *Keewatin* would have to pull out, back around and chase off to the Empire, only to have a precisely similar spout stuck into the same hold. Broker A. had no dealings with Broker B. and the waste of time couldn't be avoided.

Now, however, there is just the one chess player on the job. The boats are his men, the elevators are his squares. He can transfer warehouse receipts from the credit of one elevator to another, and can give the *Keewatin* a full cargo at one or two calls instead of five. The shipper saves the interest on his money and so does the liner—and the time of a big boat may be worth anything up to a thousand dollars a day. More important still, the whole stream of traffic is cleared out and hustled along and the Twin Cities achieve a reputation as a lightning-change grain-artist that has no rival in the world.

The Lake Shippers have a wire of their own, leased at a cost of $12,000 a year, so that no time will be lost between their Winnipeg and Fort William offices. Three hundred messages a day often flash into the headquarters by the lake—interdepartment information, frantic calls from shippers, boat owners, grain men of all sorts and sizes. Sometimes the office is loading 4,000 bushels a minute, while the watchful Government inspectors are working, three on each grain stream as it shoots into the hold, so that if a plugged car got by a sampler at Winnipeg, or an inspector was thinking of home and mother while he did his grading, the mistake won't escape here. So accurate is the system that foreign buyers who regularly insist on samples are quite content to get Canadian wheat on certificate alone.

THE grain freighter is as unbelievably long as the elevator is unbelievably tall. If it weren't war time, we'd say that she is the dachshund of vessels—with a little machinery in one end; a little crew quarter in the other, and in between a

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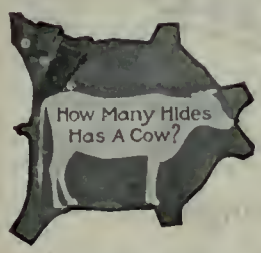
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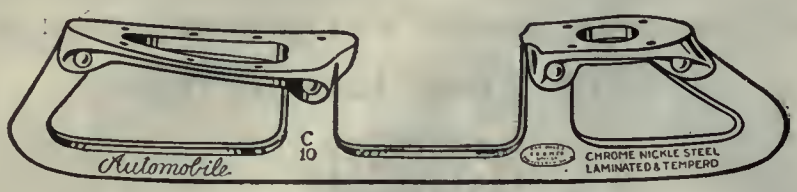
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body that stretches from four to five hundred ungainly, but most desirable, feet of grain space, all neatly divided into holds for different grades of cargo. The larger freighters will easily swallow seven trainloads of wheat without winking—forty-five cars to a train, remember—and the biggest of them all, the 625-foot *William Grant Morden*, can dispose of nine such trainloads. As it has been computed that a hardworking dollar will haul one ton 4 miles by road, 229 miles by rail and 518 miles by water; you can see why the grain man is so anxious to have the Lake Shippers get his consignment out of the cars and into the boats, and why, when the fateful 12th of December is thundering down the pike, J. A. Speers, the Fort William manager, has to learn to sleep with his eyes open.

That memorable date in figures a foot high lies under the glass of his desk all year round. On November 30th the regular insurance rate steps down and out, and one a shade more hectic takes its place. This lasts until the 5th. The pace quickens during its regime. From then until the 8th a still higher rate holds the reins. Two days is all its brief authority. On the 10th the last and stiffest figure rushes whooping onto the stage.

There are seventy or eighty boats in the harbor. Everybody talks staccato. The boys in the office live on cigarettes. The trimmers on the dock stay forty-eight unpunctuated hours on the perspiring job. And the reporters get a chance at red hot human interest stuff.

Last year all the fleet was cleared by midnight but one boat. The 365,000 bushels that cascaded into the *Philbin's* holds pulled out uninsured.

After which J. A. Speers and his office staff went home and rested for a week?

Oh, no.

"Dear Jim," said a next morning's eight o'clock wire, "have you had your big sleep? What's chance of my all-rail, please?"

For, of course, you know that the ninety million November shipment with the twelve December record-makers tacked on, didn't round out the calendar. Twenty-two million more went forward by land during the winter, and last year on February 15th the Lake Shippers became official chess players—or in others, car agents—for their honors the C.N., G.T., and C.P., concurrently supposed to trust nobody but their astute selves The Lake Shippers also engineered the transfer of the twelve million bushels of grain commandeered by the Government last fall. No wonder then that we chose their Fort William windows from which to observe the drama of the grain trade.

THE grain men, the roads, the Government, are all pleased with the record crop that is still trickling into port, the record despatch with which it is sent forward toward the East. Once in a while, however, a voice of protest is raised, a semi-humorous grouch made vocal by a man who wears "the fed-up expression" of the Tommies in Bruce Bairnsfather's cartoons.

ONCE in a while you get a bit of tragedy folded in with the screaming harvest headlines. There are church services other than thanksgivings for the families of the men who freight the wonder-gold from the prairies across the biggest lake in the world.

Do you remember November 9th, 1913, when Somebody that doesn't bother about insurance rates sent the black cloud-battalions skittering out of the north on the wings of a murderous wind — when the thermometer fell and the waves rose and all Superior turned into an ice-cold hell? The *James Carruthers* went down, the largest Canadian freighter on the Lakes. The *Turret Chief* was rammed ashore at Copper Harbor, frosted like a Christmas cake. Eighteen vessels went to the bottom. Four more were piled on the sands and pounded to pieces by the waves. Three million dollars went gurgling down under the cold waters. Two hundred and fifty-four of the bravest men in Canada died to defend the grain trade.

But it was worth defending. They'd say so themselves if the reporters Up Yonder could pass back the interviews. Look at the map, the splendid farflung prairie; the mountains, white against the world-edge; the unknown wonders of the last north.

If there ever was a country worth living in, worth looking at, worth dreaming about, worth dying for—its *ours!*

The Anatomy of Love

Continued from page 26.

Anne shook her head slowly, in silent negation.

"I'm sure they're different. Why, I used to understand women; I used to think I was able to realize their motives and moods. But all I seem to know about them now is that they are unknowable!"

Anne looked at him pointedly, so unexpected was this new note of humility.

"We don't know ourselves," confessed Anne.

A SUDDEN cloud of solemnity which had settled on his face, portentous of something vast and vital and impending, frightened her a little, causing her to slip away from him and start to her feet.

"Let's go!" she cried, apprehensive and yet not unhappy, incongruously compelled to retreat before that decisive and critical moment after which there could be no retreat. And although she remained as silent as the man at her side, they went on, tarrying and loitering, rambling and resting, touched with some new and unnamed sense of companionship, each glad of the other's comradeship in what was felt to be a new isolation of life.

He was wondering if, at heart, she hated him, if beneath her silence there did not lurk some yet ungerminated seed of contempt. It troubled him to think how far apart, not only from this warm and silent woman at his side, but from all his fellow-beings, his lonely paths of life had



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taken him. Sybil, with her hatred of th scholastic bent, looked on him, he felt, a she might look on some strange old Lati epitaph, passingly attractive to her capri ces because it belonged to an age not he own, piquing her for a moment, perhaps because it was momentarily undecipher able.

As for Richard Sewell, Macraven knev that this youth entertained towards him a certain mild pity, a gentle commisera tion, such as a devout and true believe might forbearingly nurse towards som benighted pagan in his feverish worshi of gods as benighted as himself.

As cold-blooded as a toad—the memor of that derisive stab still rankled deep i Macraven's breast. It was untrue—th charge was as false as the analogy wa erroneous—for he recalled, with a smal yet appeasing sense of triumph, that th *Bufo lentiginosus* the familiar arciferou and tailless amphibian of everyday life, i other words, the toad, was not a cold blooded animal. If young Sewell had sper as much time in the pursuit of learnin as he had in the pursuit of his selfish plea sures, he would never have made such statement.

But bitterly if tardily he was compelle to confess to himself that there had bee certain adequate reasons for that estima of his character. He had not alwa shown sympathy and warmth where the might have been effective. He had bee narrow and hard—he had made ever thing about him bend towards the go of his own grim aspirations.

"Oh, you must despise me! You mu hate me!" he cried out, with a sudden a tremulous note of passion and self-ha that caused Anne to draw up, wide-ey and staring.

"Hate you?" she gasped, "why shoul hate you?"

"Why shouldn't any woman hate selfis ness and smallness and meanness of spir Why should any woman be satisfied wi the dregs and tailings and husks of a ma life, and be ready to dignify the conte plation of those odious remnants with t name of friendship even?"

Never before could Anne recall see his thin ascetic face so convulsed w emotion.

"Do you mean that every woman sho love an idler in life?" she demand "Don't you think that women realize t work has its nobility as well as its o gations?"

"But when that work makes him bli and leaves him hard and narrow and acting!"

"It is not the work's fault, but man's," answered Anne, very quietly very bravely.

He turned to her suddenly.

"Anne Appleby, candidly and hones why did you refuse to marry me, six y ago?"

She slipped down weakly on the turf that sloped to the river-bank. color had left her face completely.

"I don't think I could explain to y she answered, at last, gazing at him w what was almost a look of blind ap

"Then it *was* my selfishness that n you afraid of me," he almost exulted *was* that you were afraid of what I

haking myself, or had already made my-
elf!"
"It was only the selfishness of youth,"
aid Anne, softly.
"But it was selfishness, utter selfish-
ess!" he almost groaned, in his bitter-
ess of heart.
"But I knew—and you yourself must
ave known—that some day you would
row beyond it," argued Anne, looking out
er the wind-rippled river.
"If you had only told me!" he lamented.
he marvelled at the intensity of his
isery.
"Can't you see," she said at last, "it had
come of itself. It would have been
orse than useless, if it had come to you
xcept by way of your own heart!"
"But you knew all along!" He could
ot see that she was struggling so hard to
ep back her tears.
"But it was not for me to judge?" she
swered, after a little silence. "I could
ly wait, and hope. You had your work,
ur aims, your career!"
"Yes, *my* work, *my* aims, *my* career!"
cried loathingly, in his utter self-abase-
nt. "Everything must circle amout
, about this central and all-consuming
go of mine, until I had climbed to the
ace I wanted! Oh, Anne, Anne, I am
hamed of it all!"
"But why should you be?" she mollified
n, nervously pulling a daisy-head to
ces.
'And all the while," he continued, more
ietly, disregarding her question, "all
while *you* were living for others. You
re thinking of the needy and suffering.
u were doing good, and getting some-
ng tangible and worth while out of
!"
'No, no, no," she denied. "I was only
oman. And that was all there was for
to do."
She was afraid he would see the tear-
p on her lashes, so she bent her head
l laughed a little.
'Though I *did* hate to hear you make
of me about those woollen mits I was
ays knitting for the Indian children!"
Her quiet little laugh seemed to shake
tragedy out of the moment. Macraven
ked up at her with a less troubled
w.
How old are you, Anne?" he asked,
h that ingenuousness peculiar to the
d of life-long abstraction.
Old enough to be your mother—al-
t," replied Anne, feeling that it was
r thus to skirt the morasses of their
ner solemnity.
You *have* been one," said the candid
of science, honestly, earnestly, and
a little ruefully. "You have been
er than one to me, for years, now!"
Don't dare to say how many!" warned
e, though the Vesuvian fires of her
essed maternal instinct made her role
acetiousness a hard part to sustain.
You're twenty-seven," said Macraven,
sudden conviction.
You once said you'd never trust a
an over twenty-five who wouldn't lie
t her age," reminded Anne.
But you *are* twenty-seven, aren't you?"
ane considered.
That would mean that in three years
have sense—if what you said in the



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TRY A CLASSIFIED AD. IN THIS PAPER

introduction to 'Woman Recrudescent' is true?" admitted Anne.

The humbled man of science winced a little as he thought of those early days of his foolish and pristine pride. It seemed now like ground where angels might fear to tread.

"After all, it's a lovely age, twenty-seven!" sighed Macraven.

"I find it very comfortable," admitted Anne.

THEN a silence fell over them. The leaves rustled, the wind stirred the water, somewhere in the remote distance the bob-o-links were calling and carolling.

"Anne," said the Professor of Anthropology, quietly.

He scarcely knew how to go on, and in his difficulty he caught Anne's hand, and held it in his own. It was a woman's hand, warm and soft and supple, with all its hint of latent strength and purpose. And it was an enchanting hand to hold, he discovered, to his great surprise. It was not the dimpled and trifling and dainty little hand, the useless little tinted shell of a hand; like Sybil's, for instance. There was a strength and a sacredness about it, he felt, something far above the mere tissue and bone, the digits and metacarpus, something that seemed to make it the shield and the receptacle that sacred torch of life which had passed from woman to wistful woman from the first day of mortal existence down to the last.

Anne's solemn grey eyes darkened a little, as he bent over that hand of wonder. Then a betraying tremble of emotion crept about the corners of her once humorous lips. Her wave of tragedy had billowed and broken upon her wave of comedy, and he realized that she had drawn away from his touch, almost angrily, it seemed to him.

He turned to her timidly, and hesitated before that purposeful knitting of her wide low brows. Thus even his mood of hesitancy slipped away from him, for he had noticed a movement among the dry leaves at their feet.

This movement, he saw, was caused by a bug. He saw, as he bent and looked closer, that it was a somewhat remarkable bug. Unconsciously, as he peered down at it, the old habit of mind, the attitude of a lifetime, reasserted itself.

HE dropped to his knees, pursuing the escaping specimen. But it was an exteremely nimble bug, betraying no desire to yield its liberty to even the high cause of science. It led him a quick but undignified chase through the tangled grass. But he finally captured it, and returned to Anne's side with it carefully imprisoned in his handkerchief.

"Why, it's a spider!" murmured Anne.

"Yes," said Macraven, as he exposed his capture, "a beautiful specimen of the Epeiridae. They are the most interesting family of orbitelarian insects, having, as you will notice, the first two pair of legs much the longest, and the two lateral pair of eyes remote from the four median. Ah, yes; and this, I take it, is our little captive's subcircular web!"

Then he looked up quickly.

"Anne, what are you laughing at?"

She refused to tell him, just as she declined to confess the cause of that indeterminate look of reproach he had detected in her quiet grey eyes.

Then he remembered, suddenly; and with the realization came a deluging sense of shame that left his face dyed with its tell-tale brick-red flush. He had forgotten her for a bug!

"Oh, I know," he confessed. "I've been a fool about these things so long!"

"Silly," she said, with her pacifying smile.

HE noticed where the sunlight touched her brown hair, pointing here and there with a glimmer of chestnut. For all her laughter, a strange softness hovered about her face; some old and mysterious wistfulness lurked in her grey eyes. There had been no transfiguration, he told himself. It was the same Anne he had always known and seen. But he suddenly awoke to the startling consciousness that the Anne before him was a compellingly beautiful woman—a beautiful woman that some inscrutable awakening in his own troubled breast suddenly made the goal of all activity, the height of all aspiration.

The strange bug fell to the ground, unnoticed. It lay on its back there, supinely, speculating, perhaps, on the blind problems of life and death, of love and aspiration, with every prospect of solving them as conclusively as might any mortal scholar, or any merely human philosopher.

"Do you know what I was going to say, Anne, before I picked up that bug?"

Anne, of course, did not.

"I was going to ask you something that ought not to ask you, I know," he began. Then a flash of something from Anne's grey eyes seemed to make it very hard for him to go on again.

The fallen spider, in its lowly brute way, must have taken thought of the truth that opportunity comes at least once into every life. For with superfine discernment, just as the unhappy Professor of Anthropology caught, not one of Anne's hands, but both of them, in his own thin strong fingers, it regained its normal position and scrambled hurriedly out of reach and out of sight.

"Anne," the man was saying, with a new and tender note of pleading in his voice. "I was going to ask you to marry me."

To be continued.

"In Dry Toronto"

In the December issue, Stephen Leacock will be found with one of the best things he has done for MacLean's. He finds in the situation in Toronto the material for a remarkably clever sketch.

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SLIP it under the bed when you're through with your sewing. Carry it up and down stairs under your arm The

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is useful all over the house. Only weighs 11 lbs., yet steady and strong—never a wobble! Every housewife can see a hundred different uses for such a table in her home. Your Furniture Dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him.

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The Man with the Money in Canada

CANADIAN farmers have been coining money since the war began. They have been getting war prices for grain, stock, cheese, fodder and other products. As a consequence they have doubled production. Debts and mortgages have been paid off since the opening of war that aforetime were a long and heavy burden.

Canadian farmers are spending their surplus very freely, mainly on farm improvements. More and better implements, new and better buildings, improved stables and dairies, pedigreed stock, power equipments, lighting and water systems, more comfortable homes, more labor-saving devices in homes, more indulgences — these are the things that Canadian farmers are spending money on to-day to a greater extent than ever before.

A definite, stimulating factor in directing this new condition is

THE FARMER'S MAGAZINE

(Monthly)

IT is different. It has made its own place. It is edited and produced for the progressives among Canadian farmers. Up-to-date methods, equipments and supplies of all kinds have been installed, and new houses and out-buildings erected and fitted up, on suggestions in its columns. It has a practical farmer and a farmer's daughter as co-editors, each of whom is a graduate of a Canadian College. Its contributors are authorities and leaders.

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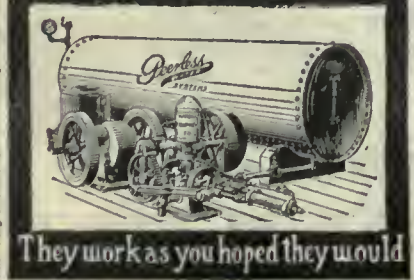
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The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance

Figures Prove Our Prosperity

A Glance At The Future -- Reasons For The Thrift Campaign

WITH a national campaign under way to promote thrift, with the heads of the nation literally beseeching the people to save, with serious discussions in the press on ways and means of increasing production and wealth, an outsider might well imagine Canada to be in the grip of a financial crisis.

And, on the contrary, the people of Canada have more money now than since the years when the boom reached its heighth; some classes have more to spend than ever in history. Business is good; factories are working as full as shortages of help and raw material allow; money is easy and collections good. Why then are our leaders in Government and industry uniting in an urgent chorus of "Work! Save! Lay by!"

In the first place, the thrift campaign aims at driving into people's heads a more serious realization of war conditions. The war is going to be won by preponderance of resources — preponderance of men, munitions and money. Every dollar saved by the Canadian mechanic will help in winning the war. Every article turned out in Canadian factories is so much added to our production of wealth. One prominent Canadian — so prominent, in fact, that his name cannot be quoted— would like to see every man who cannot go to the front, working evenings and holidays at some form of industrial labor —*helping to produce more wealth.* He would hale the business man from his desk, the merchant from his store—after hours, mind you—put them into overalls and turn them for several extra hours into industrial-producing units.

And the second reason for the Thrift Propaganda, is the feeling that after the war Canada will face a period of serious strain. It is idle to endeavor to predict what will happen after peace is declared, but it is more than foolhardy to refuse to recognize that there is at the least a very grave danger that conditions for a time will be very bad. If the bark of business weathers the storm and comes through it with colors flying and rigging intact, it will be because adequate preparations were made. The more we can save now, the easier it will be to ride out the gale.

THOSE who are to-day preaching thrift to a prosperous public have also this in their favor. Certain conditions are already arising that make for trouble later on. Prices of food and clothing are going high-sky. We pay more for pretty nearly everything now. This is the inevitable result of shortages of material and help linked up with heavy demands. If wages decline after peace has been signed and war contracts cease prices will also come down. There will be a general readjustment, a more or less sudden drop to old levels; and at such times much loss and suffering is bound to result. The man with a bank account will be in a position to face the readjustment with a confidence that will be



—*Hungerford in Pittsburgh Sun.*
Another Zeppelin Atrocity.



—*Ireland, in Columbus Dispatch.*
If It Drops—Good Night!

lacking in his neighbor who has refused to husband his earnings.

Unquestionably the advice to the individual to save and work hard and contrive by every means in one's power to get on a sound, safe basis, is farsighted and patriotic.

EVIDENCE of a sober undertone to national sentiment is seen in the growing totals of bank deposits. Figures show that among business men and householders there is an earnest determination to reduce mortgage indebtedness. Paper is being redeemed satisfactorily and back taxes are being paid up. Altogether Canada is setting her house in order and using the increased earnings of the present "flush" days to square off the deficits of boom time indiscretions. If the present prosperous condition continues — and there is the surety of continuance for some time no matter what happens across the water—the financial situation generally will be gradually placed on a remarkably sound basis. From wholesalers and manufacturers come statements of the liquidation of accounts that have long been slow and heavy. The West is squaring off its indebtednesses with vigor and resiliency. The ship-building boom on the Pacific Coast is helping to lift the gloom that settled down so thick on British Columbia when the war broke out.

AT the same time we are probably spending more individually than ever before. The high price of beefsteaks does not keep the lordly porterhouse from gracing the table of the moderate-salaried man. Our roads are black with newly-purchased automobiles. Consider the figures of automobile imports. The following table shows that for June and for the three months then ending new records were established, while the figures of 1915 were more than doubled:—

COMPARATIVE IMPORTS.

	Autos	Auto Parts	Total
1912 ..	$1,042,679	$ 70,283	$1,112,962
1913 ..	729,330	318,857	1,048,187
1914 ..	801,935	166,548	968,483
1915 ..	559,668	212,939	772,607
1916 ..	894,353	627,554	1,521,907
For three months ending. June			
1912 ..	$3,637,715	$ 214,887	$3,852,602
1913 ..	3,195,958	1,007,295	4,203,253
1914 ..	2,521,905	895,825	3,417,730
1915 ..	1,741,245	635,581	2,376,826
1916 ..	3,314,015	1,492,333	4,806,348

Wholesalers state that their sales of goods generally classed as luxuries have increased rather astonishingly. People apparently are buying of the best. Of course, free buying keeps the money in circulation and helps to maintain business at its present high pitch. But the patriotic Canadian, without resorting to scrimping, or miserliness, should remember that it is his duty to conserve his resources. This is the idea underlying the Thrift Campaign.

AS for present conditions the remarkable activity of Canadian industry can best be demonstrated by reference to the balance of trade. The balance is now

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(REGISTERED)

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This advertisement was dictated to "The Dictaphone."



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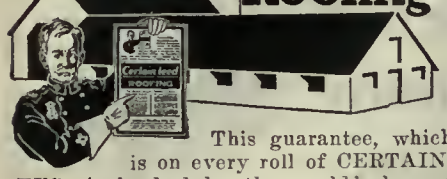
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ANNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th of April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS

Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Department of the Naval Service,

Ottawa, June 12, 1916

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ANY KIND FOR ANY PURPOSE

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WALTER E. IRONS

30-32 Temperance Street TORONTO

very decidedly in our favor. For the month of July, 1914, our total exports were $41,807,648 as against imports of $43,198,366. In 1915 for the same month our exports were $45,590.03 as against imports of $37,366,309. The pendulum had at last swung the other way. Since then we have been piling balance upon balance. In July of this year our exports were $104,964,270, against imports of $64, 026,689. These figures demonstrated as well a remarkable revival of trade activity.

Figures given in a recent bulletin of the Department of Trade and Commerce show how marked has been our advance in the exporting of manufactured products. For the twelve months ending in July, 1914, we exported $63,071,050. In 1915 for the corresponding period this total had swelled to $115,401,389. For the twelve months ending in July of this year we show a total of $310,317,755. In other words our exports of manufactures have increased nearly two hundred per cent.

Agricultural exports have also increased prodigiously. Taking the same period we find in 1914, a total of $189,-212,934. In 1915 this shrunk to $133,-442,130, but in the present year, thanks to last year's bumper crops, the export total has gone up to $354,119,435.

TALKS ON Investments

What Is A Bond?

By J. W. TYSON

Associate-Editor of The Financial Post

TO the average lay mind the term "bond" describes a safe investment. Comparatively and generally speaking this is the case. However, there is no reason why a bond, simply because it is a bond, should be regarded as absolute security. Many people buy a bond as they would a diamond. They take the precaution of convincing themselves that it is genuine and then gauge the value according to the size and the market. On the other hand there would be fewer losses if investors were inclined to a greater degree to look upon a bond as a speculation and consider the purchase rather as they would that of a piece of real estate; that is to search its history and consider the title and security and relative value in comparison with other propositions as well as the prospects for appreciation and revenue. There is no more reason why a man should buy a bond because it is a bond than he should buy real estate because it is earth.

Let it be repeated that generally and comparatively bonds may be regarded as safe investments. Except where large capital is employed by professional operators or by dealers, there is little speculation. This is because the status of the bond holder is that of a creditor or one



Indoor Season Coming!

The evenings are becoming chilly, too cool to sit out on the verandah; the lawn mower has done its last duty for the season, and now—how about fixing things up indoors, brightening up the woodwork with

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Jamieson's Pure Prepared Paints and Varnishes are ideal for indoor work—no fussing or mussing necessary, just give the paint a stir and apply it. The beauty of Jamieson's, besides its extra good quality, is the ease with which a novice can get results equal to an adept.

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who lends money to a corporation, municipality or government. In return for his money he receives a promise to pay and is in the position of any other lender of money. He expects ultimately to receive his principal back and in the meantime a regular rate of interest. As a result bonds usually vary but little in price, the return being fixed and known.

Without going into technicalities or dealing in detail with the multiplicity and complexity of bonds, several general groups may be established. In Canada there are government bonds, including issues by the Dominion or the provinces; municipal bonds, including city, towns and rural municipalities, school debentures, etc., and a broad list which may be included under the general head of industrial bonds or those floated by private enterprises and including public service bonds, railroad bonds, mining bonds, timber bonds, issues of manufacturing concerns, etc.

Generally speaking the consideration of an investment in either of the first two groups referred to is comparatively simple. In the case of a Dominion or provincial bond the question of security requires little consideration. What the investor has to consider is the question of return and this is usually comparatively low in accordance with the higher security offered. Municipal bonds may also be regarded with confidence. There have been few cases in Canada where bonds of this class have been defaulted. However, and particularly during unsettled periods, it is well to consider the relative position of security and of return. Naturally the higher the rate of interest offered and the lower the price are a reflection of how the market regards the stability of the issue. Apart from this specific information can usually be obtained which will give a person with average business ability a fair knowledge of his position as a bondholder.

However, and referring more particularly in relation to what has been generally termed the industrial group, or, broadly speaking, issues by private enterprises, the word "bond" itself is no synonym for or guarantee of safety. It does not carry with it any guarantee of quality. A good stock is far better than a poor bond. However, there are so many kinds of corporate bonds that each issue must be studied on its own merit. Generally speaking the theory applies that, when a property cannot earn enough to pay the creditors the interest due them, the owners must turn over the property, but in practice things do not always work out that way. The history of the organization proves conclusively that only those bonds which have large earnings behind them or are close to the property come out of the fire unhurt. However, the bonds, for the payment of whose interests there are ample revenues, always fare well. The value of a bond, financial authorities tell us, rests largely upon the earning capacity and the character of the issuing company. It may be a first mortgage on property the value of which is much greater than the face value of the bond issued against it, yet this bond may suffer considerably in the market, owing

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to the fact that the issuing company has outstanding other bonds issued against insufficient security, the result being that, if such company's credit becomes impaired, all the bonds, good and bad alike, suffer depreciation. To sum up, the value of the bond is based upon the value of the security behind it and this value depends largely upon the revenue producing capacity.

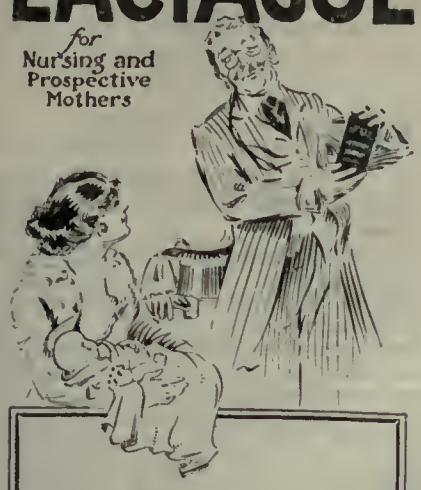
The investor will always do well to consider well the security. There are first mortgage bonds, second mortgage bonds, third mortgage bonds and even fourth mortgage bonds, each in turn being secured by a lien on the property of the issuing corporation. In this connection it might be well to give a general definition of what is meant by a mortgage bond. In character it is not actually different from a mortgage on a parcel of real estate except in the respect that a real estate mortgage is usually owned by one individual whereas there are hundreds and often thousands of investors interested in the same mortgage issued by a large corporation on its property. A mortgage for the amount of the loan is properly drawn and recorded and this is registered with some trust company which acts as a trustee. Bonds are issued against the mortgage. Each bond represents a direct interest in the mortgage for exactly the denomination it calls for which means that the borrower has pledged collateral to guarantee the payment of the bond upon the expiration of a given period of time together with interest.

However, the investor is little concerned about the mechanism devised by modern finance in handling large loans, but rather with the collateral securing them. He must judge of the equity existing behind the loan. Even in the simplest loan no one would for a moment think of accepting for security any pledge which in the event of a borrower not being able to meet his obligations would not if sold realize at once the face value of the loan together with all accumulated interest and all the expense caused by the legal endorsement of its payment. In addition it is necessary as a precautionary measure to be fortified against all possible loss in the default on the part of the borrower. The exaction of a certain market value in excess of the loan is what is referred to in financial circles as the equity. Since the smaller the equity the more speculative in character the bond. a better income should be yielded for the larger risk the holder must assume.

In fixing the market value of a bond the rate of interest is, of course, a dominant factor, other things being equal. If a man buys a $1,000 bond bearing five per cent. interest, at $1,000 the income on his investment is five per cent.. but if he pays $1,050 for the same bond the yield is naturally less than five per cent. If such bond were to run for all time the yield would be 5 divided by $1,050, or 4.76 per cent., but if the period were only one year the buyer would receive security of $1,000, the face value, and also $50 in interest, and as he paid $1,050 for the bond, he would make nothing on the transaction. Therefore, the longer the bond runs the less does the price paid above the face value reduce the yearly return in

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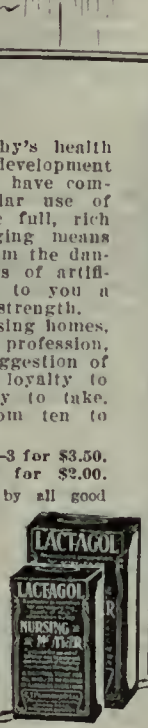
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the form of interest. In other words, to arrive at the true return or yield on the money invested the loss suffered by paying a premium must be distributed over the period which the bond has to run. The longer period the smaller the loss. As bonds are practically never perpetual and seldom purchased at their face value, the question of determining yields is an important one to the average investor. On the other hand if the bond is bought below the face value in order to arrive at the true yield a certain amount must be added to the yearly interest instalment which, placed at compound interest, would at maturity absorb the discount. This involves higher mathematics, but the principal may be applied in a general way to the average issue.

The general condition of business, while affecting all bonds, particularly applies to those industrials which are concerned with public consumption. When money is plentiful and not highly profitable in ordinary business pursuits more of it will flow in bond investments than when it is actively employed at high rates. Banks and other institutions are large buyers of bonds when they have no other use for their funds and are often large sellers when money is in great demand. Usually when business conditions are bad money is low, while when conditions improve the rate goes up. These two influences being generally opposed movements of different proportions and sometimes in different directions in different classes of securities are brought about. High grade bonds may be falling, middle grade bonds remaining stationary and smaller bonds rising all at the same time.

SEND IN YOUR ENQUIRIES

The editor of this department will be very glad at all times to answer through these columns questions which are submitted with reference to finance or investments. Questions should be stated clearly and all information given that would assist in giving a satisfactory and authoritative answer.

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A Clearance Catalogue of Secondhand Books from the Circulating Library, with some New Books at reduced prices is now ready.

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Peace At Our Price

Why Peace at Germany's Present Terms Would be Only a Mere Truce

THE following, concise, remarks from Lord Bryce, reproduced in the *London Magazine* are well worth spreading far, for the benefit of those who desire peace on any terms:

We are told that there is a section of opinion in the United States—a small section as I believe—which desires to see peace concluded forthwith on almost any terms. An address lately reached me, signed by some Americans recommending this course. It said: "The war must end in a draw; why not make peace at once and save further bloodshed?" I noticed that a large proportion of those who signed it came from Germany, or had German names, and this fact is significant. You may like to let me tell Mr. Beck why neither we nor our Allies can follow that advice. I may say for all of us here that we are lovers of peace. I yield to no one in my love of peace, for which I have worked earnestly for thirty years in and out of Parliament, and we all of us feel the terror, the horror and suffering of this war as much as any pacifists in America can feel it. But we cannot agree to any such peace as is suggested either by these gentlemen or by the German Government. There is no use crying peace when there cannot be any peace at present.

In the first place, we do not think this war will end in a draw. The Allies are going to win. We believe this not merely because our Army in France is driving back the Germans, not merely because the Russian troops have made a brilliant advance, not merely because the soldiers of France have been standing like a rock with magnificent valor against the furious attacks made at Verdun. We believe it because the Allies will prove to be stronger on land than the Germans, and because *we hold the unshaken and unshakable control of the sea.* Secondly, peace cannot be made now because the German Government is not yet prepared for it on any terms we could accept. The German Government may know it is going to be beaten, but the German people do not yet know it. They are ignorant of the true facts, and their Government, which has fed them with falsehoods and held up prospects of territorial gains, fears to accept terms which would recognize its own failure. Thirdly, a peace made now on such terms as the German Government would accept would be no permanent peace, but a mere truce. It would mean for Europe constant disquiet, fresh alarms of war, more preparations for war, and further competition in prodigious armaments. Lastly, there can be no peace now because we are fighting for great principles, principles vital to the future of mankind, principles which the German Government has outraged and which must at all costs be vindicated.

Britain did not enter this war to win anything for herself. What she wants now is security for herself and her oversea Dominions, together with deliverance and compensation for Belgium for what she has suffered, deliverance for Northern France, and such changes in the east as will make it impossible for the Turkish Allies of Germany ever again to massacre their Christian subjects or become the vassals and tools of Germany in her projected eastward advance. We must go on. This is a conflict for the

principles of right which were violated when innocent non-combatants were slaughtered in Belgium and drowned in the *Lusitania*. The Allies are bound and are resolved to prosecute the war till victory has been won for those principles and for a peace established on the sure foundations of justice and freedom.

Canada's Plans For the Disabled

Continued from page 11.

which they may produce while working in a training shop.

Here is the complete plan. When a Canadian soldier enters a military hospital overseas, because of wounds, or accident, or disease, he comes under the care of the Canadian Army Medical Corps. Everything which science and forethought can do for the stricken man is done for him. He is treated in general or special hospitals as his case demands, and as he becomes convalescent, gymnastics and exercises of all sorts form, with appropriate work or study, a part of his treatment, in order that his body—or all that remains to him of it—may be strong, and prepared to perform as well as possible, the work of which it is capable.

The Department of Militia and Defence has established Discharge Depots at Quebec and St. John, the latter being the winter port. When the returned men arrive at Quebec they are immediately taken to the discharge depot, where they are housed, fed, and medically examined, and are then sent to their various divisions and districts.

The procedure at the Discharge Depot is as follows:

The men are taken before a Medical Board consisting of three members. The records of previous examinations are gone over, and are either confirmed or dissented from.

The men are then divided into three classes.

1. Men for immediate discharge without a pension. They receive arrears of pay, and a bonus.

2. Men whose condition may be benefited by treatment, in a convalescent home, hospital, or sanatorium; or, rarely (if the medical officer thinks it desirable) in their own homes. They receive a portion of their accrued pay, and a graduated bonus, according to the number and relationship of their dependents.

3. Men with a permanent disability, which would not be benefited by further treatment; and who will be discharged with a pension.

They receive a sum on account of accrued pay, and a bonus. They are retained on pay and allowance from headquarters, until the date of their pension.

Before leaving the Discharge Depot, each man is provided with suitable clothing.

All men sent to convalescent hospitals

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Absorbine, Jr., relieved him, and after he had applied it regularly for a few weeks he told us that his legs were as smooth as when he was a boy and all the pain and soreness had ceased.

Thousands have since used this antiseptic liniment for this purpose with remarkably good results.



Absorbine, Jr., is made of oils and extracts from pure herbs and when rubbed upon the skin is quickly taken up by the pores; the blood circulation in surrounding parts is thereby stimulated and healing helped.

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or sanatoriums, or other institutions, are continued on pay at full military rates, till discharged.

If they are undergoing treatment in their own homes, they are allowed "subsistence" as well. In either case, separation allowance is also continued to the wives of maimed men.

All the men receive treatment, attendance, and training free. They are still soldiers, and under military authority and discipline.

At present there are some twelve hundred men under treatment.

VOCATIONAL training has already been established in connection with several of the convalescent homes. More schools will follow. The Commission are fortunate in having Mr. T. B. Kidner as vocational secretary, as he has had both English and Canadian experience in this work, and is fully qualified to give technical advice.

In Montreal, the St. George's Annex is in use as a vocational training centre for the men in the two Khaki League Hospitals. Halifax, Quebec, Sydney, N.S., St. John's, N.B, and Calgary, all have classes in connection with the Homes. where training of an elementary nature is given in English and French, mechanical and free-hand drawing, woodcarving, practical arithmetic and bookkeeping, etc., etc. The Handicrafts Guild of Montreal is undertaking to sell any work that the soldiers in Montreal may make. The Women's Canadian Club in St. John's is doing the same thing. In Quebec they are trying to establish toy-making as a home industry in Canada.

The Central Military Convalescent Hospital, in Toronto, is, to date, the largest and most complete of the institutions in charge of the Commission. It has accommodation for one hundred and thirty. It is equipped with a magnificent assortment of the latest and best electrical machines, violet ray apparatus, therapeutic ruby lamp, etc. In the Mechano-Therapeutic department is a full equipment of Zander machines, including a cycle which is for flexion and extension of the ankles, and other similar apparatus. In addition there is a gymnasium plinth, which includes flying rings stall bars, etc., for the treatment of stiffened joints of the trunk and upper extremities.

In the Hydro-Therapeutic department is a control table, showers, needles, shampoos, continuous baths, and a vapor bath worked by the Tyranauer system. The plant is in full swing, and the results are exceedingly satisfactory. At the present time over eighty treatments are being given each week.

In Winnipeg the Deer Lodge Hotel, owned by Mr. R. J. Mackenzie, and lent by him to the Commission, will shortly be ready for use. It is splendidly adapted for the purpose of a Convalescent Hospital, as it stands in extensive grounds which will be utilized for training in agricultural and horticultural pursuits.

Some of the Military Convalescent Hospitals have their own gardens. where the men are already busy with vegetables and small fruits. Mrs. French, Lady Superintendent of the Belvidere Home in Lon-



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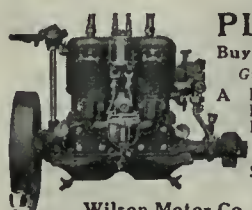
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Hundreds of men and women in Canada to-day are working our plan to augment their present income and it's providing a liberal amount of extra funds for them. If you would like to join this "thrifty class" of spare time hustlers —write us to-day.

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don, has made a great success of this with the men under her charge.

A CERTAIN number of men are being fitted with artificial limbs from the branch factory in connection with the Canadian Convalescent Hospital at Ramsgate. To facilitate matters, the Commission has established a special Orthopædic centre at Toronto, to which all men requiring artificial limbs will be sent direct from the Discharge Depot. A workshop for the manufacture of artificial limbs will shortly be in operation and it is proposed, as far as possible, to use the services of returned men in their manufacture. No expense is being spared in obtaining the most suitable attachments, bearing in mind the occupation of the man himself. It has been recognized that the most expensive arm or leg is not always the most serviceable. It has also been recognized that the Commission can, by undertaking the manufacture of these attachments, obtain the benefit of the latest improvements, some of which are not available for individual firms.

Arrangements have been made with the principal sanatoria throughout Canada to receive the men who have contracted tuberculosis, their maintenance being paid by the Government. The Commission is establishing a hospital for rheumatic cases, where hydropathic treatment will be available. Also an institution to which men suffering from mental disorders and extreme nervousness, due to shock, may be sent for treatment.

TO date, fortunately, only seven soldiers have entirely lost their sight. They are first admitted to the St. Dunstan's Home for Blinded Soldiers,, Regent's Park, London, England, operated by Sir Arthur Pearson. After a period of training they are returned to Canada. Arrangements have been made with the Canadian Free Library for the Blind to furnish books and other literature, that study may be continued, and when necessary men will be sent for further treatment to one of the blind institutes already established in Canada. That the blind can read and write by the use of a special system of raised letters, is common knowledge. That they can successfully operate telephones, mend boots, make barrels, and typewrite, is not so generally known. Blind men, indeed, can successfully perform almost any operation that does not require much change of place, or the use of extremely small things.

In the case of those who have lost one eye, a glass eye is being provided in England, by the Canadian medical authorities.

Special training is also provided for the deaf, which will greatly lighten their disability. Everyone knows something of the finger alphabet, but it is less widely known that the deaf can be taught to read the lips of those who are speaking, so that an expert can carry on a conversation with very little trouble. Even a slight knowledge of lip-reading may be of great assistance to a deaf person, but it is especially important that its study should be commenced early by those who



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Every housewife knows the length of time it takes to prepare the most ordinary soup, the cost of fuel, ingredients, etc. But with a few vegetables, one or two Oxo Cubes, a little flour and water, a most excellent soup can be prepared in a few minutes at the cost only of a few cents.

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Another point of great importance is the peculiar power of Oxo Cubes to increase the nutritive value of other dishes. For instance, Oxo and rice is much more nourishing than rice without Oxo. Hence when Oxo Cubes are used lighter meals can be indulged in

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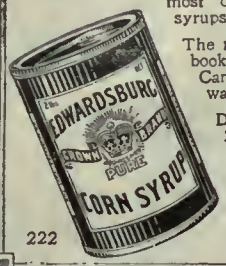
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have still some hearing left to them, if it is certain that they will eventually become stone deaf. There are already several excellent institutions in Canada, where this can be taught.

BUT Canada does not consider that she has paid her debt to her soldiers when she has re-habilitated them as far as possible, and then discharged them. She must not only set them upon their own feet, she must help them, if necessary, to take their first steps. At present and for some time to come, gratitude and sympathy will make it easy for a discharged soldier to find occupation. But that sentiment will disappear in a few years after the war when economic competition becomes more keen.

To provide for that part of the problem, both present and future, Provincial Committees have been formed, under the Commission, in every province. Divisional and district staffs are at their disposal. And each province, working through its central committee, will look after the employment of its own soldiers. These committees act in conjunction with the Returned Soldiers Aid Commissions, the Federal Commission, the various Government departments, and the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

The Military Hospitals Commission has under consideration, in conjunction with the Economic and Development Commission, a scheme of Land Settlement; also plans for the establishment of farms for training purposes, where men who desire to take up land, may go for a few months, and where those who are unable to find employment directly, may be provided with some occupation during the period of the re-establishment of normal industrial conditions.

To date, the Province of British Columbia has outlined the most comprehensive and perfected scheme for land settlement, of which a full report may be found in the Commission Bulletin for June. Other provinces are preparing similar plans.

Negotiations are under way with the insurance companies in regard to special insurance rates for the maimed. And also special legislation for the protection of homesteaders who have enlisted for active service.

It is not charity that is being systematized for the returned soldier—but justice—a new justice, open-eyed.

"We do not *give relief* to the glorious victims of the present war. WE OWE THEM WORK in the noblest acceptation of the word."

What the Gods Send

Continued from page 37.

the machine. He belongs to the company's secret-service system — *ex officio*, so to speak. He's part lawyer, part detective. He's the confidential King Pin. He's alright. You can bank on that. The 'Real-Estate, Loans, and Investments' is a pure bluff."

"I'm on," approved Macklin with an-

other pleasurable thrill. "I understand perfectly. Is that all?"

"Let me see. Yes, I—guess that about covers your part in this. Fuller will know what to do. Tell him I sent you. I've kept him posted all along as to my suspicions, of course. Outside Fuller and myself, you're the only living soul that knows the truth about this thing, Macklin. I don't think I'm making any mistake in trusting you." He once more eyed the younger man keenly.

"You can trust me, sir," said Macklin, simply.

"To deliver that packet to J. O. Fuller only, and according to instructions?"

"Yes, sir."

"And not to breathe a word of this commission, either before or after?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you, Macklin. It is scarcely necessary to say that your service to the company in this matter will not be overlooked. I'll personally see to that."

"Oh, that—that's alright, sir," murmured Macklin in embarrassment; for he was still within hailing distance of boyhood with a red-blooded young man's high regard for adventure. The prospect of this secret mission filled him with a thrill of importance, so that the mission itself overshadowed everything else.

POMEROY smiled tolerantly at his protestation. "Take a tip from me, Mr. Macklin," he condescended. "Never refuse what the gods send. They're too blame stingy with their gifts to most of us for the sensible man to refuse what comes his way. So take what the goods send—and grab for more, if you hope to succeed.

"And succeed I'm sure you will. A man of your ability can accomplish great things, Mr. Macklin, if only he is faithful to his trust—and keeps his eyes open.

"You're to think of nothing but the delivery of that envelope, you understand. I'll see that word is sent to Rutland that you're absent on special duty, so don't worry about that. I'll have a man sent to help him out for the time being, if he needs one."

"That'll be quite alright, Mr. Pomeroy." Macklin's voice carried evidence of a new respect, as if he realized for the first time that he was dealing with the Boss's boss. He couldn't help thinking that "absent on special duty" was a particularly fine way of putting it.

"You're not to bother about me, either," admonished Pomeroy. "I'm feeling better already and I'll take care of myself, never fear. The sooner you get away now the better I'll feel. It's time you were going. Waring isn't a man to sit down quietly and he'll know by now that I'm wise to him. He'll move heaven and earth to get back those papers."

"Did you say 'heaven and earth'? He'll have to follow me to the hot place before he gets them!" chuckled Macklin joyously.

He stood up, buttoning his coat to the chin, and held out his hand.

"I'm off, sir."

"Good luck, old man," encouraged Pomeroy heartily.

Macklin got as far on his way as the

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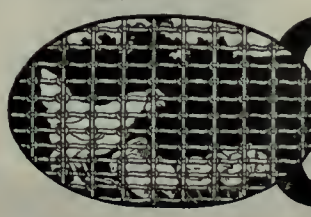
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little door of the tank store-room, a distance of twelve and one-half feet!

For the time being both had forgotten that the door was locked—on the outside!

V.

IN WHICH THE BIG SWEDE OBEYS ORDERS.

MACKLIN drummed angrily with his fists.

"Open the door. Quick, Svenson, let me out, d'you hear?" He kicked the boards noisily.

They could hear him fumbling at the padlock. As the little door opened cautiously Macklin started forward with an eagerness which was met by a powerful shove that sent him reeling. The Swede's inquiring head was followed by the rest of him and there seemed to be a great deal of him; in fact, his heavy bulk completely blocked the way. He glowered in upon them.

"What's the matter with you anyway, Svenson?" remonstrated Macklin. "I tell you I want to get out."

The section hand only fixed himself more securely in his position as if bracing himself for attack.

"Ay ban tol' ke'p you faller," he muttered.

"But see here, Svenson, this kind of thing won't do, you know. Not for a minute. You've no right to keep me locked up in here. I've simply got to get out. Really, I have. That's all there is to it. It's important."

"Better let him out, old man. It may save a lot of unnecessary trouble and considerable unpleasantness all round."

AT sound of Pomeroy's voice Svenson turned his head warily. There was nothing in the quiet matter-of-fact tones to justify the expression of wonder that overspread his homely face; but turning, Macklin saw that the secretary was idly tapping his knee with the butt of a substantial looking revolver.

Macklin laughed. Pomeroy smiled pleasantly. Of a truth, the big Swede's expression was sufficiently quizzical.

"Ay ban tol'——" he began stolidly.

"Quite right, Svenson, and I'm glad to see you know how to obey orders," nodded Pomeroy approvingly "It's one of the salient axioms of success. You won't understand what an axiom is, let alone a salient axiom; but that's alright. The point is, you can obey orders. What did you say his foreman's name was, Macklin?"

"Halldorson."

"Icelander, eh? Hm-hm. Probably holds his men pretty well under his thumb, then; most of 'em do. The Icelanders are the most conscientious workers the road's got."

He eyed the sectionman speculatively for a moment.

"Well, Svenson, so Halldorson told you not to let this man here get away from you, did he?"

The big Swede nodded his head slowly and pointed a thick finger at Macklin.

"Ay ban tol' ke'p that faller," he repeated.

"Quite so. Halldorson's your boss and

has a perfect right to give orders. Very good, indeed. But Svenson, supposing a man came along who was Halldorson's boss and told you that Halldorson had made a grave mistake and that you were to let this man go at once, instead of hanging onto him—what then? Tell him who I am, Macklin."

MACKLIN did so—at some length, with growing impatience. He told it once, rapidly; then repeated it more slowly and in simpler language. He went through it a third time with such a wealth of detail that, even allowing that the foreigner grasped but a fraction of it, there could be no question of his understanding the superior status of a railway president's private secretary as compared with the authority enjoyed by a mere section-foreman.

"Ay ban tol' ke'p you faller," reiterated Svenson doggedly.

Macklin turned away in disgust.

"You mean you're being ordered to let im go," corrected Pomeroy sharply.

"Ay ban tol'——"

"Svenson, d'you hear me? Stand aside t once and let that man out!"

There was authority in the tones. The wede ran his tongue along his lips and rinned stupidly.

"Stand aside, I tell you!"

The grin widened.

"By heaven! Svenson, if you don't ——!" The sudden coldness of the secretary's tones was eloquent of danger—bout as eloquent as the angry glint in his yes as he sighted along the barrel of the evolver. That he had reached the end his patience was beyond question.

SVENSON'S grin vanished. It was almost comical the way it vanished. His outh relaxed with the suddenness of retched elastic abruptly released. Without a word he strode solemnly over to acklin, laid a big hairy hand on the tter's shoulder and faced him toward e open door as if an order, enforced at e point of a gun, was one which could t possibly be obeyed too promptly.

But as he wheeled in behind with the parent purpose of shoving his prisoner rward to liberty, Svenson unexpectedly shed out with his right boot. The blow as well aimed. It knocked the revolver t of Pomeroy's hand with a force that nt the weapon against the opposite ards with a thump.

Macklin was yanked completely off his lance as the Swede plunged towards it. second powerful jerk lifted the prisoner ck onto his feet and a shove sent him ggering to a sitting posture alongside e disabled secretary. The thing was accomplished so easily, so quickly, that for a oment the only sound was of heavy eathing.

"Ay tank you not fale smart faller now, patcha!" growled Svenson from the orway. A half grin was dodging about e corners of his wide mouth as if uncertain whether or not to venture out from e sober determination that had seated elf all over his broad face.

To be Continued.





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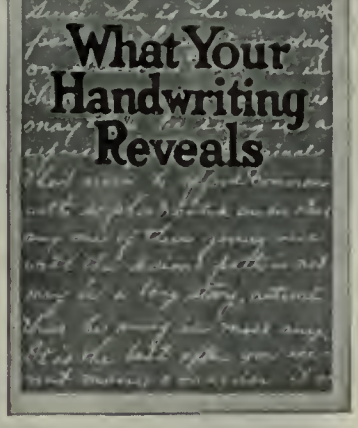
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Volume XXX DECEMBER, 1916 Number 2

Peaches *and* Lemons

A Word on National Policies After the War

By H. F. Gadsby

Who wrote "Conserving the Conservatives," "Ribbing Up the Liberal Party," etc.

Illustrated by Lou Skuce



Sir Thomas has introduced us to forty-seven varieties of taxes, and is said to have more up his sleeve.

Johnny took the one I wanted,
The best one on the tree.
Johnny took the one I wanted—
Make him give it back to me.
(Popular Song)

FOR many years after the war Canadian statesmen will walk thoughtfully in a grove of peaches and lemons. The peaches are the good policies, the lemons are the others. The proof is in the eating. If the fruit puckers the mouth it's a lemon.

It is not as easy as one might suppose—sorting peaches from lemons. For lemons, look you, are green at one stage and so are peaches—and so are statesmen. Likewise lemons turn yellow when they are ripe and so do peaches and so, sometimes, do statesmen. Moreover, a green statesman will sometimes pluck a yellow lemon or a yellow statesman will grab off a green peach. All of which makes choice confusing and results uncertain. Really there is no way of telling what one has picked except by trying it out.

This is what I mean when I say that Canadian statesmen will walk thoughtfully and carefully among the boscage, being heedful to pull down nothing that might start trouble. Remember what Eve did through not knowing that the apple she wished on Adam was a Northern Spy! And even at that our statesmen are going to have a hard time because it's all guess work anyway.

The poor fellows have only a blurred idea of what they are looking for. They have no absolute method of distinguishing peaches from lemons because they don't know what a peach is in the first place. It all depends on the angle—so they say. From this corner it's a peach, from that corner, it's — well, it's different. One statesman makes the good of the country his point of view, another the good of his party. Complications like these baffle decision. Without setting up as an authority on peaches and lemons, much less dogmatizing as to which are which, let me expound a few of the problems our Canadian statesmen will be called upon to solve in the near future.

FIRST on Sir Robert Borden's and Sir Wilfrid Laurier's list of pressing matters, as it is first on every sensible man's, is the financial question. The financial question is at the bottom of everything. Canada's financial question includes a current annual expenditure on public works and services of two hundred million dollars and up, pensions perhaps twenty million dollars, charges on a national debt of one billion dollars and the possible assumption of two billion dollars more if certain railways are nationalized and the alienated Crown lands repurchased for the benefit of new settlers. Calculators, the most modest, reckon on at least fifty million dollars a year additional taxation. Other calculators, not so modest, look forward to twice as much with as much more to follow not yet but soon.

At all events a lot of money. How is it to be raised? It must be raised some way because the lack of money is the root of as much evil as the love of it to a lusty young nation like Canada. How raise it then? Loans? Yes, some—the United States fairly itches to accommodate Canada at five per cent. and up—so do our own people. But taxes, mostly. What kind of taxes? All kinds. Sir Thomas has introduced us to forty-seven varieties and is said to have more up his sleeve. He has given us a liberal education and two years actual practice in most of the common or garden taxes and hasn't pulled his biggest stuff yet — income tax, land tax and such.

Sir Thomas has been a blessing in disguise. Finance used to be caviare to the general, taxation a great mystery. Now the humblest knows all about it. He has learned the lesson through his pocket. Sir Thomas's variegated taxes have been his teacher. Truly, as Solomon says, the heart leapeth to wisdom swifter than the understanding. To feel is to know and everybody has felt and is due to feel more.

Sir Thomas has struck the scales from our eyes. Ignorance can never be bliss again. This entitles him to a vote of thanks. For the first time since Confederation the people will take an intelligent interest in public affairs. The interest is intelligent because the people realize that they pay for it. They want to see how their money is spent. The more they are taxed the more they will look into it. Thus, the war has made a great benefactor of Sir Thomas White. His deft financing has endowed all and sundry with the knowledge of good and



You can take an awful lot away from a man by indirect taxation before his vacuum begins to hurt.

evil. We have seen the wheels going round and we won't lose track any more.

Sir Thomas has had to do a lot of plain and fancy borrowing lately, with the result that the subject is no longer the Sybilline book it was before the war jolted our wits free. Sir Thomas has been obliged to borrow so prodigiously that he might almost be spoken of as the man who put the "tick" in "politics." He has borrowed from the usual sources, from England, from the United States and from home. From home, moreover, in a very intimate sense — not so much from the banks, though they have had their share, as from the common people, from the millions of little savers, who will from now on have a stake in the country and a personal interest in its public affairs, which will grow in proportion as they invest in the other offerings which Sir Thomas makes from time to time.

IN due course the war loans will probably be followed by Dominion land bonds, and Dominion railway bonds, available in small denominations to the general purchaser. In this way Canada's national debts of one kind and another will become a source of profit to Canadian citizens, who thereafter will keep a close eye on the men who are handling their money. This should make for honest government. With so many five-per-cent. critics watching, Ottawa will need to be careful. Interest will beget interest, as it were. Viewed in this light our national debt which has the outward aspect of a lemon, may well turn out a peach of the most luscious quality—the mainstay of widows and orphans and such others as find safe nourishment in trustee funds.

Not only is the machinery of lending and borrowing apprehended as it never was before, but taxation is no longer a secret. Sir Thomas has taught Canada that lesson well. The lowest forehead understands now how it is done and where the money comes from. There are two ways of doing it—strong arm and painless extraction. The one is known as direct, the other as indirect taxation. Direct taxation is the hardest to take. Thanks to Sir Thomas the people of Canada understand the difference quite well now.

Until the war upset the old arrangements, Canada knew nothing of direct taxation—federal Canada, that is to say. The provinces had nibbled at it here and there, but federal Canada held it at arm's length. Ottawa statesmen treated it as a bogey. To be in sight of direct taxation was according to them to be in sight of the last calamity. They didn't want to look at it through their fingers. They didn't want anybody else to look at it either. Of course, there was a reason. The reason was that direct taxation is the only way that brings the taxpayer face to face with the two important facts, how much he pays and what he pays it for. Granted these two facts the chances are that he will take a competent interest in the third fact—what becomes of his money after he has forked it over. Experience shows that you can take an awful lot away from a man by means of indirect taxation before his vacuum begins to hurt.

THIS was our torpid frame of mind until the Parliaments of 1915-16, when Sir Thomas began to prod us with special taxes of direct impact on small things at first, like patent medicines and perfumery, but working up at the last to business and war profits—a rich vein by the way, which may have to stand further tapping. Direct taxation has worked well so far. It is capable of great extensions. Meanwhile the people have got used to it. On closer inspection it is not the lemon that it looks.

A high tariff, high as Haman's gallows and then some, is the supreme expression of indirect taxation. Tariffs, in the U.S. for instance, become so high that they smell that way. It is hard to see how the Canadian tariff could be made any higher without calling in the health officer. Sir Thomas, who knows what the tariff will stand, would hardly think of giving the poor thing another squeeze. One more twist would kill it. Its eyes bulge now, its breath comes in quick, short pants, and mortification has already set in in the Inland Revenue Department. Nothing more can be done with the tariff along the lines that have been followed so far. Another application of pressure and it won't be indirect taxation at all. It will be assault and battery, and the people will stop buying. Thus, at least, argue those who favor more direct forms of taxation.

Who is the genius that will convert our tariff into a scientific tariff which will develop our natural resources and at the same time protect the industries which spring from them? If Canada had a scientific tariff our nickel matte would not be going to the United States to be manufactured there for the aid and comfort of the Hun, our enemy. With a scientific tariff Canada would be manufacturing those things which she can manufacture cheapest and best, not fostering artificial industries or assisting waste and business incapacity. Something vital would inhere. There would be real growth, not mere tumescence.

THERE is talk now of a trade Zollverein of the Allies after the war, which may or may not come to pass. If it does it will be based on a comprehensive survey of resources. Statistics derived from such a wide trade area will look more like positive knowledge than the fragmentary stuff from which we draw our conclusions now. If such a thing as a scientific-tariff is ever possible it will only be so when the facts in hand approximate complete and final accuracy. But who is to operate on our Canadian tariff? Who is to wave the fairy wand which will cause it to bourgeon in such beauty that it will neither displease the manufacturer nor the ultimate consumer? Will it be Mr. Cockshutt or Mr. Kemp? I think not. It might be Sir George Foster—he began as a free trader—or A. K. Maclean—somebody at all events, not wedded to the old formulas.

Not that I am fond of tariffs. Indeed, my views lie the other way. Tariffs are like bailiffs—necessary nuisances—but if we must have a tariff for revenue I want it scientific enough to encourage our natural resources at the same time. If it did that I might consent to love it in spite of its faults. Of course, many people blame the tariff for the high cost of living and no doubt a forty per cent. tariff has something to do with the matter. Something but not everything. For instance, there is the tremendous drain of the armies in the field, the crop shortages and the price of labor. These things hang together. When the war ceases the economic waste stops, the workers are released again for their usual occupations, wages adjust themselves, and the cost of living comes down with a run.

Meanwhile a Government which can be blamed, according to one's mood, for everything from infantile paralysis to religious unbelief comes in for a certain amount of reproach for cherishing a forty per cent. tariff which makes a limited few rich and the multitude poor. However, it makes the farmer rich, too. Don't forget that. The farmer is not suffering. He gets his bit, not perhaps as big a bit as the shell profiteers, but a generous bit nevertheless. Forty-five cents a pound for butter, forty-five cents

a dozen for eggs — these are summer prices. Consequently the farmer is a factor in the high cost of living. Can you blame him? A forty per cent. tariff makes him pay dearly for everything he buys. What Government would have the nerve to say to him, "Buy high but sell low?" It can't be done.

THERE is no reason why the high cost of living, which is somewhat of a lemon for the Government in power, should not be made more palatable by intelligent treatment. For example, cold storage, which creates scarcity, prices and indigestion could be so regulated that it would be a real blessing instead of the curse it has become in the hands of the manipulators. For example, an egg which goes to jail for being fresh or some other trivial offence like that should be stamped with the date of its commitment so that when it comes out two years later, a pallid valetudinarian, full of resentment against human society, the purchaser might have some idea of what he was getting and make appropriate deductions. Moreover, the law should be relaxed so that those who can't afford butter may buy Oleo-Margarine—this being the quickest way to bring butter to reason.

Under such discipline the high cost of living would yield, at least in spots, and as time went by the breach could be widened. Moreover, the high cost of living would disappear if the dollar kept pace with commodity values. This ought to be a simple matter. There is a bureau in Ottawa which states from month to month the fluctuating status of the dollar. Why not place this bureau on the same footing as Old Probs and utilize its prognostications to slide wages up and down accordingly. As matters stand the men who sell the necessaries of life keep closer track of the shifting dollar than the men who buy, with the result that the workingman's wages are from six months to a year behind commodity values. It is this gap which makes the high cost of living. If wages went up or down synchronously with the commodity value of the dollar the high cost of living would pinch nobody.

As I said before, the Government should be able to regulate this, either by automatic adjustments between the wage scale and the purchasing value of the dollar or by fixing a comparatively rigid standard for the dollar. One thing is certain. If Canadian export trade is ever to amount to anything the dollar must be given a higher value than it has in Canada to-day.

Incidentally those who talk of social justice and a "living wage" for the worker, meaning thereby him who works with his hands, should not forget the chief victim of the high cost of living—the man on salary, the unlucky intellectual who works with his brain as a schoolteacher or a parson, or a bookkeeper, and is ill rewarded. He has no trade union to back him up. He cannot strike to improve his lot. Dull submission is his fate—a grinding between the upper and nether millstones. The humanitarians must not overlook him when they are recasting the scheme of things after the war. Who will strike off his chains?

THE financial question on its liability side takes in everything, as we have seen, from the nationalization of railways to cold storage. What are the assets? Taxes, taxes, more taxes. Taxes indirect like the tariff. Taxes direct—income tax, perhaps, and land tax, at least on agricultural land kept out of tillage. Critics have raised the objection that the Parliament of Canada has no right to impose an income tax, this being a perquisite of the provinces which sooth to say, take ample advantage of it. But the British North America Act is not like the laws of the Medes and Persians. It is a flexible instrument when need is. If it can be amended to extend the life of Parliament it can also be amended to enable Parliament to carry on the King's government by raising money where it is easiest found. A federal tax on incomes of three thousand dollars and upwards is not unlikely. This will probably be helped out by a land tax more or less adaptable in its scope. Somehow or other the till must be kept filled.

IF the federal Parliament imposes an income tax it will call the attention of the taxpayers to three outstanding and irritating facts—first, that three legislative bodies have the power to tax their incomes; second, that this is two too many; third, that there is too much government in this country anyway. If the federal Parliament imposes a land tax it will call the attention of the taxpayers to another important fact—namely, that the city is overtaxed and the country is undertaxed and that a certain amount of equalization is needed. For instance, the city man who is taxed one hundred dollars on a twenty-five foot frontage and perhaps another twenty-five dollars on an exiguous income which strains hard to make both ends meet, taxed simply because the assessor can get at him without trouble—such a man, I repeat, is likely to complain at the farmer who doesn't pay twenty-five dollars all told on his hundred acres.



There are too many knights in Canada—One can hardly put foot outdoors without tripping over them.

What is the answer? Well, the city man will say, "I can't take on any more burdens. Give it to him." And he will be right. The farmer has drawn his share and more lately, and there is no reason why he shouldn't pay his share, particularly now that there are all sorts of expensive schemes afoot to attract immigrants, increase production and make the countryside a heaven with hydro-radials, good roads, expert demonstrators, extensive lectures, community centres and such. In short, the time has arrived when the farmer will be expected to loosen up. *Quid pro quo* brother! It comes hard but you will feel better when you realize that you are doing your full duty as a citizen —that is to say, paying a fair return for what you get. All of which portends that farms will pay taxes bearing some reasonable relation to their value and that farm lands held out of cultivation for speculative purposes will pay considerably more.

This is what I meant when I spoke a paragraph ago of a land tax of adjustable scope. As the city man is soaked the limit already, some municipalities squeezing him as hard as thirty-five mills, he will probably escape further exactions. The federal Government will be like Robin Hood—it will not rob the poor because they have no money, but it will insist on an equitable division with those rich city corporations which overtax their victims and blow in the money. For example. Citizen "A" of Toronto pays one hundred and fifty dollars into the city treasury, of which fifty dollars is riotously misspent. Instead of worrying Citizen "A" with a federal tax on his real estate and his income, which are already well bled by the city, the Government will simply say to the City Treasurer, "Twenty-five dollars of that is ours"; and let it go at that.

This will be good for Toronto because it will mean seventeen per cent. less money to squander. It will be good for the Government which will levy a two million dollar ransom on the Queen City and other town and city ransoms in proportion — perhaps an aggregate of a hundred extra millions a year, enough to pay all the new charges. And it will be good for Citizen "A" who is used to being gouged and may thank God that it isn't any worse.

Moreover, this accumulation of taxes, these mingled threats of three separate and distinct taxing powers will inevitably direct the taxpayers' eyes to the dodgers; and new regulations may come into being. Judges, customs inspectors, Government officials, sacrosanct slackers of one kind and another will have to pay up like little men. The exemption list will be abolished. Churches and other religious clubs and institutions which are not polite enough now to clean

the snow from their sidewalks in return for the immunities they enjoy will contribute their just share and look pleased about it if they can. At first sight the average statesman may regard this movement as a lemon, but if he takes it up and pushes it along he will be surprised to find how popular it becomes. It is only another phase of equal rights, and equal duties; a policy which has made more than one Canadian statesman famous.

AMONG other things the financial question involves is economy. If Canada is to take over railways and alienated lands and pay for them on the easy instalment plan; if Canada is to treat her returned soldiers as well as they deserve, giving them pensions if they are disabled and lands or Government jobs if they are well and strong; if Canada is to import, personally conduct, locate, instruct and substantially assist with seed, stock, machinery, expert advice and rural credit, the new settlers of Anglo-Saxon blood who are to create business for the railways and ultimately develop into copious taxpayers, who will make charges on a national debt of one billion dollars look light as thirty cents; if Canada is to teach the workingman such skill of hand and eye as German artisans never knew; if Canada is to improve agriculture to the degree of an exact science, and garnish it with urban elegancies like cement roads, automobiles, electric lights, hot water heating, grand pianos and the higher criticism; if Canada is to spend such money on public works and services as befits her growth; if Canada is to have money for all these things and more, somebody will have to save somewhere.

And if Canada wants another trifle, say fifty million dollars a year, to lavish on the latest European novelties, such as old age pensions, unemployment insurance and motherhood subsidies, why then somebody must save that much more. Another bagatelle is Imperialism of the Lionel Curtis sort—contributions to the British Navy, some suitable easement of England's war debt, perhaps altogether forty millions a year. Lionel has another guess coming. It would be a brave statesman indeed who would toy with this lemon, or with that other one equally sour, union with the United States, the home of one hundred million free, brave people who are too proud to fight, but not too proud to make money out of it. The argument I have heard urged is that a billion dollars debt is a big load for little Canada to shoulder, but that an adult giant like Uncle Sam wouldn't feel it any more than a feather. I don't think much of the argument. I don't think any more of it than I do of Lionel Curtis' argument. For the next few years to come Canada is going to be very much occupied minding her own business and others are entitled to do the same.

ECONOMY will be the great watchword after the war. Until quite recently no Government, and no opposition for that matter, ever thought of economy as anything but an academic subject. The House of Commons regarded it as a topic of debate for full days—something *pour passer le temps*. It has been the custom on both sides of politics to deplore extravagance, but never to overtake it, to preach thrift and practise the opposite. The last thing a responsible Canadian statesman expected of economy when he came into power was that his words should be taken seriously and that he should be asked to work at it. In theory economy has always been a peach, in practice it has always been a lemon because it interfered with patronage and the judicious distribution of new post



The farmer is not suffering. He gets his bit.

offices, armories, and other public buildings which we really couldn't afford.

But the war has changed all that. Economy is going to be half the battle of reconstruction. The statesman or statesmen who take it up in earnest will make a great hit with the people. This country is bound to have economy for two good reasons — one because it will have no money to be profuse with, the other because the citizens of Canada, now largely bondholders of the national debt, will watch closely and insist on carefulness and thrift. They will not sanction any monkey tricks with their investment. They will help Ottawa to be honest by keeping a sharp eye on the public accounts.

Besides it is only a question of months until one party or the other gives us proportional representation. This sensible plan of election which gives the minority a square deal has hitherto been treated as a lemon by both parties because it interfered with their jerrmandering propensities, but the pressure of the times forces it upon them. Proportional representation will be a great blessing. There is nothing like a close majority to put a Government on its good behavior. Moreover, prohibition bids fair to spread and, no strong liquor being at hand to fuddle with, a clear-eyed people, in a more or less irritable frame of mind due to abstinence, will slake to the full the only thirst the law has left them—the thirst for full and complete information in regard to our public affairs. This will also tend to keep things checked up.

Economy will take shape first as a retrenchment of expenditure on public works. Canoe-canals, sawdust wharves and other superfluities will be cut out. The Minister of Public Works, heretofore chosen for his skill in human nature, will cease to be known as the horn of plenty. He will have a hard heart and a gift of pinching pennies. Indeed, his office may be abolished altogther. Why shouldn't each department look after its own public works? Retrenchment may even go the length of calling in efficiency experts to recast the Civil Service, inside and outside, with a view to preventing overlapping of departments and weeding out redundant employees.

As matters stand there are departments at Ottawa right now overstaffed to a degree where three men are drawing pay for half a man's work. Economy will tackle this wasteful system of patronage — appointments will be on merit plus an examination. Professor Shortt, chairman of the Civil Service Commission, is the very thing the doctor ordered. He is strong on examinations and he can always make the examinations stronger if necessary. There is nothing like a good stiff examination to keep the crowd back. Economy is bound to regard Professor Shortt as an automatic and highly effective safety clutch.

HAVING wreaked its first fine careless rapture on the waste under its immediate eye at Ottawa, economy may well take a wider ranger. It may eventually grasp the idea that Canada has too much and too expensive Government for a country of eight million people and that a little amalgamating would be a wise thing. We have in this be-governed land of ours ten Parliaments, eight hundred and forty legislators costing two million dollars a year in sessional indemnities and nine Lieutenant-Governors drawing $6,000 a year, up—mostly up—for doing nothing, or, well, nearly nothing. If France has multiplied authorities as we have, no wonder Premier Briand speaks of centralizing after the war. The three Maritime Provinces, numbering less than half the population of Ontario, have three separate legislatures, three Lieutenant-Governors, and one hundred and thirty-seven M.P.P.'s, which is ten more than Ontario can boast. The Maritime Provinces ought to get together and save money. Why, the Lieutenat-Governor of little Prince Edward Island costs almost as much as the entire legislature.

Continued on page 90

The Ballad of Jean Desprez

By Robert W. Service

Author of "Songs of a Sourdough," "The Haggis of Private McPhee," "The Man from Athabaska," etc.

Oh, ye whose hearts are resonant, and ring to War's romance,
Hear ye the story of a boy, a peasant boy of France;
A lad uncouth and warped with toil, yet who when trial came,
Could feel within his soul upleap and soar the sacred flame;
Could stand upright, and scorn and smite as only heroes may:
Oh, listen and I'll try to tell the tale of Jean Desprez.

* * * *

With fire and sword the Teuton horde was ravaging the land,
And there was darkness and despair, grim death on every hand;
Red fields of slaughter sloping down to ruin's black abyss.
The wolves of war ran evil-fanged—Oh, little did they miss!
And on they came with fear and flame to burn and loot and slay,
Until they reached the red-roofed croft, the home of Jean Desprez.

* * * *

"Rout out the village, one and all!" the Uhlan Captain said;
"Some unseen hand has fired a shot—my trumpeter is dead.
Now shall they Prussian vengeance feel; now shall they rue this day.
For by this sacred German slain ten of these dogs shall pay."
They drove the cowering peasants forth, woman and babes and men,
And from the last, with fiendish joy, the Captain chose he ten;
Ten simple peasants bowed with toil, they stood, they knew not why,
Against the grey wall of the church, hearing their children cry;
Hearing their wives and mothers wail, with faces dazed they stood;
A moment only—*Ready! Fire!* They weltered in their blood.

* * * *

But there was one who watched the crime, who heard the frenzied cries,
Who saw these men in sabots fall before their children's eyes;
A zouave wounded in a ditch, and knowing death was nigh,
He laughed with joy: "Ah! here is where I settle ere I die."
He clutched his rifle once again, and long he aimed and well—
A shot! Beside his victims ten the Uhlan Captain fell.

* * * *

They dragged the wounded zouave out; their rage was like a flame;
With bayonets they pinned him down until their Major came.
A big, full-blooded man he was, and arrogant of eye;
He stared to see with shattered skull his favorite Captain lie.
"Nay, do not finish him so quick, this foreign swine!" he cried;
"Go, nail him to the big church door—he shall be crucified."

* * * *

With bayonets through hands and feet they nailed the zouave there,
And there was anguish in his cry, and horror in his stare.
"Water! A single drop!" he moaned; but how they jeered at him,
And mocked him with an empty cup, and saw his eye grow dim;
And, as in agony of death his lips with blood were wet,
The Prussian Major jeered at him, and lit a cigarette.
But mid the white-faced villagers who cowered in horror by,
Was one who saw the woeful sight, who heard the piteous cry:
"Water! For love of Christ who died! One little drop, I pray"—
It was the little Jean Desprez who turned and stole away;
It was the little bare-foot boy who came with cup a-brim,
And walked up to the dying man, and gave the drink to him.

* * * *

A roar of rage! They seize the boy; they tear him fast away.
The sneering Major swings around—no longer is he gay.
His teeth are wolfishly a-gleam, his face a-flame with spite:
"Quick! Shoot the brat," he snarls, "that dare defy our Prussian might.
Yet hold! I have another thought. I'll kindly be, and spare:
Go, give the lad a rifle charged, and stand him point-blank there,
And bid him shoot, and shoot to kill. Quick! Make him understand.
The dying dog he fain would save shall perish by his hand;
And all his kindred they shall see, and all shall curse his name,
Who bought his life at such a cost, the price of death and shame."

* * * *

They brought the boy, half stunned with blows; they made him understand;
They stood him by the dying man, a rifle in his hand.
"Make haste," said they. "The time is short, and you must kill or die."
The Major puffed his cigarette, amusement in his eye.
And then the dying zouave heard, and raised his woful head:
"Shoot, son, it will be best for both; shoot straight and swift," he said;
"Aim at my heart; fire first and last, for lost to hope am I,
And I will murmur; 'Vive la France!' and bless you as I die."

* * * *

With eyes a-stare the boy stood there; he seemed to swoon and sway;
Yet in that moment's anguish woke the soul of Jean Desprez.
He saw the woods go sheening down, the larks were singing clear;
Oh, how the sights and sounds of Spring were suddenly so dear!
He felt the scent of new-mown hay, a soft breeze fanned his brow;
Oh, God! The paths of peace and toil, how precious were they now!
The summer days and summer ways, so bright with hope and bliss,
The Autumn such a dream of gold—and it must end in this—
This shining rifle in his hand, and shambles all around,
The zouave there with dying glare, the blood that slaked the ground,
The brutal faces round him ringed, the evil eyes a-flame,
That Prussian bully lounging by as if he watched a game.
"Make haste and shoot," the Major sneered; "A minute more I give;
A minute more to kill your friend if you yourself would live."

* * * *

They only saw a bare-foot boy, with white and twitching face;
They did not see his heart a-flame with the glory of his race;
The glory of a myriad men who for fair France have died,
The glory of self-sacrifice that will not be denied.
Yet he was but a peasant lad, and oh, life was so sweet!
"Your minute's nearly gone, my boy," he heard a voice repeat;
"Oh, shoot," the dying zouave moaned. "Shoot! Shoot!" the soldiers said:
Then Jean Desprez reached out and shot—*the Prussian Major dead.*

The Soul of Nanook

By Alan Sullivan

Author of "Blantyre Alien," "Oul-i-But," etc.

Illustrated by J. W. Beatty

WHEN Ephraim Battersby went north, his anaemic body was supercharged with goodwill. It survived the disappearance of the smiling fields of Ontario and even the gradual transmutation of city dweller into farmer, farmer into prospector, prospector into trader, trader into Indian and finally from Indian into the rotund and oleaginous Husky of Whale River. From which it may be safely assumed that Battersby's heart was in the right place. Being a missionary, he was also human, and by the time the east coast of Hudson Bay was locked tight in the death grip of winter, he confessed to recurrent comparisons between a radiator-heated room in a certain theological college and the somewhat odoriferous corner assigned to him in the rough-hewn habitation of a Whale River fur trader.

It was not only that the whole place was redolent of raw, if precious, fur, soggy sealskin boots, fish, and the unnameable odors of the brown-skinned people who were his own particular charge, but the food, as well, was something from which the walls of his stomach had already begun to shrink. Green bacon is the salvation of the north. But Ephraim Battersby failed to find in it that for which his system yearned with a crepuscular tingling, and of late he had been forced into the grudging admission that north of the fifty-fifth parallel the stomach acquires a strategical importance undreamed of in warmer latitudes.

FOR all of this Ephraim Battersby was proud to be a missionary. The very thought of it invariably sent a glow into his thin, wistful face, and a pulse of determination throbbed in the lean and angular body that so desperately lacked the comforting and protective tissues which nature provides for those with whom she loves to battle on the roof of the world. He was, in short, of the stuff of which martyrs are made.

Within a few miles of the Post clustered the shining roofs of a group of igloos, where lived a band of nomad Huskies. In summer time they travelled far in kayack and komatick, the latter being the great, skin boat in which the women voyage, and even journeyed in majestic deliberation on drifting fields of ice that, borne by deep sea currents, slid slowly along the interminable coast. But in winter, as often as not, they lived on the bleak shore through which Whale River finds its way to the wind-whipped waters of Hudson Bay. The first time Ephraim Battersby had seen the igloos, and they were the first he had ever seen, he was filled with romantic delight. It was all working out just as he expected. The books he had read, the tales he had heard, the pictures he had seen, were here reproduced to the very life. But when he got down on hands and knees and crawled into the somewhat aristocratic dwelling of Nanook, the Bear, he experienced a violent revulsion. Nanook himself was seated on a block of snow, chewing stolidly at a long strip of blubber which fell, pendant and quivering between his knees. On other blocks the same occupation was being steadily pursued by two women, one considerably older than the other, and it was only with a supreme effort that Ephraim conquered an ejaculation of disgust, which, by the way, would have ruined his professional chances, when Nanook with a grunt and a smile of greasy affability extended a fourth strip to the visitor. He was prepared to suffer, but not in this manner. For the rest of it, the air was thick, and tainted not only with the rancid smell of the blubber, but also with the indescribable emanations of three unwashed and brown-skinned bodies. Ephraim Battersby recoiled and breathed deeply, but in the next moment decided that to breathe deeply might, for the present, be safely postponed.

A WEEK later, however, his physical education had so progressed that he could enter an igloo without wincing, and emerge an hour later with a mere sense of thankfulness for fresh air. This, to say the least of it, was a triumph; but added to it was the feeling that between himself and Nanook there had been established a distinct cordiality. Battersby was wise enough not to talk to a hungry man, whereby it will be seen that he had absorbed one great lesson of the North. And with a good deal of tactical skill his visits had begun to coincide with the arrival of fresh meat from the sealing grounds in the offing. By now, through the aid of an excellent interpreter, the thin edge of the clerical wedge that would separate Nanook from paganism was being delicately introduced.

As time went on he got glimpses, more and more frequent, of the amazing simplicity of the mind with which he grappled. It was educative, he admitted, to realize that here was a man, primal beyond belief, one to whom wind, weather, ice and food were the determining factors of life, and who attacked all subjects but these with a naked and unadorned simplicity that, as often as not, cut the ground from beneath Ephraim Battersby's feet and left him groping for some new and more atavisitic method of approach. Ultimately the time came when Nanook was sufficiently aroused for him to question on his own account, and it was a bitter day in December, when the radiator-heated room was pictured with unusual distinctness in the mind of Battersby, that the squat and black-eyed hunter stared straight into his face and asked why he had come so far for the mere purpose of talking.

"You do not hunt or fish," he went on reflectively, "nor have you any wife, nor house, nor rifle. I do not understand."

BATTERSBY'S heart leaped within him, for this was the moment toward which he had yearned. "I came," he answered thankfully, "to tell you something that will make you happy, just as it has made so many people happy all over the world."

"But still I do not understand. And also I did not ask to know."

"It is to save your soul," put in Battersby quickly. There was a moment during which the interpreter made strange noises in his throat.

"My soul," said Nanook. "What is that?"

Battersby wondered swiftly just how the interpreter had put it. He himself admitted the difficulty, then inspiration came in a flash. "Your soul is the part of you that does not die."

At that Nanook nodded vigorously. "Now I understand, but what have you to do with that? It is all arranged. When I get sick and am about to die, the tribe will build me a fine new igloo out on the ice, and put skins in it, and food, and fishing lines; and there will be a feast, and after the feast my friends will say goodbye and seal up the igloo tight and put a walrus tusk on top to show that it is the place of death. After that they will go away until my spirit has departed. And as for me, I shall fish for a little while, and eat and sleep, and by and by I shall die and wake up again in a place where there is good hunting and much food and where my friends are waiting for me."

Nanook paused as though in satisfied contemplation of such a programme. Finally he glanced curiously at Battersby's watery eyes. "You do not want me to do anything else, do you?"

THE missionary pondered. He had, it appeared, undertaken to upset a point of view to which Nanook and those like him looked placidly forward through all their arduous lives. It occurred to him, presently, that if, in some kindly and simple fashion, he could introduce into this primordial mind the hunger for something even better than these happy hunting grounds, it would be good tactics. There moved somewhere in his memory an admonition, he wondered if it were not St. Paul's, that one must not destroy a man's faith unless one were sure of replacing it with something better.

"Are you certain your friends will be there?" he asked tentatively.

Nanook stuck out a heavy jaw. "If they are not, then they too are mistaken

and they are somewhere else, and that is where I would go myself."

Very patiently, and with infinite kindness, Ephraim Battersby explained in monosyllabic words how it was that a man's actions in this life bore so great a relation to the other life that was to come. He went over this two or three times, glancing frequently into the black orbs that moved so smoothly in their narrow sockets. "This," he concluded, "is the message that I am sent to give you."

"But," said Nanook, questioningly, "what can I do that I am not doing?"

"Be always honest and truthful. And," he added in a burst of enthusiasm, "be good to your wife."

At this Nanook learned forward. "To which wife?"

"You have two?" said Battersby, startled.

Nanook nodded with a touch of pride. "Yes, I am a rich man, but——" he hesitated and went on slowly—"there is something in what you say. It is hard to be kind to two wives. Cunayou, the Sculpin, is old and she talks too much. There are many nights when she talks all night. It would be easier to be kind to the young one."

The spirit of Battersby rose in instant protest. "You must let one go at once."

"I am very willing," said Nanook, "and have asked Cunayou many times to go. The trouble is she will not go. But if"—here he paused again and a smile settled on his broad thick lips—"but if you can say words to Cunayou that will make her go, I will believe what you say about the part of me that does not die."



The door opened and Kanahluk stepped stolidly in. "There is trouble," he said, with an angry look at Nanook.

THAT night Ephraim Battersby lay sleepless for hours. However he might retrace his college course, there was no fraction of it to be found applicable to this most recent phase of his missionary efforts. He began to wonder whether, in the gradual steps that had armed him for the conflict of creed and the disputations of the theologian, there had been strangely omitted some simple and fundamental element, which, had he grasped it, would have invested him with the ability to meet the brown people of the North as now he saw they must be met. The church history with which he was saturated was no use here. Church government was, in every debatable phase, remote from the shores of Hudson Bay. If, instead of being a keen doctrinarian, imbued by some queer twist of temperament with the missionary spirit, he had been a sound-bodied, strong-legged, disciple of the truth, with a smattering of medical knowledge and an inherent love for the out of doors, it would not be so difficult to establish with Nanook a physical, if sporting, comradeship out of which great things might grow. He began to perceive that, in order to deal with elemental minds, one must reflect an understanding of elemental life, and that just so long as his arms were weak and his eyes watery and he was helpless to do the least of the things which Nanook had done from childhood, there might yawn between them a gulf which no endeavor could ever bridge. But just as this was burdening his spirit there came to him, as there comes at times to all brave and lonely souls, the abiding faith that, in the ultimate, it is part of the Divine scheme that the invisible things are those which in the end must triumph and that it is not revealed to the soul of any man just where or how he has either failed or succeeded.

IT was at noon next day that Nanook reappeared, his eyes unusually merry, his flat face wreathed into an oily grin. "It is well, and my friend is a wise man. Last night I had much thought. It was hard to think, because Cunayou would not stop talking, but after a while I told her that she must go to her brother Kanahluk, the Rain."

Ephraim Battersby flushed happily. "Im glad you did that, very glad."

A reminiscent shadow dawned in Nanook's gaze. "But it was not easy. Cunayou got very angry and said she would not go, so I put her out. It is hard," he added, "to push an angry old woman through the tunnel of an igloo without hurting her, and she scratched my neck, here." He turned back his fur hood and shewed the marks of long, claw-like nails. "But after a while, having said many things, she went across to the igloo of her brother Kanahluk, and there, too, I heard much talking." He glanced cheerfully at Battersby's brick-red face. "And now I would see the pictures of which you spoke."

Ephraim drew a long breath and turned with relief to a pile of papers which had been thrust into his dunnage bag during his last few moments in civilization. In recent months they had taken on a new and precious meaning. By now he had most of them by heart, for in the wilderness that which is in print has a significance not dreamed of in the haunts of men. On top of the pile was a copy of the London *Graphic*. He was conscious

of a curious pride of possession as he picked it up. Opening it at random there lay before Nanook's narrow eyes a double page drawing of a notable engagement on the British front.

FOR a long time the round-faced hunter stared at it in silence till his strong short forefinger went out and he began touching figure after figure, each of them locked in desperate struggle. Battersby noted anxiously that wherever the finger touched there was left a small, round, greasy patch.

"What is it?" said Nanook wonderingly.

"It is a battle—a big fight, many, many miles away."

"They are all white men that fight?"

"Yes, all of them."

Nanook paused for a moment. "But why do they fight?"

"Because," said Battersby hesitatingly, "they are fighting—that is," he added hastily, "our men are fighting, for good things." He wondered for a moment whether in the Husky language there was a word for "the ideal," or even for "freedom." But something about Nanook told him there was not.

"Then the other men are bad men?" said the hunter thoughtfully.

"No," admitted the missionary, "they are not all bad. But why did you ask?"

"Then good men are fighting with good men?" persisted Nanook with a queer note in his voice.

"I am afraid that sometimes good men do fight with good men." Battersby had an inward admonition that here of all places in the world he must stick rigidly to the truth.

"You told me last night," continued Nanook dubiously, "that I must be good and not fight, and now you show me a picture of good white men killing each other. I do not understand. Those men who are on the ground, are they all dead?"

Battersby gulped at a lump in his throat. "Yes, I am afraid so."

"Then there are more people killed in this place in one day than on Hudson's Bay in a hundred winters," said the Husky sturdily.

EPHRAIM BATTERSBY'S weak eyes grew more watery than ever while he assailed the interpreter with explanations, but somehow he seemed to get no further. Then Nanook began to talk and there came back from him in broken English the fact that the men of the Husky tribes did not fight like these white men on the paper, but that only for a good cause, such as theft of woman or dogs or food, did they battle. Even while he spoke it seemed that he was visibly sliding back into the depths of the paganism from which Battersby had so arduously labored to pluck him. The missionary, blaming himself bitterly, felt again caught up in a storm of personal doubt. Had he come here, he wondered, to escape the greater battlefield? Was Nanook, pagan though he might be, better off in his ignorance than with the jumbled medley of things contradictory and utterly beyond comprehension? Had destiny designed him as a sort of human outpost, thrust by civilization against the terrors of the Arctic, wresting a precarious existence from sea and plain, blessedly oblivious of the harassment of doubt and the essential meaning of sin, and slipping at the last, untutored and unafraid, into the mysterious womb of the North? Who was he, Battersby now asked himself, to trouble the profound depths of this man's untamed but unquestioning spirit? His mental horizon was growing dark when the door opened and Kanahluk, the brother of Cunayou, stepped stolidly in.

"There is trouble," he said with an angry glance at Nanook. "Much trouble, and I would talk with this man."

Nanook gurgled contentedly. "I think I know what is the matter. You have not slept well, but it is nothing. I did not sleep for many nights."

"You are a fool." Kanahluk's voice rose angrily. "And you know that no man can sleep while Cunayou talks. I have come now to tell you that you must take her back."

Nanook shrugged his broad shoulders. "I cannot take her back. The white man has told me that I must only have one wife. If there is not enough food I have plenty of seal meat and will give you some."

"It is not the stomach of Cunayou, but my own ears of which I think," snapped Kanahluk hotly. 'And you have listened to her so long that you are used to it. As for me I will not listen to it any longer."

"Once again," came back Nanook, "I'm sorry, but——" he broke off with a baffling glance at Ephraim Battersby.

"Your sorrow will not stop Cunayou's tongue." Kanahluk's eyes grew hard and his hand stole toward his long knife. "Come! let us settle it."

A MIST rose before Battersby's gaze, through which he heard Nanook grunt in placid acquiescence. The door opened again and the two hunters rolled silently out. He stood for a moment divided between physical dread and a ghastly sense of personal failure. However well meant, consistent and even prayerful had been his efforts, they now resulted only in the preparation by two pagans to fight to the death. It seemed that his own life, with all its training, self sacrifice, good intentions and wistful faith, had been a mockery. Suddenly there arose in his brain a fierce and elemental protest. These men should not fight. If he himself did nothing else but prevent that which he had so unwillingly caused, there might even in this be something of service and value. His heart began to beat violently and he dashed out.

At a little distance, on the packed snow, stood the hunters. On one side was the interpreter, tense with interest. The long knives were bare and each man crouched, springing gently on his toes. Even as Battersby looked, Kanahluk lunged and Nanook stepping swiftly sidewise, launched an answering stroke. There was a glitter of wicked steel that found no mark, and again the squat figures turned to the attack.

AT this moment Battersby sprang forward and caught at the tall man's lifted arm. Simultaneously his shoulder hurled itself in front of Nanook's advancing weapon. There darted through him a sharp stinging pain, in the midst of which he caught a hoarse shout of astonishment. Then the two figures seemed to come very close to him and fade away in the most mysterious fashion possible. It seemed to be centuries later that a great roaring sounded in his ears and he returned to consciousness in his own bunk, while the Scotch trader leaned over him anxiously and assured him with impressive earnestness that there was no particular damage done.

"Ye ken," he said gruffly, "that naebody but a pairfect fule would step in betune twa quarreling Huskies. Man alive! They're like the dogs they drive, and juist as quarrelsome. It's twenty years now that I've been in the North and if I've lairned onything it's to let these folk alone to settle their ain deeficulties. Old Nanook did'na mean to hurt ye and he's juist breaking his brown heart over it the noo. 'Tis naething but a scrape along your ribs and a week fra noo will see ye on your legs again."

And with that he tramped off to concoct a comforting mixture not usually found in theological colleges.

AS it happened the trader was right, for such is the amazing purity of the northern atmosphere that wounds heal with incredible swiftness. In three days Battersby was on his feet, and just a week later he essayed an uncertain walk toward the group of igloos round which the snow was now deeper than ever. In this wavering progress there dawned in his mind the conception that in some curious way he had come nearer to his heart's desire. Nanook, so far as he knew, was still pagan, and indeed, as Battersby was forced to admit, there was every reason for it; but it appeared, nevertheless, that in the past week Battersby himself had achieved some undecipherable spiritual advance. The only thing he could make out of it was that he had suffered, and that perhaps in his suffering had paid just a fraction of some price which he was meant to pay, the remainder of which was still to be discharged.

As he puzzled over this there loomed through the lightly falling snow the short figure of Nanook, and at the sight of him a faint thrill stirred in Ephraim Battersby's breast.

"There is something," said the hunter, "that for many days has laid on my mind like a stone on the stomach. Many things have been told me that I do not understand, but perhaps it is because I am not a white man. There is one thing, however, that I do understand, and that is a brave man. When you ran between me and Kanahluk, you ran very near death, but you did not care. I used to think that because you were not strong you were not therefore brave, but now I see that I was wrong. So I was coming to tell you that perhaps also you were right when you told me about the part of me that did not die, and I am ready to do what you say. I have spoken also to others and they

too will listen when you talk." And with that Nanook turned on his heel and strode off toward the land ice where the rounded domes of the igloos shone luminous in the pale arctic light.

BATTERSBY stared after him, his lips moving inaudibly. Far in the north there glowed and glistened a great shimmering curtain of flame through which waves of tender and exquisite colors palpitated with ever changing beauty. Watching it, he seemed to find in its mysterious radiance a semblance to an ineffable something which now gleamed in his own spirit. Not to be understood of men, it hung high in the heavens, touching the widespread desolation of this wilderness into an unearthly beauty, just as that great and more tender Light had illumined the lonely places of his own soul. A month ago he had asked himself whether Providence had really intended that he should sacrifice training and education in order to wrestle with pagan minds on the roof of the world, but now he asked himself, in a depth of humility, whether he was worthy even for this.

Slowly, and still plunged in profound thought, he toiled back to the Post. The trader was hanging a young spruce tree from the rough-hewn roof of the store. Stepping back, he regarded it with critical and approving eyes, till, opening a drawer, he took out a few small candles and fastened them one by one to the thick, green branches. At the sight of him Ephraim Battersby caught his breath.

"You don't mean to say——" He broke off, while a new warmth glowed within him.

"Man," said the trader quizzically, "you're the first missionary that I ever saw get so far astray in the calendar."

Vision and Opportunity

How Canadian Industrial Captains Have Won Success

By William Byron



Success has come only where absolute thoroughness has been the rule.

CANADA being young, so young in fact, that her largest industrial corporations are still rather generally regarded as "infant industries," has had to depend for manufacturing development on a rare quality of leadership. It takes big men — big in every way, mentally, morally, physically — to build an industry up to large proportions in the face of the handicaps invariably encountered in a young and growing country; handicaps that arise out of the scattered population served, the relatively limited field and high manufacturing costs and the high horsepower concentrated competition it is necessary to meet.

Canada has had her full share, luckily, of men of this calibre; and, as a result, her industries have grown rapidly. The growth of a large industry is a spectacular event. Like a snowball rolling down hill, it gathers momentum as it goes, branching out into new lines, amalgamating, absorbing competitors, developing new resources and creating new markets, until it becomes a many-million-dollar corporation, with huge plants here, there and yonder, owning and operating special sources of supply—perhaps, even controlling a railroad or two, or a steamship line. And when the consummation of such a modern miracle as this has been witnessed it can be taken for granted that back of it all, back of the big opportunity that made it possible, back of the negotiations and the long business battles, was a personality—a driving force, a brain, that wrought the miracle. Canada has a number of such industries; and, it follows, a number of such personalities.

Perhaps the most vital, certainly the most interesting, question that can be raised, therefore, is a discussion of the qualities that make for success in the industrial world. Why is it that a few men carry the concerns they control to dizzy peaks of power and profit? To what qualities can their remarkable successes be ascribed?

NOT so many years ago there were two large carriage companies situated in close-by towns, which enjoyed a healthy rivalry in the creation of dividends out of neat buggies with stripped spokes, and more plebeian carts for farm traffic. The president of A—— Company was a business man *par excellence*—a hard worker, a nailer at driving a bargain, and an excellent salesman. When the automobile began to develop from the first asthmatic, intractable gasoline gig to a machine that would actually run with regularity, the president of A—— Company viewed the new development with equanimity and refused to see any threat to the carriage business.

"Hurt us?" he scoffed. "People will be riding in buggies when these contraptions have been put back to where they belong—as playthings for freaks and the idle rich!"

The president of B—— Company was perhaps not so obviously a good business man as his more dynamic rival. He hadn't the same sharp and decisive air, he couldn't make up his mind as quickly or drive quite as shrewd a bargain. He had, in fact, a rather studious bent and took an interest in matters of scientific research. It was perhaps natural that he became a close student of the development of the automobile. When the automobile began to shape up as one of the greatest factors in the industrial world, the president of B—— Company lost no time in adapting his organization to new conditions. He effected an arrangement with an American motor car concern, converted part of his plant and went into the manufacture of autos. Out of this humble start grew a large and prosper-

ous industry with a future that, in a prospectus at least, could be termed boundless.

The plant of A—— Company still operated—though not always full time. The old president is still at the helm, as keen, as brisk, as businesslike as ever. He is still thought to be one of the best business men the country has produced; although his output has shrunk and, alas, his earnings are less plethoric than of yore. This, they say, is due entirely to circumstances, to the whirlgig progress of civilization which is always bringing something new to the fore. There is B——Company, of course—but that was sheer luck—a gamble that turned out well!

The one man had *Vision*, the other hadn't.

The business man who makes a big success, particularly in a young and growing country, must possess vision above everything else. He must be able to see far enough ahead to anticipate, to plan for a day when conditions will be different and opportunities broader. If vision had not gone hand in hand with politics, there would be no glittering bands of steel from coast to coast to-day—and no West worth mentioning. If Vision had not plucked the rubber bands from cautious capital, we would still be dependent on the outside world for our steel, and reading the names of foreign manufacturers on our kitchen ranges and sugar barrels. It has required Vision to develop Canada industrially; and it still requires it. Our captains of indutsry are all men who have that remarkable combination of qualities, foresight with horse sense.

IT is one thing to be able to sense opportunity; it is another thing to be able, as the saying is, to "put it across." The man who builds a manufacturing venture to gigantic proportions must have the power to shape the present with a view to the future and to overcome the obstacles which invariably arise when anything but present considerations are regarded. In the dynamic vocabulary of present-day business, this quality is known as "driving force."

It would be possible to dip into the annals of Canadian industry and bring forth many cases where expansion was due to the determination of the head to build for the future in spite of associates who lacked his vision, and stockholders who preferred a comfortable dividend in the hand to a fabulous yield in the bush. There was C——, for instance, a millionaire now, and looked up to as a regular Moses of manufacture, who used his control of a medium-sized plant to sink back profits into expansion schemes despite the frantic threats of his minority stockholders. Few were the dividend sops that he administered during the fifteen years that elapsed between the time when he assumed control and the rather momentous day when he signed himself president of an amalgamated venture that has proven wonderfully successful. His old stockholders, clipping fatter coupons than they had thought possible, to-day regard C——as the marvel of the steel age. But if he had lacked an ounce of his "driving power," they would have dragged him down to small dividend-making mediocrity.

IT CAN be laid down as a rule that Canada's captains of industry are men with rare vision and great driving force. In those respects they are all alike; in other matters, of course, they differ widely. Some are quiet and unobtrusive, others are always in the limelight. Some believe in sedulous attention to detail, others are not often at their offices. Some are cool, unemotional, others excitable and nervous; some are genial, others gruff.

Behind the peculiarities and variations of personality, again are found certain qualities, however, which are necessary for success. The president of the largest publishing house in Canada spends long hours at his desk, reading reports, signing vouchers, attending conferences, immersing himself in the multifarious interests of the business. The head of one of the large steel concerns keeps comparatively short hours at the office and sees few people. Nevertheless, he keeps very closely in touch with results, leaving methods to his department managers. The result in both cases is practically the same, however. Both men keep their fingers on the pulse of the business, the one by infusing his personality into it, the other through his department heads. Both are thorough in their way.

It is probable that there are more successful men in Canada who follow the first method than the second. The difficulties that accompany growth are such that the active touch of the guiding hand is needed. Certainly no concern has prospered and expanded in Canada where the head did not keep in touch with its affairs. Thoroughness has been, and still is, an absolute essential.

IT is sometimes averred that Canadian business men are too unapproachable, that they barricade themselves behind closed doors and have at least one watchful Cerberus to fend off the obtrusive visitor. It may be that the necessity for concentration on the problems of successful expansion in a country on the flank of such a powerful and ambitious commercial rival as the United States does not permit our industrial heads to give much time to visitors. There are exceptions, of course. One of the best known of Canadian industrial captains, a knight, a hobbyist, and a plunger all in one, maintains an open and amiable front, is on easy terms with his associates and calls members of his sales force by their first names. Most of the "big fellows," the opinion quoted to the contrary, are quite accessible when the occasion warrants, are quite lacking in ostentation and are less mandatory and brusque than most men in minor positions. It is noteworthy, in fact, that "side" and success seldom go together. It is a fact that the big man can always be reached provided that it can be shown that the matter in hand warrants it—no fuss, or feathers, no pomp.

This, then, is another quality that the big men have in common, an unsullied viewpoint, a sense of fairness and perspective untouched by success.

FINALLY, and most important of all, our industrial giants are men of rectitude. Their tastes and habits are, in a more or less degree, Spartan-like and rigid. It can be stated as a fact that the prohibition movement has the hearty endorsation of practically all manufacturers; for, personal views aside, they realize that abstinence means more efficiency on the part of their employees. The same principle definitely lines them up on the side of right living in every essential. Good business can only be done with good living back of it. A man with the burdens and responsibilities of a big plant needs to be able to think clear; and clear thinking seldom goes with excesses of any kind.

It is possible to pick out a number of men from the list of notable successes who lead more or less dissipated lives, who seek their relaxation amid the bright lights and rally round the flagon on every occasion; but for every one such it is possible to point to a dozen who keep regular hours, drink seldom, if at all, and eat sparingly. Many, in fact, keep themselves as rigidly in training for business as the athlete does for his track work and the pugilist for his next bout. They have to; for the outstanding success in business must be sound physically and possess well trained powers of endurance.

What has been said has been applied directly to the biggest men in Canadian industry. It is true also, however, of the great mass of busines men from amongst whom will rise the coming giants of Canadian industry. The eyes of the man in business must be fixed on those who occupy the topmost rungs, for it is by modeling himself on them that he will be able to climb to eminence beside them.

A SERIAL BY SIR GILBERT PARKER

In the next issue a splendid new serial story by Sir Gilbert Parker will start. It is a typical Parker story, laid in his familiar Askatoon and bringing in the Young Doctor, Father Roche, the MacMahon's and other familiar Askatoon characters. Watch for the next number.

Abdul Aziz Has His

The Adventures of a Canadian Professor in the Yildiz Kiosk

By Stephen Leacock

Author of "Sunshine Sketches of a Small Town," "Literary Lapses," etc.

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys



None of the rude Turkish soldiers had offered to lay a hand on me.

"COME, come, Abdul," I said, putting my hand, not unkindly on his shoulder, "tell me all about it."

But he only broke out into renewed sobbing.

"There, there," I said, soothingly. "Don't cry, Abdul. Look! Here's a lovely narghileh for you to smoke, with a gold mouthpiece. See! Wouldn't you like a little latakia, eh! And here's a little toy Armenian—look! See his head comes off, snick! There, it's on again, snick! Now it's off! Look, Abdul!"

But still he sobbed.

His fez had fallen over his ears and his face was all smudged with tears.

It seemed impossible to stop him.

I looked about in vain from the little alcove of the hall of the Yildiz Kiosk where we were sitting on a Persian bench under a lemon tree. There was no one in sight. I hardly knew what to do.

In the Yildiz Kiosk—I think that was the name of the place—I scarcely as yet knew my way about. In fact, I had only been in it a few hours. I had come there—as I should have explained in commencing—in order to try to pick up information as to the exact condition of things in Turkey. For this purpose I had assumed the character and disguise of an English governess. I had long since remarked that an English governess is able to go anywhere, see everything, penetrate the interior of any royal palace and move to and fro as she pleases without hindrance and without insult. No barrier can stop her. Every royal court, however splendid or however exclusive, is glad to get her. She dines with the King or the Emperor as a matter of course. All state secrets are freely confided to her and all military plans are submitted to her judgment. Then, after a three weeks' residence, she leaves the court and writes a book of disclosures.

This was now my plan.

And up to the moment of which I speak, it had worked perfectly.

I HAD found my way through Turkey to the royal capital without difficulty. The poke bonnet, the spectacles and the long black dress which I had assumed had proved an ample protection. None of the rude Turkish soldiers among whom I had passed had offered to lay a hand on me. This tribute I am compelled to pay to the splendid morality of the Turks. They wouldn't touch me.

Access to the Yildiz Kiosk and to the Sultan had proved equally easy. I had merely to obtain an interview with Codfish Pasha, the Secretary of War, whom I found a charming man of great intelligence, a master of three or four languages (as he himself informed me) and able to count up to seventeen.

"You wish," he said, "to be appointed as English, or rather Canadian governess to the Sultan?"

"Yes," I answered.

"And your object?"

"I propose to write a book of disclosures."

"Excellent," said Codfish.

An hour later I found myself, as I have said, in a flagstoned hall of the Yildiz Kiosk, with the task of amusing and entertaining the Sultan.

Of the difficulty of this task I had formed no conception. Here I was at the outset, with the unhappy Abdul bent and broken with sobs which I found no power to check or control.

Naturally, therefore, I found myself at a loss. The little man as he sat on his cushions, in his queer costume and his long slippers, with his fez fallen over his lemon colored face, presented such a pathetic object that I could not find the heart to be stern with him.

"Come, now, Abdul," I said, "Be good!"

He paused a moment in his crying:

"Why do you call me, Abdul?" he asked. "That isn't my name."

"Isn't it?" I said. "I thought all you Sultans were called Abdul. Isn't the Sultan's name always Abdul?"

"Mine isn't," he whimpered, "but it doesn't matter." And his face began to crinkle up with renewed weeping. "Call me anything you like. It doesn't matter. Anyway I'd rather be called Abdul than be called a W-W-War Lord and a G-G-General when they wont let me have any say at all——"

"Majestät!" he said, "Salaam! I kiss the floor at your feet."



And with that the little Sultan burst into unrestrained crying.

"Abdul," I said firmly, "if you don't stop crying I'll go and fetch one of the Bashi Bazooks to take you away."

The little Sultan found his voice again. "There aren't any Bub-bub-bashi bazooks left," he sobbed.

"None left?" I exclaimed. "Where are they gone?"

"They've t-t-taken them all aw-w-way—"

"Who have?"

"The G-G-G-Germans," sobbed Abdul. "And they've sent them all to P-P-P-Poland."

"Come, come, Abdul," I said, straightening him up a little as he sat. "Brace up! Be a Turk! Be a Mohammedan! Don't act like a Christian."

THIS seemed to touch his pride. He made a great effort to be calm. I could hear him muttering to himself: "Allah, Illallah, Mahommed rasoul Allah!" He said this over a good many times, while I took advantage of the pause to get his fez a little straighter and wipe his face.

"How many times have I said it?" he asked presently.

"Twenty."

"Twenty? That ought to be enough, shouldn't it?" said the Sultan, regaining himself a little. "Isn't prayer helpful, eh? Give me a smoke?"

I filled his narghileh for him, and he began to suck blue smoke out of it with a certain contentment, while the rose water bubbled in the bowl below.

"Now, Abdul," I said, as I straightened up his cushions and made him a little more comfortable, "what is it? What is the matter?"

"Why," he answered, "they've all g-g-gone—"

"Now, don't cry! Tell me properly."

"They've all gone b-b-back on me! Boo! hoo!"

"Who have? Who've gone back on you?"

"Why, everybody. The English and the French and everybody."

"What *do* you mean?" I asked with increasing interest. "Tell me exactly what you mean. Whatever you say I will hold sacred, of course."

I saw my way already to a volume of interesting disclosures.

"They used to treat me so differently," Abdul went on, and his sobbing ceased as he continued. "They used to call me the Bully Boy of the Bosphorus. They said I was the Guardian of the Golden Gate. They used to let me kill all the Armenians I liked, and nobody was allowed to collect debts from me and every now and then they used to send me the nicest ultimatums—Oh! you don't know," he broke off, "how nice it used to be here in the Yildiz in the old days! We used to all sit round here, in this very hall, me and the Diplomats—and play games, such as 'Ultimatum, ultimatum, who's got the Ultimatum.' Oh, say, it was so nice and peaceful! And we used to have big dinners and conferences, especially after the military manoeuvres and the autumn massacres — me and the diplomats all with stars and orders, and me in my white fez with a copper tassel—and hold discussions about how to reform Macedonia."

"But you spoilt it all, Abdul," I protested.

"I didn't, I didn't!" he exclaimed almost angrily. "I'd have gone on for ever. It was all so nice. They used to present me—the diplomats did—with what they called their Minimum, and then we (I mean Codfish Pasha and me) had to draft in return our Maximum — see? — and then we all had to get together again and frame a *status quo*.

"But that couldn't go on for ever," I urged.

"Why not," said Abdul. "It was a great system. We invented it, but everybody was beginning to copy it. In fact, we were leading the world, before all this trouble came. Didn't you have anything of our system in your country—what do you call it—in Canada?"

"YES," I admitted, "now that I come to think of it, we were getting into it. But the war has changed it all—"

"Exactly," said Abdul, "there you are! All changed! The good old days, gone forever!"

"But surely," I said, "you still have friends—the Bulgarians."

The Sultan's little black eyes flashed with anger as he withdrew his pipe a moment from his mouth.

"The low scoundrels!" he said between his teeth. "The traitors!"

"Why, they're your Allies!"

"Yes, Allah destroy them! They are. They've come over to our side. After centuries of fighting they refuse to play fair any longer. They're on *our* side! Who ever heard of such a thing. Bah! But, of course," he added more quietly, "we shall massacre them just the same. We shall insist, in the terms of peace, on retaining our rights of massacre. But then, of course, all the nations will."

"But you have the Germans"—I began.

"Hush, hush," said Abdul, laying his hand on my arm, "some one might hear."

"You have the Germans," I repeated.

"The Germans," said Abdul, and his voice sounded in a queer sing-song like that of a child repeating a lesson, "the Germans are my noble friends, the Germans are my powerful allies, the Kaiser is my good brother, the Reichstag is my foster sister; I love the Germans; I hate the English; I love the Kaiser; the Kaiser loves me—"

"Stop, stop, Abdul," I said, "Who taught you all that?"

Abdul looked cautiously around.

"*They* did," he said in a whisper. "There's a lot more of it. Would you like me to recite some more. Or, no, no, no, what's the good! I've no heart for reciting any longer." And at this Abdul fell to weeping again.

"But Abdul," I said, "I don't understand. Why are you so distressed just now. All this has been going on for over

two years. Why are you so worried just now?"

"Oh," exclaimed the little Sultan in surprise, "you haven't heard! I see — you've only just arrived. Why, to-day is the last day. After to-day it is all over."

"Last day for what?" I asked.

"For intervention. For the intervention of the United States. The only thing that can save us. It was to have come to-day, by the end of this full moon—our astrologers had predicted it — Smith Pasha, Minister under Heaven of the United States, had promised to send it to us at the earliest moment. How do they send it, do you know, in a box, or in a paper?"

"Stop," I said as my ear caught the sound of footsteps. "There's someone coming now."

The sound of slippered feet was distinctly heard on the stones in the outer corridor.

Abdul listened intently a moment.

"I know his slippers," he said.

"Who is it?"

"It is my chief secretary, Toomuch Koffi. Yes, here he comes."

AS the Sultan spoke the doors swung open and there entered an aged Turk, in a flowing gown and colored turban, with a melancholy yellow face, and a long white beard that swept to his girdle.

"Who do you say he is?" I whispered to Abdul.

"My chief secretary," he whispered back. "Toomuch Koffi."

"He looks like it," I murmured.

Meantime, Toomuch Koffi had advanced a little further across the broad flagstones of the hall where we were sitting. With hands lifted he salaamed four times, east, west, north, and south.

"What does that mean?" I whispered.

"It means," said the Sultan, with visible agitation, "that he has a communication of the greatest importance and urgency, which will not brook a moment's delay."

"Well, then, why doesn't he get a move on?" I whispered.

"Hush," said Abdul.

Toomuch Koffi now straightened himself from his last salaam and spoke:

"Allah is great!" he said.

"And Mohammed is his prophet," rejoined the Sultan.

"Allah protect you! And make your face shine," said Toomuch.

"Allah lengthen your beard," said the Sultan; and he added aside to me in English, which Toomuch Koffi evidently did not understand, "I'm all eagerness to know what it is—it's something big, for sure." The little man was quite quivering with excitement, as he spoke. "Do you know what I think it is? I think it must be the American Intervention. The United States is going to intervene. Eh? What? Don't you think so?"

"Then hurry him up," I urged.

"I can't," said Abdul. "It is impossible in Turkey to do business like that. He must have some coffee first and then he must pray and then there must be an interchange of presents."

I groaned, for I was getting as impatient as Abdul himself.

"Do you not do public business like that in Canada?" the Sultan continued.

"We used to. But we have got over it," I said.

MEANWHILE a slippered attendant had entered and placed a cushion for the Secretary, and in front of it a little Persian stool on which he put a quaint cup filled with coffee black as ink.

A similar cup was placed before the Sultan.

"Drink!" said Abdul.

"Not first, until the lips of the Commander of the Faithful——"

"He means 'after you,'" I said. "Hurry up, Abdul."

Abdul took a sip. "Allah is good," he said.

"And all things are of Allah," rejoined Toomuch.

Abdul unpinned a glittering jewel from his robe and threw it to the feet of Toomuch: "Take this poor bauble," he said.

Toomuch Koffi in return took from his wrist a solid bangle of beaten gold. "Accept this mean gift from your humble servant," he said.

"Right!" said Abdul, speaking in a changed voice as the ceremonies ended. "Now, then, Toomuch, what is it? Hurry up. Be quick, what is the matter?"

Toomuch rose to his feet, lifted his hands high in the air with palms facing the Sultan.

"One is without," he said.

"Without what?" I asked, eagerly, of the Sultan.

"Without — outside, don't you understand Turkish? What you call in English—a gentleman to see me."

"And did he make all that fuss and delay over that?" I asked in disgust. "Why with us in Canada at one of the public departments at Ottawa all that one would have to do would be to send in a card, get it certified, wait in an anteroom, read a newspaper, send in another card, wait a little, send in a third, and then——"

"Pshaw!" said Abdul. "The cards might be poisoned. Our system is best. Speak on, Toomuch. Who is without? Is it perchance a messenger from Smith Pasha, Minister under Heaven of the United States?"

"Alas, no!" said Toomuch. "It is HE. It is THE LARGE ONE!"

As he spoke he rolled his eyes upward with a gesture of despair.

"HE!" cried Abdul, and a look of terror convulsed his face. "The Large One! Shut him out! Call the Chief Eunuch and the Major Domo of the Harem! Let him not in!"

"Alas," said Toomuch. "He threw them out of the window. Lo! He is here. He enters."

AS the Secretary spoke a double door at the end of the hall swung noisily open, at the blow of an imperious fist and, with a rattle of arms and accoutreemnts, a man of gigantic stature, wearing full military uniform and a spiked helmet, strode into the room.

As he entered, an attendant, also with a uniform and a spiked helmet, who accompanied him, called in a loud strident voice that resounded to the arches of the hall.

"His High Excellenz Feld Marechal von der Doppelbauch, Spezial Representät of His Majestät William II., Deutschen Kaiser and King of England!"

Abdul collapsed into a little heap. His fez fell over his face. Toomuch Koffi had slunk into a corner.

Von der Doppelbauch strode noisily forward and came to a stand in front of Abdul with a click and rattle after the Prussian fashion.

"Majestät," he said in a deep thunderous voice. "I greet you. I bow low before you. Salaam! I kiss the floor at your feet."

BUT in reality he did nothing of the sort. He stood to the full height of his six feet six and glowered about him.

"Salaam!" said Abdul, in a feeble voice.

"But who is this?" added the Feld Marechal, looking angrily at me. My costume, or rather my disguise, for, as I have said, I was wearing a poke bonnet with a plain black dress—seemed to puzzle him.

"My new governess," said Abdul. "She came this morning. She is a professor——"

"Bah!" said the Feld Marechal. "A *woman* a professor! Bah!"

"No, no," said Abdul in protest, and it seemed decent of the little creature to stick up for me. "She's all right. She is interesting and knows a great deal. She's from Canada!"

"What!" exclaimed von der Doppelbauch. "From Canada! But stop! It seems to me that Canada is a country that we are at war with. Let me think, Canada? I must look at my list." He pulled out a little set of tablets as he spoke. "Let me see—Britain, Great Britain, British North America, British Guiana, British Algeria—Ha! Of course, under "K" —Kandahar, Korfu—no, I don't seem to see it. Fritz," he called to the aide de camp who had announced him. "Telegraph at once to the Topographical Staff at Berlin and find out if we are at war with Canada. If we are"—he pointed at me—"throw her into the Bosphorus. If we are not, treat her with every consideration, with every distinguished consideration. But see that she doesn't get away. Keep her tight, till we *are* at war with Canada, as no doubt we shall be, wherever it is, and *then* throw her into the Bosphorus."

The aide clicked his heels and withdrew.

"And now, your Majesty, now," continued the Field Marshall turning abruptly to the Sultan. "I bring you good news."

"More good news," groaned Abdul miserably, winding his clasped fingers too and fro. "Alas! Good news again!"

"First," said von der Doppelbauch, "the Kaiser has raised you to the order of the Black Cock. Here is your feather."

"Another feather," moaned Abdul. "Here! Toomuch, take it and put it among the feathers!"

"Secondly," went on the Field Marshall,



"Notify Fatima and Falloola. These two alone shall go. Two wives, I understand, is the limit!"

checking off his items as he spoke. "Your contribution, your personal contribution, to His Majesty's Twenty-third Imperial Loan is accepted."

"I didn't make any!" sobbed Abdul.

"No difference," said von der Doppelbauch. "It is accepted anyway. The telegram has just arrived accepting all your money. My assistants are packing it outside."

ABDUL collapsed still further into his cushions.

"Third—and this will rejoice your Majesty's heart. Your troops are again victorious!"

"Victorious!" moaned Abdul. "Victorious again! I knew they would be! I suppose they are all dead as usual?"

"They are," said the Marshall. "Their souls," he added reverently with a military salute, "are in Heaven!"

"No, no," gasped Abdul, "not in Heaven! Don't say that! Not in Heaven! Say that they are in Nirhvâna, our Turkish paradise!"

"I am sorry," said the Field Marshall, gravely. "This is a Christian war. The Kaiser has insisted on their going to Heaven."

The Sultan bowed his head. "Ishmillah!" he murmured. "It is the will of Allah."

"But they did not die without glory," went on the Field Marshall. "Their victory was complete. Set it out to yourself——" And here his eyes glittered with soldierly passion. "There stood your troops—ten thousand! In front of them the Russians—a hundred thousand. What did your men do? Did they pause? No, they charged!"

"They charged!" cried the Sultan in misery. "Don't say that! Have they charged again! Just Allah!" he added, turning to Toomuch. "They have charged again! And we must pay, we shall have to pay—we always do when they charge—Alas, alas, they have charged again. Everything is charged!"

"But how nobly," rejoined the Prussian. "Imagine it to yourself! Here, beside this stool, let us say, were your men. There, across the cushion were the Russians. All the ground between was mined. We knew it. Our soldiers knew it. Even our staff knew it. Even Prinz Rattelwitz Halfstuff, our commander, knew it. But your soldiers did not. What did our Prinz do? The Prinz called for volunteers to charge over the ground. There was a great shout—from our men, our German regiments. He called again. There was another shout. He called still again. There was a third shout. Think of it! And again Prinz Halfstuff called and again they shouted."

"Who shouted?" asked the Sultan, gloomily.

"Our men, our Germans."

"Did my Turks shout?" asked Abdul.

"They did not. They were too busy tightening their belts and fixing their bayonets. But our generous fellows shouted for them. Then Prinz Halfstuff called out, 'The place of honor is for our Turkish brothers. Let them charge!' And all our men shouted again."

"And they charged?"

"They did—and were all gloriously blown up. A magnificent victory. The blowing up of the mines blocked all the ground, checked the Russians and enabled our men—by a pre-arranged rush—to advance backwards — taking up a new strategic——"

"Yes, yes," said Abdul. "I know—I have read of it, alas! only too often. And they are dead! Toomuch," he added, quietly, drawing a little pouch from his girdle. "Take this pouch of rubies and give them to the wives of the dead general of our division—one to each. He had, I think, but seventeen. Allah give him peace."

"Stop," said von der Doppelbauch, "I will take the rubies. I myself will charge myself with the task and will myself see that I do it myself. Give me them."

"Be it so, Toomuch," assented the Sultan humbly. "Give them to him."

"AND now," continued the Field Marshall, "there is yet one other thing further still more." He drew a roll of paper from his pocket. "Toomuch," he said, "bring me yonder little table, with ink, quills and sand. I have here a manifesto for His Majesty to sign."

"No, no," cried Abdul in renewed alarm. "Not another manifesto. Not that! I signed one only last week."

"This is a new one," said the Field Marshall, as he lifted the table that Toomuch had brought, into place in front of the Sultan, and spread out the papers on it. "This is a better one. This is the best yet."

"What does it say?" said Abdul, peering at it miserably. "I can't read it. It's not in Turkish."

"It is your last word of proud defiance to all your enemies," said the Marshall.

"No, no," whined Abdul. "Not defiance. They might not understand."

"Here you declare," went on the Field Marshall, with his big finger on the text, "your irrevocable purpose. You swear that rather than submit you will hurl yourself into the Bosphorus."

"Where does it say that?" screamed Abdul.

"Here beside my thumb."

"I can't do it, I can't do it," moaned the little Sultan.

"More than that, further," went on the Prussian, quite undisturbed. "You state hereby your fixed resolve, rather than give in, to cast yourself from the highest pinnacle of the topmost minaret of this palace."

"Oh, not the highest, don't make it the highest," moaned Abdul.

"Your purpose is fixed. Nothing can alter it. Unless the Allied Powers withdraw from their advance on Constanti-

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The Pride of Pauline

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Author of "The Right of Way," "The Weavers," etc.

Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth

"BUT I'm white; I'm not an Indian, My father was a white man. I've been brought up as a white girl. I've had a white girl's schooling."

Her eyes flashed as she sprang to her feet and walked up and down the room for a moment, then stood still, facing her mother—a dark-faced, pock-marked woman, with heavy, somnolent eyes—and waited for her to speak. The reply came slowly and sullenly:

"I am a Blackfoot woman. I lived on the Muskwat River among the braves for thirty years. I have killed buffalo. I have seen battles. Men, too, I have killed when they came to steal our horses and stole in on our lodges in the night—the Crees! I am a Blackfoot. You are the daughter of a Blackfoot woman. No medicine can cure that. Sit down. You have no sense. You are not white. They will not have you. Sit down."

The girl's handsome face flushed; she threw up her hands in an agony of protest. A dreadful anger was in her panting breast, but she could not speak. She seemed to choke with excess of feeling. For an instant she stood still, trembling with agitation, then she sat down suddenly on a great couch covered with soft deerskins and buffalo robes. The habit of obedience to this somber but striking woman before her was strong in her. She had been ruled firmly, almost oppressively, and she had not yet revolted. Seated on the couch, she gazed out of the window at the flying snow, her brain too much on fire for thought, passion beating like a pulse in all her lithe and graceful young body, which had known the storms of life and time for only twenty years.

THE wind shrieked and the snow swept past in clouds of blinding drift, completely hiding from sight the town below them, whose civilization had built itself many habitations and was making roads and streets on the green-brown plain where herds of buffalo, shaking the earth with their tread, had stamped and streamed not long ago. The town was a mile and a half way, and these two were alone in a great circle of storm, one of them battling against a tempest which might yet overtake her, against which she had set her face almost ever since she could remember, though it had only come to violence since her father died two years before — a careless, strong, wilful white man, who had lived the Indian life for many years, but at last had been swallowed by the great wave of civilization streaming westward and northward, wiping out the game and the Indian, and overwhelming the rough, fighting, hunting, pioneer-life for ever. He had made money, by good luck chiefly, having held land here and there which he had got for nothing, and had then almost forgotten about it, and, when reminded of it, still held on to it with that defiant stubbornness which often possesses improvident and careless natures. He had never had any real business-instinct, and to swagger a little over the land he held and to treat offers of purchase with contempt was the loud assertion of a capacity he did not possess. So it was that his vanity and stubbornness, beneath which was his angry protest against the prejudice felt by the new people of the West for the Squaw-man —the white pioneer who married an Indian, and lived the Indian life, giving it, however, something it never had before —so it was that this gave him competence and a comfortable home after the old trader had been driven out by the railway and the shopkeeper. With the first land he sold he sent his daughter away to school in a town farther east and south, where she had been brought in touch with a life that at once cramped and attracted her; where, too, she had felt the first chill of racial ostracism, and had proudly fought it to the end, her weapons being talent, industry, and a hot, defiant ambition.

THERE had been three years of bitter, almost half-sullen, struggle, lightened by one sweet and perfect friendship with a girl whose face she had since drawn in a hundred different poses on pieces of brown paper, on scraps of all kinds, on the walls of the big, well-lighted attic to which she retreated for hours every day, when she was not abroad on the prairies, riding the Indian pony that her uncle, Piegan Chief, Ice Breaker, had given her years before. Three years of struggle, and then her father had died, and the refuge for her vexed, defiant heart was gone. While he had lived she could affirm the rights of a white man's daughter, the rights of a daughter of a pioneer who had helped the West; and her pride in him had given a glow to her cheek and a spring to her step which made people always look at her, no matter how many others might be present. In the chief streets of Portage la Drome men would stop their trafficking and women nudge each other when she passed, and wherever she went she stirred interest, excited admiration, or aroused prejudice—the prejudice did not matter so long as her father, Joel Renton, lived. Whatever his faults, and they were many — sometimes he drank too much, and swore a great deal, and bullied and stormed—she blinked at them all, for he was of the conquering race, a white man who had slept in white sheets and eaten off white table-cloths, and used a knife and fork, since he was born; and the women of his people had had soft petticoats and fine stockings and white clothes for their beds, and silk gowns for festal days, and feathered hats of velvet, and shoes of polished leather, always and always, back through many generations. Indeed, yes, she had held her head high, for she was of his women, of the women of his people, with all their rights and all their claims. She had held it high till that stormy day—just such a day as this, with the surf of snow breaking against the house—when they carried him in out of the wild turmoil of wind and snow, laying him on the couch where she now sat, and her head fell on his lifeless breast, and she cried out to him to come back to her.

Before the world her head was still held high, but in the attic-room, and out on the prairies far away, where only the coyote or the prairie-hen saw, her head drooped, and her eyes grew heavy with pain and somber protest. Once, in an agony of loneliness, and cruelly hurt by a conspicuous slight put upon her at the Portage, by the wife of the Reeve of the town, who had daughters twain of pure white blood got from behind the bar of a saloon at Winnipeg, she had thrown open her window at night with the frost below zero, and stood in her thin night-dress, craving the death which she hoped the cold would give her soon. It had not availed, however, and once again she had ridden out in a blizzard to die, but had come upon a man lost in the snow, and her own misery had passed from her, and her heart, full of the blood of plainsmen, had done for another what it would not do for itself. The Indian in her had, with strange, pure instinct, found its way to Portage la Drome, the man, with both hands and one foot frozen, on her pony, she walking at his side, only conscious that she had saved one, not two lives that day.

HERE was another such day, here again was the storm in her heart which had driven her into the plains that other time, and here again was that tempest of white death outside.

"*You have no sense. You are not white. They will not have you. Sit down——*" The words had fallen on her ears with a cold, deadly smother. There came a chill upon her which stilled the wild pulses in her, which suddenly robbed the eyes of their brightness, and gave a fixed, drawn look to the face.

"*You are not white. They will not have you, Pauline.*" The Indian mother repeated the words after a moment, her eyes grown still more gloomy; for in her, too, there was a dark tide of passion moving. In all the years that had gone, this girl had always turned to the white

father rather than to her, and she had been left more and more alone. Her man had been kind to her, and she had been a faithful wife, but she had resented the natural instinct of her half-breed child, almost white herself, and with the feelings and ways of the whites, to turn always to her father, as if to a superior guide, to a higher influence and authority. Was not she the descendant of Blackfoot and Piegan chiefs through generations of rulers and warriors? Was there not Piegan and Blackfoot blood in the girl's veins? Must only the white man's blood be reckoned when they made up their daily account and balanced the books of their lives, credit and debtor —misunderstanding and kind act, neglect and tenderness, reproof and praise, gentleness and impulse, anger and caress —to be set down in the everlasting record? Why must the Indian always give way? Indian habits, Indian desires, the Indian way of doing things, the Indian point of view, Indian food, Indian medicine—was it all bad, and only that which belonged to the white life good?

"Look at your face in the glass, Pauline," she added at last. "You are good-looking, but it isn't the good looks of the whites. The lodge of a chieftainess is the place for you. There you would have praise and honor; among the whites you are only a half-breed. What is the good? Let us go back to the life out there beyond the Muskwat River — up beyond. There is hunting still, a little, and the world is quiet, and nothing troubles. Only the wild-dog barks at night, or the wolf sniffs at the door, and all day there is singing. Somewhere out beyond the Muskwat the feasts go on, and the old men build the great fires, and tell tales, and call the wind out of the North, and make the thunder speak; and the young men ride to the hunt or go out to battle, and build lodges for the daughters of the tribe; and each man has his woman, and each woman has in her breast the honor of the tribe, and the little ones fill the lodge with laughter. Like a pocket of deerskin in every house, warm and small and full of good things. *Hai-yai*, what is this life to that! There you will be head and chief of all, for there is money enough for a thousand horses; and your father was a white man, and these are the days when the white man rules. Like clouds before the sun are the races of men, and one race rises and another falls. Here you are not first, but last; and the child of the white father and mother, though they be as the dirt that flies from a horse's heels, it is before you. Your mother is a Blackfoot!"

AS the woman spoke slowly and with many pauses, the girl's mood changed, and there came into her eyes a strange, dark look which was deeper than anger. She listened with a sudden patience which stilled the agitation in her breast and gave a little touch of rigidity to her figure. Her eyes withdrew from the wild storm without and gravely settled on her mother's face, and with the Indian woman's last words understanding pierced, but did not dispel, the somber and ominous look in her eyes.

There was silence for a moment, and then she spoke almost as evenly as her mother had done.

"I will tell you everything. You are my mother, and I love you; but you will not see the truth. When my father took you from the lodges and brought you here, it was the end of the Indian life. It was for you to go on with him, but you would not go. I was young, but I saw, and I said that in all things I would go with him. I did not know that it would be hard, but at school, at the very first, I began to understand. There was only one, a French girl—I loved her—a girl who said to me: 'You are as white as I am—as anyone—and your heart is the same, and you are beautiful.' Yes, Manette said I was beautiful."

She paused a moment, a misty, far-away look came into her eyes, her fingers clasped and unclasped, and she added—

"And her brother, Julien — he was older—when he came to visit Manette, he spoke to me as if I were all white, and was good to me. I have never forgotten, never. It was five years ago, but I remember him. He was tall and strong, and as good as Manette—as good as Manette. I loved Manette, but she suffered for me, for I was not like the others, and my ways were different — then. I had lived up there on the Warais among the lodges, and I had not seen things — only from my father, and he did so much in an Indian way. So I was sick at heart, and sometimes I wanted to die; and once —but there was Manette, and she would laugh and sing, and we would play together, and I would speak French and she would speak English, and I learned from her to forget the Indian ways. What were they to me? I had loved them when I was of them, but I came on to a better life. The Indian life is to the white life as the *parfièche* pouch to—to this." She laid her hand upon a purse of delicate silver mesh hanging at her waist. "When your eyes are opened, you must go on, you cannot stop. There is no going back. When you have read of all that there is in the white man's world, when you have seen, then there is no returning. You may end it all, if you wish, in the snow, in the river, but there is no returning. The lodge of a chief! Ah, if my father had heard you say that——!"

THE Indian woman shifted heavily in her chair, then shrank away from the look fixed on her. Once or twice she made as if she would speak, then sank down in the great chair, helpless and dismayed.

"The lodge of a chief!" the girl continued in a low, bitter voice. "What is the lodge of a chief? A smoky fire, a pot, a bed of skins, *aih-yi!* If the lodges of the Indians were millions, and I could be head of all, and rule the land, yet would I rather be a white girl in the hut of her white man, struggling for daily bread among the people who sweep the buffalo out, but open up the land with the plough, and make a thousand live where one lived before. It is peace you want, mother, peace and solitude, in which the soul goes to sleep. Your days of hope are over, and you want to drowse by the fire. I want to see the white men's cities grow, and the armies coming over the hill with the ploughs and the reapers and the mowers, and the wheels and the belts and engines of the great factories, and the white woman's life spreading everywhere, for I am a white man's daughter. I can't be both Indian and white. I will not be like the sun where the shadow cuts across it and the land grows darker. I will not be half-breed. I will be white or I will be Indian; and I will be white, white only. My heart is white, my tongue is white, I think, I feel, as white people think and feel. What they wish, I wish; as they live, I live; as white women dress, I dress."

She involuntarily drew up the dark red skirt she wore, showing a white petticoat and a pair of fine stockings on an ankle as graceful and shapely as she had ever seen among all the white women she knew. She drew herself up with pride, and her body had a grace and ease which the white woman's convention had not cramped.

Yet with all her protests, no one would have classed her as English. She might have been Spanish, or Italian, or Roumanian, or Slav, though nothing of her Indian blood showed in purely Indian characteristics, and something sparkled in her, gave a radiance to her face and figure which the storm and struggle in her did not smother. The white women of Portage la Drome were too blind, too prejudiced, to see all that she really was, and admiring white men could do little, for Pauline would have nothing to do with them till the women met her absolutely as an equal; and from the other half-breeds, who intermarried with each other and were content to take a lower place than the pure whites, she held aloof, save when any of them was ill or in trouble. Then she recognized the claim of race and came to their doors with pity and soft impulses to help them. French and Scotch and English half-breeds, as they were, they understood how she was making a fight for all who were half-Indian, half white, and watched her with a furtive devotion, acknowledging her superior place, and proud of it.

"I will not stay here," said the Indian mother with sullen stubbornness. "I will go back beyond the Warais. My life is my own; I will do what I like with it."

The girl started, but became composed again on the instant. "Is your life all your own, mother?" she said. "I did not come into the world of my own will. If I had, I would have come all white or all Indian. I am your daughter, and I am here, good or bad—is your life all your own?"

"You can marry and stay here, when I go. You are nineteen. I had my man, your father, when I was seventeen. You can marry. There are men. You have money. They will marry you—and forget the rest."

WITH a cry half of rage, half of misery, the girl sprang to her feet and started forward, but stopped suddenly at sound of a hasty knocking and a voice asking admittance. An instant later a huge, bearded, broad-shouldered man

stepped inside, shaking himself free of the snow, laughing half-sheepishly as he did so, and laying his fur cap and gloves with exaggerated care on the wide window-sill.

"John Alloway," said the Indian woman in a voice of welcome, and with a brightening eye, for it would seem as if he came in answer to her words of a few moments before. With a mother's instinct she had divined at once the reason for the visit, though no warning thought crossed the mind of the girl, who placed a chair for their visitor with a heartiness which was real—was not this the white man she had saved from death in the snow a year ago? Her heart was soft towards the life she had kept in the world. She smiled at him, all the anger gone from her eyes, and there was almost a touch of tender anxiety in her voice as she said:

"What brought you out in this blizzard? It wasn't safe. It doesn't seem possible you got here from the Portage."

The huge ranchman and auctioneer laughed cheerily. "Once lost, twice get there," he said, with a quizzical toss of the head, thinking he had said a good thing. "It's a year ago to the very day that I was lost out back"—he jerked a thumb over his shoulder — "and you picked me up and brought me in; and what was I to do but come out on the anniversary and say, 'Thank you?' I'd fixed up all year to come to you, and I wasn't to be stopped, 'cause it was like the day we first met, old Coldmaker hitting the world with his whips of frost, and shaking his ragged blankets of snow over the wild West."

"Just such a day," said the Indian woman after a pause, as Pauline remained silent, placing a little bottle of cordial before their visitor, with which he presently regaled himself, raising his glass with an impressive air.

"Many happy returns to us both!" he said, and threw the liquor down his throat, smacked his lips, and drew his hand down his great mustache and beard like some vast animal washing its face with its paw. Smiling, and yet not wholly ill at ease, he looked at the two women and nodded his head encouragingly, but whether the encouragement was for himself or for them he could not have told.

His last words, however, had altered the situation. The girl had caught a suggestion in them which startled her. This rough, white plainsman was come to make love to her, and to say—what? He was at once awkward and confident, afraid of her, of her refinement, grace, beauty and education, and yet confident in the advantage of his position, a white man bending to a half-breed girl. He was not conscious of the condescension and majesty of his demeanor, but it was there, and his untutored words and ways must make it all too apparent to the girl. The revelation of the moment made her at once triumphant and humiliated. This white man had come to make love to her, that was apparent; but that he, ungrammatical, crude, and rough, should think he had but to put out his hand, and she in whom every subtle emotion and influence had delicate response, whose words and ways were as far removed from his as day from night, would fly to him, brought the flush of indignation to her cheek. But she responded to his toast with a pleasant nod and said:

"But if you will keep coming in such wild storms, there will not be many anniversaries."

She laughed, and poured out another glass of liqueur for him.

"Well, now, p'raps you're right, and so the only thing to do is not to keep coming, but to stay, stay right where *you* are."



The Indian in her had found its way to Portage la Drome.

THE Indian woman could not see her daughter's face, which was turned to the fire, but she herself smiled at John Alloway and nodded her head approvingly. Here was the cure for her own trouble and loneliness. Pauline and she, who lived in different worlds, and yet were tied to each other by circumstances they could not control, would each work out her own destiny after her own nature, since John Alloway had come a-wooing. She would go back on the Warais, and Pauline would remain at the Portage, a white woman with her white man. She would go back to the smoky fires in the huddled lodges; to the venison stew and the snake dance; to the feasts of the Medicine Men, and the long sleeps in the summer days, and the winter's tales, and be at rest among her own people; and Pauline would have revenge of the wife of the prancing Reeve, and perhaps the people would forget that her mother was an Indian woman.

With these thoughts flying through her sluggish mind she rose and moved heavily from the room, with a parting look of encouragement at Alloway, as if to say: "A man that is bold is surest."

With her back to the man, Pauline

watched her mother leave the room, saw the look she gave Alloway; and when the door was closed she turned and looked Alloway in the eyes.

"How old are you?" she asked suddenly.

He stirred in his seat almost nervously. "Why, fifty, about," he answered with confusion.

"Then you'll be wise not to go looking for anniversaries in blizzards, when they're few at best," she said with a gentle and dangerous smile.

"Fifty—why, I'm as young as most men of thirty," he responded with an uncertain laugh. "I'd have come here to-day if it had been snowing pitchforks and chain-lightning. I made up my mind I would. You saved my life, that's dead sure; and I'd be down among the conies if it wasn't for you and that Piegan pony of yours—Piegan ponies are wonders in a storm, seem to know their way by instinct. You, too—why, I bin on the plains all my life, and was no better than a baby that day; but you—why, you had Piegan in you, why, yes——"

He stopped short for a moment, checked by the look in her face, then went blindly on.

"And you got Blackfoot in you, too; and you just felt your way through the tornado and over the blind prairie like a bird reaching for the hills. It was as easy to you as picking out a maverick in a bunch of steers to me. But I never could make out what you was doing on the prairie that terrible day. I've thought of it a hundred times. What was you doing, if it aint cheek to ask?"

"I was trying to lose a life," she answered quietly, her eyes dwelling on his face, yet not seeing him; for it all came back to her, the agony which had driven her out into the tempest to be lost evermore.

He laughed. "Well, now, that's good,' he said; "that's what they call speaking sarcastic. You was out to save, and not to lose, a life; that was proved to the satisfaction of the court." He paused and chuckled to himself, thinking he had been witty, and continued: "And I was that court, and my judgment was that the debt of that life you saved had to be paid to you within one calendar year, with interest at the usual per cent. for mortgages on good security. That was my judgment, and there's no appeal from it. I am the great Justinian in this case!"

"Did you ever save anybody's life?" she asked, putting the bottle of cordial away, as he filled his glass for the third time.

'Twice certain, and once dividin' the honors," he answered, pleased at the question.

"And did you expect to get any pay, with or without interest?" she asked.

"Me! I never thought of it again. But yes—by gol, I did! One case was funny, as funny as can be. It was Ricky Wharton over on the Muskwat River. I saved his life right enough, and he came to me a year after and said, 'You saved my life; now what are you going to do with it? I'm stony broke. I owe a hundred dollars, and I wouldn't be owing it if you hadn't saved my life. When you saved it I was five hundred to the good, and I'd have left that much behind me. Now I'm on the rocks, because you insisted on saving my life; and you got to take care of me! I insist!' Well, that knocked me silly, and I took him on—blame me, if I didn't keep Ricky a whole year till he went North looking for gold. Get pay—why, I *paid*. Saving life has its responsibilities, little gal!"

"You can't save life without running some risk yourself, not as a rule, can you?" she said, shrinking from his familiarity.

"Not as a rule," he replied. "You took on a bit of a risk with me, you and your Piegan pony."

"Oh, I was young," she responded, leaning on the table, and she began drawing on a piece of paper before her. "I could take more risks, I was only eighteen."

"I don't catch on," he rejoined. "If it's eighteen or——"

"Or fifty," she interposed.

"What difference does it make? If you're done for, its the same at eighteen as fifty, and *vicey-versey*."

"No, it's not the same," she answered. "You leave so much more that you want to keep when you go at fifty."

"Well, I dunno. I never thought of that."

"There's all that has belonged to you. You've been married, and have children, haven't you?"

HE started, frowned, then straightened himself. "I got one girl—she's East with her grandmother," he said jerkily.

"That what I said; there's more to leave behind at fifty." she replied, a red spot on each cheek. She was not looking at him, but at the face of a man on the paper before her — a young man with abundant hair, a strong chin, and big, eloquent eyes; and all around his face she had drawn the face of a girl many times, and beneath the faces of both she wrote *Manette and Julien*.

The water was getting too deep for John Alloway. He floundered towards the shore. "I'm no good at words," he said, "no good at argument; but I've got a gift for stories—round the fire of a night, with a pipe and a tin basin of tea; so I'm not going to try and match you. You've had a good education down at Winnipeg. Took every prize, they say, and led the school, though there was plenty of fuss because they let you do it, and let you stay there, being half-Indian. You never heard what was going on outside, I s'pose. It didn't matter, for you won out. Blamed foolishness, trying to draw the line between red and white that way. Of course, it's the women always, always the women, sticking out for all-white or nothing. Down there at Portage they've treated you mean, mean as dirt. The Reeve's wife—well, we'll fix that up all right. I guess John Alloway aint to be bluffed. He knows too much, and they all know he knows enough. When John Alloway, 32 Main Street, with a ranch on the Katanay, says, 'We're coming! Mr. and Mrs. John Alloway is coming,' they'll get out their cards *visite*, I guess."

Pauline's head bent lower, and she seemed laboriously etching lines into the faces before her — Manette and Julien, Julien and Manette, and there came into her eyes the youth and light and gayety of that memory, the days when Julien came of an afternoon and the riverside rang with laughter; the dearest, lightest, days she had ever spent.

The man of fifty went on, seeing nothing but a girl over whom he was presently going to throw the lasso of his affection and take her home with him, yielding and glad, a white man, and his half-breed girl—but such a half breed!

"I seen enough of the way some of them women treated you," he continued, "and I sez to myself 'Her turn next. There's a way out,' I sez, 'and John Alloway pays his debts. When the anniversary comes round, I'll put things right,' I sez to myself. 'She saved my life, and she shall have the rest of it, if she'll take it, and will give a receipt in full, and open a new account in the name of John and Pauline Alloway.' Catch on? See—Pauline?"

Slowly she got to her feet, a look in her eyes such as had been in her mother's but a little while before, but a hundred times intensified, a look that belonged to the flood and flow of generations of Indian life, yet controlled in her by the order and understanding of centuries of white men's lives, the pervasive, dominating power of race.

FOR an instant she turned her face towards the window. The storm had suddenly ceased, and a glimmer of sunset light was breaking over the distant wastes of snow.

"You want to pay a debt you think you owe," she said, in a strange, lustreless voice, turning to him at last. "Well, you have paid it. You have given me a book to read which I will keep always. And I give you a receipt in full for your debt."

"I don't know about any book," he said dazed. "I want to marry you right away."

"I am sorry, but it is not necessary," she replied suggestively. Her face was very pale now.

"But I want to. It aint a debt. That was only a way of putting it. I want to make you my wife. I got some position, and I can make the West sit up and look at you and be glad."

Suddenly her anger flared out, low and vivid and fierce, but her words were slow and measured.

"There is no reason why I should marry you—not one. You offer me marriage as a prince might give a penny to a beggar. If my mother were not an Indian woman, you would not have taken it all as a matter of course. But my father was a white man, and I am a white man's daughter, and I would rather marry an Indian who would think me the best thing there was in the light of the sun, than marry you. Had I been pure white, you would not have been so sure; you would have asked, not offered. I am not obliged to you. You ought to go to no woman as you came to me. See, the storm has stopped. You will be quite safe going

back now. The snow will be deep, perhaps, but it is not far."

She went to the window, got his cap and gloves, and handed them to him. He took them, dumbfounded and overcome.

"Say, I aint done it right, mebbe, but I meant well, and I'd be good to you and proud of you, and I'd love you better than anything I ever saw," he said shamefacedly, but eagerly and honestly, too.

"Ah, you should have said those last words first," she answered.

"I say them now,"

"They come too late; but they would have been too late in any case," she added. "Still, I am glad you said them."

She opened the door for him.

"I made a mistake," he said humbly. "I understand better now. I never had any schoolin'."

"Oh, it isn't that," she answered gently. "Good-by."

Suddenly he turned. "You're right—it couldn't ever be," he said. "You're—you're great. And I owe you my life still!"

For a moment Pauline stood motionless in the middle of the room, her gaze fixed upon the door which had just closed; then, with a wild gesture of misery and despair, she threw herself upon the couch in a passionate outburst of weeping. Sobs shook her from head to foot, and her hands, clenched above her head, twitching convulsively.



Pauline found him partly covered by the falling snow.

PRESENTLY the door opened and her mother looked in eagerly. At what she saw her face darkened and hardened for an instant, and then the girl's utter abandonment of grief and agony convinced and conquered her, and some glimmer of the true understanding of the problem which Pauline represented got into her heart, and drove the sudden selfishness from her face and eyes and mind. She came over heavily and, sinking upon her knees, swept an arm around the girl's shoulder. She realized what had happened, and probably this was the first time in her life that she had ever come by instinct to a revelation of her daughter's mind and the logic of inner facts, or the faithful meaning of incidents of their lives.

"You said 'No' to John Alloway," she murmured.

Defiance and protest spoke in the swift gesture of the girl's hands. "You think because he was white that I'd drop into his arms! No—no—no!"

"You did right, little one."

The sobs suddenly stopped, and the girl seemed to listen with all her body. There was something in her Indian mother's voice she had never heard before—at least, not since she was a little child, and swung in a deerskin hammock in a tamarack tree by Renton's Lodge, where chiefs met and the West paused to rest in its onward march. Something of the accents of the voice that crooned to her then was in the woman's tones now.

"He offered it like a lump of sugar to a bird—I know. He didn't know that you have great blood—yes, but it is true. My man's grandfather, he was of the blood of the kings of England. My man had the proof. And for a thousand years my people have been chiefs. There is no blood in all the West like yours. My heart was heavy, and dark thoughts came to me, because my man is gone, and the life is not my life, and I am only an Indian woman from the Warais, and my heart goes out there always now. But some great Medicine has been poured into my heart. As I stood at the door and saw you lying there, I called to the Sun: 'O great Spirit,' I said, 'help me to understand, for this girl is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, and Evil has come between us!' And the Sun Spirit poured the Medicine into my spirit, and there is no cloud between us now. It has passed away, and I see. Little white one, the white life is the only life, and I will live it with you till a white man comes and gives you a white man's home. But not John Alloway—shall the crow nest with the oriole?"

AS the woman spoke in slow, measured voice, full of the cadences of a heart revealing itself, the girl's breath at first seemed to stop, so still she lay; then as the true understanding of the words came to her, she panted with excitement, her breast heaved, and the blood flushed her face. When the slow voice ceased, and the room became still, she lay quiet for a moment, letting the new thing find secure lodgment in her thought; then suddenly she raised herself and threw her arms round her mother in a passion of affection and relief.

"Lalika! Oh, Lalika!" she said tenderly, and kissed her again and again. Not since she was a little girl, long before they left the Warais, had she called her mother by her Indian name, which her mother and father had humorously taught her to do in those far-off happy days by the beautiful, singing river and the exquisite woods, when, with a bow and arrow, she had ranged, a young Diana who slew only with love.

"'Lalika,' mother, 'Lalika!' It is like the old, old times," she added softly. "Ah, it does not matter now, for you understand."

"I do not understand altogether," murmured the Indian woman gently. "I am not white, and there is a different way of thinking; but I will hold your hand, and we will live the white life together."

CHEEK to cheek they saw the darkness come, and after, the silver moon steal up over a frozen world, in which the air bit like steel and braced the heart like wine. Then, at last, before it was nine o'clock, after her custom, the Indian woman went to bed, leaving her daughter brooding peacefully by the fire.

For a long time Pauline sat with hands clasped in her lap, her gaze on the tossing flames, in her heart and mind a new feeling of strength and purpose. The way before her was not clear, she saw no farther than this day, and all that it had brought, yet she was one that has crossed a direful flood and finds herself on a strange shore in an unknown country, with the twilight about her, yet with so much of danger passed that there was only the thought of the moment's safety

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Saskatchewan's New Premier

The Man Who "Comes Back With the Ball"

By Norman Lambert



Hon. William M. Martin, "the detestable Lloyd George of the Prairies" and now Premier of Saskatchewan.

THE first chapter of Saskatchewan's political history has been completed. The eleven-year-old province has seen its first Premier come and go. Hon. Walter Scott having sacrificed his health in the service of the present Saskatchewan, which he did so much to create, has passed into retirement, and a younger man full of the promise of which the West is symbolical, has taken his place. William Melville Martin, who for eight years has represented the constituency of Regina in the House of Commons, has been selected to carry on the leadership of the Liberal Government of Saskatchewan.

A new chapter has been opened in the history of the great, stalwart, central province of the Middle West. The very last pages which have just been turned, have been bespattered somewhat with the dirt of sordid scandal—an unfortunate conclusion to the regime of a man whose public career has been scrupulously clean, and whose work has been of permanent value to his country. The fresh page lies open, clear and white and the man who has been called to leave his impress upon it enters his new office with a record as big and fine and clean as young Canada could wish it to be.

The announcement on October 19 of W. M. Martin's appointment to the Premiership of Saskatchewan, and the appearance everywhere in the daily press of his strong, cleanly-cut features, brought to one's mind with particular vividness an incident which occurred on the lacrosse field of a Western Ontario town, some fifteen years ago. It was during one of the keen games which the rivalry between the amateur teams of certain neighboring small towns always developed in the old days on the occasion of every league match. A high board fence surrounded and enclosed the field in the town referred to, and in the course of the game, the ball had been thrown widely from one player to another, and had fallen far beyond the centre of action, close against the bottom of the fence. Before the ball had reached the ground two opposing players were racing toward the spot where it was bound to fall. One of the men was tall, raw-boned, and sinewy, with the stride of a Goliath, while the other was heavier, more muscular, but not possessing his opponent's athletic physique. One was a college student enjoying his vacation, and the other was a burly blacksmith defending his home town against eager lacrosse enthusiasts from the neighboring district. Both were bent, with all the determination that two strong runners could summon, upon reaching the fence first and securing the ball, but both arrived at the critical spot practically at the same time. Two bodies crashed together, a portion of the fence gave way, and the husky smithy plunged headlong through the breach and out of bounds.

The man who returned with the ball was the present Premier of Saskatchewan.

IT is some time now since "Billy" Martin played lacrosse. At forty years of age he prefers golf, and happily the good old Scottish game is not played on the inside of high-board fences. But the ability "to return with the ball" has been a striking feature of W. M. Martin's career, off the athletic field as well as on it. Examples of progress in public life such as that afforded by the young Premier of Saskatchewan are very few in this country. The only other men to be chosen as the first citizens of their provinces, within the age of two score years, so far as one can remember, were Sir Richard McBride, the retired Premier of British Columbia, and Hon. Walter Scott, of Saskatchewan. The leaders in the House of Commons have never yet been under fifty years of age. While referring to this point of youthfulness in public men, the name of Charles A. Dunning, the new Provincial Treasurer of Saskatchewan, naturally arises. He was taken into the Ministry on the same day that W. M. Martin became Premier. Mr. Dunning only a short time ago celebrated his thirty-first birthday, and he promises to break the speed record even of his newly appointed chieftain.

Hon. W. M. Martin is one of the many good men which old Ontario has given to Western Canada; and to go further back still, he is the descendant of one of the innumerable, worthy families which Scotland gave in the first place, to many districts in the Eastern provinces. The head of the Saskatchewan Administration was born in Norwich, Ontario, in a Presbyterian manse. His father is Rev. William Martin, who lives now at London, and is clerk of the London Presbytery. The Martin family first established itself in this country at the little Scotch town of Fergus. There, John Martin and his wife, Jean Munro, raised a family of five sons and three daughters. Two of the sons lived to represent their native County of Wellington in the House of Commons. These were the late Thomas Martin, M.P., and the late Alexander M. Martin, M.P., of Mount Forest. Two other sons, Donald and William, became ministers in the Presbyterian Church, while the fifth son, Robert, migrated to Saskatchewan, and entered business. The three daughters and the five sons of John Martin and Jean Munro, born during the pioneering days of Wellington county, have in their turn given many children to the new districts of Western Canada. The new Premier is one of them, and one of a hundred or more cousins who have established themselves in Saskatchewan, all within a short distance of Regina. The "Martins" and the "Balfours" are more familiar family names to-day in central Saskatchewan than they are in north Wellington, in Ontario, where the first of the line in Canada resided.

NOT long after the arrival of "William Melville," at the manse in Norwich, the Rev. William Martin moved to Exeter, in the County of Huron. Between the common school in Exeter and the high school in the neighboring town of Clinton, W. M. Martin secured his early education. In the fall of 1894, he went up to the University of Toronto, and determined to study classics in the Faculty of Arts. He graduated with the highest honors in his classical course, in 1898, after having enjoyed a college career in which the University College "Lit." and the athletic activities of the campus figured quite as prominently as the class-room. After securing a specialist's certificate for the teaching of classics, Mr. Martin took

the position of classical master in the Harriston high school for two years. In 1901 he entered Osgoode Hall and commenced the study of law, being connected for a period of two years, in Toronto, with the firm of Robinette and Godfrey. Mr. Robinette, speaking to the writer about Martin's appointment as Premier of Saskatchewan, and recalling his student days in the law office, said: "Whenever anyone wanted him, nearly always he was to be found in the library. He was absorbed rather with the theory and study of law in those days than with the actual practice of it." This bit of testimony coincided with the fact that the student in question, during his course at Osgoode Hall, managed to capture two scholarships; and the words of Mr. Robinette also constitute an interesting sidelight on the man who blossomed forth into public life on the Western plains a few years after leaving Toronto.

During that period of study at the law school, young Martin paid his own way. The savings of two years as a teacher were supplemented by current earnings realized from tutoring three evenings a week in a night school, and from the reporting of Osgoode Hall news for one of the city dailies. His goal was law from the day he entered high school, and his career has been a good example of success waiting upon the man who from his youth has been guided by a definite objective.

THE West claimed W. M. Martin in 1903, when he went to Regina and entered a partnership in law with his cousin, James Balfour. The Province of Saskatchewan was just being formed at that time, and the City of Regina, then, was not much more than a large prairie town. The problems of the West have really developed since the first years of the present century, and W. M. Martin, instinctively stirred by the pioneer's interest in the new virgin country about him, with its thousands of new peoples, took root instantly and naturally on the prairie. He liked the country and the people, and they soon liked him. The radical progressiveness of Western life, the unlimited aspirations of a new society, found a receptive and sympathetic mind in the young lawyer whose forbears in the early 'fifties had come up out of the forests of old Ontario. In the quiet and peaceful rural districts of north-western Ontario, at the University of Toronto, and during the days of study in Osgoode Hall, this man was getting at first principles, which were reserved almost in toto for application in the West. He went West when his preliminary training was complete, without feeling the touch of practice in the East. He was fresh and ready for the West, and the country received and treated him well from the very first.

With the creation of the two new provinces, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and the withdrawal of Walter Scott from the House of Commons to become the first Premier of Saskatchewan, W. M. Martin first stepped into the political arena. He was chosen to succeed Mr. Scott at Ottawa, as the Liberal representative from Regina, and in 1908, exactly five years after leaving Ontario, he was returned to the Federal Parliament with a majority over his opponent of more than 700 votes. In 1911, Mr. Martin was re-elected from the same constituency by a majority of more than 1100. For eight years he has been an active member at Ottawa. Not long after he had first taken his seat in the House of Commons, the member for Regina was referred to, more or less, bitterly by an opponent as "that detestable young Lloyd George from the prairies." Although there is no more physical resemblance between the "little Welsh giant" and the Hon. W. M. Martin than there is between a mountain and a mole hill, that allusion to the latter, made some years ago at Ottawa, during the course of debate, has stuck fast. It no doubt was provoked by the intensity of the Regina member's speeches on that, as well as every other, occasion in which he was called upon to address the House. His style in debate, and on the public platform resembles in spirit that of the lacrosse player of fifteen years ago, dashing to the attack, with every ounce of energy in action, and determination written in every line of face and body. In the House of Commons, W. M. Martin was not a frequent speaker. He never rose from his seat to take part in debate unless he had something to say, and unless he had that particular something clearly outlined and prepared to his mind. Consequently whenever his six feet three inches of stature towered over the floor of the House, the press men, as well as his fellow members, knew that there was good "copy" coming.

The words of his speech pour forth in a torrent of language which is always well chosen and indicative of the workings of a classically trained mind. Behind the mere qualities of diction, W. M. Martin's speeches reveal the forceful power of conviction, reflected in the stern expression of a fine face, in the glow of fire through eyes which usually are in genial repose, and in the strong resonant tones of a splendid voice. The whole personality of the man is expressive of an honest, rugged strength, which could never fail in leading those who might follow him, in a clean, straight course.

In Saskatchewan as well as the other Middle Western provinces, the place of the women in the community is just a little more important than it is elsewhere in the Dominion. To vote in all matters pertaining to the Administration of the province, is now the right of women, as well as men, in Saskatchewan. Women, moreover, may be elected to the Legislature of that province, if they so desire. A sketch of the present Premier of Saskatchewan would be incomplete, therefore, if it omitted reference to that other first citizen of the province, his wife. W. M. Martin was not so much of a Westerner that he did not return to Ontario in 1906 to marry the lady of his choice—Violetta Thompson, the daughter of the late Walter Thompson, of Mitchell. She, like her husband, found congenial soil in Western Canada where the need of a woman's influence is still even greater than that of men. Her interest in the affairs of Saskatchewan and the West from the very first has been active and genuine. Despite the duties involved in the rearing of a family of three young boys, Mrs. Martin has been able to do valuable service amongst the women of her country, as provincial president of the Daughters of the Empire, whose story she told so well at the big Dominion convention of that Imperial Order, in Toronto, last May. Capable, efficient, and possessing a personal charm which has won for her many friends at Ottawa, Toronto and elsewhere in Ontario, and most of all, in her own Province of Saskatchewan, the Premier's wife readily enters her new position of responsibility with qualifications as equally deserving as those of her distinguished husband.

W. M. Martin has taken office in Saskatchewan at a critical time both in the affairs of his party and of his province. The investigations which have been in progress under the direction of Royal Commissions, during the past six months, have disturbed the public mind, and although not the slightest personal reflection has been cast as yet on the old Scott ministry, the next election in Saskatchewan which is due within the coming year, will be undoubtedly a severe test for the present Liberal Government. It is a prospect which calls for the leadership of a strong man, and in the new Premier, the reins of office have been placed in the hands of one who in the past has never been displeased or disheartened over the indications of a lusty fight. All he will ask is that the contest may be a fair one, and to the more deserving side go the honors. As was said at the beginning, W. M. Martin thus far in a short but full career, has shown a marked ability "to return with the ball."

Can he do it again in Saskatchewan, in the biggest league match in which he has ever participated?

A FINE NEW SERIAL—SOON

A new serial story by Arthur E. McFarlane, "The Great Mogul," will start in an early issue. It is decidedly the best he has ever written, brimful of mystery, adventure and romance, starting in Canada and ending in India—the kind of story that makes the month that elapses between instalments seem a long time indeed.

The Anatomy of Love

By Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Prairie Wife," "The Counterfeiters," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

Concluding Instalment

"AND the bug intervened, in the nick of time," answered Anne, without looking at him.

"Anne," he went on more passionately now, "can't you see that I need you and want you, from the bottom of my heart! I have always needed and wanted you. But now I know I couldn't live and be happy without you! I've just had my eyes opened to what it means, to what it may do, this love you have brought out into the light. I know I can't offer you much, Anne—I've lost and surrendered so many things. But I can't lose and surrender you! It's you—you—you——"

"Oh, are you sure of that?" she asked, a little tremulously.

"I know it as surely as I know that you're too good and pure and noble-hearted for me. I know it as surely as I know that all my life would go toward trying to make your life as full and happy and complete as it ought to be!"

It was from no momentary tumult of the blood that he was speaking, he knew only too well; it was builded on foundations that lay deeper than feeling. It was no boyish emotion that had shaken him out of that old encysting shell of his former life. It was hunger and want made manifest. It was a propulsion, mysterious, implacable, that henceforth for good or evil must rule all his life.

"Can't you learn to love me, Anne?" he pleaded.

"But there would always be the bugs!" she mocked, laughing now a little. He could see though it was through her tears.

She had not intended to surrender to him at that moment, or in that way; but to her sudden bewilderment she found herself in Macraven's subjugating arms. And as suddenly, almost, time and the world, the past and the future, fell away from her, forgotten, obliterated. For his lips had met hers, and she had quivered and relaxed and paled under his first kiss of passion.

She drooped and started away from him, with a little gasp, staring at him out of sad yet startled eyes.

"Oh," she mourned. "Oh! Oh!" And she knew that hopeless little cry was the requiem of her lost girlhood. She had scarcely expected *that*, from him. He had not been kind to her; she was suddenly almost afraid of the dominating fierceness through which he had swayed her.

Yet she was not altogether afraid, nor altogether sorry. Nor did her first shame still submerge her. For when he caught her still again, and held her there in his arms, it was her unresisting mouth that he kissed, over and over again: "Oh, I do love you, my own, I do—I do!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TOWER OF ASPIRATION.

THE evening train that connected the Arcadian and hill-muffled village of Cedar Hills with a hurrying and fretting outside world was an "accommodation," apparently touched with the tranquility of the quiet valleys through which it crept. For this train seemed always to go its own sweet way in its own slow time, as though reluctant to plunge into the quicker currents of life awaiting it just beyond the calms of Chatboro Junction.

Yet Anne and Macraven, alone on the back platform of the last coach, seemed to find their rate of travel quite fast enough. They sat side by side, on the dusty car-steps, as they twined and rumbled past farmlands and odorous forests of pine, and blue little valleys cut with the silver blade of a single stream, and wide and rolling hills that lost themselves in the darkness of the gathering night.

They did not talk much, that solitary couple, but their very silences seemed companionable and eloquent of things unuttered, as they sat there hand in hand, swaying to the movement of the car-trucks along the roughly ballasted roadbed.

Anne was gazing out at the scattered lights of the little hamlets, as their train crawled in and out between the enveloping hills, and at the solitary lighted windows of the lonely country homesteads, blinking solemnly out of the blackness of the night at them.

"To think that people—people neither you nor I know, live there—and there—and there!" murmured Anne, as they threaded their way through the darkness.

"And every light a home," said Macraven.

"It makes me frightened and lonesome, in some way," answered Anne. And she sighed on her lover's shoulder, oppressed by the complexity and vastness of earthly life. "It's so big and wide and blind, this awful world—it frightens me!"

"I wonder," asked Macraven, "if sometime somebody will see *our* lights, down at Amboro, and feel lonesome as he goes on again through the night?"

She clasped his arm, gratefully, at this strangely consoling thought. After all, he was all she had now, she told herself, forlornly.

Suddenly in the midst of the hills, their train came to a stop. They neither knew nor cared why, as they sniffed the warm and odorous night air, with its musky smell of marshlands, and its heavier perfumes of wet grass and wild-flowers. They listened to the quiet country noises, the bark of a dog, the lowing of distant cattle, the thin, insistent piping of katydids and crickets, and a vast sense, of peace possessed their souls.

Macraven looked upward at the stars. Anne followed the direction of his gaze, pinning her dark travelling-veil close up over her hat-brim.

"That is Venus, see, marching up out of the East," he said. "And those are the Pleiades, there, just above us. And there, to the North is the Great Bear, wheeling about the Polar Star——"

"As Life wheels about Love," interrupted Anne, with almost a coo of content.

"No, as I must always wheel about you," solemnly corrected Macraven. "For that is the North Star, and it never moves. It is as true and steadfast as—as Anne herself. And that is the way my life shall always turn and revolve about her, from this day on!"

"Do you know that you're a rhapsodist, after all?" crooned Anne, happily.

"Then you made me one!"

"Silly!" she said, on his shoulder.

"Sybil said I was a bug-hunter," he demurred. It seemed very long ago, those last days with Sybil. He still wondered at the girl's passionate outbreak, as she said good-bye to Anne and him. He was still a little disturbed, too, at that impulsive farewell kiss through her incongruous tears.

"Poor Sybil," he said, aloud.

"Yes, poor Sybil," murmured Anne. "After all, she was sorry to see us go!"

Macraven was vaguely and idly wondering which of the sibyls of old she might have stood for, Erythrean, Delphian, or Phrygian?

"And you were never really jealous of Sybil?" asked the man of truth, a little uneasily.

Anne looked up from his shoulder.

"Of course not," she answered. "No more than I could be of a bunch of lilacs that took your mind off your work, or a bird that made your holiday seem brighter. No, I'm *glad* of Sybil. I feel grateful to think that you knew her—for it was Sybil who helped to bring us to—to each other!"

"Who helped *me*," he corrected.

THERE was silence for a moment or two, and then he said: "I must see what I can do for young Sewell, when I get back, for *her* sake."

The pressure of Anne's hand on his arm was her grateful response to this.

"Which did you say were the Pleiades?" she asked, at last, turning her face up so that her profile stood close and clear-cut against the muffling gloom.

The happy young Professor of Anthropology pointed out to her the fabled seven daughters of Atlas.

"Merope, you see, is the dim one, because she married a mortal. There's a moral in that, Anne, for you and me."

Before she had time to answer he had noticed her upturned veil and had stooped and kissed her starward looking face.

"You *are* a rhapsodist!" said Anne, with conviction.

"Wasn't it you who quoted to me what Herbert Spencer wrote about being a boy as long as you can?" demanded Macraven.

"I wish we could," said Anne, simply, waywardly saddened at the thought that all their earlier youth was over and done. With them, now it could never be the rapture and abandon of life's riotous sunrise. It would be the soft and luminous beauty of afternoon, always, touched, perhaps, with strange and passing regrets, but all the more poignantly appealing, perhaps, because of those more autumnal enriching moods.

"Oh, if we could never grow old!" cried out the happy woman, wistfully, with her eyes still on the timeless stars. "If we could only go on and on and on, like this, being always happy! If we could only always be young, you and I, dear, and never let the years take the beauty out of our lives, and the poetry out of our souls! If we could always be young and hopeful in heart, just as we are now!"

"But why can't we?' asked the man at her side, touched into wonder by the wistfulness of her voice.

"Oh, we *can*, I know we can, if we want to!" declared Anne, passionately. "For after all," she continued, softly, "youth is in the *heart*. It is an attitude, a feeling of the soul, and not an accident of years!"

"It's a secret, that comes with love," contended the man of science.

"No, not through love alone," said honest Anne. "But it's a secret that we can hold and hug to our breasts. It's a secret that Sybil, with all her youth, knew something of."

"She knew, but she never *knew* that she knew," qualified the man of thought. "And it's that that makes it better and richer."

"That's why we must march with the young," admitted Anne, "just to keep young. That's why—why children make life so full and deep. That's why every woman, without knowing it, sometimes, wants children."

"Do *you?*" suddenly asked the young Professor of Anthropology, with a quaver in his voice.

"We need them," said honest Anne, in a whisper.

Still again a silence fell over them, and again they could hear the quiet country sounds through the darkness.

"Do you know, I should love to study astronomy with you, sometime, when we are back at Amboro," said Anne, with her gaze sweeping the lonely heavens.

"Wouldn't it be fine, from the top of the Tower, on clear nights like this," said Macraven. In the darkness, however, he winced imperceptibly at the memory of Waggles.

"I think it would make us more content, more serene, more lifted out of all our little worries and passions, don't you?"



To her sudden bewilderment she found herself in Macraven's subjugating arms.

MACRAVEN was gazing at Arcturus, glowing with its reddish light low on the horizon. He saw the Milky Way, rising like a luminous arch from the southern skyline and passing overhead between Orion and the Twins, fringing the white-glowing Capella as it dipped down the north again, traversing Cassiopeia and finally disappearing behind the lonely ramparts of the world.

"I think every one should study astronomy," he said, as he felt Anne's gaze following his own. "See, there is the giant Orion lifting his club of clustered stars to smite Taurus, there Taurus, the huge bull with vivid red Aldebaran glimmering from between his horns, that has tossed the seven Pleiades, tossed them like a toreador's spangled scarf across his broad flank. There he goes, like a bull, too, down the course of its arena, swinging and charging round the curve of the Zodiac, seeming to fling the star-dust aside as he goes!"

"Oh, it makes me feel so little and lonely," Anne complained, leaning closer to him.

"And Ball claims there are thirty millions of them, of knowable existence. Thirty millions of them, and this little lost world of ours only one of them, and

you and I only two tiny points of life lost on all that crowded world again! I wonder, Anne, how many of them have men and women on them, and if they are happy—as happy as we are, and if they ever look out on us, as we are looking out on them?"

Anne shuddered a little.

"You are making me *miserable!*" she wailed, clinging to him with a sudden piteous inadequacy, feeling a shadow creep across her hour of too full and too contented happiness.

AS they sat there the train started on its way again, and Anne felt vaguely grateful for the movement, bringing her, as it did, once more back to materialities. She huddled closer to Macraven, who in turn caught at the brake-rod to steady himself.

Silence fell over them still again, at the soothing and rhythmic chant of the homeward hurrying wheels along the rails.

It seemed a new and unknown and untried world into which that rumbling car was carrying the young Professor of Anthropology. Yet it was a world as old as men and women, as old as life and the stars themselves. He let his uncoördinated thoughts of it lead and lure him on, careless of where each path and by-way of emotion wandered, contented with the passing moment, thoughtless of the strangeness of each new vista that was opening out before the eyes of his languid wonder.

He paused only once, with his old habit of life reasserting itself, and that was to draw up and marvel at the mysterious anaesthesia which the culminating period of courtship seemed to impose on consciousness, in the mating or newly-mated being. He would make a note of the phenomenon, for future use.

Then he wondered, absently, if it was actually advantageous for the student of psychology to experience those more disrupting emotional states which were usually studied and observed objectively in others. From this time forward, he was afraid, he would find it hard to see the forest for the trees.

THEN, coming back to earth, he felt Anne at his side, and decided that psychology, after all, was a matter of little importance. It was a thing for the classroom. He would let the future take care of itself. Even Psyche had been represented with wings, he warned himself.

"Do you know," he said to Anne, "I always used to think that we had to look down on life from one of two towers, I mean from one of two opposing and incongruous heights. One was built of granite, huge and grim and hard—I suppose you would call it the tower of labor."

"It stood just beyond the Deanery gardens, didn't it?" interrupted Anne.

"But the other tower was different," went on Macraven. "It was made of ivory, tall and fragile and slender. And it always seemed to me like the tower of dreams, the home of beauty and aspiration. But now I know there should and can be only one tower in every man's life. It must be of granite beneath—it must be bedded on actualities—but it should be tipped with the fairest of ivory—crowned and beautified, I mean, with youngheartedness and happiness."

"What made you think of that?" she asked.

"It was you who taught it to me," was his answer.

"Anne," he said, out of the ensuing silence.

"What is it, my own?" asked Anne.

"How long is it since you kissed me?"

"Silly!" she murmured, happily, against his supporting shoulder. Then there was silence again. And the seven daughters of Atlas, from their starry height, seemed to look down and draw nearer, and Venus, enisled in her lonely seas of space, seemed to know that two lonely mortals, on a lonely and far away world, had found and fathomed love.

THE END.

The White Comrade

By Katherine Hale

With Painting by C. Arnold Slade

A CANADIAN SOLDIER INVALIDED TO ENGLAND SPEAKS.

AND so we left Valcartier, and stole out
Across the ocean—that long line of ships
"The New Armada," trailing slowly out
Across that bridge of water to the land
Where life and death indeed had met as one.
And each man as he smoked and shuffled cards,
Or drilled his squad upon the sunny deck,
Each man was conscious through that great good time
That into life a nobler friend had come
To be denied or loved as each one chose.

A strong inevitable friend, so near
That we should touch him in the passing soon:
That young-old friend that life has long named Death.

At Salisbury we lived and moved in mud.
Talked mud, felt mud, and slept in it knee-deep.
England we felt not. Only lived the day,
And fell at night to leaden dreams of home.

Then France, and sudden springtime bourgeoning.
Oh, bourgeoning, indeed, with ardent hopes!
I cannot tell you what that change was like:
I wish that words were colors or were notes
Then I would go past red to violet tones
To give you back that vibrancy of air,
That selfless, sacrificing, vital mood,
That almost jocund feeling of rebound
Towards the great fight for liberty and right.
That animated France those first spring days.
The year was young, and in the lovely land
New life was waking ardent, eager-eyed:
The very air called welcome, and we left
Homesickness far behind. We summoned mirth
And whistled down those roads all poplar lined.
We laughed at mud that April winds would dry,
And in that grey square Market Place at——
Where we marched past the staff and gave salute,
There was baptized a new affinity,
Young Canada with France and England blent.
I tell you hearts beat faster, hopes rode high,
The air was lighter, keener, there was joy,
Great joy, in our swift entrance to the fight
That closed about us fast those April hours.
I think that never in its hottest hour
Was love so lovely or life so supreme
As in those sudden days of leaf and bud,
Of bird song, and that quickening of the heart
That heralds Great Adventure to the soul.
There was the night we marched on Neuve Chapelle;
Thousands of shadows in a shadow host.
Beyond lay German legions, and that zone
Invisible, illusive, moving on
That men have called "The Front."

Fancy your heart
Moving with other shadows all that night,
Knowing yourself not flesh at all, but one—
One pulse-beat in the world's great heart of flame.

Perhaps a whistling youth on days of sun,
One among shadows on this night of nights,
Moving with other shadows all night long.
One leaving little lives far, far behind,
One pressing on with thousands of his kind
To answer that great question life has asked
Each one upon his hilltop back at home.

We three marched near together through old France,
Together trenched those days at Neuve Chapelle,
And saw the heavens open and fires descend,
And felt the roar of such a cannonade
As all the world of battles had not known.
The French lay close beside us, and near them
The lithe, brown men from India—heroes they.
We felt like children just discarding toys
In face of those whose souls had long known war,
Whose spirits flashed like rapiers in the face
Of the Great Danger. They were men, indeed,
Whom it was good to look upon and know.

And in those nights they learned of us to say,
When German flares lit up the evening skies,
"Behold the Northern Lights!"

St. Julien came.
And that wild night in which old Edward fell.
Those hours are hard to speak about at all.
They went by like a flash in which we moved
As one man altogether, and the hours
Flared up to heaven like a burning torch.



—*Painted by C. Arnold Slade.*

"Come Unto Me."

Nigel and I, one night just after Ypres,
Were struggling with our ancient college-French,
Talking, or stumbling into talk, with one
Called Rènè Paule, from an adjacent trench,
Who had been wounded in an early fight.
And he with eloquence and poetry
Like all his vivid race, made haste to tell
Of a strange rumor we had heard before;
How in the depth of plain unvarnished hell.
Quivering with anguish so he could not move,
And waiting for the stretcher-bearers call.
He suddenly felt healing, cool and sweet,
As you might feel a fan on a hot day
Swayed by an unseen hand. And softly then
Closing his eyes on blessed, stealing sleep
He felt a touch and, looking up, beheld
The kindest, sweetest eyes in all the world.
It was a Comrade in the khaki brown.
His face was tired, but the eyes were keen
And tender as a dewy flower at dawn.
And Rènè, feeling once again the pain,
Grasped the hand tight, and looked into the eyes
For succor, and they held him there, serene,
And slowly, slowly conquered the strong pain.
And Rènè saw the khaki melt away
Until the Comrade seemed all wrapt in white
As though sheer light had woven a robe for him,
And his strong eyes gleamed like an azure flame,
And he held Rènè through the bitter night,
Until the stretcher-bearers came at dawn.

"So the White Comrade often comes, my friends,"
He said to us, and smiling, mused awhile.
"These fields are not so difficult in death;
Whether live or die it all seems one.
He has come back to us because we die.
As he did, long ago, for love of man."

Often we talked of Edward, and he seemed
To march beside us down the bright French roads.
We moved into the firing line once more.
So close the German lines, there only lay
An orchard, in the loveliness of May,
Between us and the armies of the Huns.
Sometimes I think that Festubert will hold
Rank equal with St. Julien, for those
Who lived through its abandonment of fire.
It was the Gunners' day. We had to shell
Those trenches that were fortresses indeed,
And pouring hell's own native thunder out.
The orchard lay between us, and you see
We simply had to take that place by storm.
They tried to ditch us with their hedge of wire,
We plunged and made for gaps, and all the while
They rained on us artillery fire, until
Ear drums were stilled and nerves quite ceased to work.
Machine gun, shrapnel, rifle-fire as one
Kept up the deadly dance of death. And we
Dashed at them, through that dance, till hand to hand
We cleared our orchard, or they say we did.
It was the Gunners' Day. I know that much.

Some of the fun I missed, for at the height,
Just when is lost completely every thought
Of one's own entity, or reason why
It is not, after all, good sport to die
In such a whirlwind of emotion, then,
Out of a little puff of air it came—
The one shot meant for me.

I fell inert
And sank into unconsciousness, till one
Dragging me off made torture of my wound.
They left me under some small spreading shrubs!
Surely one needed shelter from the sun
And hottest air that ever poured on pain.
I longed for water, looked for human aid,
But no one came. Only the roar of guns
And a far distant sound that meant the play
Of men in action, that and drilling pain
Met in a hideous duet of war.
I called to Nigel with my aching mind
And knew it was in vain. Again I called
To youth, and to some Force in other worlds
That might put me to death or ease my pain.
A thousand swords were running through my brain,
The blood thumped like an engine in my head.
If I should faint the Comrade White might come!
Only in dreams, in dying dreams of pain
He comes, I thought. Or else it is quite vain
To trust such fairy tales as Rènè told.
Oh, for a glass of water! It was noon
And o'er the grassy plain the sleepy hum
Of insects moving in a drowsy swoon
Sang to me through my pain, as if they were
A near vibration of the guns of war.

"War, war, O hot and hideous and hard,
The ways you lead, the deaths you make one die!
I have died fifty times this noon!" So ran
The anguished brain within me, on and on,
All the long way of quivering mortal woe.
The world was gone. I. swooning, felt it go.
Was at the point of nothingness, when there,
Moving across the grass on hands and knees.
I saw a brown-clad figure crawling slow
As if he were a part of the hot plain.
And wandered if I'd last until he came.

Never that troop of angels in the air
At Mons showed brighter wings or lovelier light
Than the worn khaki of that Comrade dear.
I felt thim bind my wounds with tender touch,
And at his touch the ghosts of pain escaped.
I saw him smile above me, and I swooned
For joy of waking up not all alone.
I begged, "Stay with me till they come!" And then
Looked up into his face for the first time
And saw it was old Edward who had died
At Julien. We left him lying there
White in the moonlight as we all rushed on.
We buried him, Edward the loved and brave,
And now I stared through pain and saw his face.
I saw his eyes, shining and lit with love;
The old eyes, staunch and loyal as they were
All through our youth together, and these days
Of the great camaraderie of war.

"Edward," I murmured, and he only smiled
And waved across the grass right at the guns,
Whose thunder sounded fainter in my ears
"How did you come?" I asked him, as I held
Tight to his hand, that big brown hand of his.
O, it was good to die and have him back!
For I had died. That was quite clear to me.
He only said, "The pain will go, old chap."
Just the same voice, with the accustomed burr
Of his Scotch father sounding through its tones.
And we sat silent in the burning noon.

Then in the distance two small figures moved,
A third behind them, and I knew the boys
Bearing the stretchers were quite close at hand,
And Edward waved them so they came on fast.
To have him leave me! That were a new death,
And something told me that he could not stay.
"I long to die, just now, before they come!"
This I told Edward with what strength I had.
And he laughed softly, and I held his hand,
Looked at him long, until the blinding noon
Came to bend down between us, and his face,
Tender and brown and kindly, seemed enwrapt
In a white light, mysterious and strong,
Turning the khaki silver. And the hand
Holding me fast was part of the great light.

I closed my eyes. And now the boys had come,
Lifted me up, taken me quite away
To a camp hospital where Nigel lay,
Wounded as I was, out of all vain hope
Of further fighting for a long half year.

The stretcher-bearers' story? It was this.
That a strange glow had rested on the shrubs
'Neath which I lay. Just a broad patch of light
To show there was a human being there
In need of human aid. And so they came.
"You were half gone, my friend," they said to me,
"It was a wonder that we saw you there!
Strange that the sun so centred on that spot!"
And Nigel, when I told him, said, "I think
You were mistaken, but I dare not say
What is revealed to any man these days.
You know the angels that appeared at Mons!
Many have seen bright angels on the field.
I have not seen, but then my eyes are dim,
My vision turns back home so constantly.
If I were dying I should think of her,
She is my Christ, my angel and my hope.
Before each battle I make prayers to her,
And so the earthly love is still my goal.
There are two Comrades Love and Loneliness,
Perhaps Christ enters when we touch the last.
Loneliness waiteth long, until we give
The last glad hold we have on life, and I—
I have not given yet my hold on life."

* * * *

And now in this green England that we saw
Smiling and happy in our early dreams,
We two are marking time, looking at hills
And these small village streets, and playing cards
And telling yarns, and idling in the sun.
And as we limp about and wait, sing songs,
Exchange the tales of trench and hot assault
And hear again the whistling shrapnel call,
Muse in the firelight, laugh at old alarms,
And wait impatient to be off again,
Sometimes we two, amid the comrades here,
Sometimes we two go silent. Then look up
To see if we can find in others' eyes
A knowledge that has grown with us from out
The fields of France. When in those awful nights
Some of us heard a rumor, saw a Form.

* * * *

And so, my friends, this word I bring to you
Hot from the hell of conflict whence I come
Where life and death, binding men's spirits close,
Have sealed a certain knowledge on our souls.
Christ has come back to earth in these great days,
I, but a young Canadian, tell you this.
The story of our battles: Neuve Chapelle,
St. Julien, Festubert, and all the rest,
They have been told already scores of times—
Sung, written, painted, burned in words of flame,
My words are homely as a tallow dip,
As crude as that, but just as stoutly true.
Christ has come back to earth in these great days,
He has come back, as in the centuries past
He suddenly appeared upon the streets
Of old Judean towns. Let churches talk
Of miracles and mangers as they will
That helps not, hinders not, the vital truth

Continued on page 81.

TORONTO PUBLIC 20 NOV 1916

Bilingualism — A National Issue

By Professor C. B. Sissons

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Canadians are beginning to realize that the bilingual problem is a serious one, but it is probable that the average English-speaking Canadian has no idea how deep-seated and all-pervading is the feeling among the French-speaking part of the population on the question. Nor is the bitterness confined to the French-speaking side. Altogether the situation contains the elements that lead to bitter sectional strife and ultimately even to the disruption of a nation. A remedy must be found, and without delay; and the first step to the finding of a remedy must necessarily be the enlightenment of the public on the broader phases of the situation. In the accompanying article Professor Sissons deals with the bilingual problem from the national standpoint. He tells exactly how Canada as a whole is affected by the war of languages in the schools and he outlines the facts clearly and impartially. He presents an informative article, not a diatribe. He does not take sides. Perhaps no man in Canada is better fitted to speak on this subject than is Professor Sissons. He has gone to all parts of the Dominion and sought out the schools in the various foreign sections where the language equation enters.

SOME five years ago, Sir James Whitney was reported to have said that there were no bilingual schools in Ontario. The statement caused much editorial laughter in certain quarters, but was really easier to deride than to refute. The word "bilingual" did not appear in the statutes; and how could our makers of laws be expected to know it? In another sense, as well, the existence of bilingual schools was open to question. A bilingual school ought to be one in which two languages have a place of comparative equality, and a bilingual teacher one capable of teaching two languages with comparatively equal efficiency. Thus defined it is difficult to find bilingual schools anywhere in Canada and exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to find them within the borders of Ontario. However, the public is not to be convinced that bilingual schools are non-existent at a time when the whole country is keenly alive to the perplexing problems created by their presence.

The purpose of the present article is twofold. It aims in the first place to show that the language question is of national importance; it is not a mere squabble between the French-Canadians of the border counties of Ontario, backed by Quebec nationalists, and the educational authorities in Toronto supported in some sort by such strange yoke-fellows as the Orange order and the Irish Catholics. In the second place it ventures to contend that a solution may be found which will satisfy all but those few irreconcilables who are developed in any quarrel and who must always be disregarded in the final decision. In other words the article is in tone conciliatory rather than dogmatic and in scope national rather than provincial.

OUR great problem here at home in Canada is the welding together into a united whole of the various elements in our population. Not that we can hope soon to become a homogeneous people. That were a long and perhaps impossible task. We must anticipate the survival for generations or even centuries of various types with peculiar characteristics and interests. But if we are to be a happy and prosperous people, if we are to have a history worthy of pioneers who gave and endured much, and worthy of the great physical resources of our country, we must sink all differences which prevent our working harmoniously together toward common ideals. At the present time language is prominent as a factor making for division. Some of our people set great store by their native speech. Others have not done so. The Highland Scotch, the Scandinavians, most of the Germans and a considerable portion of the Austrians have willingly subordinated their native speech to that of the majority. In their own homes, in their own churches and societies they may have been proud to remember the speech of their fathers, but they have thought it best that their children should be thoroughly familiar with the language of their neighbors. It was not to be expected, however, that this attitude would be universal.

Champlain and Frontenac, those makers of Canada, were of French speech. In 1750 Canada was wholly French. A century later the population was still fairly equally divided between the French and English. In the conferences resulting in Confederation much time and thought was directed to the problems arising out of the presence of the two races. The whole arrangement was admittedly a compromise and a triumph for those who believed that two peoples differing in language and characteristics could still work harmoniously together. Since then, and especially in the last two decades, the difficult problem has been complicated by the advent of a million people of various races which speak neither French nor English and think each in terms of its own nationality. Thus the Canadianizing of the immigrant for the moment diverted attention from the difficulties of maintaining the nice adjustment of the two original races, finally arranged by the Fathers of Confederation. The school boycott at Ottawa, the intervention of the Quebec legislature and the debate in the House of Commons have brought us back to our original problem with a jolt.

HOWEVER, that problem is no longer quite the same. The West has altered the balance, so to speak. The discussion must now be conducted with a knowledge of its wider bearing. Different views from various quarters must be regarded, and a wise policy in each province will be one that does not fail to take into account the general situation.

Certain types of opinion to be reckoned with may be illustrated.

In Winnipeg last January, when changes in the Manitoba school law were pending, a large meeting of Polish citizens was convened to protest against the proposed legislation. The Chairman, Mr. Francis Sedziak, President of the League of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality, rose to speak. He told the audience that they ought to demand their rights; he was convinced that the paramount reason for abolishing bilingualism and the training school for Polish teachers, besides the agitation of English jingoes and Orangemen, was the fear of economic competition on the part of the English-speaking Canadians and the desire to deprive the Polish youth of the opportunity to enter the teaching profession or any positions above digging sewers and cutting timber. Some opposition was manifested to this attitude. Mr. Louis Kon expressed the opinion that the government was closing the training school from a desire to introduce uniform training of teachers. He pointed out that every institution of learning is open to every person without distinction of nationality or religion. He declared that every right-thinking Polish man or woman ought to uphold the government in its desire to stop the meddling of the local Polish clergy in matters of training teachers. Feeling ran so high at the meeting that those who agreed with Mr. Kon were compelled to retire to another building to avoid disturbances, leaving the worshippers of Fraternity and the two other graces to pass their resolutions unanimously. They were visited by a delegation from the Ukrainian meeting which was being held at the same time and for the same purpose in the Grand Opera House. The delegates urged the Polish-Canadians to fight jointly with them to the very end against the attempt to abolish bilingual schools and the training schools for teachers. There are well over 100,000 Ruthenians in the three prairie provinces.

ONE of the smaller groups in the West who hold themselves aloof from the English language and Canadian ways, as nations within a nation, are the Mennonites. They are an industrious and honest people, German in speech — but strongly opposed to war. Principal Oliver in an illuminating pamphlet on the country school in non-English-speaking communities in Saskatchewan describes the attitude of the more conservative of the

Mennonites in refusing to send their children to public schools as merely a matter of religious principle. He quotes Bishop Wienz as saying "I believe that the Church stays better together when the people know simply one language." It should be stated that Bishop Wienz represents the views of only a portion of those Mennonites living in the West. Most of them are in the way of becoming, as those in Ontario have become, most progressive and public-spirited citizens. Indeed, a few years ago a young Mennonite secured the Rhodes Scholarship in Manitoba.

TURNING to the French in Ontario we see the same theory regarding the connection of language and religion. It is not always so clearly expressed as it was in the frank words of Bishop Wienz, but it is usually implied. It appears in the strong language of *Le Droit*, the Ottawa daily edited by an Oblate priest, as: "The English language is for French-Canadians approximate occasion for the mortal sin of apostasy." It appears in the deliberations of the French-Canadian Educational Association, as for example: "You cannot open the doors of 223 bilingual separate schools to an inspector who is a stranger in race and religion without considerable sacrifice in all that concerns faith and the preservation of these same schools." This, by the way, although the inspector's duties are concerned mainly with instruction in English, his colleague of the Catholic faith having oversight over other matters. It even appears in the studied argument of that able lawyer, Senator Belcourt. In a recent speech delivered in the City of Quebec he said, with reference to the rights obtained by Roman Catholics by the Act of 1863, which rights were confirmed four years later by the British North America Act: "The first part of the Act gave to Roman Catholics in right to elect trustees to conduct the Catholic separate schools, in other words, the right to fully administer the schools. Other provisions of the statute dealt with the right to determine the kind and description of the schools, in other words to have schools where both languages would be taught, as it had been prior to 1863." As a matter of fact section 26 of the Act brought the Roman Catholic separate schools completely under the control of public regulations and inspection, and not a word was said anywhere in the Act about language. Because certain religious privileges were granted by the Act, Senator Belcourt apparently thinks that language privileges were involved.

THE Irish and Scotch Catholics of Eastern Ontario are unwilling to have the claims of the French language confused with those of the Church. In fact, no stronger opponents of the contentions of their Ottawa co-religionists exist than such good Catholics as Bishop Fallon, now of London, and Father Whelan, of Ottawa. Their attitude is illustrated by the following excerpt from an editorial in the Catholic Record: "The school is the weapon by which Protestants as well as Catholics and Catholics as well as Protestants are driven out of the 'invaded' territory and effectively kept out of the 'conquered' districts. No one can convince English-speaking parents, whether Protestant or Catholic, who have had experience of such schools (call them French, bilingual or English-French or what you will) that they afford decent facilities for the education in English of their children. Hence they move out and give place to French-Canadians. . . . Those papers which profess to regard the bilingual difficulty as a separate school affair are either wilfully dishonest or woefully incompetent to inform public opinion on a question one of whose obvious consequences is the practical shifting of the boundary line betwen Ontario and Quebec."

REFERENCE must be made to one other body of opinion, which is illustrated by the following resolution passed in 1912 by the Orange Grand Lodge of Ontario West: "Therefore we protest in the most solemn and emphatic manner against the special privileges which the French are granted by the regulations of the Educational Department in the Province of Ontario, which are being used to drive the English-speaking people out of Ontario, as they were driven out of the Eastern Townships by the same agency, and we respectfully request the Government of the Province of Ontario to enact such laws and make such amendments to the regulations of the Education Department as will make it unlawful and impossible for the French language to be used in any of the public or separate schools of the Province of Ontario." Thus summarily is dismissed the demand of the French-Canadian resident of Ontario that he should be allowed the "natural right" to have his children taught their native speech in the schools he pays for.

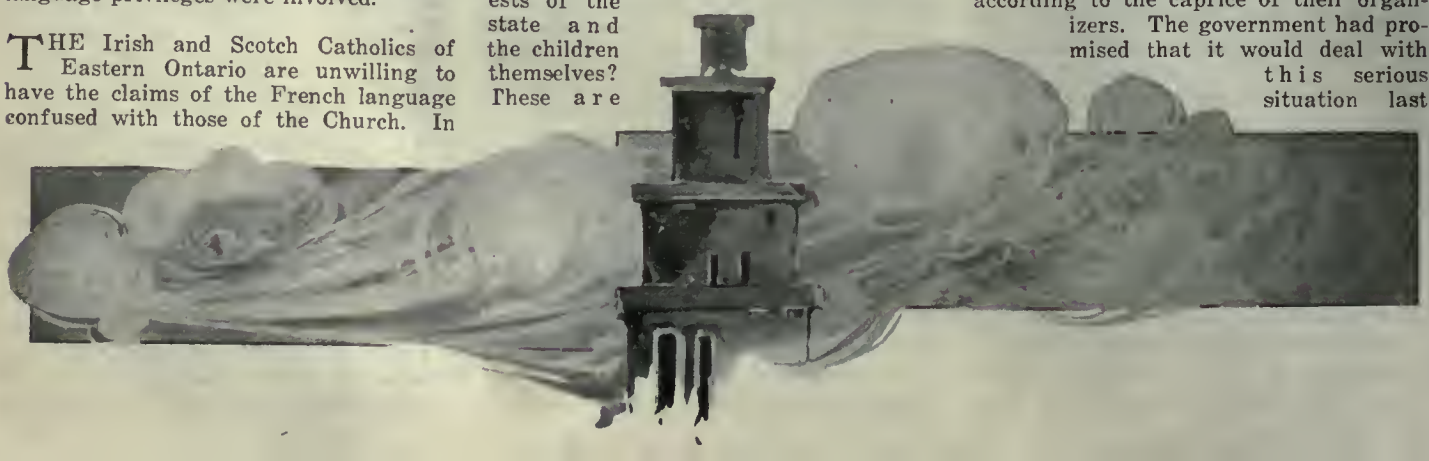
IS there a course to be followed which will satisfy sections of the population holding such widely divergent views? To what extent can recognition be given to the claims of various peoples to have schools in which their own languages may be taught, without prejudice to the interests of the state and the children themselves? These are questions which should exercise the minds of all patriots.

Before attempting to answer them it would be well rapidly to survey the attitude adopted by the various provinces.

In British Columbia, English is the language of all the schools. Immigration has been largely English-speaking, but where others have come their languages have received no consideration in the primary schools. The school system is homogeneous; there are no Roman Catholic separate schools, and no demand for them has developed. Religious instruction is left for the Church and the home, and instruction in other languages than English is reserved for secondary schools.

Alberta has a few separate schools, or denominational public schools, but all primary schools use the same text-books, have the same inspectors and are conducted by teachers who have passed the same examinations. The language difficulty has not been entirely avoided. Some few years ago it is said that missionary work was begun in Alberta by St. Boniface and Ottawa. Certain it is that the French-speaking population insisted on having a French inspector appointed. Their request was granted, since a gentleman was found possessing the regular qualifications. He was at first assigned by the Department to an inspectorate containing only two French-speaking school districts. Then the Ukrainian movement assumed an aggressive attitude. Admission to the schools was sought for Ruthenian teachers who had been trained after a fashion in Manitoba. The Department, however, insisted that school boards should appoint only properly qualified teachers. This stand evidently was appreciated, and in the last provincial elections the editor of a Ruthenian paper devoted to the Ukrainian propaganda was defeated in a riding eighty-five per cent. Ruthenian by another Ruthenian who favored dominantly English training in the schools. In Alberta the great importance of administration, as distinct from law, has thus been demonstrated.

IN Saskatchewan the school law is similar to that in Alberta. The influx of settlers has been so great that in the past decade schools have been organized at the rate of one a day for every school day. Even so the Department has failed to keep up with its task. In some settled districts public schools have not been opened, and the residents have organized for themselves Ruthenian or German or French schools in which English is used or abused according to the caprice of their organizers. The government had promised that it would deal with this serious situation last



session, but apparently was prevented from doing so by the Bradshaw charges.

With Manitoba conditions the public has become more familiar. The language clause of the agreement of 1897, to the effect that instruction in their mother tongue should be given to any ten children speaking another language than English when such instruction was demanded by their parents, as administered brought chaos into the school system of the province. It was intended as a concession to the French, and possibly also the Germans, but Poles and Ruthenians who came flocking to the country also availed themselves of its privileges. Furthermore, French and Polish and Ruthenian training schools for teachers were sanctioned, and an inferior standard of general knowledge and knowledge of English was accepted for these bilingual teachers. The general inefficiency of the bilingual schools of Manitoba was notorious. One of the first acts of the present government was to repeal the obnoxious bilingual clause. War was also declared on the Polish and Ruthenian training schools, and they were abolished, while the French Normal school was reorganized and put on a different basis.

TURNING to Ontario we find considerable French-speaking and German-speaking areas. Other peoples have gravitated towards the cities, where the streets and the schools soon efface language distinctions. The German population can hardly be said to have created an educational problem. Their children have assumed the language of the majority and taken their full share of honors in the secondary schools and in the universities. The French-Canadians on the other hand have always been inclined to insist on the teaching of their own language in the schools. Thirty-five years ago they asked for and received a French inspector. Twenty-seven years ago a special English-French model school was established at Plantagenet. Recently, since 1912, the number of French inspectors has been increased to three and the number of English-French model schools to four. Special grants are made to bilingual teachers, and inducements are offered to encourage students to attend the training schools. Still the supply of teachers for the English-French schools is quite inadequate. Recently the Minister of Education admitted in the House that there were ninety such schools unable to secure qualified teachers. The shortage is explained by the temporary closing of the model schools, by the fact that French girls are inclined to eschew much book-learning and marry young, and by the organized hostility to Regulation 17, which is regarded as setting unfair limits to the study of French. Regulation 17 as published in 1912 in its original form was undoubtedly not calculated to appease the French. In its revised form, as published the following year, it is remarkable chiefly for its indefiniteness. The minister is allowed very large discretionary powers in the designating of English-French schools and the chief inspector in their conduct. The study of French throughout the whole primary school course is permitted in schools which the Minister chooses to designate as English-French under certain conditions to be determined by the Chief Inspector, but only in schools where French was taught prior to the year 1913. The language of the Regulation admits no other interpretation as it stands by itself. If it is not regarded as replacing Regulation 12, which dates back to 1890 and which "requires instruction to be given in French or German reading, grammar and composition to such pupils as are directed by their parents or guardians to study either of those two languages" in school sections where the French and German language "prevails" then an interpretation more satisfactory to the French is possible. But the law and the regulations are not remarkable for their consistency, and it is high time for a revision of the statutes and regulations which will leave less room for lawyers to quibble and administrators to show discretion, and which will make it all so plain that the wayfaring man on the back concessions, French-speaking or English-speaking, though he be a fool may not err therein.

In Quebec for a century there have been two types of schools separate alike in language and religion. This fact was recognized by the Fathers of Confederation and the rights of each section to conduct its own schools was definitely secured by the British North America Act. Thus between British Columbia with its absolute uniformity on the one hand and Quebect with its well defined duality on the other hand stand the intermediate provinces with language problems of differing degrees of complexity.

HAVING surveyed the situation from Quebec Westward we are now in a better position to arrive at some general conclusions.

It has become apparent that the educational problems created by the presence of some 250,000 French-speaking people in Ontario are not different in kind from those arising from their presence and that of other non-English-speaking peoples in the West. It is not contended that the French-Canadian should always be regarded in the same light as the newcomer. The early history of Canada and the equality of French and English in the federal parliament and the federal courts would naturally suggest a position of vantage for French as compared with German or Polish or Ruthenian. Legally, however, it would appear that the French language has no rights in the schools except such as are given it from time to time by the provincial parliaments. In Ontario the courts have so decided; in Manitoba Attorney-General Hudson so argued convincingly last session; the supporters of the Lapointe resolution in the Federal House thought it best to urge their claim on moral, rather than on legal grounds. But the first school established in the Red River valley was a French school opened in 1818 by Father Provencher. In 1857 Egerton Ryerson, the father of the Ontario school system expressed the opinion that, "As the French is the recognized language of this country as well as the English, it is quite proper and lawful for the trustees to allow both languages to be taught in their schools to children whose parents may desire them to learn both." In Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia the French language has never had a legally recognized place in the schools, and in the new and polyglot provinces, if the governments begin to grant language concessions, it is difficult to know where to stop. Certainly in Ontario, and perhaps in Manitoba, any claim made by the French-Canadians to be taught their native language in the schools should not be lightly rejected. On either of two grounds it might be refused: if it is fundamentally impossible to have efficient primary schools in which two languages are taught, or secondly, if it is known that a movement has been organized to oust English from the schools in certain sections of these provinces.

NO attempt has ever been made to check inter-provincial migration. The natural increase of the French people of Quebec is rapid. The Ottawa river is not hard to cross. The bishops of Quebec are also bishops of the border counties of Ontario. Certain religious orders have immense funds at their disposal to assist young people who wish to improve their position by emigration. Nothing is more natural than that settlers should move across the border to open up new country or to take the place of those moving to the great West. It is not necessary to attribute sinister motives to the Church authorities.

Here one may venture to comment on the point of view of Father Whelan as expressed in an open letter to Sir Lomer Gouin: "As long as our schools and our children are not thereby affected either directly or indirectly, the French may teach five hours a day of French in their schools for all we care. That is their business, not ours." In the present state of society none can afford to regard the education of any section of his fellow-citizens as a matter of no concern to him. Fifty years ago the view that one could was comparatively prevalent. Now it is realized that the education of each affects all, indirectly perhaps but none the less vitally. Education has become a concern of the State, indeed its chief concern.

TURNING finally to the other condition. Can bilingual schools ever be efficient? In Ontario English-French schools have not been a success. Four years ago Dr. Merchant summed up his arduous investigation with the words: "The English-French schools are on the whole lacking in efficiency. The tests combine to show that a large proportion of the children in the communities concerned leave school to meet the demands of life with an inadequate equipment in education." The spectacular charges made by Bishop Fallon were thus substantiated. But it is not clear that these results are inevitable. Dr. Merchant admits the comparative efficiency of certain schools inspected, rural as well as urban. In Manitoba certain quite efficient German and French bilingual schools are known to exist. It is a matter of agree-

Continued on page 91.

What The Gods Send

An Incident of Railroad Construction in the Canadian North

By Hopkins Moorhouse

Who wrote "The Years of the Wicked" and "1,000 Per Cent.—Net!"

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

PART III.

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

POMEROY carefully licked back into place a piece of skin on the knuckle of his right thumb—and laughed. But there was an underlying menace in the laugh that checked the angry outburst which Macklin was on the point of launching. He stared at the secretary.

"Congratulations, Svenson! That was rather neatly turned, if I may say so. Don't you think so, Mack? To be perfectly frank, I didn't think you had it in you, Svenson. Valuable man, Mr. Macklin. If we ever do succeed in getting it through his skull that the order-board is out against him, there won't be anything short of a cyclone that'll prevent you getting out of this on the double-quick. Maybe he'll go so far as to carry you on his back! Valuable man, say I. You must admit that our yellow-haired friend here seems to be a clever sort, eh?"

"Svenson, you're a doggone ass!" exploded Macklin in contradiction.

"Oh, now, Mr. Macklin! Tut, tut!" soothed Pomeroy. "Don't be hard on him. He's only obeying orders, you know."

"Disobeying them, you mean!" Macklin's glare of resentment lost fire as he caught Pomeroy's covert wink.

"Got any money?"

Macklin hadn't much money, but he grasped at the whispered suggestion eagerly. Dusting his knees, he walked over to the sectionman with his best smile and held out his hand. He was improving, was Macklin.

"Shake, Svenson. I admire the way you turned the tables on Mr. Pomeroy and so does he. It was pretty slick, if you ask me." He laughed with appreciation. "But look here, old man, you're in bad—*awfully* bad. In the first place, you fellows hadn't any business locking me up. I belong to Mr. Rutland's party — surveyors, you know. In the second place, there's important business of vital interest to the Canadian Midland Railway that has simply *got* to be attended to at once. Mr. Pomeroy there has given me a message which I've got to deliver in a hurry to—to President Waring, you see. I've got to get right out of here on that account."

"Ay ban tol' ke'p you faller," said Svenson with sullen insistence.

"But I'm willing to pay for what I want," continued Macklin. "How much is it worth to you to let me out right away? How much?"

He suggestively jingled the coins in his pocket and half drew out a bill; sixty-five cents will jingle if you handle the coins properly and a dollar bill may be any denomination if the light is uncertain enough!

A flash of understanding illumined the big foreigner's features. But a frown followed it.

"How much?" repeated Macklin. "A dollar? Two? Five, then? Ten? Look here, Svenson, I'll make it twenty dollars if you'll let me out and I'll promise to square you with Halldorson. Come now, that's a pretty fair offer, isn't it?"

It certainly was a sore temptation. Svenson wetted his lips and shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other; twenty dollars seemed a wonderful amount of money to be obtained so easily.

Pomeroy was watching him shrewdly.

"Don't be a fool, Svenson," he interjected. "You won't get into any trouble. I'll personally explain everything to your boss in the morning. Tell you what I'll do. Svenson—I'll just see Mr. Macklin's twenty and raise him to a hundred even and no hard feelings. That's more than you'll make in two months, Svenson."

Again the Swede wet his lips and again his boots scraped on the grit of the flooring.

"I'll go even further than that. I'll use my influence with President Waring to have you promoted to a section of your own. Yes, I'll do that, Svenson—make you foreman of your own gang!—— You know, Macklin, this man's too valuable to be working under Halldorson—eh, Svenson? What do you say to the proposition now?"

Svenson grunted. He shook his head. scowling angrily.

"Ay ban tol' ke'p you faller," he persisted stubbornly. He shook his head again more vigorously and it was quite apparent that his mind was made up.

"Well, what d'you know about that!" Macklin gasped.

"Ain't it the limit? Can't you fairly hear old Diogenes scratching to get out of his grave to get a good look at him? He hath the itching palm—*not!* I'll bet he wouldn't even sell the sole of his boot for drachmas!"

But withal, Pomeroy was angry enough.

"Think we've had just about enough of this nonsense, Macklin," he continued quietly. "Of course we can't let this blockhead jeopardize things, you know. You've got to get down the line to-night by fair means or foul. And you've got to start within five minutes!"

"But how? Just tell me how to get out, then watch me get!"

"There's only one way, I guess, and that's at the point of a gun."

"What? You've got another one?" asked Macklin in suppressed excitement.

"If I had, you'd be a mile or two away by this time."

"If only that lobster, Halldorson, hadn't pocketed that little 22 of mine—!"

"Never mind. We'll take the one he's got away from him. I think—Macklin, I'm really afraid I'm going—to faint—again. (Watch your chance, now!) You see, I feel—a dizziness—coming—on—me——!" He sagged to one side with a groan.

"Svenson! Quick! Great Scott, he's fainted again!" cried Macklin in well-feigned alarm. He fussed frantically with the other's shirt collar and began chafing his wrists. "Here, help me lift him up, Svenson, and for the love of Mike let's have that whisky again!"

The big Swede came forward unsuspiciouly reaching for the flask in his hip pocket with one hand, the revolver hanging loosely in the other.

AS he bent over in concern, Pomeroy came to life with a suddenness that took the enemy by surprise and, repeating the sectionman's own tactics, the secretary kicked the revolver spinning.

On tense muscles Macklin whirled and sprang for the door.

There was genuine anger in Svenson's lunge. His big fist caught Macklin square on the shoulder and hurled him sideways to the floor like a ninepin, almost knocking the breath out of him.

He was up instantly, however, but not before the Swede had cut off his escape. Macklin tackled like a maniac. There was no withstanding that rush. His big antagonist lost his balance and they came to the floor with Macklin on top.

He found his legs held fast. His fists were free, though, and in a fury he began raining blows at the Swede's face. He could feel the great muscles of the section hand writhing beneath him and he struggled savagely to retain the advantage which his sudden onslaught had given him.

Pomeroy started to crawl weakly along the floor to where the revolver was lying.

Svenson saw him and let out a bellow of rage.

They were fighting close to the door. Macklin thought he saw a chance for a spring that would carry him to freedom.

But it was ill-timed. The Swede's powerful right arm got away from him.

He saw it drawn back. He struggled

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frantically to avoid the blow, but was pinned tight in the tangle.

"*Svenson!*" he panted hoarsely.

A thousand tons of needles struck him between the eyes!

VI.

IN WHICH THE FATES PIN ON THE MEDALS.

THE first gray streaks of dawn were in the sky beyond the low-lying hills to the east when Halldorson got back. With him on the "jigger" and doing his share of the pumping came Cranston, railway detective.

They hopped off simultaneously as they rolled alongside the water-tank and there was an eagerness in the section foreman's manner which it was impossible for him to suppress.

Svenson was still on guard. He stood with his broad back against the little door and waited for his superior with a grin of welcome that was as wide as his bruised cheeks would allow.

Halldorson ran up to him, peering anxiously in the uncertain light. There followed an excited dialogue in Scandinavian, terminated only by the gruff command of the detective.

"Open up, Halldorson."

"Yau," muttered the Icelander. "Yau, Mister Cranston."

The lantern was still alight in the store-room, the air heavy with the odor of its burning. Macklin was dozing against the wall. Beside him on the floor with his muddy coat for a pillow lay Pomeroy, his face white and haggard, his eyes closed.

The gust of cool morning air and the noise of their entry awakened both prisoners. Pomeroy propped himself on his sound elbow with an oath.

"Morning, Pom," said Cranston.

"Hello, Bob," said Pomeroy, apathetically.

They looked at each other in silence for a moment.

"Damphool, Pom."

"Don't preach, Bob."

"What did you do it for?"

"Cut all that!"

"Waring'll be here in half an hour; maybe less."

"You don't say so!" Pomeroy arched his eyebrows mockingiy. "How interesting!"

"It'll be interesting enough," growled Cranston. "Where is it?"

"It? Ah, you refer to McGinty's big toe, of course!"

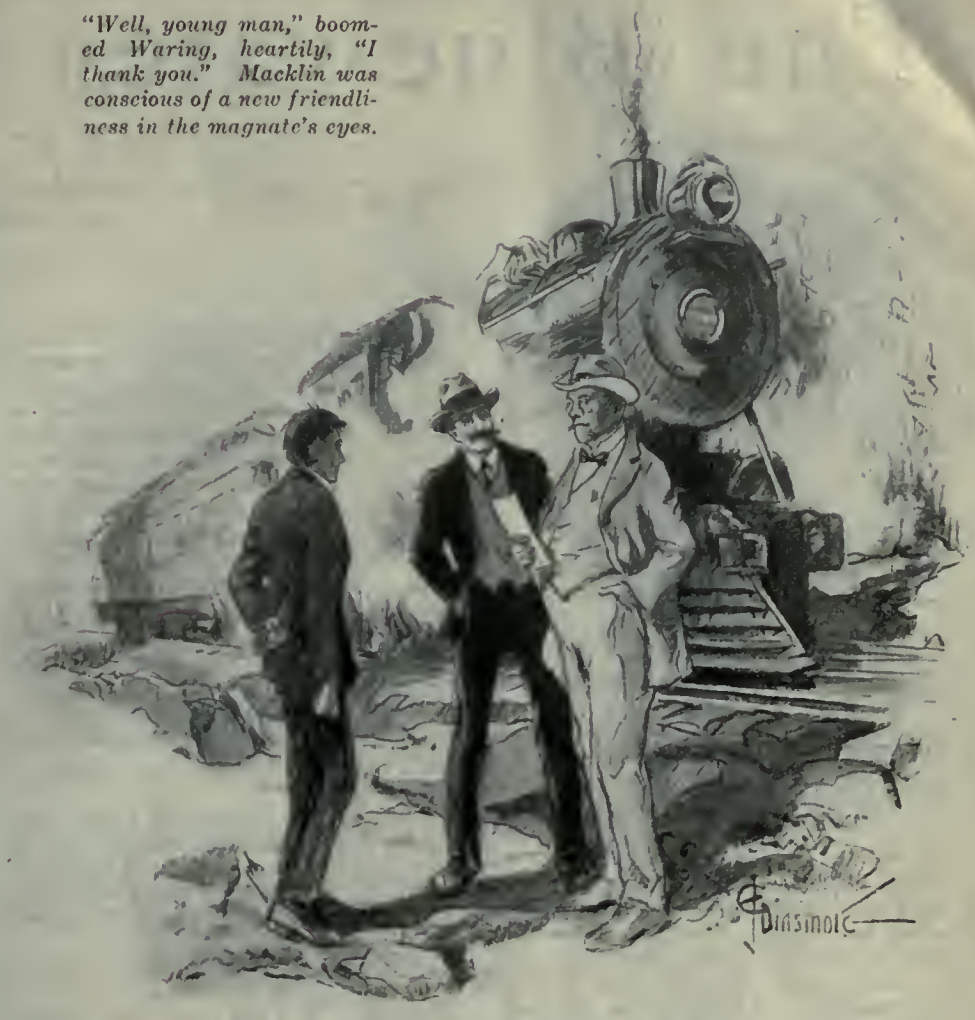
"You can't afford to get gay, Pomeroy," warned the detective flushing. "I want the sealed envelope you stole night before last from the President's car—and I want it quick!"

"Oh, sealed envelope. You should learn to be more explicit, Robert." He essayed a laugh, but it fell rather flat in the face of the detective's sudden anger.

"Hand it over and be quick about it!" snapped Cranston.

Pomeroy leered.

"Guess again, Cranston. Can't do it. 'Cause why? Haven't got it. You might give me credit, Bob, for a little—shall we call it foresight? The packet's already in other hands No con. I'm telling you the truth."



"Well, young man," boomed Waring, heartily, "I thank you." Macklin was conscious of a new friendliness in the magnate's eyes.

CRANSTON grunted and bit at the corner of his moustache. It was what he had feared and he was worried.

"Where is it?" he demanded.

"That's for you to find out."

Pomeroy waited till nobody was looking, then shot a meaning glance at Macklin who had been standing in the background, listening to the dialogue with bated breath.

There was a second auditor who seemed to be very much interested, and that was Halldorson. He stared from Pomeroy to Macklin and back again with a puzzled expression, finally slipping outside and renewing the Scandinavian confab with Svenson. Presently he stuck his head inside the door and beckoned mysteriously to Macklin.

Whereat the Fates swept down out of a clear sky and took complete charge of Macklin's affairs. For without a word Halldorson pulled at his coatsleeve till they reached the shanty where he lived, dived quickly inside, came out again almost immediately and after a hurried glance around to see if they were observed, pressed something soft into Macklin's hand. The quickly growing daylight was not needed to identify it as a small roll of bills!

Just so. For had not the President of the Canadian Midland Railway, the President himself, wired Halldorson to be on the lookout for a man so-high, so-broad? Had not Halldorson made a grave mistake and captured the wrong man? Had not the right man been found by the wrong man in the tank store-room? Would not the reward be paid just the same? And was not Halldorson going to claim it?

YOU bet he was! But he would share it; yes. One hundred dollars; yes. He would tell Mr. Cranston and the President that Mr. Macklin had helped them to catch the fellow; yes. And nobody would know any different because it was nobody's business; no.

"It is suffeecient? Yau? Wery sorry ve mak' mistak' and wery glad ve catch the right vun——. Queek? Put the money wery queek in the pocket!" broke off Halldorson in alarm.

The staring Macklin obeyed mechanically and turned slowly to follow the direction of the Icelander's gaze.

Came Cranston from the water-tank, met half way by the running section-foreman. They advanced slowly, Halldorson talking volubly.

"Alright, alright, we've got him and that's the main thing. Nothing to get excited about. Chase yourself, now, Halldorson. I want to talk to this young gentleman in private." The detective dismissed the Icelander with a touch of impatience and turned to Macklin with extended hand.

"Merely to congratulate you, Macklin,"

Continued on page 98.

The Bluewater Prodigal

By A. C. Allenson

Author of "In the House of Rimmon," "Small Profits, Quick Returns," etc.

With Illustration



IT all happened so suddenly and astonishingly. Christine Mayhew had called at the railway station to enquire about trains. It was the twenty-second of December, and she was going to Bluewater the next day to spend Christmas with the Herricks, hence her interest in travelling arrangements. Having received most courteous attention from an affable clerk, for she was very charming, she paused at the news stall to obtain the latest war tidings, then lingered a moment to scan the papers' headlines. The day was grey and chilly, the station grimy and cheerless, but Christine so obviously redeemed the wretchedness of both that a really efficient general manager would have engaged her on the spot for purposes of adornment.

She had been for a long walk, and, in grey walking skirt, crimson-bordered sweater, and crimson Tam o' Shanter, was altogether delightful. So the brown-faced man thought who alighted from the train. Hypercritical people, feminine invariably, said sometimes that, strictly speaking, Christine was not exactly pretty. There was her nose, for instance, it might be—and so forth; and her mouth, well, it was a trifle large, and some—having dark dull hair themselves—thought the reddish tint of her's and the way she arranged it, just the least, teeny bit, for so nice a girl, you know, well—loud. The brown-faced man would have denied these assertions jointly and severally, *seriatim* and *en bloc*, and cheerfully maintained his denial *vi et armis* or any other old way.

Busy with her paper Christine did not see the admiring young man. He was tall, well built, and had an air of fine fitness that made him additionally personable. The hat, tilted the least bit on one side, gave a debonair touch of cavalier gaiety to the decidedly attractive figure. Christine, in the war zone, was oblivious of all this, until she looked up, startled a little by the deep but not disagreeable voice.

"I don't think I can be mistaken," it said at her shoulder. "It must be Christine."

She was a self-possessed little lady, but for an instant surprise took her aback. Then she folded her paper and smiled, very adorably, he thought. He decided on the spot that grey eyes, with just that degree of sparkle in them, were the most absolutely satisfactory eyes imaginable. The smile, he felt, would have amply rewarded the victor of a hard campaign; and he was a mere returning prodigal.

"Dick Herrick!" she exclaimed, giving him her hand. As Dick clasped it, he knew that the fatted calf's slaughter on the classic occasion had been a grossly material business. When last he had seen Christine, eight years before, she had been a girl of fourteen in short skirts and long pigtails.

"I WAS sure the minute I saw you," he declared joyously. "Going to Bluewater, of course, for Christmas? Jolly old Christmas! Santa Claus, plum pudding, mistletoe, and things!" He was really enthusiastic.

"Yes, are you?" she enquired with a touch of severity.

"Rather. And if I hadn't been I would be," he replied decidedly.

"Do they expect you?" she pursued, with almost sisterly persistence.

"Expect me?" he repeated. "I scarcely think so. I am going to surprise them, so that Dad won't be able to skip out."

"Dick, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," she reproached him.

"Well, if you say I ought, then I am, thoroughly so," he answered accommodatingly. "I say, Christine, how you've grown."

"Quite remarkable is it not?" she said.

"I mean it seems queer to find you a real, grown-up woman, you know," he explained.

"It would have been much queerer had I remained eight years at fourteen," she replied evenly. "Whatever one may do later—under stress of necessity—it is not usual on the flapper side of twenty-two."

"I suppose not," he agreed. "And yet you have not changed a great deal. Your eyes happily are about the same, and grey eyes are very wonderful. And I have never seen just that subtly pretty shade of hair, a kind of filmy spun sunlight."

"You are much more polite than you used to be. You used to call it either 'ginger' or 'carrots,'" she said.

"It never could have been possible," he declared incredulously. "There are words and deeds in a misspent past that unhappily abide, permanent, stinging sorrow, but——" he smiled and shook his head sadly.

"It was not only possible but actual," she insisted.

"Even in the callowest, most insensate stage of brutish boyhood, I cannot imagine myself so utterly crass an idiot," he declared.

"I can, with the least imagination," she assured him. "But suppose we cease discussing my personal appearance and your mental defects? I must hurry home to lunch. A long walk, and the arduous duties of this reception committee business have been exhausting."

"Why, of course, what a brute I am to forget it. It is simply the unbelievable luck of meeting you, Christine," he said enthusiastically. "We can talk in a taxi and over a restaurant table much more pleasantly than even here."

"I said 'home,'" she corrected him. "I stay, when in town, with a former governess of mine."

"Of course, quite proper," he commended. "But really, Christine, I wouldn't dream of intruding upon the dear old thing. Besides, the hour of the procigal's return is not quite the proper occasion for taking the emergency can of soup from the larder shelf. We will leave it there," he declared magnanimously. "You can't leave a prodigal, even on the home stretch, to the perils of a great city. He might lapse, you know, and leave you singing other melodious enquiries about where the wandering boy might be, at a guess, to-night. Really I am hungry enough to demolish the fatted calf, horns, hoof, hide, and all."

THERE was cogency in his reasoning, and appeal to her kindly instincts. So a few minutes later they were seated at a cosy table in a discreet corner of the restaurant.

"And when do you go home, Dick?" she asked.

"When do you go?" he countered.

"To-morrow, the twenty-third," she said.

"And by a delightful coincidence I go on the twenty-third," he announced. "We can dine together to-night, take in a theatre, and to-morrow hie to the parental home. As you are, or were, father's ward, the term fits both of us in a way."

"I don't want you to go to-morrow," she said firmly.

"I fear I really must," he insisted gently.

"You must not." Her voice was mandatory.

"But, my dearest Christine!" he protested.

"The unnecessary superlative, and the other Christines apart"—she had a de-

lightfully firm chin, and the fullest, finest little firm lips, he reflected—"I do not want you to go. Have you no sense of the dramatic values of a situation like this?"

"You mean our meeting like this? I decidedly have. Not merely dramatic, because there's lots of piffling dramatic stuff, but romantic in the finest, tenderest sense," he answered.

"I mean nothing of the kind," she said, stiffly. "I mean the situation provided by the nearness of Christmas and your returning from the far country."

"I am afraid not—if the sense of it bars me from going with you," he shook his head gravely. "And if I had it would be a sense of indignation because of its interference."

"Yet here is a prodigal, a wandering boy, a lost black sheep," she began.

"Baa! Baa!" he murmured. "Don't mind my feelings. Rub it in. When it hurts I'll try to remember it's all for my good. Go on, Christine, please. 'Sheep—Black Sheep' was where you left off."

"And the day after to-morrow is Christmas Eve, when ghosts walk and right-minded prodigals turn homeward," she went on. "It will snow heavily, pitilessly. There will be a fat turkey on the paternal board. The agonized relatives will be eating it with appetite even sorrow cannot destroy. The lights will be ablaze, the blinds up, just to let the hungry outsiders know what they are missing. It would be better if the prodigal had a wife with baby in arms and two more clutching her dress, and all of them knee deep in snow. R-r-r. I suppose there isn't a Mrs. Prodigal, and Masters and Misses Prodigal?"

"Merciful Moses! No!" grunted Dick. "A drawback, but not absolutely vital," he commented. "Just as papa plunges the knife into the turkey the prodigal appears at the window, collarless, unshaven, hands elbows deep in pockets, red nose, indicative of fatal weakness, pressed against the window pane."

"Not on a zero night, surely, Christine?" he remonstrated. "That's the worst of realists, they don't know just where to stop."

"Well, that's a detail," she conceded. "The main point is, this situation cannot be wasted."

"Writing for the movies, like the rest of the inky millions?" he enquired. "I suppose there will be the family bulldog and the cinematograph machine simultaneously grinding me up."

"And now all that is fixed," she said with a relieved sigh, "we can talk about where you have been and what you have been doing all this time. It was a great surprise when I came back from school two years ago to find you had vanished from home a month or two before. Really, I can hardly believe it is eight years ago."

"No, it doesn't seem that time since we were torn apart, youthful but ardent sweethearts, that you might go across the ocean in pursuit of a quite unnecessary education," he mused. "You remember, Christine, how we read of Scotch sweethearts breaking a sixpence at parting. The best we could raise was a nickel and

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my knife wouldn't cut it, so we changed it into pennies, taking two apiece, and spending the balance on peanuts? Happy, happy days!"

"Which I ate—the peanuts I mean, not the happy days—like a little pig, while you were sentimental. Really, Dick, it was the funniest thing I ever saw, you being sentimental. I've howled with delight at the recollection of it a hundred times." She laughed.

"Oh! I don't know." And he smiled across into her eyes. "This I do know, though, I've lived on the memory of that kiss through many a tough time." The crimson fleeted over her laughing face, and her eyes fell for an instant.

"But, tell me, Dick, about the prodigal," she switched off.

"There's not a great deal to tell," he replied. "He was the same as most of the prodigals. Knocked round at all kinds of jobs. The open road, the broad highway kind of thing, you know. A bit of sport, hunting and shooting when things were good, spells of hard work, mining, real work in a real hole with real pick and shovel. In short, you may say that mine has been a chequered career, which means a career without much of the cheque in it."

"Now, remember, not one minute before eight o'clock on Christmas Eve," she admonished him when he put her into the taxi.

"It shall be as my lady commands," he responded. "And at what hour may I call for you this evening?"

"Well, since you are going to be good and do what I ask, you may call at 6.30." He noted the address carefully, and she drove away, leaving him in a state of high satisfaction with a most excellent world. There were points, other than dramatic, about being a prodigal.

II.

IT was the twenty-third of December. Lovers of old-fashioned Christmas seemed likely to have their heart's desire for snow beat heavily on the windows, and a howling gale raged about the hills. The dining room at Lakeview was a snug place on such a night. People who like the lighter, more artistic appointments of modern times might have criticized its heavy, mid-Victorian solidity. Dark-panelled wainscot, ponderously framed oil paintings, vast mahogany table, heavy substantial furnishings. But this night the most fastidious must have been impressed by the glow and comfort of the room. A great, open fireplace, upon which logs hissed and crackled, gave the final touch of cheery homeliness. The room, as indeed the whole house, expressed the personality of Robert Herrick—solid, affluent, comfortable.

He was a self-made man, and proud of it in a modest way. There were traditions, dating not far back, of his prowess with axe and pick before Bluewater came upon the mining map, and he could still jump into a pit and show a lethargic gang how to tackle a job requiring muscle and nerve. He had been one of the pioneers of mining in the Bluewater country, and had grown rich rapidly. Men said he ha

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been lucky — they were those who had been blind to opportunity, and had lacked his vision and courage. He now sat at the head of the table, ruddy, strong, clean-shaved face, crisp, short, greying hair, a big man in every respect, with a temper, report had it, as short and crisp as his hair. Those who knew him best said he was as warm of heart as of temper.

Opposite sat his wife, a slight, pretty woman, quiet, conciliatory, with the just reputation of being able to twist him round her little finger. On his right was Miss Ann Elton, his sister-in-law, an elderly, brusque woman, who, possessed of ample means, travelled much, but generally managed to be at Bluewater for the Christmas holidays. She was reputed to be the only person of whom Mr. Herrick was afraid; and, if that was not quite a true indication of their relations, she was one who would as soon contradict him as not, and consequently he regarded her with very real respect and affection. Facing Miss Elton sat Christine Mayhew who had arrived at noon. She was a daughter of Mr. Herrick's late partner, and had been the hale old gentleman's ward until she came of age.

THE dinner, now approaching its termination, had been a quieter function than usual. Mr. Herrick was decidedly not in holiday mood, and had taken but little part in the conversation. He had, moreover, sniffed rather aggressively at the evergreen decorations the ladies had arranged in the afternoon, complaining that the smell of them gave him a headache, and that they were messy things, dropping leaves and needles all over the place. He had sighed heavily when his wife ran over the list of guests for Christmas Eve.

The Herricks had their great party on that evening, reserving the next day for exclusively family celebrations. Mr. Herrick was a hospitable man, without a shred of newly rich snobbery in his robust composition, but this year he did not anticipate the gathering of the clans with any delight.

He complained that his relatives from the outlying country were not what they used to be. They seemed, since he got into his new house, to fancy they had to be starched before they came nowadays. The men would herd together as if invited to a funeral, and the women would sit about in corners, and whisper as if the corpse was in the middle of the room. It used to be different in the old times, but thank goodness, it would soon be over for another year.

He did not say all this at dinner, but it was in his thought, and wet-blanketed his manner. When addressed directly he would look up absently, and answer briefly. Mrs. Herrick always humored his crankily contemplative mood, knowing it was a temporary ripple on a sea of great good-nature. She had a large gift of sympathetic silence. Christine was undisguisedly cheerful. She never minded Uncle Bob's moods (for thus she named her ex-guardian), and to-night understood his depression. Miss Elton, however, became impatient with irrelevant replies to her observations on large world



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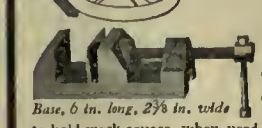
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topics in which she was vastly interested. At last, when, in response to some remark of hers about Henry Ford's peace programme, he passed her the mustard, it was more than her kind of flesh, blood, and mind could stand. Bob needed stirring up. He was getting out of sorts, liverish probably. That was the way with these burly athletic men when they gave up physical exercise and were boxed up in offices. He needed a tonic scrap.

"You're grumpy, Bob!" she charged down on him.

"Huh! I beg your pardon, Ann." He snorted as a warhorse is popularly supposed to do at prospect of battle.

"I said you are grumpy!" she repeated with distinctness. "What's the matter—business cutting up badly? You'd better tell me if that is so, for I have quite a number of prospective extravagances in mind." She had a considerable interest in the mines, having invested her small fortune in Herrick's enterprise in the day of small things, to her vast profit. She knew the firm's year ended in mid-December. Perhaps, despite contrary rumors, the year had been discouraging.

"Business!" The word had aroused him. Her suggestion seemed almost a reflection on his managerial abilities. "You are just twenty-five thousand dollars richer than you were this day twelvemonth, Ann. Christine is the same amount ahead, and we are in no danger of the poorhouse." He nodded to his wife.

"Then what on earth are you kicking about?" demanded Miss Ann. She was an arden apostle of woman's wants as well as her rights, and did not see the sense of leaving useful hyperbolic expressions to the feebler sex.

"But isn't that splendid? Twenty-five thousand," interposed Christine, a little indignant at Miss Ann's seeming indifference to the result.

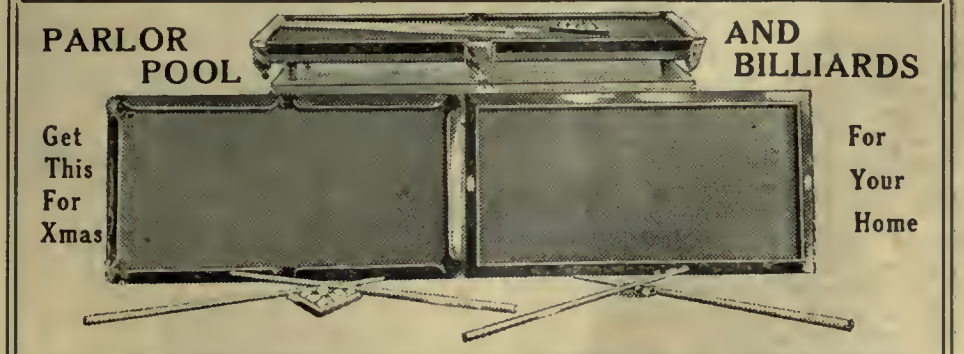
"Of course it is," agreed Ann. "Only an idiot would impugn your business genius, Bob." And Miss Elton, viewing her brother-in-law from the business angle, meant all she said. A man who could conjure with her poor little two thousand dollars, and bring an income of twenty-five thousand out of it was a big, fine, generous wizard, whom she had no thought of disparaging. "What I mean is that with all this success to buck you up, why the deuce should you be grouchy?"

"I am ashamed of my town!" exploded Mr. Herrick all at once. "I am ashamed of all this prosperity. Gad! I wish I were fifteen years younger. Here we are, rolling in money, making it hand over fist out of the war, and this Christmas there is not a single Bluewater boy over yonder in the trenches with the rest of Canada's lads. I've seen this place grow from a gap in the woods to a town with several thousands in it, and there's not one of our men wearing fighting khaki and doing his bit to-day."

"What is the matter with them, milk or water in their veins?" asked Miss Ann aghast. She was a Bluewater woman, but had been out of touch with its life for many years.

"Too proud to fight, I guess, like a lot





A Business Man's Christmas

By RICHARD DAWSON.

IT WAS CHRISTMAS DAY. It just needed thirty minutes before the time arrived that Mrs. Brent had set for the Brent Family to sit down to their Christmas dinner.

The young children had just finished one of the happiest days of their lives. Olive, Mrs. Brent's eldest daughter, and Helen Lennox, who was Olive's greatest friend, had just seen the last of the young children to bed, and the two girls were now in Olive's room putting the finishing touches on their already perfect toilet, when Mrs. Brent entered, much disturbed that her husband had not returned from town.

"I can't imagine what is keeping him, Olive, that he could not be with his family this one day in the year; I never saw anything like your father's devotion to his business. Of course I know he is just building that new factory, but what other man would go to work on Christmas Day, even if he was putting up ten factories? Even if he does come in right away, he will hardly have time to dress for dinner."

Just at that moment Rod Brent's voice was heard from downstairs, "Here is the Governor, Mother, just coming in the door." Mrs. Brent, now relieved, called back to Rod to tell him to hurry and dress so he would not be late, while she went to his dressing-room to see that everything was in readiness for him.

John Brent was now nearly dressed when his wife again entered the room. "John, whatever has kept you so late? Surely there is no business going on today that would keep a man away from his family all day, on a day like This?"

"Yes I know, Mary. One would think I might be with you this day, but I have had so much trouble down at the new factory; nothing seems to be going right. I don't know whether everybody has as much trouble with their power plant as I have, but if they do, I feel sorry for them. It seems that nothing fits. We buy a steam pump from one company to be connected to a feed water heater that we purchase from another concern, and they do not fit together. Each manufacturer says the other is to blame, then each tell me they supplied exactly what I ordered, and then it is up to me to adjust and modify them until they fit. The header on the boiler does not suit the engine. Everything one can think of seems to go wrong till they drive me nearly mad. If I am not there to attend to these matters things just remain at a standstill and the men sit around doing nothing, drawing the company's pay."

"Well, never mind, John; hurry up and get yourself ready for dinner, as Grace and William Morgan, and a lot of others are coming, and will be here any moment now, and I don't want to be late."

Mrs. Brent's dinner was always good, and the family and their guests had done ample justice to it, the ladies had retired to the drawing room, leaving the men to talk together over their cigars and coffee.

"I hear, John, from your superintendent," William Morgan began, "that you have been having a lot of trouble down at your new factory, with your power plant. He tells me that none of the steam appliances you purchased suit one another, that the pipe connections are all different sizes, and so forth, and that you have had all kinds of trouble fitting them up. I suppose you purchased your equipment from a lot of different manufacturers, and no one is responsible when they are found not to fit. Well, I realized that difficulty some years ago, and with those two last factories I built I bought all the equipment I could from a Montreal concern called "Darling Brothers, Limited," who supply almost everything that is needed for a power plant, and everything went together just like clock work. We had no trouble at all, and besides any little that does occur you can put it right up to them, they can't shift the responsibility on to some one else. If a trap does not work, they can't say it is on account of the separator that was supplied by some other concern. As I used their separators, pumps, heaters, and everything else, I got everything in shape with the least amount of trouble to myself. Besides they make better steam appliances than anyone in Canada. Even if they do cost you a little more money at the time, you will spend more money in the long run fixing things up as you have had to do. My motto is, to pick out a good manufacturer of steam appliances, and give them the contract for everything you require that can be supplied by them, then you have only one concern responsible and can get some satisfaction."

"Well, I expect you are right, William. We all have to learn by experience, and if I was building another factory I would take your advice, even if I had to pay Darling double the amount of money for his goods. It would be money in pocket in the end, with the trouble I have had with this factory. Here, I have been all Christmas Day at the factory just straightening out such difficulty, instead of being with my family. Now that I have learned my lesson, all credit to you, William, let us cut out this business talk and go and join our families in the drawing room."

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Continued from page 45.

of these hyphenates who are wearing tracks across the border, ever since they found we have got what they want in a mineral way," he answered bitterly. "They come here, eat at our table, fill their pockets, and sneer at Canada and the Empire bond, and tell the boys they are fools to fight and risk their lives, when they can make a war fortune here in a year or two." And he rapped the table sharply with his knuckles.

"And we sent a regiment from this county, when it had only a few farmers to settle it, in the Fenian Raid and Western trouble times," said Miss Ann.

WHERE are some places to which the war has brought privation and sorrow, but here it has been the reverse," Mr. Herrick continued: "Minerals that used to supply the States market no longer come from Southern Europe and Asia Minor. Formerly they were shipped across so cheaply that we could not mine them here profitably, but as soon as war broke out, ours became the only supply available for American markets. There's scarcely a yard of the hills but has been, and is being, ransacked. Old dumps that have lain worthless for years have been sold for tens of thousands, just shovelled as they were into the cars, no expense or cost of any kind. In other places men are enlisting, fighting, dying, and women are sorrowing and suffering to keep the world clean and straight, but here men are cramming their pockets, with eyes and ears for nothing else. And I guess," he went on slowly, "some of the stuff that has helped to buy motor cars here, and fatten lean pockets, went to the same destination as the Canadian nickel. Think of it! Mineral taken from these Canadian hills to help the Hun at Essen to hold down Belgium and kill our boys! Every hyphenate who comes across the border is, behind the smile, an underhand preacher against patriotism, with the popular text, 'Don't be fool enough to fight. Fill your pockets while you have the chance.'"

"Where's the public spirit of the town?" asked Miss Ann. "I remember the time when the place would have been too hot to hold them."

"Public spirit!" he repeated scornfully. "Dollars are killing it in this camp. There's Garston, the next mining town. It hasn't the stuff the hyphenates want, and there are two hundred of their men on the fighting line. In Bluewater you can hear big likely young fellows talk about what Canada's boys are doing, but when it comes to the personal matter they do their fighting by proxy, at moving picture shows, loafing over soda counters, drinking tea at parties. Sometimes they put on bluff khaki, shoulder a gun and start out to shoot rabbits and partridges—anything guaranteed not to fight back."

"We don't mine any of the stuff that goes to Germany, or will be likely to go?" asked Miss Ann.

"Thank God, no, we mine for the British navy," answered her brother-in-law proudly. "If there was any risk of a German grabbing a pound I'd shut the pits to-morrow. If we won't or can't fight, the least we can do is to see that the

boys who can, shall have every kind of backing we can give them."

"I suppose our big profit this year is war money?" asked Christine.

"Yes, my dear, and we are going to have a bit of talk about that later," replied Mr. Herrick. "But when all is said and done we have to put the fighting man into the field. Money will do a lot, but it only helps, it is the men we have to get. Riches are worse than nothing when you haven't the men who'll fight to the finish when the pinch comes. And Canada is sending them—and all the rest of the Empire—its brainiest, its noblest, its richest. But there isn't a Bluewater man there, that's what chokes me. I wish——" he did not finish the sentence, but kicked back his chair and went out of the room.

"He feels it dreadfully, Ann," said Mrs. Herrick, when the door of the den slammed. "Do you know he went off himself, and he's past 60, and tried to get into one of the regiments. He told the most awful lies about his age, too, but it was no use."

"Good old Bob!" said Ann, her eye glistening.

"And you know it makes him fret all the more about Dick," Mrs. Herrick continued, her lip trembling. "He fancies if Dick had been here, there would have been a Bluewater boy fighting. I don't know sometimes whether I am glad or sorry he went away to the States. It is easy to talk about mothers tying boys to their apron strings but, it must be terrible to let them go. The mothers and wives are braver even, I think, than the sons and husbands."

"Where is Dick?" asked Miss Ann.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Herrick. "Now and again a letter comes through the New York office of the firm he went north for, but it is always indefinite. Practically all we know is that he is well. But, oh! I wish he were back, even for a day or two. Robert and he are much alike, proud, independent, more than generous, but quick and impulsive. Robert never seemed to realize that Dick at twenty-two, made much of at College and among other men, was no longer a boy. Dick did not mind staying at the foot of the ladder till he learned about things, but his father seemed to think he ought to remain there till he became grey-headed. Robert knows now that he made a terrible mistake; but there it is. Dick made no fuss but just went away, and his father said some hard things about coming back, that he did not mean. But that hurt Dick, I know."

Christine rose, she felt that if she stayed her secret would escape.

"We promised to help with the Church decorations," she said.

"Yes, I'll be ready in five minutes," answered Mrs. Herrick rising, with a sigh. Miss Elton did not accompany them, but when they had gone, she made her way to the den where her brother-in-law sat brooding over his pipe.

"Hello, Ann, come in," he welcomed her.

For some time they talked business. She was shrewd and practical, and he paid her the compliment of explaining mine matters in detail.

"A great year, Bob!" she said. "Dear



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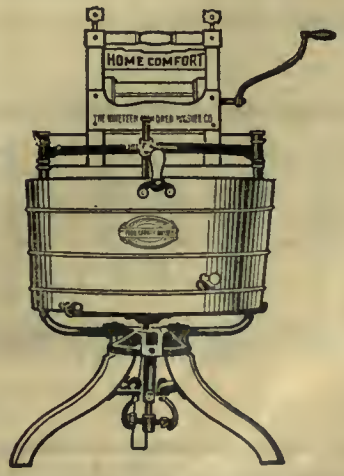
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me! how the years do fly. It seems only the other day last Christmas was here."

"Yes, they go swiftly," he replied. "I'll be glad though, when we get into the New Year, and all this holiday fuss is over. It used to be different when Dick was a little chap. There was fun in it, buying presents, hiding them, and the discovery on Christmas morning. We hadn't much money then, and once or twice, at the big pinches it meant hard figuring, but we always managed."

HE was still talking, for she was a discreet woman, when the other ladies returned. The talk had done him good. Miss Ann had listened, now and again guilding the conversation with a skilful touch. It all came back to the shortcomings of Bluewater in the matter of patriotism, and behind that the absence of Dick. Miss Ann resolved that she would turn the world upside down, if necessary, in her effort to bring back the old gladness to the fine-natured old man.

Christine, noting the change in Mr. Herrick, began to unfold her plans. Mrs. Herrick had entrusted her with the entertainment arrangements, and she had resolved that the reproach of dullness should not be justly laid against her Christmas Eve recreations. She had engaged fiddlers, Bluewater's only orchestral possession, the doors between the big library and drawing rooms had been opened, furniture and rugs removed, and a capital dancing floor provided. A huge Christmas tree had been set up, and was to be loaded with presents for guests and household. Rooms for cards and the more frivolous amusements for young folks were set apart. If Christine's plans did not crumble in some amazing way, Lakeview would have an epochal Christmas Eve.

III.

UNDER the magic spell of her influence Mr. Herrick abandoned the office at noon, and became an obedient assistant. By four o'clock everything was in order. Mrs. Herrick and her sister had completed the vast kitchen campaign with the aid of a band of extra servants. Great tables were laid in the extended dining room for nearly a hundred guests. The countryside was coming. Uncles and aunts, sisters and brothers, nephews and nieces, and cousins of every degree; the social lights of the vicinity, mine men, bosses, clerks, and foremen, with the lawyer and parson to round them off. Not a very aristocratic gathering maybe, but a solid one, representing the best kind of backbone a country can have. Farmers with carefully brushed, not very modern black broadcloth, garments, and wonderful ties, women in jealously hoarded silks, not of yesterday's loom, fresh colored pretty girls in the fashions of the day, great strapping lads. Just a sociable gathering of prosperous, independent, self-respecting people. Mr. Herrick rose to the pinch as he always did, slapped the men on the shoulder, saluted the elder ladies cordially by Christian name, joked about mistletoe perils with laughing girls. As supper time drew near, everything

Continued on page 58.

The Bluewater Prodigal

Continued from page 48.

was down to a fine, smooth, running basis. The great gong had sounded and the guests were making their way into the dining room, when an unexpected guest turned up—none other than Major Painswick, of Garston, a mining friend of Mr. Herrick, who had been in Flanders until recently and had just arrived home. There was a merry glint in his eye as he greeted Christine, and a whisper that told her he was in the secret and could be trusted. He must have come up on the same train as Dick.

At last all were seated, waiters scurrying hither and thither, knives and forks clattering merrily, conversation brisk, loud and cheerful, when there came a loud peal at the front door bell. Who was late? Not a guest was unaccounted for. Mr. Herrick dropped knife and fork to listen. His wife looked white and shaky. Christine seemed strangely nervous and excited. A wide smile adorned the features of the Major, and he winked unobservedly at the little figure in white across the table. Magically the noises in the room were stilled. Who could it be?

Mrs. Herrick caught the sound of the voice in the hall first.

"Dick!" she cried, and flew to the door. Mr. Herrick's chair flew back imperilling a smiling servitor. Christine rose and sat down again. She heard the mother's glad, smothered cry, and the father's warm welcome.

THE clamor in the room was at its height when the door opened and in walked Robert Herrick, the proudest and happiest man in Canada, standing at the door to let Dick and his mother enter. They stood a moment at the door, an impressive group, as if halted by the uproarious greeting. Christine looked, amazed as the rest, for her prodigal was arrayed, not in the garments the far country had made havoc of, but a vastly becoming uniform of khaki. And it was not until her hand beneath the table was clasped by a strong big one, and squeezed that she recovered, to some degree, her self-possession. Before she did this, it is to be chronicled that she squeezed back more than once.

When dinner at last was finished, the loyal toasts were honored, for Mr. Herrick was a punctilious man in these respects—King, Country, Empire, Boys in the fighting line, Boys on the fighting ships, and the Mighty, Glorious dead. Then Major Painswick got to his feet.

"I did not know till an hour or two ago that I should have the pleasure of being here with my old friends Mr. and Mrs. Herrick to-night," he began. "Nor did I know until more recently that we should have so pleasant a surprise as that which has come to us in the arrival of their son. You all, I know, are following the mighty struggle in Europe and elsewhere with deepest interest. The Empire is fighting for everything we have been taught to believe in as holy, worth while, vital. It

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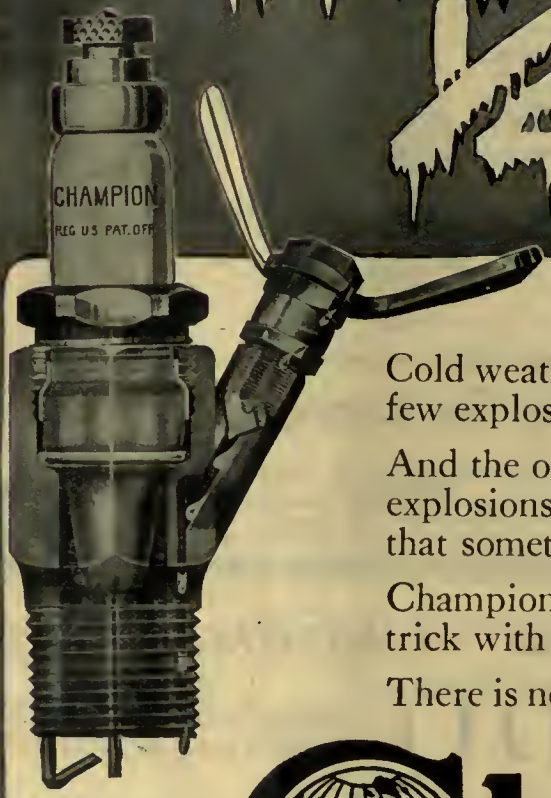
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A terrific prideful cheer made the ceiling ring.

"My town, Garston, has written its little paragraph in the big history, and Bluewater's name is there, too. There was a Bluewater boy, away up in Alaska when the drum began to hum, and he came at the summons on the run.

"Dick Herrick went in as a private, and he came out with a commission and a decoration for conspicuous gallantry in action. And since then there has been a lot of tough work holding, getting ready, for the 'Big Push,' and Bluewater has been in the thick of it. A few weeks ago, Captain Herrick, for he had taken another step, received a command to Buckingham Palace, and there the King conferred upon him the Distinguished Service Order. I heard that King George enquired whence Captain Herrick came and, when he heard it was from Bluewater, he said the town and Canada should be proud of its son. My friends, I give you the toast of Mr. and Mrs. Herrick and Captain Richard Herrick, Military Cross, Distinguished Service Order."

IT really seemed as if the roof must lift, for they have lungs at Bluewater. Christine sat with shining eyes and trembling lips. Dick had to reach under the cloth again and hold her hand tight. It is not necessary to describe the glories of that night, of the girls Dick danced with and the lads Christine danced with, the smiling joy of Mrs. Herrick, and the beaming pride of Mr. Herrick. And there were lads who came to Dick and Major Painswick to learn more about the fighting, and how to get into a regiment, and if it would be possible for Bluewater boys to get into a regiment where there was a Bluewater officer.

And when they had all gone, and the old folks were off to bed, there was just a minute at the foot of the stairs. It would be hard to say just how it happened. Anyway the house was very still after the tumult, and there was a sprig of mistletoe hanging suggestively. In that blissful moment Dick's arms went round the charming little white figure. Really, it was a most satisfactory Christmas Eve party, and the Prodigal came home in style.

There was a wedding a few weeks later at Bluewater, for love may not linger when war is afoot. And when Dick sailed again overseas he left a pretty little war bride in Bluewater to keep the home fire burning, and stir the enthusiasm of the countryside afresh. Whether it is the result of Major Painswick's eloquence, or the pride in Dick Herrick and desire to copy his example, or the recruiting zeal of Christine, there are fifty Bluewater men, fine strapping lads from the mines and farms in training for the long trail overseas presently.

And there was a little informal meeting of the mine stockholders, the three of them, a little later, with the result that the profits of the big year were handed to the Government to help "carry on" until the final triumph comes.

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Roumania and Its Rubicon

How the Hope of a Greater Roumania and the Fear of a Strangled Homeland Influenced her Decision.

FEW states in history have been called to such momentous decisions as Roumania faced when it plunged boldly into the European flood of blood and carnage. A most interesting article appearing in the *National Geographic Magazine* outlines graphically her position, impelled by both hope and fear to enter the struggle—the hope of a greater Roumania and the fear of a strangled homeland. The writer says in part:

In the whirlpool of racial rivalries of southeastern Europe—where Roman and Goth, Hun and Slav, Magyar and Mongol, with all their descendant peoples, have run over one another and been run over in their turn—fate left the Roumanians in the majority in a territory of more than 90,000 square miles. It scattered more than 12,000,000 of them over these lands—more than 7,000,000 in Roumania itself and some 5,000,000 elsewhere.

In Bessarabia, a province of 17,000 square miles and 2,600,000 population, belonging to Russia, two-thirds of the people are Roumanian; in Transylvania, the eastern part of Hungary, a land of 21,000 square miles and having a population of 2,500,000, 60 per cent., Roumania claims, are Roumanians; in Bukowina, an Austrian crownland of 4,000 square miles and 1,000,000 population, more than half are said to be Roumanians.

And so 12,000,000 people yearn for a "restored" Roumania—all ethnographic Roumania under the flag of political Roumania. If their country remained neutral, they reasoned, there would be no chance of such a happy result. They might, they felt, get something out of Russia if the Central Powers won with Roumania on their side; but Transylvania and Bukowina would still be beyond their grasp.

On the other hand, they believed Russia would give them Bessarabia as a prize for participation on her side, and the Allies Bukowina and Transylvania on condition of an allied victory.

But if hope of a "reunited" Roumania appealed greatly to the Roumanians, the fear of strangulation, if not extinction, turned the scales positively to the cause of the Allies.

To show what this fear was and how it impressed the people of Roumania, I can do no better than to quote from a booklet issued from the Oxford University Press, whose author is D. Mitrany, a Roumanian advocating intervention. He says:

"But if the Allies win, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy will no doubt be dismembered, and Roumania will find herself in the not very enviable position of being tenderly squashed between the palm of the Slav and the fingers of the Magyar.

"But, further than this, one of the chief aims of Russian policy has always been the possession of the Dardanelles. Russian never was as near to its realization as she is now, when the Turkish Empire is a thing of the past and when she has England as an ally—England, who has always barred her way to the Golden Horn.

"Russia in Constantinople, however, means the strangulation of Roumania. Bulgaria has an outlet on the Ægean, Serbia will no doubt have one to the Adriatic, but Roumania depends entirely upon the Dardenelles. Her splendid position at the mouth of the Danube, her possessions on the Black Sea, will be of little worth with the mighty Empire of the Tsar dominating the Black Sea, the Sea of Marmora and the Straits. Not only is the cheap waterway an absolute necessity for the bulky products—corn, petroleum and timber—which form the chief exports of Roumania, but these also form the chief exports of Russia, who by the stroke of the pen, may rule Roumania completely out of competition."

Let us turn from her choice and the trials its making involved and go about among the people, in the hope that we may learn something of their ways, their viewpoint, their relationships, their history.

The country to-day is governed by a king, who is a constitutional monarch, and a Parliament made up of a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. The Senate has 120 members, who are elected for eight years. No man with an income of less than $1,880 a year can be a senator. The Chamber of Deputies has a membership of 183, and the term of a deputy is four years. The masses can vote for deputies indirectly, but not even indirectly for senators. It takes fifty manhood-suffrage votes to offset one property-owner's or educated-man's vote. The men who get their right to vote on the basis of manhood suffrage and not on the basis of wealth or education simply vote for a man to cast their vote for deputy, and it takes fifty of them to have one vote cast in their behalf.

The electorate is divided into three classes, the value of their respective votes being dependent on the status of the individuals entitled to vote in the several classes. The manhood-suffrage contingent above referred to constitutes the third class. Railroad passes are given by law to all government officials, including both senators and deputies.

Military service is compulsory, and usually every boy has to spend two or three years with the colors upon reaching his majority, after which he goes into the occasionally manoeuvred reserve. During times of peace the ranks were filled in many localities by drawing lots, for army discipline was trying to them after the free and easy life of the peasant home, and the young men seldom liked to serve .

In normal times the receipts and expenditures of the government amounted to approximately $120,000,000, or one-eighth as much as our own. The king receives half a million dollars a year, and the heir to the throne $60,000.

One may get a good idea of the relative standing of Roumania and her Balkan neighbors from a few statistical comparisons. She has a population of 141 per square mile, as compared with Serbia's 137, Greece's 94, and Bulgaria's 108. Her imports amount to 15 per capita, as compared to Serbia's $7.50, Greece's $7.80, and Bulgaria's $8.75. Her exports per capita amount to $18.42, as compared with $7.63 in the case of Serbia, $7.21 in the case of Greece, and $7.87 in the case of Bulgaria. She also spends approximately one and a half times as much per capita for governmental purposes as Greece, Serbia, or Bulgaria in normal times.

Industrially the country is almost entirely given over to agriculture, and, area for area, it produces more cereals than any other great grain-producing nation in the world. Its farm lands are about equally divided between the small farmer and the rich land-owner. There are about a million farms with an average size of eight acres, and then there are 4,471 estates with an average size of 2,200 acres.

The result is that one finds the strangest contrasts in farming methods. Here is a big estate, where every sort of farm machinery that the United States has to offer is to be found—the binder, the mower, the steam gang plow, the riding cultivator, the manure spreader, and even the steam header and thresher. And then hard by are a hundred small farmers who still harvest their grain with the sickle, thresh it with the flail, or tread it out with oxen and winnow it with the home-made fork. They mow their grass

with the scythe, rake it with the hand rake, and haul it in with ox-carts.

But even with the very primitive methods that characterize half of the farming of the country, they manage to coax a rather bountiful crop out of the soil. They produced 89,000,000 bushels of wheat last year, an average of nearly twenty bushels to the acre—a yield almost a third greater than our own. Their corn crop amounted to 110,000,000 bushels, or nearly twenty-two to the acre. They also had a 29,000,000-bushel crop of barley and an oat crop of similar proportions.

The year before, 1914, they experienced the throes of a crop failure, the wheat yield being cut in half and other cereal crops being sadly below normal.

In normal years they have a big surplus, with about 40,000,000 bushels of corn, 50,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 11,000,000 bushels of barley to throw into the world's markets. Heretofore, since the outbreak of the war, the Central Empires had been able to buy the bulk of this surplus, and the blow of Roumania's participation in the war will probably be as heavy from an economic as from a military standpoint.

That they are a fecund folk is revealed by the fact that, although their death rate is high, they still have an annual excess of 118,000 births over deaths. Apply that same ratio of increase to the American people, and without a single immigrant we would grow at the rate of more than a million and a half a year—fifteen million or more between census years. Yet, even with our enormous immigration, between 1904 and 1913, inclusive, we grew only a little more than 14,000,000.

The average Roumanian peasant is not given to the kind of thrift that leads him often to a savings bank. The patrimony of his sons and daughters is more often good will, good health, and an honest mind than it is land, or money, or houses. So narrow is the margin upon which a young couple starts out in life that it has come to be a proverb among them, "Married to-day and out at the elbows to-morrow." For children come apace, and the prices of the things the peasant has to sell are even lower than the prices of those he has to buy, and not until his own labors are supplemented by those of sons and daughters has he much chance to prepare for even the shortest of rainy days.

When a young Roumanian peasant lad's thoughts turn to love and his mind begins to incline toward marriage, he goes to his mother rather than to his sweetheart with his tale. He tells her all about it, but rarely thinks of confiding the happy secret to his father; for Roumanian peasant fathers have faced the stern realities of life so long that they are apt to forget that they were once boys, and, therefore, have little sympathy with love-lorn tales.

But the mother acts as ambassador to the father, and if he can be induced to look with favor upon the lover's choice, he calls in two of his best friends in the village, tells them of the son's dreams, and asks them to accompany the said son to the house of the object of love's young dream. Mayhap the girl herself has not yet received from the youth a single hint of his love; but even so, as he and his spokesmen approach the house she suspects the object of his visit and peeps through any crack or cranny that is convenient.

If it happens to be winter, the father of the girl invites the company in, and, surmising their mission, gives some hint as to his attitude by the way he looks after the fire. If he keeps it burning brightly, they know he is favorable. If he lets it die down a little, they understand he is only of an open mind on the subject. But if he lets it go out entirely, there is no use arguing the question.

It usually happens that the father of the girl is of an open mind, and the boy's spokesmen tell what a fine, husky young fellow he is, what a good brother he is to his sisters, what a good son to his mother, what his patrimony is, how industrious he is, etc.

The Roumanian peasants have a saying that they must dance on Sunday to keep the creak out of their bones on Monday. Most of the dances are at the public houses—dance halls under the blue sky, as it were— and young and old gather there. The old folk spend the day with the tipple, while the young ones dance. There is very little drinking on any



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other day of the week, and a tipsy man except on Sunday is seldom seen.

The national dance is a sort of cross between a jig and the game of ring-around-the-rosie. All the dancers clasp hands and form a ring. They then begin a stepping, swaying motion that never moves them out of their original tracks, and to the music of the Tzigana band they keep it up for hours.

The dances are organized by the boys of the community. They arrange for the music, provide the refreshments, and preside as masters of ceremonies. When the girls reach a marriageable age and have been sufficiently instructed in the household arts, they are allowed to attend these dances as participants. "She dances at the dance" is the peasant way of saying that a girl has made her debut and is eligible for matrimonial attentions.

"Many hands make light work" is another proverb of the Roumanian peasant, often put into practice. Almost every night there is a neighborhood gathering like the old-fashioned apple-cutting or apple-butter boiling in early American rural history. The houses have their turns at these parties, and there is always a kettle of cornmeal mush and baked pumpkin and potatoes and popcorn ready for the occasion. All hands join in the evening program of combing, carding, and spinning the household supply of wool or flax, the while neighborhood gossip passes current among the elders and occasional words of love or childish jest among the more youthful members of the party.

One-third of the area of the country toward the north and west is inhabited by semi-civilized shepherds. Up in the Carpathians in summer and down in the sheltered valleys in winter they lead their flocks, sleeping in the open with them and despising any other shelter than that which primitive nature and the starry sky afford. They seldom speak; indeed, their solitary lives leave them little opportunity for conversation. They wear their hair and beards long, and have coarse, white woollen shirts and long mantles of wool-covered sheepskin.

Forty years ago Roumania was both as to country and as to capital, one of the most backward nations of Europe; and then it called Prince Charles of Prussia to its throne. Although he had to travel to Bucharest *incognito* in order to escape the secret service of Austria, which was determined to keep him out, he immediately set to work to bring the country up to a higher standard, and the story of his reign, which closed with his death soon after the European war began, is largely the same sort of story of development as that of Germany during the reign of his Hohenzollern kinsman. King Carol, as he was called, had for his queen Elizabeth, a German princess, better known by her pen name of Carmen Sylva. She, too, was spared the sorrows of Roumania's hours of decision, having died a few months ago. They had one child, but it died in infancy, and Carmen Sylva turned her interest to the poor of the country and to letters and music. It is said that she was perhaps the most talented queen of her generation. She could converse in six languages; she wrote some thirty books; she composed an opera that was staged and praised on the continent, and her symphonies and songs have won a place in the world of music. Likewise she was no mean wielder of the brush, and was an expert needlewoman. Her pride was her work for the blind, for whom she founded an institution in Bucharest.

The present king is a nephew of King Carol. His wife is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and, therefore, a first cousin of most of the reigning heads of Europe.

Under the new era initiated and carried down to the present by the Hohenzollern dynasty, Roumania has gone far ahead of her neighbors of the Balkan region, and the visitor to Bucharest early finds that its people resent the idea of being classed with the Balkan States. They feel that they are the superiors of the Serbs, the Bulgars, the Montenegrins, and the modern Greeks, and that their country is superior, just as the people of A, B, C South America feel that their nations are not to be confounded with the remainder of Latin America.

Let us now turn to Roumanian history and note some of the outstanding events that have been the crossroads on her highway from the past to the present. The early inhabitants were Dacians. Pliny and Herodotus agree that they were the bravest and most honorable of all the barbarian tribes that Rome encountered in her days of expansion. Thucydides praises them as wonderful fighters on horseback.

The Trajan Column in Rome bears the author's story of the great emperor's conquest of this territory. Across the Danube are the ruined piers which once supported a bridge built by Trajan, and some sections of the great military road he constructed still are in use as a part of the national highway system.

Also there are many customs which still proclaim the ancient rule and influence of Rome that have persisted through the centuries since the departure of her glory. For instance, there is the old Pyrrhic dance, the robes with bells on sleeves and girdles. The Roumanians still shout in unison to prevent Saturn from hearing the voice of the infant Jupiter; and even their oxen proclaim the "glory that was Rome" in their names, for here you may see Cæsar and Brutus as yokefellows, and there Cassius and Augustus.

But when Rome withdrew, what is now Roumania became the Belgium of a series of Jupiter; and even their oxen proclaim the racial struggles between the East and the West, first this horde and then that overrunning the fertile valleys. Invasion became the normal condition of Roumanian territory, and the sturdy descendants of the early Romans and Romanized Dacians learned how to survive even such conditions. When the waves of invasion swept over their valleys simply retired to the mountains and waited for them to recede; nor did they wait in vain. The water of invading humanity in very deed did pass, and the stones of persisting Roumanian life did remain; and, although for many a weary generation their problem was to save themselves from extinction, they survived.

To-day Roumanians are proudest of their Latin descent; so proud, indeed, that although their religion is Greek, and although there are more than 6,000 centers of Eastern influence, in the shape of Orthodox churches with Orthodox priests, they are drawn toward ancient Rome and not toward historic Greece.

When Carol assumed the throne, it became one of his principal aims to free his country from the suzerainty of Turkey. When the conflict between Russia and Turkey was impending in 1875, he first attempted to have the Powers guarantee the neutrality of Roumania during the war; but they were too busy with their own affairs and his efforts failed.

Then Roumania decided to enter an agreement with Russia. This agreement, which is illuminating, in the light of present-day history, granted free passage of Russian troops over Roumanian soil, Russia undertaking to respect the political rights and to defend the integrity of Roumania.

One of the first acts of Roumania after hostilities began was to declare her independence of Turkey. As the war proceeded Russia found herself in sore need of help. Repeated appeals finally brought Roumanian participation, and Prince Carol was given the supreme command of the allied forces before Plevna, where he gained a great but costly victory.

When the war ended and Turkey and Russia entered into the Treaty of San Stefano, it did recognize Roumanian independence, although Roumania was not admitted to the peace conference. But it also provided that Roumania should get the swampy country between the Danube, where it flows north, and the Black Sea. On the other hand, Russia was to have Bessarabia, territory which Roumania claimed and a part of which she had occupied.



SIR GILBERT PARKER

A New Serial by Sir Gilbert Parker

In the next issue (January), a splendid new serial story by Sir Gilbert Parker will commence. "Jordan is a Hard Road" is a story of the Canadian West—absorbing, gripping, amusing. It gives a graphic picture of conditions in a new community. Bill Minden, reformed train robber, returns to his native town to settle down; he creates a great amount of interest; but he wins the respect of his townsfolk and hews out the way to a very useful career.

Neglecting Our Children Wisely

Outside of School the Lasting Influence Comes From Environment—Not From Precept.

YOUNG twigs, we have heard, are easily bent, but who ever saw any beauty in a bent twig? It is the young shoot given the right conditions of soil and sun and atmosphere and allowed to grow according to its individual nature, that develops into a straight strong tree. What the child with a good home suffers most from to-day, according to a recent article in *The Outlook*, is the lack of a little wholesome neglect. The writer says:

The only preparation for a successful maturity is a successful childhood. Children are not defective adults, ignorant, weak-minded little men and women, whose feeble powers we must spend twelve or fifteen years "bringing out," till they attain the adult ideal. Children are children. They feel differently, react differently, judge differently, from grown-ups. They must pass honestly, eagerly, pugnaciously, through the phases of childhood, and by means of them fight their way naturally to a comprehension of adult standards, or else they will not be the best kind of men and women, because they have not been successful children—children who have found things out at first hand. By the best kind of men and women I mean the kind which does not imitate blindly, but thinks and acts with independence.

Successful children! There is something almost comical to us about the idea. Yet as we ponder it groups of boys and girls, conjured from many memories, rise before us. They are not in a school-room; they are out of doors. They are jumping, wriggling, somersaulting — thinking with their entire bodies, as somebody has said. Eyes are snapping with the joy of really seeing what they are looking at; pockets bulge with fishing-tackle; bare feet lose their grip on the slippery stones of brooks, and there are splashes; skirts flutter in cherry trees and balloon from swings. Why is it that such scenes as these are the response we get when we try to think what is meant by that startling phrase, "successful children"? Why do we not see them in their school groups? I think it is because we know (if only we *don't* stop to think, and therefore think wrong) that these playing children are splendidly in earnest, that they are very, very busy. Their play does not correspond to the diversion of adults, that relaxation of weary faculties when we seek to do nothing and let some one or something amuse us. Far more, it corresponds to our work. It is a business, an art, a pursuit of ideals. Stanley Hall says that children do not play from excess of energy, any more than Raphael painted from excess of paint. This phrase reveals in a flash the compulsion, the rapture, the seriousness, of free play to a child. The saturation of his entire nature with what he is doing is in itself an inspired preparation for life. The power of saturation is one of the driving forces of success. It makes art; it makes big business; it seizes new relations in science.

Æsop has a fable about a deer which, seeing his reflection in a stream, was greatly fascinated by his antlers, but displeased with his legs. Presently he was pursued by an enemy and fled swiftly. His legs had about rescued him when his antlers caught in the

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underbrush and held him fast, so that, after all, the enemy captured him. I am inclined to think that our home-training system for children is a good deal like the deer. It is proud of its ornamental appendages, its many-branched theories of guidance and development, but inappreciative of the sinewy, common-sense legs given it for progression.

Not long ago I read in a manuscript intended for a pedagogical journal this sentence: "Because of the dangerous diffuseness of our children's imaginations we should discourage their wild and aimless play and guide their activities into paths which lead to definite goals."

This theorist disregarded the power of self-education. By narrower paths are meant, I presume, the activities of the kindergarten, Montessori, and other methods, while the definite goals are nice sense perceptions and muscular adjustments. The excellence of the processes and results is beyond dispute, but they are elementary study, and we should not allow them to substitute for "aimless play" out of school, nor should we pinch and squeeze the free-play instincts into those grooves which we have designed for the neat and timely—or pre-timely—unfolding of special faculties during academic hours. "Most doing," says John Dewey, in his "Schools of Tomorrow," "will lead only to superficial muscle training if it is dictated to the child and prescribed for him step by step." The function of play is different from this and more vital.

The truth is, we are applying to education so many splendid methods of sense and muscle training, we are watching so many heartening results from organized and supervised play, that mothers are confusing these new expedients with play itself, and are losing respect for those rich fertile hours of freedom before the school age and after school hours when, blissfully neglected, children attain that strength, honesty, and power to think for themselves which result only from undergoing experiences at first hand.

After studying for long years the play of animals and of man, Karl Groos decided that children do not play because they are young, but are kept young for an extended period in order that they may play and thus train themselves for the infinitely complex relations of adult life. Free play, he says, is pre-experience, by means of which are developed those powers of action which are necessary to survival in human society. If it is this, surely no special or precocious attainments can compensate for the lack of it.

Have special accomplishments, indeed, or the attainment of definite goals any value in little childhood? Has the child who "explodes into reading" at six years of age any advantage over the child of equal endowment who does not read till he is eight years old? The probability is that he will not even be ahead of him in school at twelve. And the precocious student will have lost, in the pursuit of his definite goal, time which might have brought him into contact with realities, thus stimulating his imagination and giving balance to his young judgments, instead of merely grafting onto his memory symbols which he is too immature to use. No, in childhood, because it is outside of the economic struggle, we are free to neglect formal standards and the passports of education into the world of employment, and to allow freedom of growth to those qualities of heart and mind which will be the driving powers of mature life and giving vitality at last and speed to formal learning. "It is a good thing," says Pestalozzi, "to make a child read, write, learn, and repeat; but it is still better to make a child think." And Compayre warns us: "Allow the child who is beginning to

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think the larger liberty. Do not bend his intelligence to artificial forms."

We need to have a deeper, more steadfast faith in our children and in the laws of childhood. Much of our training, unhappily, is an effort to overcome, to supplant those laws. We are full of zeal to inculcate the rules which are necessary to adult society, and we forget that wisdom is only skin deep when it is acquired by listening to commandments and repeating them, and that to be organic it must be attained by passing through experiences which convince us of the value of those commandments. The habit of facing experiences squarely makes the able man and the able woman. Childhood is a great storage time for experiences, and according as these have been vital, according as they have been real and intense to the child, so will the maturity of that child be. Without this rich background of realities his maturity will lack depth and conviction. Society will have another parrot.

The play experiences of childhood should be lived in the atmosphere of the father's and mother's constant, pervasive sympathy and comprehension. But his world of pre-experience must be explored, conquered, subdued, by the child himself. When the adult steps in to guide, to instruct, to impose mature opinions, she forces the child whom she interrupts to accept facts at second hand, and so mutilates the purpose of free play, pre-experience, and leads him into the pernicious habit, which will impair his value as a citizen, of letting other people make up his mind for him. There is a theory that intervention may be so artfully performed as to leave the child unconscious that it has occurred. This subtle form of instruction has its great value in certain connections. but applied to free play it should be used only as an occasional expedient, not as a guilding principle.

How ignorant we are, after all, we mothers! How little we know of what the future is going to demand from our children, or of what their deepest thoughts and emotions are! How are we justified in breaking into their enchanted world and with our officious hands shattering the enchantment in order to carry them over into our world of commonplaces, to follow *our* paths to *our* goals? Were we omniscient, we might make education definite, and from earliest infancy train Maud to be an actress, and Kate to be a home economist; but we are all in the dark. The best we can do is to make women of both of them. Compared to what there is to know, we are all ignoramuses, and therefore what education should seek to convey is not so much knowledge, in the sense of facts, as the desire and power to pounce down on the sets of facts which specially we need and to make them our instruments. Unguided play must supplement school work if we are to have this vision and this freedom of initiative.

What are the qualities which give men and women control over themselves, their associates, and their business in life?

Imagination and invention, that balancing of quick perception and combination with action which is the essence of play.

Judgment, the fruit of hard and lonely pre-experience.

Courage, attained by measuring one's self against implacable facts, as children do in their unsupervised adventures.

Justice, the Golden Rule of play.

Loyalty, which is accorded most freely by youth to youth in leadership.

The feeling for mass suggestion, which is born only of wide and democratic associations through early life.

The power of adjustment, that grinding down of our egoism on the whetstones of



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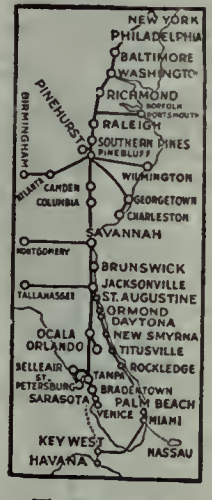
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other people's egoism; and the whetstones of childhood grind exceedingly sharp!

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Mothers in an increasing number are realizing that a woman's duty to her children is really to them, and not to herself through them. I mean that these more imaginative mothers perceive the life of the child as a thing separate from their own comfort to-day or to-morrow, and make every sacrifice to grant their boys and girls the powers and the training which will prepare them to live their own lives. These mothers have no easy or peaceful task. The birch rod and its successive modifications, actual and figurative, were much simpler instruments than a *wise* neglect can ever be. We have learned, however (to quote John Dewey again), that "dogmatic methods which prescribe and make for docility and passivity, not only become ineffective in modern society, but they actually hinder the development of the largest possibilities of society."

The parents of wisely neglected children (who are altogether different from selfishly or carelessly or ignorantly neglected children) sacrifice their own convenience, their own culture and friends, perhaps, in order to create a natural environment for the youngsters. They live in the country. Probably the school is not altogether satisfactory, and the mother must supplement its work by much home training. Wisely neglected children are not bought up for nickels and dimes and disposed of at "movies" which are not intended for little folks and which are, when they become a habit, a menace to the child's inventiveness and powers of play. They are not sacrificed to the goddesses of shopping and elaborate parties; they do not perform tricks for admiring relatives. They are given an environment in which they grow spontaneously, wherein they live in realities and rehearse race history in their play—Stanley Hall says that every child is an omnibus in which all of his ancestors ride—and so advance intelligently to meet us grown-ups on our own ground. Children cannot understand or do what is unrelated to their experiences, so, if we want them to be efficient, we must make their experiences rich and various.

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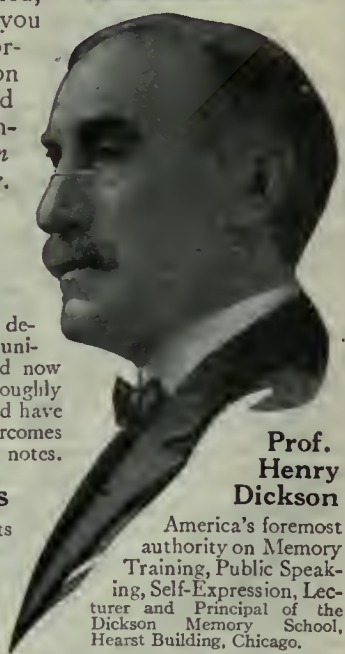


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Post the article first describes the trenches and dugouts as the British build them, and says:

The Allied trench looks in every way like the work of men who hoped and meant to move on before long; the German trench looks like the work of men who hoped or feared that they would be in it for years. Our trench-housing has been much more of a makeshift, a sort of camping-out, with some ingenious provisions for shelter and comfort, but not more than the least that would serve. Most of our dugouts are just roughly delved holes in the earth, with only enough props and rafters to hold the roofs up; their floors are bare ground, with a little straw on it; their doors if they have any, are a few odd pieces of plank with a couple of other pieces nailed across; often the floor is on the trench level, to save burrowing. Lighting is done with candles, mostly bought at the canteen, and if any one owns an armchair or a mirror two feet high, it is the jest of the platoon."

Passing on to describe the German trenches we learn:

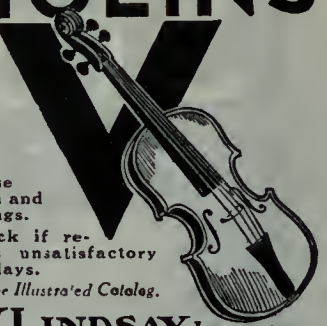
The whole German idea of trench-life is different. The German front in the West is like one huge straggling village, built of wood and strung out along a road 300 miles long. Of course, the houses are all underground. Still, they are houses, of one or two floors, built to certain official designs, drawn out in section and plan. The main entrance from the trench-level is, sometimes at any rate, through a steel door, of a pattern apparently standardized, so that hundreds may come from the factory on one order, and missing parts be easily replaced. The profusely timbered doorway is made to their measure. Outside this front door you may find a perforated sheet of metal, to serve for a doormat or scraper. Inside, a flight of from twelve to thirty-six stairs leads down at an easy angle. The treads of the stairs and the descending roof of the staircase are formed of mining-frames of stout timber, with double-top sills; the walls are of thick planks noticed at the top and bottom to fit the frames and strengthened with iron tie-rods running from top to bottom of the stairs and with thick wooden struts at right angles to these. At the foot of the stairs a tunneled corridor runs straight forward, for anything up to fifty yards, and out of there open rooms and minor passages on each side. In many dugouts a second staircase, or two staircases, lead to a lower floor, which may be thirty or forty feet below the trench-level.

All these staircases, passages, and rooms are, in the best specimens, completely lined with wood and as fully strengthened with it as the entrance staircase already described. In one typical dugout each section of a platoon had its allotted places for messing and sleeping, its own place for parade in a passage, and its own emergency-exit to the trench. In another, used as a dressing-station, there are beds for thirty-two patients, and a fair-sized operating room. A third, near Mametz, was designed to house a whole company of three hundred men, with the needful kitchens, provision and munition store-rooms, a well, a forge riveted with sheets of cast iron, an engine-room, and a motor-room. Many of the captured dugouts were thus lighted by electricity. In the officers' quarters there have been found full-length mirrors, comfortable bedsteads, cushioned armchairs, and some pictures. One room is lined with glazed "sanitary" wallpaper, and the present English occupant is convinced by circumstantial evidence that his predecessor lived there with his wife and child.

The article goes on to describe the elaborate underground works which were constructed in order to countermine a hugh shell-crater between the lines which the German engineers suspected of being occupied by British troops.

Other German trench-works show the same lavish use of labor as the dugout. In the old German front trench, south of La Boisselle, an entrance like that of a dugout leads to a flight of twenty-four stairs, all well finished. At their foot a landing three feet square opens on its further side upon a nearly vertical shaft. Descending this by a ladder of thirty-two rungs, you find a second landing like the first, opening on a continuation of the shaft. Down this a ladder of sixty rungs

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brings you to the starting-point of an almost straight level tunnel three feet wide and about five feet high, cut for fifty-six paces through pure hard chalk. It ends in a blank wall. If you take its bearings with the compass, return to the parapet, and step fifty paces in the same direction as the tunnel, you find yourself in a huge crater which had evidently been held, and probably made, by British troops. So that, at the moment of the advance in July, nothing remained, presumably, for the Germans to do but to bring the necessary tons of high explosives to the end of their tunnel and blow the mine under the base of the old crater.

The writer next discusses the value of these elaborate underground works as regards the life and health of their soldier inhabitants. On the whole, he is inclined to consider that the result is not worth the cost. He writes, "in England troops have better health in tents than in huts and better health in huts than in billets." Continuing, he remarks:

Nobody reading this should leap to the conclusion that, simply because German trench-work is more elaborate than ours, it is a better means to its end—the winning of the war. No doubt the size and the overhead strength of German dugouts keep down casualties under bombardment and sometimes enable the Germans to bring up unsuspected forces to harass our troops in the rear with machine-gun and rifle-fire when a charge has carried our men past an uncleared dugout of the kind. On the other hand, if our advance is made good, every German left in such a dugout will be either a dead man or a prisoner. No doubt, again, the German dugout give more protection from very bad weather than ours. But they also remove men more from the open air, and there is nothing to show that the half-buried German army gains more by relative immunity from rheumatism than it loses in the way of general health.

The Strangle Hold

THE most extraordinary thing about the British blockade of Germany, according to *The London Magazine*, is that it does not exist. Wbatever may have been the case in the early months of the war, says the author, *Percival A. Hislam*, there is no doubt now as to the full force of the British fleet being employed to sap the industrial, everyday life out of our enemies; but the British Government, for a number of excellent reasons, has found it advisable not to declare a formal blockade of the enemy's coast.

It has to be borne in mind that a blockade is unlike any other operation of war, inasmuch as it is mainly directed against neutrals, and International Law—as well as common decency—demands that a blockade shall, among other things, be perfectly indiscriminate. That is to say, if we were to close both the English Channel and the northern entrance to the North Sea, we should bring about a total cessation of, say, American trade with Germany, while still allowing free German intercourse with Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway.

During certain months in the year we are able, by means of our submarines, to lay a heavy hand on German or pro-German trade in the Baltic; but under the circumstances, America, for instance, would have a very good and legal cause of complaint if we put heavier restrictions upon her trade than upon that of the other nations mentioned.

In short, we could not have maintained a proper blockade if it had been declared; so the Government, very wisely, did not declare one. They chose the safer—and probably more effective—course of blockading Germany under Orders-in-Council.

An Order-in-Council is a flexible thing. It can be eased here and stiffened there to meet the needs of the moment, and to adjust our relations with neutral powers on a friendly basis. Under a blockade we should be bound to prevent the importation of, let us say, fancy frocks, into Germany; but under Order-in-Council we may permit the frocks to go in on condition that the corresponding equivalent

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in German gold—not in German goods—comes out. Gold is still the sinews of war, and it is to our advantage that Germany should receive frivolous luxuries, if their receipt bleeds the gold out of her.

That is enough of the legal point of view. How, in practice, are we maintaining the blockade of Germany, which, while it is so effective, does not officially exist? The first step was to drive the enemy's own merchant ships off the seas, and that we very quickly succeeded in doing.

The blockade of Germany began on the first day of the war. Not many months before, a group of old, but fair-sized cruisers had been detailed for the training of youths and ordinary seamen, and based upon Queenstown. Coincident with the outbreak of the war, Rear-Admiral Dudley de Chair—since knighted—who was then Admiral of the Training Service, was directed to take this squadron into the North Sea for patrol work, and he hoisted his flag on the *Crescent*.

Admiral de Chair's flag did not remain long in the *Cresecent*, for the ships of her class—of which one, the *Hawke*, was submarined and sunk with heavy loss of life—were not particularly well fitted for the work they had in hand; nor, indeed, had our blockade organization reached the scientific level that it has since attained. The work was too dangerous for modern, effective warships, not only because they had to be preserved for that "Day" which even now is still to come, but because they would have represented a great waste of force; and, on the other hand, ships like the *Crescent* were too slow, and required too large a crew.

Exactly four months from the outbreak of the war, Admiral de Chair transferred his flag to the Allan liner *Alsatian*, and from that day to this the "blockade" of the North Sea has been maintained by ships taken over by the Admiralty from the merchant service, armed with a number of relatively small guns, and manned for the most part by officers and men who, formerly in the mercantile service, patriotically placed their services at the disposal of the navy as soon as war broke on the horizon.

It is literally impossible to do justice to the work which these ships and men have done and are doing for the Empire and the cause in which it is fighting. If you draw one line from the Orkney Islands to Iceland, and another from the Orkneys due east to the coast of Norway, you will, by completing the triangle, have a fair idea of the area in which they operate. The weather, for the most part, is abominable, and in the winter months, during which the night averages from two to three times as long as the day, impenetrable mists, blinding snowstorms, and freezing fogs become a sort of regular routine.

Over these outlets between the North Sea and the Atlantic Ocean our auxiliary cruisers keep watch and ward. Imagine to yourself a ribbed fan, one extreme arm going from the Orkneys to Norway, and the other from those same islands out somewhere in a north-westerly direction; imagine each of those ribs to be dotted at intervals of twenty miles by our auxiliary cruisers, constantly on the move, constantly in danger of attack by a U boat creeping out on to our trade routes, constantly in danger of striking a mine dropped by an apparently innocent "neutral" ship, and, and, above all, constantly on the watch, and you have a vague idea of the general scheme of things. Each patrol cruiser is at sea for 'fifty days, and when her relief is ready to take her place in the line, she slips back to make good defects, fill up with fuel and stores, and give a few days' relaxation to her crew.

The work at sea is as monotonous as any other in that great fleet, that has little to do but keep fit and at the top of its form until "The Day" arrives. The disposition of the patrols is auch that it is next to impossible for any vessel to get through them without being detected and hauled up. When a ship is sighted, a couple of rounds of blank are fired, and it is rarely indeed that a stranger does not stop his engines at once and wait for the examination party to be put on board. If he ignores the first signal he gets something across his bows that makes an ugly splash the other side of them; and if he pays no respect to that—but in that he never fails!—he has only himself to blame if the next development is a shell burating in his chart-house.

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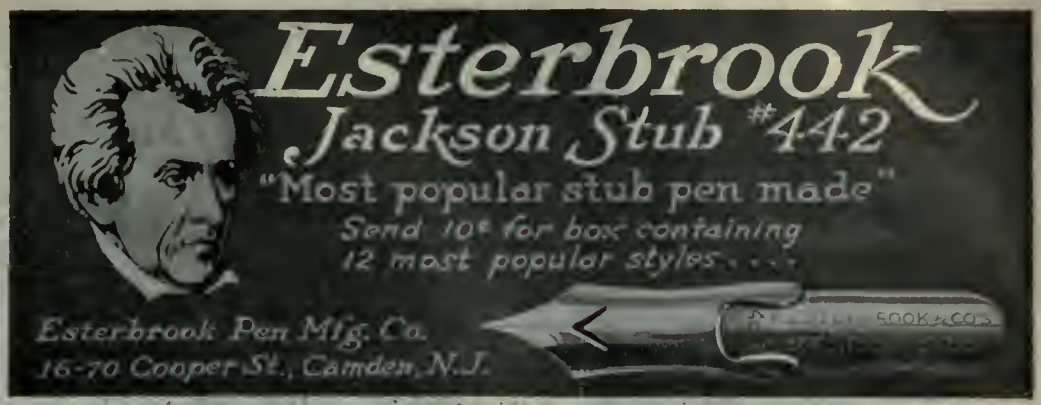
The Future of Belgium

At the Expense of Germany She Must be Made Stronger than She was When Her Frontier was Violated.

HAVING destroyed her past—a century of prosperity built up by honorable toil — having made her present a living Hell, the memory of which cannot be obliterated for another generation, Germany now assumes that she will dictate what the future of Belgium is to be. The advocates of "open annexation," "real guarantees" or "the occupation of the Flanders coast," daily air their views in the German press, and Count Reventlow, one of the most violent writers seems to think that only the retention of this state at the conclusion of peace will convince the world that Germany has won the war. We have the other side of the case presented in the *Fortnightly Review*, as follows:

Despite the confident words of German politicians and publicists, the future of Belgium, under God's good dispensation, will not be in their hands, stained as they are with the blood of so many thousand innocent Belgian victims. It will be assured by the Allies, and it will be their first duty to see that she shall never again be made the sport and plaything of German ambition. The direct consequence of that decision will be that Belgium must emerge from the war a stronger State than she was when the Teutonic hordes violated her frontier on August 4th, 1914. She must be made stronger at the expense of Germany, for it would be no shifting in the balance of power to make her stronger by weakening third and neutral States. This fairly obvious conclusion ought to have prevented the recent Press campaign in Holland misrepresenting Belgian wishes, and to that extent serving the ends of the Germanophils by alleging that Greater Belgium was to be created at the expense of the Dutch people. Among Belgians there appears to be a sounder view as to the identity of the interests of the two nations than obtains north of the Moerdyck; but then the one has been through a fiery ordeal and the other has so far escaped it. Still, it may serve a useful purpose to repeat that the Greater Belgium will be formed at the expense not of Holland, but of Germany, for the sound reason that it forms one of the most convenient and effective methods of weakening a formidable and relentless enemy. This statement, if calmly considered in Holland, will carry conviction with it, since it reposes on the most ordinary dictates of common sense. A moment's reflection ought to have disposed of the idea that Belgium, having been the victim of grievous wrongs, would seek in her turn to inflict an injury on a neighbor which, if it has not played a truly heroic part in this struggle of right and wrong, has at least been sympathetic and charitable to many of the sufferers.

The main object before the negotiators, if lasting peace is to be their reward, must be the permanent weakening of Germany. This can be best effected by the strengthening of her neighbors at her expense. Our present attention is to be given exclusively to the strengthening of Belgium—her first and principal victim—and it is not going too far to say that the attainment of this object is not merely due to Belgium as a measure of reparation, but that it is essential for the preservation of European peace. What has also to be remembered at the same time is that the conditions to be made for the purpose of invigorating Belgium must not be of a nature to give a source of weakness and enfeeblement. It would be no kindness to Belgium, no solution of the European problem, to charge her with the task of ruling and coercing refrac-





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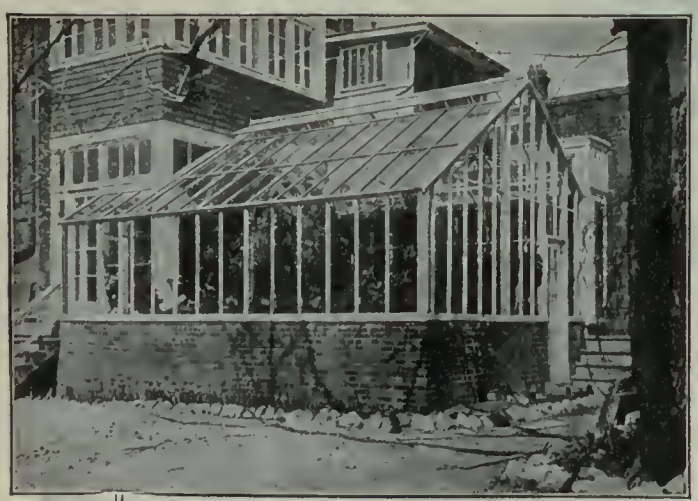
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tory German subjects. Any additions made to Belgium must be sources of real strength, races that can be readily assimilated and speedily merged in the Belgian nation on account of their ethnic affinities or old associations. Germany has held, by theft and superior force, Belgian territory, regarded from the ethnical and geographical point of view, and that Belgium counts among her subjects German-speaking communities, which have been only too glad to enjoy the privileges and freedom of the Belgian Constitution. The case for the extension of the Belgian limits triumphantly resists the first challenge on the ground of its being unnatural and abnormal.

From the first quarter of the tenth century until the French Revolution Malmédy was joined with Stavelot in a single Principality ruled by a Prince-Abbot. It was a copy in miniature of the larger and more important Prince-Bishopric of Liége; but thanks to its lying out of the beaten track of armies it escaped the sufferings of war and the covetousness of conquerors. During the French occupation of the Low Countries from 1794 to 1814 the two towns shared the same administration; but when the Congress of Vienna decided on the experiment of a single Kingdom of the Netherlands, under the House of Orange-Nassau, it agreed to the break-up of the little Principality by leaving Stavelot to the Belgians, and by handing over Malmédy to Prussia. This violent disruption of a Principality occupied by people of the same race, religion, and language—for German was not then spoken at all in this region—ignoring and dissolving the ties of association formed in 900 years of unbroken and harmonious union, was a crime committed out of defence to those feudal pretensions, which it is now essential to destroy for ever, because the Prince-Abbots had been members of the Diet of the old Empire. In the face of that vague dignity devoid of power, the rights, wishes, and interests of the people concerned were not consulted. They were placed arbitrarily and without the smallest consideration of their feelings under two different administrations, and they were confronted with the prospect that these brothers and kinsmen with a common past behind them for thirty generations would, at the bidding of distant sovereigns alien to them in every particular, have to draw the sword upon one another. There have been few more monstrous acts of brutality in history than the violent separation of Malmedy from Stavelot.

We must not leave it to be supposed that the part ceded to Prussia was confined to the little border town of Malmédy. It stretched from a point in the Hohe Venn considerably north of Sourbrodt to St. Vith, and included Weywertz, Weismes. Ligneuville, and Recht. To the south of St. Vith a corresponding encroachment was made at the expense of the old Belgian Duchy of Luxembourg; and, to the north of Sourbrodt, Montjoie and Eupen were filched by a corresponding process from Limburg and the Bishopric of Liége. It may, therefore, be said that south of Aix-la-Chapelle to as far as Rosport and the left bank of the Moselle above Treves there is a strip of territory that rightfully belongs to Belgium. The acquisition of this strip would not be onerous for Belgium because it contains a sparse population of non-Germanic origin outside the official class, and much of it is a primitive region where the Teutonizing of the people has made no real progress. The Germanic tendencies of the population are only skin deep. A clearly marked eastern boundary for his region is fortunately provided in the Roer River for the northern half and the Kill for the southern. Although sparsely populated at present there is reason for believing that much of this western half of the Eifel is rich in mineral wealth. In possibilities at least this region would be far from a barren acquisition, and it would strengthen Belgium at the cost exclusively of Germany.

While the recovery of the Malmédian half of the old Principality, as defined on the map of Ferraris in 1777, would only give Belgium the strip north of the Amblève, it must be remembered that the outlying places we have named, both north of Sourbrodt and south of Ligneuville, were all attached to the Belgic provinces represented respectively by Liége, Limburg, and Luxembourg at the time that

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Ferraris traced the limits of the Stavelot Principality. Still, it may be assumed that the question of restoring Malmédy to Belgium is not likely to be treated apart from the larger matter of Luxembourg, and thus the variations that occurred in the respective provincial jurisdictions at different dates do not matter.

In the first place, then, let us state certain irrefutable facts with regard to Luxembourg. This Countdom in the first stage, and Duchy in the second, is, and has always been, as absolutely Belgian from every point of view as Flanders or Hainault. Here, again, there was German intrusion and German abstraction of the same pattern as in Malmédy. By those feudal ties and claims that have been referred to Luxembourg was a fief of the Empire. In modern times the formula was devised of "obligations to the Germanic Confederation," and this phrase became current at the time of the Vienna Congress, and of the London Conference of 1830-9. At Vienna Prussia was allowed to abstract Luxembourg from the rest of Belgium, and to assign it to the family of Nassau as "a family possession" in compensation for the Nassau estates on the Lahn, taken over by Prussia. It is true that the greater part of Luxembourg was left to form part of the new Kingdom of the Netherlands in 1815; and it was not until 1830 that the significance of its being held in a separate and distinct form as a personal possession of King William I. of Orange-Nassau under the style of Duke of Luxembourg was appreciated. As Dutch writers are making some stir in special reference to this archaic point let it be recalled that *this* title of Duke of Luxembourg (invented when the Nassaus lost their German States) has no feudal roots. The historic title merged in the various dignities and honors of the House of Burgundy passed to the Hapsburgs and belongs to the Emperor Francis Joseph. The Duchy of Luxembourg was devised by Prussia in 1815 for the express purpose of installing a German garrison in the then formidable city-fortress of Luxembourg, and it has nothing whatever to do as a fief or as a Duchy with those sold by Elizabeth of Gorlitz to Philip the Good in the middle of the fifteenth century. Yet this historical passage shows how essential is the reform advocated of stripping all feudal pretensions of their validity for the benefit of national as opposed to privileged interests in future diplomatic arrangements.

But when the Belgians revolted against the Dutch in 1830—and no Belgians took a more enthusiastic part in the Revolution than the Luxembourgers—Prussia intervened to assert the rights of the Germanic Confederation in the Duchy. The Belgian leaders and the National Congress held that no one could detach Luxembourg, much less any part of it, from Belgium, but at the same time, to conciliate their German neighbors, they declared from the start their intention to respect "the relations of Luxembourg with the Germanic Confederation." Those relations were apparently confined to the presence of a German garrison in the fortress. But this was not enough for Prussia. The whole of Luxembourg, extending half-way across the Ardennes region towards the Meuse, had been given in 1815 by an outsider, without the assent of the population, without the knowledge of the other Belgian provinces, to another outsider who had absolutely no claims to it as an indefeasible private property except in so far as it was subject to the German Imperial law of inheritance. Three hundred thousand people were thus transferred like a piece of land or a house of furniture in complete disregard of the wishes or interests of the chief parties concerned — the Luxembourgers themselves and the State known as Belgium or as the Belgic Provinces. It is true that at the moment the transfer was effected in 1815 the act did not appear so harsh, for the owner of the specially created Duchy was to be the sovereign of the whole territory. It was only in 1830, when the enforced and artificial union of Holland and Belgium was shown to be a failure, that the injustice of the Prussian procedure in 1815 became revealed in glaring colors. The Luxembourgers were sound and enthusiastic Belgians. They had no sympathies with the Dutch, who were absolute strangers to them, and therefore they at once

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participated in the national revolution. In the last few days of August, 1930, not a vestige of Dutch authority remained in Luxembourg except in the fortress where it was upheld by German troops. Neither the people of Belgium nor the people of the province doubted that whatever their fate might be they would share it in common.

But Prussia, speaking for the Germanic Confederation, was determined that the work of 1815 should not be undone, and as she brushed aside the Belgian offer to let her garrison remain undisturbed in the fortress it almost looks as if she anticipated a claim from the House of Nassau for fresh compensation for the lost territory on the Lahn if that originally assigned to it were lost. Whatever her motives, Prussia stood firm in her claim on behalf not of Holland or the Dutch, but of William I. of Orange-Nassau in his personal capacity as Duke—it is very important in the coming discussions to remember this distinction—to Luxembourg. On the other side, Lord Palmerston and King Louis Philippe, the godfathers of Belgian independence, stood not less firm in their contention that to sever the whole of Luxembourg from Belgium would be to leave it a disjointed and truncated State hardly worth creation at all. Consequently the Great Powers, being averse to fight one another at that moment, arrived at a compromise. The Duchy of Luxembourg, except, of course, the portions already abstracted by Prussia for herself in 1815 east of the Sure and the Our, was to be split in two, the northern and western half being assigned to Belgium and the southern and eastern to King William as a family possession. This agreement arrived at in 1831 did not come into effect until 1839, when Holland signed the Treaty of Peace, and during those nine years the Belgians held the whole of the province outside the fortress capital. They held it not by violence or force of arms, but with the free will and hearty co-operation of its inhabitants. It was a bitter pill for the Belgians after such a well-sustained effort to resign themselves to the surrender of the half—and the better half — of a province which under every rule had been part and parcel of themselves. They offered to pay an enormous sum for that age for its redemption, but it was rejected, to the eventual chagrin and loss of the Dutch reigning family itself, which in the end lost both dominion and compensation.

From 1839 down to 1890 the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg remained attached to Holland or the Netherlands by the personal tie of having the same ruler. In that period it passed through one great crisis in 1867, when the Luxembourg difficulty threatened to occasion an European war. The danger was averted by the London Conference, which declared that Luxembourg was to be regarded as a neutral State under the guarantee of the Powers, and at the same time it was agreed that the fortress of Luxembourg should be dismantled and the German garrison withdrawn. On that occasion the Belgian Government, and in particular King Leopold II., hoped that an opportunity might present itself to repurchase what had been lost in 1839, but none offered. The deaths of the sons of the Dutch King William III. in the years following that Conference and the Franco-Prussian War produced a new situation in that the heir to his throne became his daughter Wilhelmina. But the Salic law prevailed in the Duchy of Luxembourg, his personal possession, where Dutch law and practice had no validity. When he died, then, in 1890 his daughter became Queen of Holland, and his cousin, Adolphus of Nassau, Grand Duke of Luxembourg. The altogether artificial and accidental connection between the Dutch and Luxembourg was thus brought to an end, and whatever arrangement may be made in the future, no one would think seriously of reviving one that possessed so little justification.

In 1912 the same position arose with regard to the Grand Duchy itself that had arisen in Holland in 1890. The male line of the Nassaus became extinct, and despite the Salic law the young Duchess Marie succeeded to the sovereignty of the little Principality. At daybreak on August 2nd, 1914, the Germans invaded the Grand Duchy, thus tearing up the first "scrap of paper," or, in precise

language, the guarantee of 1867. Of course, the local Government, without an army or a fortress, was unable to offer any resistance, but the exact circumstances in which the Germans entered and occupied the whole of the Grand Duchy within twenty-four hours have still to be ascertained. An explanation is still more necessary as to how the Grand Ducal authorities permitted in 1913-14 the doubling of the railway from Luxembourg *via* Ettelbruck and Kautenbach to Trois Vierges, the work being carried on with noticeably feverish haste under German supervision. The Luxembourg authorities had other reasons for forming a shrewd opinion as to what was coming. But whether a charge of complete subservience to Germany on the part of responsible people at Luxembourg can be sustained or not, there cannot be two opinions that the utter helplessness of the people of the Duchy to do anything in self-defence will be considered a strong argument when after the war conditions have to be defined against prolonging a situation full of peril to the Luxembourgers themselves and their neighbors. To all intents and purposes Luxembourg had become a German dependency, and in making fresh arrangements for its administration the Allies will be dispossessing Germany, and not the Grand Duchy, of an advanced position for invading France and taking her at a disadvantage.

Then it will be remembered that Luxembourg is, and always was, an integral and natural part of the Belgic Provinces, that the changes introduced in 1815 and in 1831-9 were due to German guile, that since 1871—for the process began in the Dutch period—and more especially since 1890, the Germanizing of the State and its people has been steadily going on until the nominal independence of the Principality had become an absolute fiction. Were this state of things allowed to continue after the war ends, and to be given as it were a new lease of life, the advantages secured elsewhere would be compromised, and Germany would retain the avenue of attack which enabled her to drive back the French into Champagne and to threaten the line of the Vosages. An end must be put to this intolerable position, and when the necessity of strengthening Belgium at the expense of Germany is admitted, as it must be, the restoration of the severed portion of the old Belgian Duchy and Province of Luxembourg will appear to everyone the most natural and advantageous solution of the problem. Not at the expense of Holland but of Germany will Belgium in Malmedy, along the Eifel, and in her own lost but cherished Province of Luxembourg receive the territorial expansion that will satisfy the requirements of her position. It will be not only a small reward for her sufferings, but it will at the same time, and this is the point that will carry most weight in the councils of the Allies, enable her to play a more useful part in preserving the future peace of Europe, and in averting a fresh outbreak of that brutal and lawless aggression that has developed under our eyes into the most terrible cataclysm of human history since the Mongols and their leaders, who were specially designated "the scourges of God."

Air Monsters in Their Lair

A German Author Gives the Public its First Glimpse of the German Air-Fleet.

THE searchlights groping in the black sky over London, during a Zeppelin raid reveal, clearly enough, glimpses of a long, silver-gray cocoon hovering far overhead. Further than this the general public is left to conjecture as to the nature of these troublesome night-hornets, or where they find a shelter during the daytime. The *Literary Digest* recently published extracts from a Ger-

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4 a.m.—

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BIG BEN'S the only time-clock the modern farmer knows—he helps the farmer beat the sun to work.

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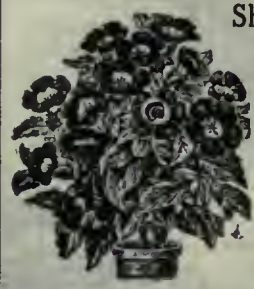


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man author's war book, giving the public its first glimpse of the German air-fleet. Here is part of his account of the swarm of monsters lying in readiness to sweep down on sleeping cities the next dark night:

Somewhere amid the white sand-dunes and the salt-meadow weeds dwell the mariners of the air who have brought some notion to Albion that it is no longer an island. I was taken at evening in an automobile over causeways and dikes to a group of buildings, dark air-ship halls, silhouetted against the sunset clouds in great lines of modern steel construction.

"How many?" I hear the question asked. Quite a confidence-inspiring number.

It was midnight as we approached the dark structure with brightly illuminated windows which, at first broad and red, soon shrank to narrow, shining slits as the whole ball turned on its axis in order to bring the air-ship into line with the wind.

The turning of a single screw on the ochre-yellow body of the air-cruiser filled the giant hall with the roaring and howling of a hurricane.

In front of the almost unbelievably thin steel rods to which were affixed the screw propellers were high wooden platforms on which mechanics cowered and watched the whirling propellers. These wooden propellers, each as tall as a man, soon became visible again, turned awkwardly a few times, then stopped. A mechanic adjusted a few screws, hammered a few bolts, and then the slender, thin wooden blades again roared. The mechanic always notes the faults first with the ear only, but afterward discovers them with the eye.

Now they had caught the right tone. "The ship is clear for sailing," the engineer reported to the commander.

In the front wall a gap opened slowly, like the pulling of a giant stage-curtain in a theatre, only much slower. The motors took seven minutes to slide back the steel wings on the front door. The commander disappeared in the direction of the forward gondola. From the port-holes of the connecting gangway grinned the faces of happy mariners, who called out jokes to those who were staying behind. Then the wondrous monster was led out of the hall with an ease which the eye could hardly credit.

Gas-cells between the ribs of the air-cruiser cheat the laws of gravitation. The ship is weighted to an ounce, no lighter and no heavier than air, so that it swings in space like a great feather. A band of frolicking schoolboys could just as well have led the monster out of its stall.

But outside waited the night-wind. One knew it well from past experience. Therefore, a hundred hard seamen's fists grabbed it outside to prevent capsizing.

A shrill whistle and all the screws began their storm-song. A few men of the landing battalion shook themselves like wet dogs. They had got on their heads a spout of the water with which the air-cruiser lightens itself. Lightly the slender colossus floated upward and it seemed swallowed up by the night, a dark shadow against the Great Dipper.

In the commander's gondola, among all the measuring-instruments and signal-wires, hangs a small, brown-plush teddy-bear, and amid the storm-song of the propellers and the thunder of the motors you seem to hear the shrill laughter of children. The commander's small daughter sent him the teddy-bear as a souvenir when sailing over England.

And so they went flying. The noise of the machinery made conversation impossible, the author tells us, but the commandant showed him by signs the workings of the various parts of the engine, as well as the steering-gear and the method of elevation and descent. Far below, the scenery passed by in an endless panorama. The account goes on to say:

We flew over wood and meadow, and over air-ship halls and barracks, and the canopy of green was soon lost to sight.

Through a small horizontal transparent pane, built like an alcove in the glass wall of the commandant's gondola, your eyes can see straight downward into the depths below.

At 2,000 feet the earth assumed that delightful relief that makes it seem like a giant plaything. In the distance the gray aura of a city appeared, but was soon left behind.

How the heart beat when through the forward windows of the gondola the North Sea was sighted. There lay the battle-fleet, but the ships seemed to hang in clouds, an optical illusion, for when seen from an air-ship the earth seems to sink like a round, flat saucer. Immediately under you lies the lowest point, while round about the horizon seems to rise. Hence came the illusion that battle-cruisers and a dreadnought, steaming far out at sea, were gliding through low clouds.

The barometer showed 3,300 feet. "Now we are in the zone of explosion danger," the commandant said coolly and quietly. I can not deny that this information disturbed the enjoyment of my view over all the world.

The Captain explained further: "At this height the atmosphere is most inclined to creep through the thin skin of the gas-cells, producing that explosive mixture of hydrogen and oxygen which you know from chemistry. If a man with hobnailed boots were to strike a spark on the steel plates now he could blow us all into the air. That is why we now blow off gas. This prevents a dangerous proportion in the mixture of air and hydrogen."

Shrill bells sounded through the air-ship, commands were called through the telephone, and wires were pulled. As we flew back over the land again the commander pointed out to me a large white cross in the midst of a plain. It was a target. Four bombs fell. Not one of them fell outside the circles of which the crossed lines were the diameters.

We descended until biplanes, cruising below us, looked like hawks.

"You must also visit the motor-room," the commandant suggested.

Through the two doors lay the way to the machinists. I could stand it for just two minutes. How men with ear-drums and nerves can hold out hours at a time and half a day long in that mad hell of sound that shakes the whole body to the marrow I do not understand. These men are heroes even though they merely hold out and do their oily work among the motors.

As we circled about our hall the landing-forces quickly caught hold of the lines, and after a few minutes *L-X* was firmly imprisoned on the wheeled iron-block that runs on the rails to the hall.

Not always is the landing so easy. Many a ship has been held in a storm outside for twenty-four hours, the men taking relief shifts before it could be brought in.

It takes much courage and science to steer such a cruiser through the air. The commanders all laughed when they read in the English papers that the English planned to salvage the framework of *L-10*, sunk in the waters of England, in order to copy the construction. "We will make them a present of a brand-new one and they would not learn how to sail it in five years," they said.

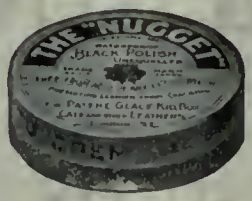
Down on the water-front everywhere stand new and gigantic air-ship halls. On the day I left the first of some new and splendid monsters came flying from its air-ship yards. They are large enough to lay a fortress in ashes.

Woe to you, Paris! Woe to you, London, when your day comes!

Von Moltke Retired —Why?

IN December, 1914, it was announced to the German public that Lieutenant-General von Moltke, who had so long had their confidence in military matters was to be retired "on account of his health." But it began to be whispered through the capital that there was another reason why the Government was willing to get rid of the man who had been largely instrumental in the early successes of the Fatherland. It was said, perhaps, without foundation, that he had disagreed with

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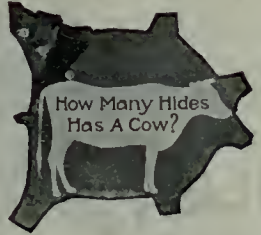
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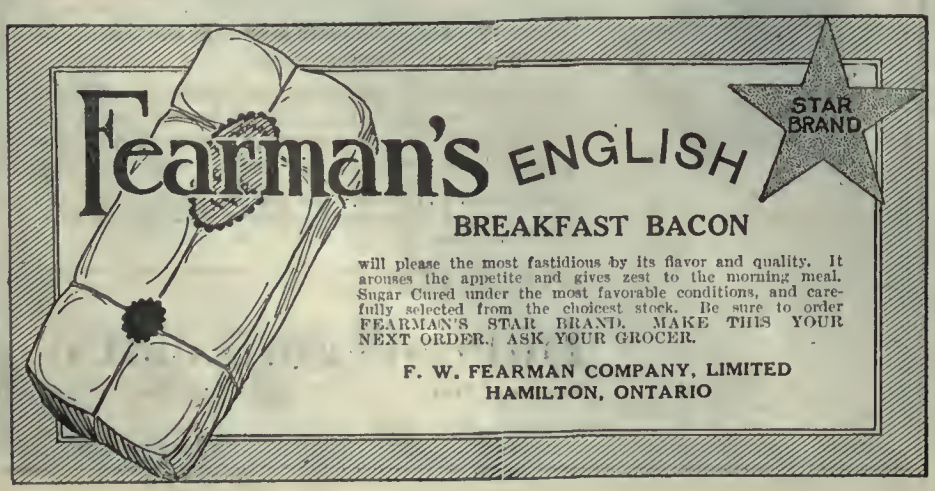
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DOES NOT SHRINK



the Kaiser on the wisdom of going through Flanders, preferring a drive at Verdun, but a German correspondent, says the *Literary Digest*, gives a different and more picturesque version of the cause. He claims that the general was ousted because of his religious beliefs, and states his views as follows:

Lieutenant-General von Moltke, the retired chief of the German General Staff, who dropped dead in the Reichstag recently, retained the confidence of the German people to the end. When he was first appointed to the post ten years ago, they distrusted and ridiculed him. They thought of him merely as the nephew of a famous general of the last generation, and as a personal favorite of the Kaiser. But the vigorous way he put through his own revolutionary ideas about "preparedness" soon forced them to change their minds. And the rapidity and smoothness of the German mobilization at the beginning of this war are largely credited to him.

The German people do believe the official explanation of his retirement from the head of the General Staff in December, 1914—that it was "on account of health."

Nevertheless, von Moltke just missed being ranked by his country as one of their supermen. But this was because of religious, rather than military, heresies. He was known to be a Christian Scientist—not merely a believer, but one of the leaders of the movement in Germany. This would have been considered a weakness in any prominent German. In the head of the army it was regarded as humiliating.

For, in the first place, Christian Science comes from America. It was known that General von Moltke's political views were not friendly toward the United States—at least not since the beginning of the war. A year ago he expressed himself in an interview very strongly against this country for sending arms and munitions to the Allies. Nevertheless, it was considered most undignified for the head of the German Army to cling to an American form of religious belief.

But the German feeling goes deeper than that. The Germans are convinced that there is an intimate relation between the religion of an army and its fighting qualities. They believe, for example, that the reason why the United States has been "the most non-military great Power which has ever existed"—to quote one of their leading thinkers—is because we "are fundamentally lacking in the mysticism of the State."

German thought has done, the author goes on to say, all that it could to encourage that fanatical "mysticism of the State" which has made, in the past, all great national movements. It made the Crusaders, it made the men of Cromwell invincible, and in the Napoleonic era it led countless Frenchmen to pour out their lives in the solemn belief that their leader was under the special guidance of Heaven. The utterances of the Kaiser, so much ridiculed in the press, are taken seriously, for the most part, by the Army, and the individual belief seems to be that the war-lord is really God's chosen child. The outbreak of the war has had its effect upon theology, as upon everything else, and the emphasis of the Bible has been transferred from the New Testament to the Old. For it is hardly in keeping with the ideals of any of the military nations to preach the peace of the Evangelists. The belief in the God of Battles has been revived. We learn that countless sermons have been reached on the text, "Then the fear of the Lord fell upon the people and they went out to battle as one man." In addition, the author asserts:

I have even seen a German book entitled "What the Bible has to say about the present war," in which some of the most sanguinary and violent passages of the Old Testament are gathered together in an effort to prove the divine origin of war.

The average religious German regards the war as divine retribution on Germany's enemies for their sins: *Gott strafe England!* There are other Germans who regard the war as divine punishment inflicted on Germany—for her materialism and atheism of the past generation. But, whatever the particular variations of their beliefs, all Germans who

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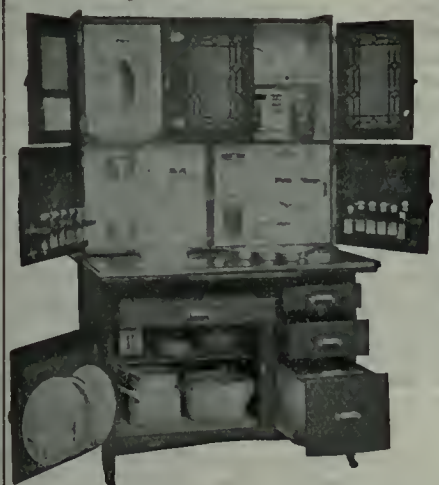
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are in the great current of contemporary German emotion believe in a God who works his will through war.

The Government not only encourages that belief but it discourages all contrary beliefs —those which tend to weaken the soldiers' idea of war as a sort of religious rite.

A few months ago an old woman, seventy-five years, named Reuss, was up before the military courts charged with treason. She was a New Adventist, and had been distributing among the soldiers leaflets pointing out the wickedness of fighting on Sunday. The court found that she was not prompted by any desire to help Germany's enemies, but by a sincere religious belief. In view of this fact, and of her age, it declared that it would be lenient. And it sentenced her to nine months' imprisonment!

The Government has been even more severe against Christian Scientists. And German public opinion has upheld it. A number of Christian Science practitioners were tried and convicted in Berlin last winter for letting one of their patients die without calling in medical aid. And the newspapers published unusually full accounts of the proceedings, in a bitterly satirical vein. German public opinion condemns Christian Science because it is the very opposite of "mysticism of the State."

JANUARY FEATURES

The January issue of MACLEAN'S will contain a splendid article on the wonderful activity in shipbuilding now manifest in Canada. Other features will be: A description of a part of Canada that is quite unknown to most Canadians—the Northwestern coast of British Columbia; a story of adventure and mystery, by Alan Sullivan; and other stories and articles by famous Canadian writers.

The Pride of Pauline

Continued from page 27.

round her, the camp-fire to be lit, and the bed to be made under the friendly trees and stars.

For a half-hour she sat so, and then suddenly she raised her head listening, leaning towards the window, through which the moonlight streamed, mingling with the glow from the chimney. She heard her name called without, distinct and strange: *"Pauline! Pauline!"*

Starting up, she ran to the door and opened it. All was silent and cruelly cold. Nothing but the wide plain of snow and the steely air. But as she stood intently listening, the red glow from the fire behind her, again came the cry "Pauline!" not far away. Her heart beat hard, and she raised her head and called—why was it she should call out in a language not her own? — *"Qu'appelle? Qu'appelle?"*

And once again on the still night air came the trembling appeal, "Pauline!"

"Qu'appelle? Qu'appelle?" she cried, then, with a gasping murmer of under-

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TRAVEL CANADIAN NORTHERN ALL THE WAY

standing and recognition she ran forward in the frozen night towards the sound of the voice. The same intuitive sense which had made her call out in French, without thought or reason, had revealed to her who it was that called — or was it that even in the one word uttered there was the note of a voice always remembered since those days with Manette at Winnipeg?

NOT far away from the house, on the way to Portage la Drome, but a little distance from the road, was a *crevasse*, and towards this she sped, for once before an accident had happened there. Again the voice called as she sped — "Pauline!" and she cried out that she was coming. Presently she stood above the declivity and peered over. Almost immediately below her, a few feet down, was a man lying in the snow. He had strayed from the obliterated road, and had fallen down the *crevasse*, twisting his foot cruelly. Unable to walk, he had crawled several hundred yards in the snow, but his strength had given out, and then he had called to the house, on whose dark windows flickered the flames of the fire, the name of the girl he had come so far to see.

With a cry of joy and pain at once she recognized him now. It was as her heart had said—it was Julien, Manette's brother. In a moment she was beside him, her arm around his shoulder.

"Pauline!" he said feebly and fainted in her arms.

An instant later she was speeding to the house, and rousing her mother and two of the stablemen, she snatched a flask of brandy from a cupboard and hastened back.

An hour later Julien Labrosse lay in the great sitting-room beside the fire, his foot and ankle bandaged, and at ease, his face alight with all that had brought him there. And once again the Indian mother with a sure instinct knew why he had come, and saw that now her girl would have a white woman's home, and, for her man, one of the race like her father's race, white and conquering.

"I'm sorry to give trouble," Julien said, laughing — he had a trick of laughing lightly; "but I'll be able to get back to the Portage to-morrow."

To this the Indian mother said, however, "To please yourself is a great thing, but to please others is better; and so you will stay here till you can walk back to the Portage, M'sieu' Julien."

"Well, I've never been so comfortable," he said, "never so happy. If you don't mind the trouble!"

The Indian woman nodded pleasantly and found excuse to leave the room for quite a quarter of an hour. But before she went she contrived to place near his elbow one of the scraps of paper on which Pauline had drawn his face with that of Manette. It brought a light of hope and happiness into his eyes and he thrust the paper under the fur robes of the couch.

"What are you doing with your life?" Pauline asked him, as his eyes sought hers a few moments later.

"Oh, I have a big piece of work before

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me," he answered eagerly, "a great chance —to build a bridge over the St. Lawrence, and I'm only thirty! I've got my start. Then, I've made over the old Seigneury my father left me, and I'm going to live in it. It will be a fine place, when I've done with it, comfortable and big, with old oak timbers and walls, and deep fireplaces, and carvings done in the time of Louis Quinze, and dark-red velvet curtains for the drawing-room, and skins and furs. Yes, I must have skins and furs like these here." He smoothed the skins with his hand.

"Manette, she will live with you?" Pauline asked.

"Oh, no, her husband wouldn't like that. You see, Manette is to be married. She told me to tell you all about it."

HE told her all there was to tell of Manette's courtship, and added that the wedding would take place in the spring.

"Manette wanted it when the leaves first come out and the birds come back," he said gayly; "and so she's not going to live with me at the Seigneury, you see. No, there it is, as fine a house, good enough for a prince, and I shall be there alone, unless——"

His eyes met hers, and he caught the light that was in them, before the eyelids drooped over them and she turned her head to the fire. "But the spring is two months off yet," he added.

"The spring?" she asked, puzzled, yet half afraid to speak.

"Yes, I'm going into my new house when Manette goes into her new house —in the spring. And I wont go alone if——"

He caught her eyes again, but she rose hurriedly and said "You must sleep now. Good-night." She held out her hand.

"Well, I'll tell you the rest to-morrow —to-morrow night when it's quiet like this, and the stars shine," he answered. "I'm going to have a home of my own like this—ah, *bien sure*, Pauline."

That night the old Indian mother prayed to the Sun. "O great Spirit." she said, "I give thanks for the Medicine poured into my heart. Be good to my white child when she goes with her man to the white man's home far away. O great Spirit, when I return to the lodges of my people, be kind to me, for I shall be lonely; I shall not have my child; I shall not hear my white man's voice. Give me good Medicine, O Sun and great Father, till my dream tells me that my man comes from over the hills for me once more."

Abdul Aziz Has His

Continued from page 22.

nople you swear that within one hour you will fill your mouth with mud and burn yourself alive."

"Just Allah!" cried the Sultan. "Does it say all that."

"All that," said von der Doppelbauch. "All that within an hour. It is a splendid

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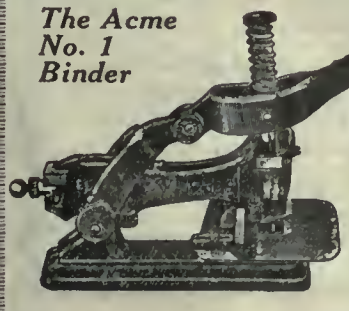
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defiance. The Kaiser himself has seen it and admired it. 'There,' he said, 'are the words of a man!'"

"Did he say that?" said Abdul, evidently flattered. "And is he too about to hurl himself off his minaret?"

"For the moment, no," replied von der Doppelbauch, sternly.

"Well, well," said Abdul, and to my surprise he began picking up the pen and making ready. "I suppose if I must sign it, I must"—then he marked the paper and sprinkled it with sand. "For one hour? Well, well," he murmured. "Von der Doppelbauch Pasha," he added with dignity, "you are permitted to withdraw. Commend me to your Imperial Master, my brother. Tell him that when I am gone, he may have Constantinople, provided only"—and a certain slyness appeared in the Sultan's eye—"that he can get it. Farewell."

The Field Marshall, majestic as ever, gathered up the manifesto, clicked his heels together and withdrew.

AS the door closed behind him, I had expected the little Sultan to collapse.

Not at all. On the contrary, a look of peculiar cheerfulness spread over his features.

He refilled his narghileh and began quietly smoking at it.

"Toomuch," he said, quite cheerfully. "I fear there is no hope."

"Alas!" said the secretary.

"I have now," went on the Sultan, "apparently but sixty minutes in front of me. I had hoped that the intervention of the United States might have saved me. It has not. Instead of it, I meet my fate. Well, well, it is Kismet. I bow to it."

He smoked away quite cheerfully.

Presently he paused.

"Toomuch," he said. "Kindly go and fetch me a sharp knife, double-edged if possible, but sharp, and a stout bowstring."

Up to this time I had remained a mere spectator of what had happened. But now I feared that I was on the brink of an awful tragedy.

"Good Heavens, Abdul!" I said, "what are you going to do?"

"Do? Why kill myself, of course," the Sultan answered, pausing for a moment in an interval of his cheerful smoking. "What else should I do? What else is there to do? I shall first stab myself in the stomach and then throttle myself with the bowstring. In half an hour I shall be in paradise. Toomuch, summon hither from the inner harem Fatima and Falloola. They shall sit beside me and sing to me at the last hour, for I love them well and later they too shall voyage with me to Paradise. See to it that they are both thrown a little later into the Bosphorus, for my heart yearns towards the two of them."

"And," he added thoughtfully, "especially perhaps towards Fatima, but I have never quite made up my mind."

The Sultan sat back with a little gurgle of contentment, the rose water bubbling soothingly in the bowl of his pipe.

Then he turned to his secretary again.

"Toomuch," he said, "you will at the same time send a bowstring to Codfish



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Pasha, my Chief of War. It is our sign, you know," he added in explanation to me. "It gives Codfish leave to kill himself. And, Toomuch, send a bowstring also to Beefhash Pasha, my Vizier—good fellow, he will expect it—and the Macpherson Effendi, my financial adviser—let them all have bowstrings."

"Stop, stop," I pleaded. "I don't understand."

"Why surely," said the little man, in evident astonishment. "It is plain enough. What would you do in Canada? When your ministers—as I think you call them—fail and no longer enjoy your support—do you not send them bowstrings?"

"Never," I said. "They go out of office but——"

"And they do not disembowel themselves on their retirement? Have they not that privilege?"

"Never!" I said. "What an idea!"

"The ways of the infidel," said the little Sultan, calmly resuming his pipe, "are beyond the compass of the true intelligence of the Faithful. Yet I thought it was so even as here. I had read in your newspapers that after one of your last elections your ministers were buried alive—buried under a landslide, was it not? We thought it—here in Turkey—a noble fate for them."

"They crawled out," I said.

"Ishmillah!" ejaculated Abdul. "But go, Toomuch. And listen—thou also—for, in spite of all, you have served me well—shalt have a bowstring."

"Oh! Master, master!" cried Toomuch, falling on his knees in gratitude and clutching the sole of Abdul's slipper. "It is too kind."

"Nay, nay," said the Sultan. "Thou hast deserved it. And I will go further. This stranger, too, my governess, this professor, bring also for the professor a bowstring, and a two-bladed knife! All Canada shall rejoice to hear of it. The students shall leap up like young lambs at the honor that will be done. Bring the knife, Toomuch, bring the knife!"

"Abdul," I said. "Abdul, this is too much. I refuse. I am not fit. The honor is too great."

"Not so," said Abdul. "I am still Sultan. I insist upon it. For listen, I have long penetrated your disguise and your kind design. I saw it from the first. You knew all and came to die with me. It was kindly meant. But you shall die no common death. Yours shall be the honor of the double knife—let it be extra sharp, Toomuch—and the bowstring."

"Abdul," I urged. "It cannot be. You forget. I have an appointment to be thrown into the Bosphorus."

"The death of a dog! Never!" cried Abdul. "My will is still law. Toomuch, kill him on the spot. Hit him with the stool, throw the coffee at him——"

BUT at this moment there were heard loud cries and shouting as in tones of great gladness, in the outer hall of the palace; doors swinging to and fro and the sound of many running feet. One heard above all the call: "It has come! It has come!"

The Sultan looked up quickly.

"Toomuch," he said eagerly and anxi-



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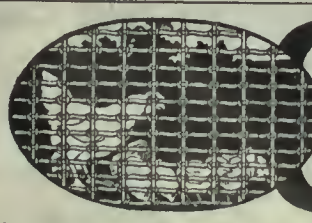
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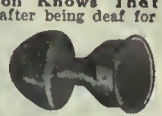




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ously. "quick, see what it is. Hurry! Hurry! Do not stay on ceremony. Drink a cup of coffee, give me five cents—fifty cents, anything—and take leave and see what it is."

But, before Toomuch could reply, a turbaned attendant had already burst in through the door unannounced and thrown himself at Abdul's feet.

"Master! Master!" he cried. "It is here. It has come." As he spoke he held out in one hand a huge envelope, heavy with seals. I could detect in great letters stamped across it the words WASHINGTON and OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

Abdul seized and opened the envelope with trembling hands.

"It is it!" he cried. "It is sent by Smith Pasha, Minister under the Peace of Heaven of the United States. It is the Intervention. I am saved."

Then there was silence among us, breathless and anxious, as he read it.

Abdul glanced down the missive, reading it in silence to himself.

"Oh, noble," he murmured. "Oh, generous! It is too much. Too splendid a lot!"

"What does it say?"

"Look," said the Sultan. "The United States has used its good offices. It has intervened! All is settled. My fate is secure."

"Yes, yes," I said. "But what is it?"

"Is it believable?" exclaimed Abdul. "It appears that none of the belligerents cared about *me* at all. None had designs upon me. The war was *not* made, as we understand, Toomuch, as an attempt to seize my person. All they wanted was Constantinople. Not *me* at all!"

"Powerful Allah!" murmured Toomuch. "Why was it not so said?"

"For me," said the Sultan, still consulting the letter, "great honors are prepared! I am to leave Constantinople—that is the sole condition. It shall then belong to whoever can get it. Nothing could be fairer. It always has. I am to have a safe conduct—is it not noble?—to the United States. No one is to attempt to poison me—is it not generosity itself—neither on land—nor even—mark this especially, Toomuch—on board ship. Nor is anyone to throw me overboard or otherwise transport me to Paradise."

"It passes belief!" murmured Toomuch Koffi. "Allah is indeed good."

"In the United States itself," went on Abdul, "or, I should say, themselves, Toomuch—for are they not innumerable?—I am to have a position of the highest trust, power and responsibility."

"Is it really possible?" I said, greatly surprised.

"It is so written," said the Sultan. "I am to be placed at the head—as the sole head or sovereign of—how is it written?—a *Turkish Bath Establishment* in New York. There I am to enjoy the same freedom and to exercise just as much—it is so written—exactly as much political power as I do here. Is it not glorious?"

"Allah! Illallah!" cried the Secretary.

"You, Toomuch, shall come with me, for there is a post of great importance placed at my disposal—so it is written—

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under the title of 'Rubber Down.' Toomuch, let our preparations be made at once. Notify Fatima and Falloola. Those two alone shall go. For it is a Christian country and I bow to its prejudices. Two, I understand, is the limit. But we must leave at once."

The Sultan paused a moment and then looked at me.

"And our good friend here," he added, "we must leave to get out of this Yildiz Kiosk by whatsoever magic means he came into it."

Which I did.

AND I am assured by those who know that the intervention was made good and that Abdul and Toomuch may be seen to this day, or to any other day, moving to and fro in their slippers and turbans in their Turkish Bath Emporium at the corner of Broadway and——

But stop, that would be saying too much. Especially as Fatima and Falloola occupy the upstairs.

And it is said that Abdul has developed a very special talent for heating up the temperature for his Christian customers.

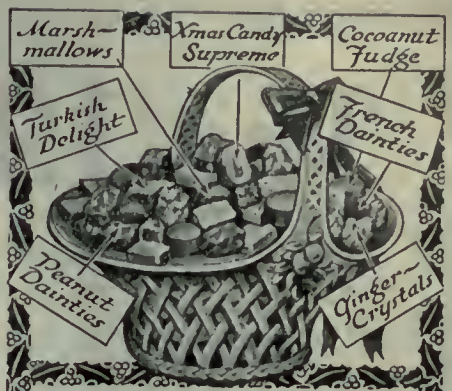
Moreover, it is the general opinion that whether or not the Kaiser and such people will get their deserts, Abdul Aziz has his.

The White Comrade

Continued from page 34.

That one young man in his most ardent youth
So loved life, felt life, understood its laws,
So took pain to his heart, so took great love,
And knew that pain and love are always one,
And knew that death can be lived through to life
Till he commanded death, and death obeyed.

So comes the Comrade White, down silent pain.
He comes to woods and battlefields to-day.
(Sometimes I think he loves the woods the best.)
And finds free souls flung skyward, glad to go,
Among the lonely and the pain-racked ones
He comes—not death at all, but radiant life.
Comes in the eyes of Comrades, lives in hearts
That give all, taking nothing in return.
He is a rumor and a far white light,
He is the singing bird, the children's flute
That called us wooing forth to give our all,
The floating glad things of the buoyant air,
Young earth's warm children, music and delight,
Live in His eyes; those deathless azure eyes,
That smile upon the moment we thought hard,
And turn our sacrifice to kindling light.
They pass through radiant gates on whom He smiles.



DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE CREAM DROPS

Soak ½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 2 tablespoonfuls cold water 5 minutes. Mix 2 cups granulated sugar and ¼ teaspoonful cream of tartar together; add ½ cup cold water and boil until syrup is clear. Stir soaked gelatine through syrup quickly and turn in a pan to cool, but do not scrape pan. When partially cool add 1 teaspoonful peppermint (scant measure) or vanilla, and beat until creamy and stiff enough to form in centres. Place small pieces of confectioners dipping chocolate over hot water until melted. Remove and drop centres one at a time into chocolate and place on paraffine paper.

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Soak 2 envelopes Knox Acidulated Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Add 1½ cups boiling water. When dissolved, add 4 cups granulated sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into 2 equal parts. When somewhat cooled, add to 1 part ½ teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavoring found in separate envelope, dissolved in 1 tablespoonful water, and 1 tablespoonfol lemon extract. To the other part add ½ teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors and colors, and adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

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The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance

Prospects for the Future are Brighter

THE world lives in a state of hope that something will happen to hasten the end of the war, a hope that flutters up into high expectations on the word of a neutral observer or the prediction of a Balkan statesman. But it



—New York American

is now beginning to sink into the minds of all citizens of the British Empire that a long war is ahead. We still talk of peace next spring or a cessation of hostilities next August, but at the backs of our minds we know that it may take, almost certainly will take, longer than that to beat the German to his knees.

This means one thing at least to us at home here in Canada. It means that war orders will continue and that industrial stability can be counted upon for another year at least. The feverish industrial activity of the present, with its concomitants, high wages and high cost of living, will continue. This seems absolutely assured.

Each successive set of figures that comes through tells more forcibly the story of present activity. The September trade report shows that for the first six months of the fiscal year, imports, exclusive of coin and bullion, amounted to $390,995,000, an increase of $177,402,000, while exports increased from $246,392,000 to $536,721000. The balance of trade is, therefore, still very satisfactory despite the increase in imports. The export expansion is found chiefly under the heads of agriculture and manufactures, the increase under the former being from $11,-139,935 in September, 1915, to $25,164,-034. Exports of manufactures in September increased from $9,244,974 to $37,-801,177. In the six month period these exports were, agriculture, $206,141,326, a gain of $146,794,343, and manufactures, $190,823,240, a gain of $119,346,421. Exports of forest and fishery products declined slightly during September.

THERE is a growing feeling of optimism with regard to the future. It has been felt that the end of the war would usher in a period of uncertainty of shifting conditions impossible to gauge beforehand on any standards of the past. This is still felt, though perhaps in lesser degree, and our industrial and banking leaders have not abated a jot of their insistence upon economy in the present



The Advance of the British Tanks

and serious preparation for the future. But that future is now faced with a little less of dread. It is the unexpected which

has the most serious effect on business. The war was unexpected and resulted in a most complete disorganization of industry and finance. The end of the war can be carefully prepared for and, when it comes, adequate provision for meeting the new conditions will have been made.

INVESTMENTS

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SPEAKING generally, a basis for a comparison of industrial bonds with bonds of Governments, municipalities, and those of public utility corporations, naturally resolves itself into:—First, security of principal, and, secondly, security of interest. The most ardent champion of industrial bonds would



The Great Advance

not, according to *The Financial Post*, go so far as to state that as a whole, industrial bonds provide the same degree of security as a high grade Government or municipal. A greater degree of care must necessarily be exercised in the selection of industrials, but it is purely a matter of degree; the investor in municipals should use at least ordinary business judgment although he is apt to be lulled into a false sense of security by repeated statements that no loss of either principal or interest has ever been suffered by an investor in Canadian municipals.

The investor in industrial bonds will demand a larger "margin of security" in his investment—and rightly so—than he will look for in the more favored class of securities. The larger earning power back of industrials as compared with that of public utilities or railroads—based more especially on a comparison of bonded indebtedness—gives the required security as to principal, on top of which Mr. Industrial Bond Investor enjoys an income one or two per cent. greater than the investor in either municipal or public utilities. This higher interest yield and the short-term (not exceeding, on an average, twenty years) preclude the possibility of good industrial bonds falling to a serious discount

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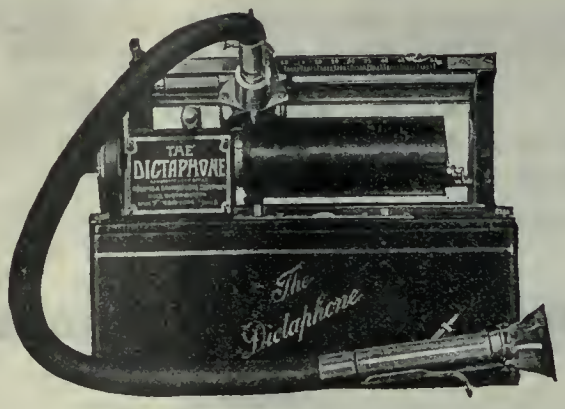
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DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA,
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It is natural in a period of unsettled business conditions such as followed the outbreak of the war, that investment funds found their way in gradually increasing volume into Government and municipal bonds. At such a time, not only the habitual "municipal" buyers, but also the "industrial" investors, will be found buying the same class of security. But the industrial bond will come—and is coming—into its own again. Slowly but surely the investing public is awakening to a realization of the unprecedented earning power and underlying strength of our industrial securities.

INSURANCE

Education Needed

THE great need in insurance to-day is for more education—more education for both the insurance man and for the public. The insurance man, the solicitor, has created difficulties for himself by this lack of education; or rather, the system on which insurance has been sought has resulted in difficulties. Too many men utterly unfitted to sell insurance have been allowed to try it. With jumbles of figures in their heads and persistency and volubility as their sole stock in trade, they have been turned loose with orders to sell. The public has seen so much of the untrained, unscientific salesman that insurance men have become feared. The average man dodges around a corner when he sees an insurance man coming. Plenty of men who need the protection of insurance badly have not taken any on, solely through the tendency to dodge the issue.

Every man needs insurance and the tendency to dodge is illogical and unreasonable, but in no small degree it is due to the fact that the insurance companies have not been sufficiently discriminating in their cultivation of the field. Had they selected their salesmen more carefully and trained them more thoroughly, the public would not have learned to shrink from insurance. If only trained salesmen had been selling insurance from the start, there would not be the present difficulties to face. The attitude of the prospect would be more sensible and business-like.

And there is great need for education of the public on the score of insurance. It has become one of the essential features of modern life. The taking of risks in business or in any phase of private life has become unnecessary and foolhardy, for to-day it is possible to get insurance on everything. A man insures his life, his health, his wife, his children, his house, and furniture, his business, his employees, his stock. He can get insurance of some kind or other on any kind of

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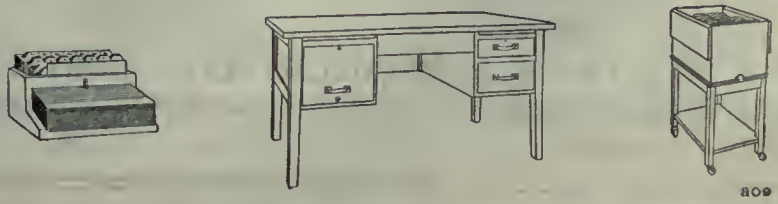
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risk under the sun. The ramifications of insurance are so many that the average man is a little dazed by it all. He does not attempt to understand it; and so probably fails to get as much benefit from insurance as he might. In every community there are business men operating with so frail an anchor to leeward in the shape of insurance that any unexpected squall would bring about a total wreck. Also there are scores of men in every community, with families to look after, carrying not one cent of insurance, either life or accident. This is sheer ignorance. They do not understand insurance or they would not so foolishly risk every thing in this foolhardy way.

And so the great need to-day is for education—education to work both ways. The large companies are doing splendid work along this line, advertising, issuing booklets that explain the great principles behind insurance, approaching the public in various ways and driving home the lesson. But there is still a great deal to be done. The day must come when every man will understand insurance thoroughly; for not until then will the disastrous consequences of laxness and ignorance be entirely overcome.

How Strong are the Germans?

SINCE the battle of the Marne, the opinion has been expressed rather generally that this is a war of attrition, that the Central Empires are to be defeated by the wearing down of their resources in men and munitions. This makes the estimate of "effectives" the prime consideration of all military forecasts. How many soldiers are left in Hindenburg's command? Arthur Bullard, who has been in Europe during the past year studying the situation sends the following correspondence to *The Outlook.*

From the military point of view, the enigma of the third year of war is the problem of "effectives."

But the beginning of the third year of war saw the lines about the Central Empires fairly complete. And the minimum demand on the Germanic General Staff was to hold this encircling line.

Back of their fighting lines they were certainly hard at work whipping reserves into shape. How large was this new army they were mustering? To come under the word "effectives"—to be more than a "mob"—it would have to be fully organized, properly drilled and officered, fully equipped with all the intricate machinery of modern warfare, and fully supplied with base factories for its steady and ample munitionment. Such a new army, formed behind the fighting lines and not needed for the routine work of their defense, would be technically described as "Strategic Reserve" or the "Mass of Manœuver."

The German soldiers actually under fire on the Somme front, for instance, are of course backed by "tactical reserves," ten to twenty miles in their rear. But these troops are held—or "hooked up," in the picturesque French terminology. They are more than busy where they are. They cannot be used for strategic manœuvre. The future of the war depends—more than on any other consideration—on the strength of this strategic reserve which has been silently forming in the interior of Germany during the recent months. What is the bulk of the Mass of Manœuvre which Hindenburg will be able to throw into the campaign before Christmas?

Before New Year's Day we shall know the answer. For the plans he will make, the

oves he will attempt, will be determin-
l by the size of his strategic reserve.
his new manoeuvring army is well
er a million, he will do this. If it is
ss than a quarter of a million, he will
that. If it is somewhere between
ese figures, he will do the other.

It is necessary to emphasize the point
at strategic reserve means the sur-
us over and above what is required to
intain the defence on the existing
onts. The enemy must everywhere
held and the wastage he causes must
steadily replaced. The effectives
't after these minimum requirements
e met constitute the mass of
anoeuvre.

The entrance of Roumania into the
ar has decreased the choices before
e general staffs of the Central Em-
res, as they debate what to do with
eir strategic reserve. First of all, it
s lengthened the front to be defend-
. This will "hook up"—remove from
e mass of manoeuvre — at least a
arter of a million men.

So this is a minimum. If the strate-
reserves of the Central Empires
e too small, they will be unable to
me to the relief or Bulgaria. The
uilibrium in the near east will be
finitely broken. If we see the Rus-
ns in Sofia by Christmas it will sure-
indicate that Hindenburg's effectives
e evhausted. The end will be in sight.

But now consider the other extreme
the maximum. If, after detaching
ough of their mass of manoeuvre to
establish the equilibrium in the near
st—say 300,000 men—the high com-
nd of the Central Empires can dis-
se of a strategic reserve of a million
more, they will surely attack on the
stern front.

t is just as true to-day as when they
gan their march through Belgium
t the Germans must destroy the
ench armies before they can hope for
unqualified victory. Now that Great
itain has had time to organize, the
struction of France would be only a
t step, but it remains—and always
l remain— the *sine qua non* of com-
te triumph.

The Germans will surely attempt it
ain if they think they have a fighting
nce. It is inherent in the European
uation. While the Germans may be
ned on any front, they can triumph
y on the French front. If they
ve the British into the Channel and
French still held, it would be glori-
but not decisive. As long as they
e for victory they will dream of a
cessful attack on France. In the
t they have not erred on the side of
ue caution. If they see a gambling
nce of smashing France, they will
e it.

he six months' battle before Verdun
es us a base for reckoning their
nces. The Crown Prince had at his
posal approximately half a million
n for this attempt. They were ut-
y defeated, but they came within an
of large success. It is idle to spe-
te on what would have happened if
had broken the French line. At
very least it would have been a
ve blow to the Entente.

ut that campaign must have per-
led the Germans that they have no
nce of smashing France with half
illion men. Their army before Ver-
was as lavishly equipped as any of
r future reserves can be, and the
ich have strengthened, continually
r strengthening, their artillery.

ut with a force twice as powerful
situation would be different. If
Germans could make two simultane-
drives—each as formidable as that
Verdun — one on the Champagne
t, one near Nancy, the odds against
n would certainly be no worse than
e they have often accepted be-
. Every German general and of-
would prefer such a campaign



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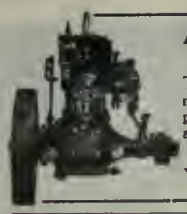
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to any other. The only consideration which will keep them from the attempt is the knowledge that their mass of manœuvre is too small. If there is no new and more powerful German assault on the French lines before Christmas, we may be sure that their strategic reserves are less than a million.

Obviously it would be easier for the Anglo-French forces to reconquer Belginm than Servia. Short lines of communication are of immense importance. It is far easier to provision the large British army in Flanders than their relatively small force at Salonika. But of more importance is the political consideration that it is easier for the French and British Governments to keep up the war ardor of their people for campaigns near at home than for distant expeditions in the Balkans. German gains in the east can be more easily held than in the west.

There is an immense popular sentiment throughout the Central Empires which pushes towards the Orient—the *Drang nach Osten*. If the process of attrition has worn down the Teuton effectives to the point which excludes not only the hope of victory, but also the hope of holding all their conquests, they will disgorge in the west rather than in the east.

So it is probable that Hindenburg is planning to throw whatever mass of manœuvre he can muster against Russia to expand and consolidate the conquests in the near east.

For months now Hindenburg's forces have been holding the armies of Brusiloff in practical equilibrium. If Hindenburg were able to concentrate half a million men south of Lemberg, he could overcome the equilibrium and have a fair fighting chance of breaking through.

Certainly the high command of the Entente has forseen this probable attack and has actively prepared against it. We have no reliable information on the strength of the armies of Brusiloff. He may have at his disposal forces sufficient to maintain the offensive; but with any mass of manœuvre too small to threaten France the campaign down the Pruth offers the Central Empires more profit than any other.

So, as soon as the next German move develops, we can estimate their strategic reserves with considerably accuracy. If in the next few months they do not launch new and more stupendous attacks on France, it will be because they cannot muster a mass of manœuvre large enough to give them any hope. It will mean that their effective reserves are less than a million. If, on the other hand, they do not speedily come to the relief of Bulgaria, it will mean that their reserves are entirely exhausted.

If their attack falls on the southern end of the Russian line and makes any considerable progress, it will indicate that Hindenburg has found a new army of from four to seven hundred thousand men.

If he reaches the Black Sea, so cutting off Roumania from Russia, or if he succeeds in any similarly ambitious project, it will indicate the large figure. If he barely re-establishes an equilibrium in the near east and succeeds only in keeping the Russians too busy at home to invade Bulgaria, it will indicate a strategic reserve of less than half a million.

Peaches and Lemons

Continued from page 12.

AFTER the financial question, which is at a modest estimate three-quarters of the whole trouble, is solved, Parliament will probably get round to questions like woman suffrage, knighthood and bilingual schools. Woman suffrage is bound to come, if only not to complicate the federal franchise which takes the provincial voters lists as its ground work. As the Western provinces are adopting woman suffrage it is easier for the Dominion Government to accept the accomplished fact than to make a separate federal franchise which will bar the women out. How woman suffrage wi work out is a moot question. The worl will probably be no worse for it—and n better. I am not of those who believe tha the angels are all of one sex. On gener principles I am disposed to agree wit Mr. Kipling, who declares that the fema of the species is more deadly than the mal However, let us hope for the best. Woma having won man's right to vote may eve assume some of his duties—such as givin up one's seat in the street car.

I feel convinced that one political part or the other, having outgrown or burie its embarrassments, will come out with policy of no more knighthoods or few for Canada—that is to say, no denationa izing our public men with baubles fro Downing Street, no interfering with th democratic spirit which is at the root this country's welfare. There are t many knights in Canada now. One ca hardly put foot outdoors without trippir over them. Presently somebody will ha the courage to say so. But not just no

ANOTHER thing that will be settl is the bilingual question. This que tion has always been regarded as the pri lemon of Canadian politics, but handl with real courage it may become th goldenest peach in the whole orchard a make a reputation for some statesm more imperishable than brass. Settli it and settling it right is a very simp matter. Just now the question is bed villed by Ontario bigots at one end a ultramontane bigots at the other, double-faced politicians who say one thi in Quebec and another in Ontario, tricky demagogues who play on the ignc ance of the two provinces each of t other's language, by selfish agitators w thrive on mutual misunderstandings a race jealousies.

What about it? Well, the first thi to do is to dwell on the likeness betwe the French and the English language, likeness any one will admit who has studi them even superficially. The Norman fluence broods over us yet—nobody h been able to agitate it out of our parts speech. Go back to Chaucer's time a the King's English is very much like t King's French, as one may see by per ing some of the old edicts. Our langua is English bone and French sinew. this common ground we may argue it o

What is the solution then? Here is idea of it. Amend the British No America Act—take education away fr the provinces—hand it over to the Dom ion—let there be a system of natio schools. Let English be made a comp sory subject in the national schools Quebec and French a compulsory subj in the national schools throughout rest of Canada. So will our children h two languages with which to fight battle of life, two instruments wh to handle the polylingual trade arran ments arising out of the war, two gr literatures with which to enrich th minds and invite their souls. Morcov it will be the making of Canada. Wh each man understands what the ot man is saying fear will disappear.

But Sir Wilfrid Laurier may launch this happy thought, nor He

Bourassa, nor Armand Lavergne, nor Paul Lamarche. It must come from the English-speaking majority. Where is this brave man? Let him step forward.

Bilingualism

Continued from page 37.

ment among experts that a second language, far from being an impediment to intellectual progress, is really an advantage. The study of French and Latin by children in the best primary schools of England and their study in our own secondary schools is based on the pedagogic principle that all things are understood only by comparison. It is contended by certain Mennonites of Southern Manitoba that their children at the age of sixteen are more proficient in English because they have studied German, and have also profited in general intellectual development, quite aside from the utilitarian advantage of a second language. And it stands to reason that, just as travel in the study of natural sciences brightens a child's intelligence since he is able to contrast one set of phenomena with another, so in the study of language bilingual training may become of great benefit if properly conducted.

THIS leads us to the real crux of the question. Granted two languages are an advantage if well taught, is it possible to have them well taught in our public schools? In other words can a sufficient supply of capable teachers be secured? It must be admitted that the available supply is quite inadequate. The ordinary primary schools of Ontario and the West teach only one language. Our secondary schools undertake to teach French and German but the sound of any of their pupils from English-speaking homes discoursing readily in any other language than English would astonish our ears. Even our University graduates who specialize in modern languages are often surprisingly weak in this respect. In the Union Point dispute in Manitoba and later in the Springer dispute in Northern Ontario the difficulty arose from the assumption on the part of the authorities that a teacher who had studied French in the ordinary way in a university in one case and in a ladies' college in another, was therefore capable of conducting a school in a French district, an assumption angrily combated by a section of the residents.

Nor are the bilingual training-schools for teachers conspicuous for efficiency. The Ruthenian training-school at Brandon, and the Polish training-school at Winnipeg undertook in three years to make competent teachers out of young men often quite ignorant of the English language or Canadian ideals and history. Occasionally they suceeded; usually they turned out nothing better than stop-gaps. The French training-school at St. Boniface and those of Ontario have not been able to require a high standard of scholarship. Special leniency has always been shown to the teachers in training. It is clear that more language fervor must be





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infused into either the English or the French if bilingual schools are to deserve a place in our system. If half the energy used to fan the flames of agitation could be directed to the preparation of young men and young women for efficient work as bilingual teachers, our difficulties would fade away.

HOWEVER, before the solution can be reached, certain current fallacies must be abandoned. One has already been dealt with, namely that bilingual schools are necessarily inefficient. Another is that for which Dr. Merchant argued. He contended that for non-English-speaking children the best results are obtained "where the medium of instruction is in the beginning the mother tongue." If Dr. Merchant wishes to learn Italian most rapidly and effectively he leaves all English-speaking friends at home goes to Italy and hears and speaks nothing but Italian. What is true of adults is doubly true of children. They will pick up a new language in an amazingly short time if they hear nothing else in school hours. In a week they will have a considerable vocabulary; in a few months they have learned to speak and think in the new language. The experience of Miss Francis L. Ormond, of Portage la Prairie, as reported last fall in Dr. Thornton's investigation in Manitoba, has been repeated over and over again in various parts of the Dominion. In her room were 39 Ruthenians, 5 Austrians, 3 Germans, 5 Poles, 2 French half-breeds and 2 Canadians. "The 57 children in this class are all in grade I. Those who have attended regularly from Easter (that is for six months) can now form sentences correctly and readily." The Mennonites in Manitoba in places have adopted the best system of securing efficient training in the two languages. From the day the child enters school he hears English in the class room. An hour or so each day is reserved for instruction in his native tongue. Thus the pupil learns to think in both languages and the division of time enables the teachers to keep the two languages on a basis of equality. That is a scientific method, though doubtless too heroic for many French-Canadians of Ontario, at least in the present mood. The other method, namely, that of teaching a child English though his own language is unsound pedagogically and difficult of operation by teachers with a natural bias toward the other language. It is possible, however, to obtain good results from this system. In the Provencher school in St. Boniface under the able principalship of Brother Joseph Fink about thirty pupils, all of whom are French, successfully take the entrance examination in English every year, the amount of English being gradually increased from Grade I. up. This is the method apparently contemplated under Regulation Seventeen in its revised form.

METHODS and minutiae cannot be overlooked. Many a good law has failed of effect because the legislators forgot to inquire as to ways and means of enforcing it. But it is fatal not to get beyond minutiae, it is fatal to overlook

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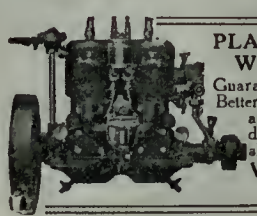
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the wider issues involved in such a question. Our great Canadian problems are the assimilation of immigrants and the maintenance of a spirit of good fellowship between those of different races and religions. We cannot afford to have a second Irish question on our hands. We must endeavor to avoid antagonizing any minority. However, it is clearly unwise as a general policy to allow newcomers to separate themselves in the schools. Consequently bilingual schools for Ruthenians or Poles or Germans would be a misfortune even were it possible to secure an adequate supply of efficient teachers. With our French compatriots the situation is somewhat different. When they migrate to Ontario or the West they must be prepared to submit to the laws governing education in the province in which they settle. To do less would be to violate the very spirit of Confederation and the subsequent provincial acts. We are a federation not a union. Further to be unwilling to learn English thoroughly in their new homes would be to bar the door of opportunity in the faces of their children. On the other hand instruction in French, at any rate in Ontario and perhaps also in Manitoba, cannot in wisdom be denied those who desire it and are prepared to bend every effort to secure teachers truly bilingual. In this effort English-speaking patriots who look to a United Canada can greatly assist by co-operation and greater attention to French in the secondary schools and universities. Above all we must look more to the present and future and less to the past.

The publication of the papal encyclical and the announcement of the decision of the Privy Council on the Ottawa School Case have come with this article already on the press. As a result the air is considerably cleared. Each concedes, what the article has taken for granted, the legal right of the province to regulate the teaching of language in the public and separate schools. That is something. There still remained, however, those vital questions, moral, educational and administrative. Can the state afford to disregard what any section of the people regard as its natural right?

Is not all wise legislation based on public reason and the consent of the governed? How can Regulation 17, or some other regulation which is couched in less obscure language be enforced? If the Government could not legally appoint the Ottawa School Commission, can it provide for the official trustee who has proved so useful in Alberta and more recently in Manitoba? These are matters which demand the attention of all good citizens.

What the Gods Send

Continued from page 39

he began heartily, "both personally and on behalf of the Company. The Old Man himself'll be along in a few minutes to speak for himself. He'll be some tickled. Guess the boys back in that old freight van'll be some tickled, too. Dropped in on Rutland last night, not long after you left. Rutland didn't say much, but I



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knew he knew about this thing and I figured it out for myself as you were doing a little scouting on your own on the off chance of having the laugh on 'em. And by golly, you've got it on 'em proper! It's a medal for your's and I'd like to pin it on you myself. Shake."

Macklin shook—limply.

"A l—leather medal for mine!" he ventured with the sickly smile of one who feels his way without undue enthusiasm in the process.

CRANSTON laughed approval of what he evidently considered a young man's modesty.

"Not for a minute! Gold an' silver an' precious stones for yours! It was great, I tell you!" He fastened an admiring eye upon the black-and-blue lump which lent to the other's forehead the bulge of exceptional brain-power. "Some scrap, eh"

"Some scrap," echoed Macklin tonelessly. He felt his forehead gingerly. "It—it's—sore," he announced foolishly. (What was it again Pomeroy had told him?)

"I'll bet it is," chuckled Cranston. "An' one o' them Norwegians has got a swell sore nose; his brother's bitten a chunk out o' his tongue; even the big duffer's got a pair o' prize eyes; *you* got it in the headlight an' *him*——." He jerked his head toward the tank——. "Well, say, he's just naturally wrecked from engine to caboose! Some scrap, believe me, kid!"

Macklin said nothing—merely stared, uncomprehending, while the detective rattled on in genial mood:

"Halldorson's told me all about it. Pom must've been some desperate, 'cordin' to all accounts. Son-of-a-gun had reason to be. He's 'bout as slick as they get, but I wouldn't 've give him credit for bein' so handy with his dukes. Glad to see you were Johnny-Wise to him, too, an' had sense enough to freeze right to him all night after you did locate him. I tell you, Macklin, you've done the Old Man a service to-night he ain't likely to forgit in a hurry. Politics mixed up in it, you know."

"I—I want to do what's right, Mr. Cranston," Macklin managed to murmur.

"Sure you do. An' 'nother thing I like 'bout the way you've handled this thing is you had sense enough to keep your mouth shut an' stall off them foreigners. They don't know the reason we was after our friend over there an' it ain't none o' their business. That discretion o' your's is goin' to please the Old Man more'n a little, believe me."

Cranston winked.

"You're savin' the envelope to hand to him yourself in person, eh? Nothin' very remarkable 'bout me divinin' that, though; for it's exactly what I'd do myself if I was in your place. I ain't wantin' to butt in on that end of it, Macklin. The credit of this whole thing belongs to you an' I'll see that it's comin' to you. That's the kind o' man I am."

HE held up his hand for silence—though Macklin couldn't have said a word if he'd been paid for it—and listened to a low rumble that was grow-

over behind the rock ridges westward. "There he comes now," he resumed. e come up behind Number 1 last night. abbed the engine up at Wardlow an' 's nnin' back light. He——." Cranston's e grew suddenly grave. "Say," he said nkly, "I wonder if that son-of-a-gun —! Here, let me see that envelope for second, Macklin!" he commanded rply. "Jumpin' Jupiter! If Pome-'s gone an'——! Quick, let's have a k! I'll give it right back to you."

He held out his hand for it and there s a concern in his manner that he took pains to conceal. Startled, Macklin mechanically unbuttoned his coat ore he remembered. He hesitated, hing with embarrassment which the ective did not see for the reason that was already picking the packet from inner pocket of Macklin's coat. He it in his hands before its custodian ld utter a word of protest.

One glance at the red seals and Cran-n returned it with a laugh of relief. 'Y'aint never sure where you're at en you're dealin' with the likes o' ghey Pomeroy!" he explained. "I ught mebbe he'd tampered with it be-e you searched him."

The corners of Macklin's mouth rose in eak grin. He found himself nodding head entirely without volition, and m the vacuity of his stare Cranston se to pluck a bouquet of silent admira-, boyish admiration of his ability.

OR Cranston was very well pleased with himself, with Macklin, with the elope. Pomeroy's defiance had wor-l him not a little until he had figured t Macklin must have the packet. The had done well and the detective ment-resolved to see that the President rd of it. Men who knew how to keep lose mouth like this were scarce—and uable. The Chief couldn't come too n.

E was coming. The rumble of the special was loud in their ears by this e. The smoke of the locomotive could seen now and presently the engine nded into sight through the rock-cut, the track. A moment later it had amed in and Cranston hurried forward meet a thick-set, powerfully built man a gray tweed suit—a gentleman who ing to the ground while the wheels e yet revolving and whom Macklin w at once must be the President.

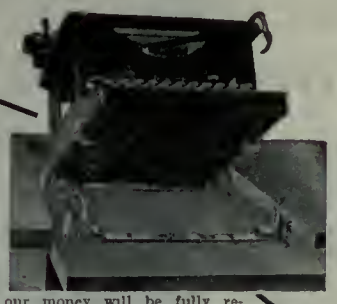
They did not talk long, but were mak-for where he stood before the be-dered youngster had been able to make his mind to anything more definite n that he liked Cranston's genial cock-eness. There was a solidity about the ective that would not be denied. One ck look into the piercing eyes which ring turned upon him from beneath zzled brows as the two approached and cklin stepped forward eagerly.

For the Fates were testing Macklin—e giving him his chance. And he pro-ded to do the one thing they asked of h.

"I believe this belongs to you, sir," he an as soon as Cranston had introduced

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him. "I am very glad to be able to restore it to its rightful owner."

He extended the envelope as he spoke and if he had not fully appreciated the matter as one of grave importance Waring's subdued excitement now must have convinced him.

Without a word the President snatched the packet from his hand, ripped it open at one end and hurriedly thumbed over the papers it contained, every line in his rugged face eloquent of nervous tension.

The quick change which that eager inventory wrought was a sight worth while. The set expression relaxed, the little wrinkles about the eyes gathered for geniality and with a grunt of relief the President of the Canadian Midland Railway jerked away the ragged stub of his cigar and all at once laughed like a boy.

MACKLIN was conscious of a new friendliness in the magnate's eyes and he thrilled with inward satisfaction that he had done the right thing.

"Well, young man," boomed Waring heartily, "I thank you. Cranston here has told me a little of my indebtedness to you for the recovery of this damn budget. Now, what's your name?"

"Macklin, sir—Horace P. Macklin."

"Any relation to Macklin, of the Supreme Court?"

"No, sir."

"What's the 'P' stand for?"

"I'm named after my uncle, William J. Power——. Perhaps I ought to say the Honorable William J. Power, Mr. Waring," added Macklin with some diffidence.

"What's that? You don't mean the Chairman of the Waterways Commission, do you?"

"The same, sir."

President Waring turned with a chuckle.

"Hear that, Cranston? He's the nephew of the Hon. Bill!"

"Horse-Power Macklin," paraphrased the detective with twinkling eyes, and the thing seemed to be very funny, for they both laughed so heartily that Macklin began to wonder if they were making fun of him.

He could not know, of course, that the envelope contained the very secret advance proofs of the Waterway Commission's report anent matters of grave political import, entrusted for the time being to the personal care of President Waring, and that the fate of a government, as well as the President's political honor, hung in the balance!—that under the reaction both gentlemen would have laughed with equal heartiness had someone told them that the real reason a hen crossed the road was to get to the other side!

"Run a typewriter?"

The big man rounded on Macklin unexpectedly and fairly shot the question at him, scowling ferociously for no apparent reason at all.

'Yes, sir," answered Macklin readily.

"Shorthand?"

"Yes, sir—over a hundred words a minute," said Macklin modestly.

"Great! Understand you're up the line with Rutland. We'll send for your nightie, if you don't mind, and you'll

ve into my car over there and pound e typewriter you'll find there till every mn bit of correspondence is cleaned up! you make good, you'll have the option staying on as my private secretary—ghteen hundred to start. If you're the an I take you for, you'll be worth more an that before long. Is it a bet?"

Macklin simply couldn't speak. But e can always nod one's head. Macklin dded.

"That's the stuff! We'll get another n for Rutland, then."

HE held out one big hand and for a moment after he had turned back toards the car Macklin stood perfectly ll, stupidly watching the white marks sappear from his squeezed fingers, hile Cranston was on his way to the ater-tank to transfer his prisoner.

Slowly, very slowly—for it was pretty ll submerged—Macklin's self-confidence turned to the surface. He became ware that Svenson was standing not far way and strolled over to the big Swede th his hands in his pockets.

"Morning, Svenson," he said cheerlly. "Fine morning. We'll be pulling t presently and I just wanted you to ow I don't bear you any hard feelings r our little affair last night. Thought rhaps you'd like to know who I am. I'm e Private Secretary of the President of is road! But, as I said before, no hard elings, Svenson. Only this: You take good look at me now and the next time u see me you'll know who I am and at whatever I say goes. See?"

The big fellow grinned.

"I see I beat you up pretty badly last ght. It won't be a patch on what I'll do you next time, though, if you don't ey me. However, we'll say no more out it, Svenson. I shall not report you is time; so unless you go telling all round what a fool you made of yourself st night, nobody will know it. Underand? You're not to say a word about nat happened—never! Keep your mouth ut! Keep your eyes an' ears open! w wood! Get me? Succeed I'm sure u will, Svenson."

"And just to show you that there's no rd feelings on my side——. Here—re's a ten-spot." Macklin peeled it the roll of bills in his pocket—Halldorn's bills. "Next time you're where you n line up—why, have one on me."

Svenson's grin widened without regard bruised cheeks. He plucked at a forelk of yellow hair with a respect that is very gratifying in its profundity.

"Ay buy him, sar, y'batcha!"

The chest of the Private Secretary to e President of the Canadian Midland ilway protruded as he threw back his ad and breathed deeply of the pure orning air. Smoke was curling up from e galley end of the president's private r where the steward was busy, preparg breakfast; there was an aroma of ffee.

The Private Secretary of the President the Canadian Midland Railway sniffed. ith hands clasped behind his back he aggered towards the car.

For "Horse-Power" Macklin was ngry.

THE END.



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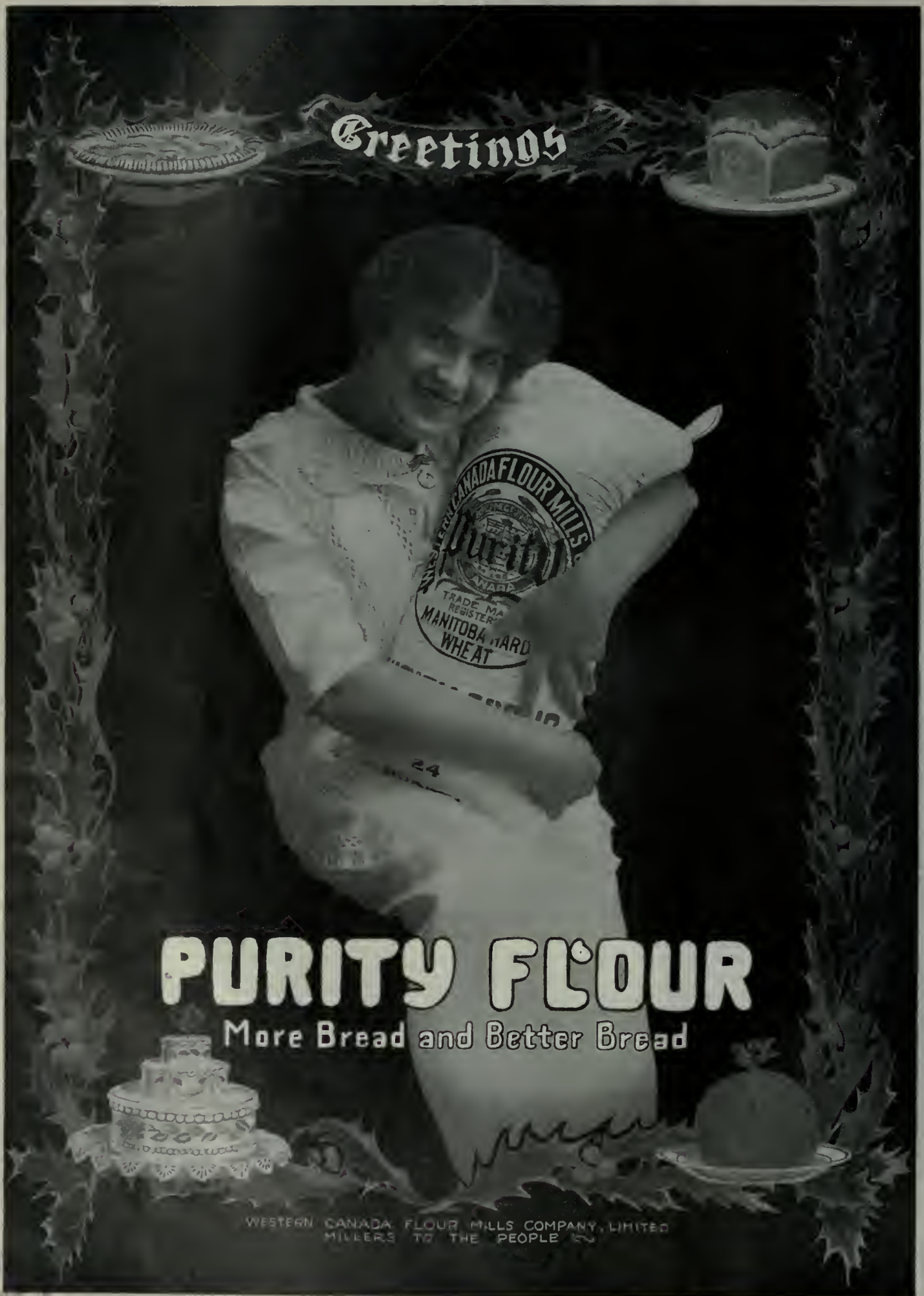
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN President. T. B. COSTAIN Editor. D. B. GILLIES, Manager.

JANUARY, 1917

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AS WE GO TO PRESS

AT THE beginning of a new year there is an inevitable tendency toward retrospection; and, on casting back over the events of the past year, it becomes apparent that it has been in some respects a red letter year for MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE. A year of trial also, for the problems of finance in a period of uncertainty marked by gigantic advances in publication costs, are necessarily trying. Nineteen-sixteen, however, has seen the idea of gathering into one Canadian magazine the best work of the greatest Canadian writers, carried out with a degree of success that hardly seemed possible at the outset. The year has seen the gradual building up of a list of contributors that includes practically all Canada's most famous writers and poets, a galaxy of unexcelled lustre, including Sir Gilbert Parker, Stephen Leacock, Arthur Stringer, Robert W. Service, Agnes C. Laut, Arthur E. McFarlane, Peter McArthur, Nellie L. McClung, Alan Sullivan, L. M. Montgomery, Robert J. C. Stead, Janey Canuck, H. F. Gadsby, Hopkins Moorhouse, A. C. Allenson, W. A. Craick — just to mention some of them. They have all been more or less regular contributors, too, making MACLEAN'S thoroughly representative of the very best in Canadian literature. From an editorial standpoint it has been a great year; and as a result broader ambitions have been aroused.

Naturally also it has been a splendid year from the circulation standpoint. A Canadian publication conducted on such broadly national lines has a natural appeal for the best type of Canadian readers and it has followed that the subscription lists have been strengthened by the addition of many thousands of influential representative people. In this respect the good work is just beginning, however. There are still many thousands of people we should have as readers who have not yet fallen into line with us. We aim to reach them all during the coming year.

CANADA

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PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given under the authority of the "War Measures Act, 1914," that during the first week in January, 1917, an inventory will be made by the Post Office Authorities, of every male between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five, residing in Canada.

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R. B. BENNETT,
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GOD SAVE THE KING

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Volume XXX JANUARY, 1917 Number 3

Jordan is a Hard Road

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Author of "The Weavers." "The Right of Way," "The Money Master," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C Edwards

"WHAT do *you* think of it, Doctor?"

The Young Doctor had just stepped from his buggy in front of the drug store in the main street of Askatoon. The quizzical question was followed by a round of laughter from a half-dozen noon-timers.

"I think it's mental deficiency," satirically answered the Young Doctor who, dusty from his drive and weary of face and mind from a long vigil at a bedside and a twenty-mile journey, was cheerful and dryly playful as ever. He had no idea what they were talking about.

"Shure, it looks like it," said old Patsy Kernaghan, "for what would he be doin' here?"

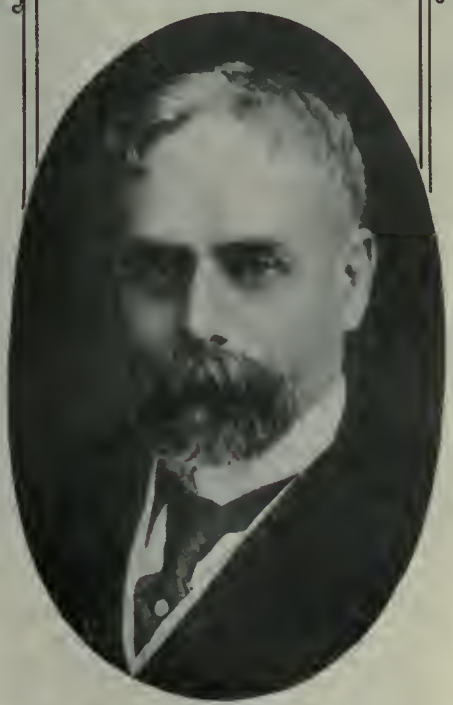
"What would who be doin' here, Patsy, and what looking like what?" asked the Young Doctor, with the look of one who suffered fools gladly and for some reason suffered this fool more gladly than others.

Patsy bridled. "Bill Minden — that's who! An' the top of his head must be gone on' the inside of his mind, that he'd be settlin' here. What would he be doin' here but watchin' the wheat grow! Though to be sure there's three trains a day an' it's a sight to see y'r honor busy in the lambin' season."

This last reference to the Young Doctor's activity in shepherding the passage of new arrivals into the world and incidentally into Askatoon, produced a gale of laughter.

"Well, you'll not be thinkin' much of lambin' yourself, Patsy," responded the Young Doctor. "Whatever Mr. William Minden does, at your age and in your debased state of health yourself'll be afther thinking of black horses with long tails and a carriage for one only." He always put on a slight Irish brogue when talking to Patsy Kernaghan.

"Aw, no, Doctor dear," drawled the old man, "let thim ride behind the black harses as never rode before. I'll be gettin' to me long home in a wheel-barra! There's more than one of thim that's got safe past you'll be glad to help put out o' sight what you've left of me."



"No, no, I'll keep you alive just to hear you talk in the foreign language you call your mother-tongue, Patsy," smiled the Young Doctor, having tied the halter of his grey mare to the hitching-post by the sidewalk. "But who is Mr. William Minden, and where does he come from?"

TWO OR three of the group sniggered and winked at each other, for who had not heard of Bill Minden, the notorious train and stage-coach robber, who faithfully kept the Sabbath day holy, and as faithfully made unholy every other day of the week when it served his purpose so to do. They knew that the Young Doctor loved to hear Patsy Kernaghan talk, for they both had come from the Emerald Isle.

"*Mr.* William Minden!" remarked Patsy scornfully. "Is it ye want to insult a stranger in the place?—I ask ye that. The wide wurruld knows Bill Minden as Bill Minden, without anny handle to his name and no *William* at all."

"Never heard of him," retorted the Young Doctor. "What's he done? Who is he?"

"Never hard of him!" exclaimed Kernaghan. "Never hard of Bill Minden! Wasn't it two years ago he stuck up the express down in Oregon? Didn't he rob the stage-coach a year ago at Lancy, and didn't——'

"That wasn't proved," interjected a voice.

"An' the express business wasn't proved aither," declared Kernaghan; "an' after Bill left the court with tears in his beautiful eyes and not a stain on his character, didn't he own up to it, and give five hundred dollars to an orphan children's home! Always doin' that kind of thing, isn't he, Father Roche—I'll say that of him, though he's a Protis'ant," he added with the air of doing a brave thing.

He had addressed his last words to a new arrival in the group round him—a priest, the much beloved priest who guarded and guided his very small Catholic flock at Askatoon.

"Ah, yes, yes, Kernaghan. He also gave five hundred dollars to the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament for the poor of Portland at the same time," responded Father Roche, who smilingly acknowledged the respectful salutations of the crowd.

"Thoughtful William," remarked the Young Doctor, shaking hands with Father Roche. "We could find use for his sympathies at Askatoon if he came our way."

PATSY threw up his hands. "Come our way! Aw, Doctor dear, what 've I been sayin' all this time, but that Bill Minden's here—here now in Askatoon! Settled here—come to stay—brought his ox and his ass an' everything that's his."

"Or not, as the case may be," rejoined

the Young Doctor. "Where is he camped?"

"Shure, he's at the Sunbright Hotel—where else would a rich man like him be stayin'?"

The Young Doctor looked at Kernaghan quizzically. "Now how do you know he's rich? Seen the inside of his till—eh?"

Kernaghan grinned. "Aw, Doctor dear, does anyone think a man that's opened as manny tills as Bill Minden wouldn't have a full one of his own?"

"And what do you think he's come here for?" continued the Young Doctor. "You have a great head, Patsy. Now give it a chance. What is Bill Minden, the train robber, doing in Askatoon?"

Patsy reflected a minute scratching his head behind the ear. "Well, there's manny a busy man that's never had time to look at himself, an' he just steals away somewhere to a backwater to see his own face."

Father Roche smiled broadly. "Solitude and repentance, is that it, Kernaghan?"

Before Patsy could reply Jonas Billings, the livery-stable keeper, intervened. "Say, you call Askatoon a backwater, do you? Nothin' doin', eh? You'll get yourself disliked, Kernaghan, my friend."

"Shure, wouldn't it seem like a backwater to Minden," answered Patsy. "A man that's used to stoppin' a train or holdin' up a stage-coach 'd think Askatoon was a cimetairy."

"Has anyone seen him?" asked the Young Doctor. "What sort of a looking man is he?"

ONE OR two mouths opened, but Patsy was not to be denied.

"Seen him! Isn't his face as well known as that of the Pope! Hasn't his fortygraf been in the papers for manny a year? Didn't I see him meself step aff the train here, an' didn't I look to see if he'd carry it away with him, ingine and all? Didn't I see him in Vancouver? What's he like? Well, his head's as big as a cushion, as black as jet—not a grey hair annywhere. Did ye ivir see pictures of the Dook o' Norfolk? Well, Bill Minden's like him, with a big black, bushy beard, spread out more than the Dook's, with beautiful black, bushy eycbrows that the Dook 'd have too if he let his grow—shure, I saw the Dook wance when he come to Maynooth. About five foot eleven Bill is—about the height of the Dook; but whin it comes to shoulders — aw well there y'are, the Dook just draps away to nawthing at all, an' he's a fine chist too. Bill has a chist like a house and a head like the cupoly at the tap of St. Peter's at Rome. Shure, its a gran' sight to look at him. None o' your sky-scrapers, but somethin' like the fellow they called Atlas that carried the wurruld on his back—a hell of a fine fellow!"

He could get no further. A gust of laughter shook the crowd.

Patsy waved a hand at them all contemptuously. "He's a fine man that—whativir his past, he's a fine man. What was the wurrd he asked me afther he learned that I was Irish? 'Which is the way to the Cat'lic church?' he sez to me, an' I told him. 'Which is the way to the hotel?' he sez to me—'to the Sunbright Hotel?' he sez to me;—an' I told him."

"Yes, but which way did he go?" asked the Young Doctor.

"He wint to the hotel—the man had to have a bed and a meal, hadn't he? But it shows the heart of him whin he asks his way to the Cat-lic church first."

"I have not noticed him in the vicinity," interjected Father Roche with mild irony.

"Bill Minden isn't a Catholic," grunted Billings, the livery-stable proprietor. "Say, I remember him on the Siwash River ten years ago. He's a Protes'ant, but he don't hold by church goin'. I've seen him sit right out on the stoop in front of the Mosquito Hotel at Siwash Junction, on a Sunday mornin', reading his Bible with a church not three hundred yards away, holdin' his own meetings. He'd sit there all mornin' readin' the Bible—the Old Testament it was; and p'raps sometimes he'd let out some commentory on what he read — maybe about Elijah or Nebuchednozzar or Boaz or Daniel or Abr'm; an' he wouldn't have any argyment about it. He'd just lay down the law, an' ye had to take it. He carries that little black Bible round with him wherever he goes. He'd read it on Sunday morning solemn and satisfied, an' on a Monday night he'd stick up a train all alone—walk right through a car scoopin' jewels and cash as he went. I suppose readin' on a Sunday mornin' about Saul and David havin' killed their thousands and their tens of thousands, give him the courage to spoil the Philistines on a Monday night. Nobody ever laughed at Bill for doin' what he done. It wasn't pretendin'. It suited him; he gloated on it; it was wine and milk to him. When he was in jail at Portland the learned, holy doctors used to come to convert him. Say, what a massacre it was when Bill turned his guns on 'em from Deuteronomy to Malachi! Start him on the Old Testament, get him in the gates of the holy places here in Askatoon, and see what he'll do. Why, that Bill Minden, train robber and roadman, knows the Bible from Genesees to Luke, same as I know the road to Starwalt's saloon. Ez fur ez I can make out, regardless of his religion, Bill's real—all wool and two yards wide."

"Then what's he doin' in Askatoon?" remarked Rigby, the chemist, in the doorway, at which there was further laughter.

THE Young Doctor fanned himself with his straw hat and looked musingly at Kernaghan. "Patsy," said he, "we've got a problem here; it's the problem of sitting on both sides of the fence at once. From Bill Minden's past habits I gather that here at Askatoon we'll find him painting the town red on a Monday, and visiting the hospital, the jail, the prayer-meeting and the schools on a Tuesday. So far as I can see he'll have two mottoes. One will be, 'Licenesd to drink wine, beer and other spirituous and fermented liquors,' and the other will be 'Home, sweet home.' Patsy, we shall have to keep an eye on this Minden."

Patsy nodded. "Faith, that's so. Now what was the first thing he done after he got to the hotel? The first thing he done was to march straight aff to the school—to the Central School. So you're right, Doctor dear. An' I wint with him—that's to say I wint behind him, walkin' in his wake. There he stood and watched the children comin' out of school—shure, it was only an hour ago. An' he smiled at thim an' patted their heads an' give away—aw, well he give away twenty or thirty five-cint pieces. Whin Miss Finley, the head teacher, come out—that's a fine girl, Cora Finley, a beautiful, strappin' girl, with handsome face an' an eye that'd light up an underground cave—whin she passed him standin' by the gate, he raised his hat aginst her, an' as nice a word he spoke of good-day-to-ye as ivir was spoke annywhere. Thin he watched her and watched her after she'd laughed back an answer at him, till she was out of sight by turnin' the carner. Now a man that'll do that, that'll just go straight to a schoolhouse almost before he's had time to take aff his boots in the town, well, that's a man ye'll have to think about twice. It's my opinion he'll be an outstandin' figure in the place."

"Let's hope he won't be a figure in an outstanding debt," remarked Father Roche quietly.

"Aw, there's manny a Protis'ant that's a good man—savin' your prisince," replied Patsy turning to Father Roche and misreading his mind.

"Do you know, Father Roche," said the Young Doctor musingly, "if we only knew exactly why a man did some certain thing in his life — perhaps some very small thing—we would know his whole character? Now, perhaps, if we knew exactly why Bill Minden went to that school this afternoon we should have a book of revelations."

"Well, there he is now. You can ask him," declared Patsy. "That's him on the other side of the street."

SLOWLY, with a kind of loose dignity and yet with a smack of assertion, owing to a curious bending of the legs, Bill Minden was approaching across the way. There was something singularly self-contained and self-sufficient about the man, yet there was nothing repellent. Indeed, there was a unique kindliness—the kindliness of a chieftain or a patriarch—in the expression of his hard-bitten face. He took no notice of the crowd watching him, and appeared not to see them. On the other side of the street, almost opposite the group of gossips, were a horse and buggy. On the seat of the buggy was a dog of some size and a marked ferocity of appearance. While Minden was passing the buggy he stepped towards it, held out his hand as though to stroke the dog. A voice behind him suddenly called out, "Don't touch him; he'll bite," as the sullen brute raised its head. Without an instant's hesitation Minden's hand went quietly out above the dog's body as he murmured something, and then slowly found the head and ears. The action had been very swift yet gentle, and the voice had been monotonously even, with a curious, rough melody. Presently the snarl left the dog's mouth, the teeth ceased to show, and he wagged his tail as Minden turned with a smile to its terrified owner.

"Like a dog I had once," he said, and moved on.

As he did so, Jonas Billings shouted, "Hooray!"

Minden turned and twenty hands were waved in greeting across the street towards him. He waved back nonchalantly and passed on his way.

CHAPTER II.

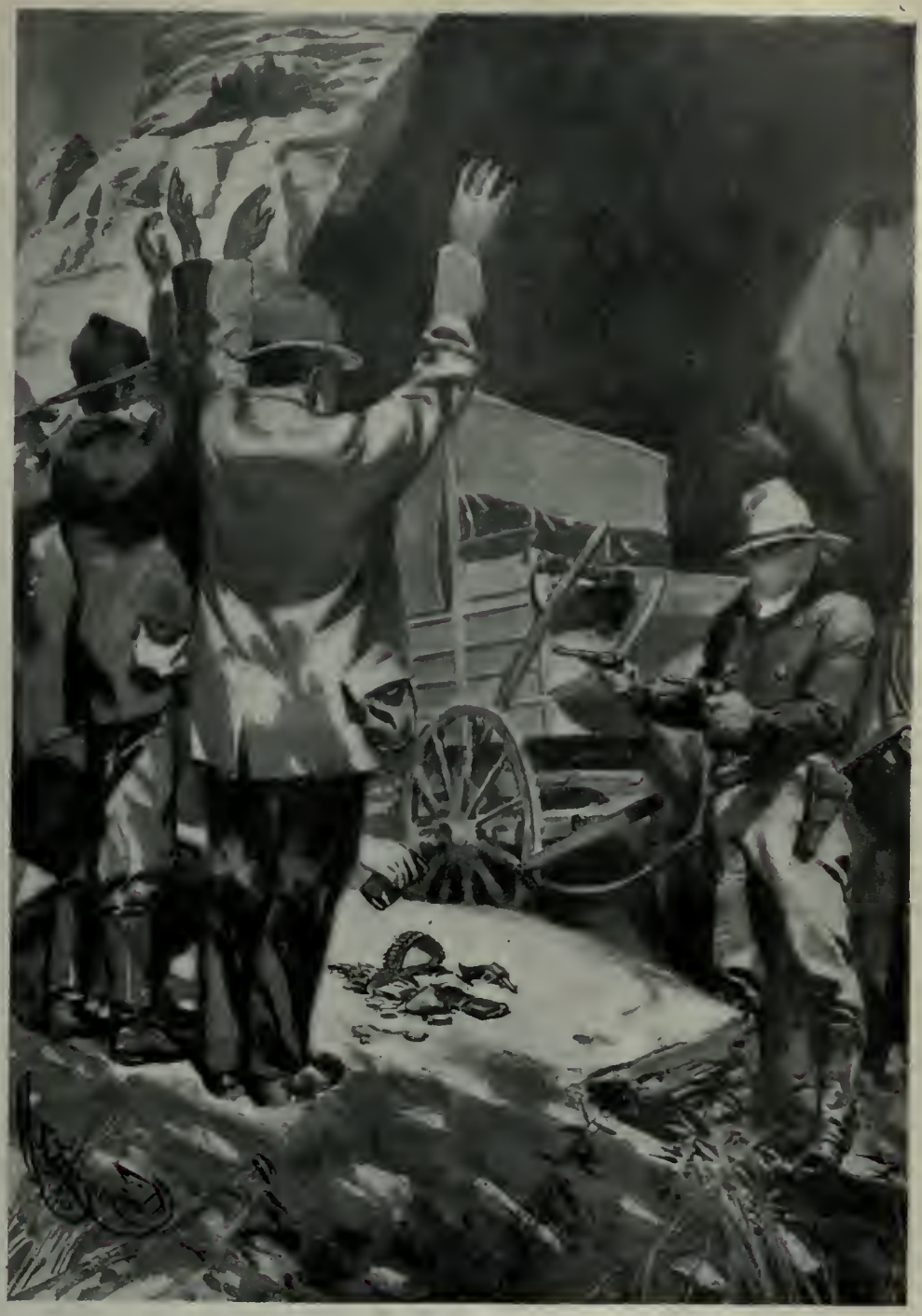
THE REASON WHY.

THE good humor which marked Minden's entrance into the life of Askatoon continued through the months that followed. His habits were commendable. He neither drank, nor chewed tobacco,

and even his enemies were forced to acknowledge that his outer conduct was above suspicion. He interested himself conspicuously in good works, though, in spite of his apparent honest sympathy, there was an inevitable feeling abroad that his entry into this field was like the invasion of a millinery shop by a buffalo. That, however, did not prevent every friend of every charity from "bleeding" him successfully. It was noted that never but once did he go to church or prayer-meeting. He had asked Patsy Kernaghan the way to the Catholic church on the day of his arrival, but there the matter ended, though Patsy still regarded the incident with almost superstitious reverence. Of a Sunday morning at the Sunbright Hotel, however, Minden sat on the verandah wearing his best coat and adorned by a collar; at other times, because of his heavy beard, he wore nothing so useless as a collar; and in the presence of all and sundry he read his black leather-bound Bible. There was no lurking irony or suggestive self-consciousness in his looks as he entered upon, or as he continued, his task. It was done as naturally as eating a meal, and he took no notice of those who gazed at him. If, however, some natural son of Adam engaged him in conversation on some scriptural topic—particularly of the Old Testament—he did not fail to lay down the sacred law according to William Minden, assisted by the prophets major and minor.

Once only a stranger ventured to scoff. He had come from the Border, had cheered himself with pregnant refreshment and had then begun to chaff the quiescent Bill. At last he asked Bill to give him a tip for the Heavenly race, and added that Jordan was a hard road to travel. Whereupon Bill rose, laid down his Bible gently and said, "You shall have the tip, my son," and with his foot catching the feet and ankle of the scoffer, tipped him over the verandah-rail into a barrel of rainwater. As the scoffer scrambled out, raging and bedraggled, Bill, leaning over the verandah, said, "You poisonous pimp of the pampas, if it wasn't the Sabbath I'd carve your cursed cuticle!"

Though the phrases Bill used were so sensationally picturesque and gave evidence of finished preparation, they were, on the contrary, impromptu. They represented a natural gift, developed by long practice, for manufacturing strange phrases and oaths. This gift had been a real asset in his life at Askatoon. It had been used at first privately, but it ultimately achieved him a reputation at a public meeting called in the interest of cheaper freight rates on the railway. There, his choice of phrases, happily emphasized by a little polite profanity, started him on a popular career as a public man. There were those who opposed his progress, but they were highly religious people, mostly newcomers from the east, who regarded his criminal career with horror, and who disbelieved that a man with such a past could be trusted until he had been officially saved by Divine Grace. Joined with them in this feeling was the mother of Cora Finley, the young teacher to whom Minden had spoken on the day of his arrival.



Bill Minden stuck up the express coach down in Oregon.

MRS. FINLEY had set her face against Minden ever since Cora came home telling of the strange but interesting man who had watched her and the school children leave the school, the day's work done. Mrs. Finley's agitation when she afterwards saw Minden, and her subsequent marked antipathy, might reasonably have been due to the fact that she was very religious and resented the interest he took in the schools, and, incidentally, in her popular offspring.

There was nothing pronounced in Minden's interest in the girl. He was always respectful to her, indeed almost ostentatiously so; and though he visited other schools regularly, he visited the Central School, at which she taught, far more often than any other. Recitations were part of each Friday's programme in the schools, and he not only listened to these recitations, but at last told stories himself—yarns of his own life, expurgated and edited for the occasion. They were adventures of surprising interest—sensational incidents clothed in his own vernacular, decorated by his alliterative facility. A close observer would have noticed that while he was thus engaged, though he appeared not to look at Cora (who welcomed his coming each week with almost unreasonable pleasure) he seemed yet to be conscious when her eyes were on him, or when her attention was diverted, apprehending all she did by feeling rather than by sight.

There were parents who objected to these visitations, but the majority were tickled, as they colloquially said, at an ex-criminal and notorious adventurer playing the part of school visitor, cheerfully supported him and put to rout his critics.

One day, however, something made him more than ever the talk of the

town. It was the announcement that he would stand for the office of school-trustee. It was made only a few days before the election for trustees, and not in all the days that Askatoon had known was there such a day as that in which the election occurred. He was determined to have the right to visit the schools with or without the approval of the "pious pedantics," as he called them.

"I see what's in his mind," said Patsy Kernaghan to the Young Doctor.

"You have a wonderful eye, Patsy," responded the other. "There's no good of us wearing clothes at all; you see right through folks."

Patsy scratched the top of his head with his thumb. "Aw, Doctor, it's only a fleabite to what Bill Minden means to do. If he gets in as trustee—an' he will—for there's not twenty women in the place 'll go agin him, an' iviry man as is a man will go for him, then he'll stand for mayor an' run the dam place like a switchman at a junction. He won't talk; he'll just pull the lever, and there it'll all be done what he wants to be done, as aisy as aisy. He'll want the Education Committee to go on this track; he'll want the Lightin' Committee to go on that track; an' the Sanitary Committee on another track; an' he won't talk; he'll switch the lot of thim where he wants thim. He'll be Mayor—that's what he'll be; but man alive, won't it be fun whin, mebbe, the Judge that thried him for stickin' up a coach 'll visit the place, an' the Governor that signed his pardon 'll be here to pay us a visit! Who'll be receivin' thim—who'll be receivin' thim? Why, the new school-trustee, the man that's goin' to be Mayor—Bill Minden, who's stuck up as many trains an' coaches as he's got fingers an' toes; Bill Minden, that's got money in more banks than wan, and God help thim if they don't take care of his monney!"

The Young Doctor smiled and patted Kernaghan's shoulder. "You're a wonderful little fellow, Kernaghan. You've got a long eye, and see far ahead; and Minden wouldn't make a bad Mayor either. I think he'll make a good school-trustee, too; but have you forgotten they're going to elect a Bishop when the Diocesan Synod of the English church meets here next month? Come now, Patsy, why shouldn't he stand for Bishop?"

Patsy scratched his head again. "Aw well, for a Protis'ant Bishop that 'd be all right. It doesn't require anny larnin' to be a Protis'ant Bishop. There's no layin' on of hands for wan av thim. They just talk of grace of Hivin an' the outpourin' of the spirit. Then the women weep and the men cough in their hands when they're lectured—an' why not Bill Minden? I'd as leave see him a Bishop as a Mayor."

The Young Doctor's eyes twinkled. "Well, so would I, Kernaghan. I wouldn't draw much distinction. I'd trust Minden just as much in one office as the other."

"Well, y'r honor, that's not saying how much ye trust him, is it?

The Young Doctor's lips gave a quirk. "Do you hear anything against him, Patsy; anything you can lay your hands on since he came to Askatoon?"

"That's it, that's it," answered the little man from Cork; "there's nawthin' that annybody can lay hands on. Wipin' out his past, what he's doin' now needs no pinince; but leadin' the life that he's leadin' now, isn't it a burnin' shame they won't take him as he is—I mean the Methodies, the Protis'ants and the new comers! They won't believe in him till he's been saved at the 'marcy seat,' as they call it."

THE TWINKLE quickened in the Young Doctor's eye. "Well, but won't there be a chance for that? Doesn't the big Methodist Camp-meeting begin soon out at Mayo—Nolan Doyle's place? What are all the big tents for? Isn't the Rev. Ephraim Masterman, the great revivalist, coming to save our souls and put Father Roche's nose out of joint?"

Kernaghan sniffed. "D'ye think Bill Minden 'd bellow out his pinitince at what they call a 'prothracted meetin'? Aw no, Doctor dear. We'll just go back to the idee I started with, and it's this; Bill Minden 'll be elected school trustee and when that's done he'll be elected Mayor, and whin that's done——"

"Whin the *town's* done—brown, good-bye to William Ecclesiasticus Minden," remarked the Young Doctor provokingly.

Kernaghan protested with hands and head. "D'ye think Minden 'll go back to the ould ways of him—to the train robbin' and sticking up the coach? D'ye think he hasn't enough money to live on without that? I've hard he has a hundred thousand dollars in the bank. That's a lot o' money. Can't a man stay honest on a hundred thousand dollars?"

At that moment several wagons went trailing past, carrying great piles of tent cloth, stakes and ropes. Kernaghan stared at them with swiftly-rising color. In religion he was a fanatic, and would have gone to the stake to defend the doctrine of transubstantiation or papal infallibility. The usual course of religious life in the town did not disturb him, but there was something so aggressive in this special spectacular effort of the heretics to advance their cause that a sudden anger flamed up in him.

"Look at it—look at it!" he snarled, "makin' a circus of the Christian religion, doin' the heavenly acrobatic!"

His color deepened, his fingers opened and shut convulsively; then opened again. "Aw, look, Doctor dear, there's Minden now on his way to the school—to the Central School! It's a Friday afthernoon, an' he'll be lettin' himself go to the boys an' gurls."

The Young Doctor looked quizzically at Kernaghan. "And showing off before Miss Finley, eh?" he remarked.

"Aw, that! There's no showin' aff about it. Shure he drops his eyes whin he looks at her, like a bit of a boy tin years old."

The Young Doctor laughed inwardly. "Oh, Patsy Kernaghan, what Irish bulls you make and what an Irish calf you are! 'He drops his eyes when he looks at her!'"

THE Young Doctor was, however, thinking of what he himself said on the very first day of Minden's arrival in Askatoon, when the crowd gossiped about the notorious one in front of Rigby's drug store. He had said to Father Roche then, "If we only knew exactly why a man did some certain thing in his life, perhaps some very small thing, we would know his whole character. Now perhaps if we knew exactly why Bill Minden went to that school this afternoon we should have a Book of Revelations."

The Young Doctor was a man of insight and understanding, and he had never ceased to wonder why the ex-bandit interested himself so in the Central School, or why he had come to Askatoon. Somehow the two things seemed one in his mind, as though each depended on the other. That Minden should show such interest in the town itself, and that he should become school trustee, seemed one piece in which Cora Finley was part of the mosaic. He was sure there was an association with a mystery in the background. Bill Minden, the ex-criminal, the notorious highwayman, turned peaceful, pious citizen, dropping his eyes when he looked at a girl, could only be explained by a law at work and not as one of life's vagaries.

The Young Doctor had seen and heard nothing which gave him a clue, and the fact that Mrs. Finley was the most implacable of Bill Minden's critics added another twist to the knot.

MRS. FINLEY was sitting alone in her little parlor, looking out of the window into the increasing darkness, through which faint stars twinkled, when she was startled by a heavy footfall on the gravel path without. Rising, she stood for a moment hesitating what to do, possessed by fear, though she was alone, Cora having gone to choir practice. She had the sense of safety of the elect who believe in the foreordained, for the footstep had an ominous sound, she knew not why. It was the particular nature of the footstep that startled her, for somehow it recalled a night twenty-two years before, when her life took a turn in a new direction and had so continued. Now her brain cleared and she hastened into the hallway as the heavy foostep stopped, and a hand knocked on the lintel of the open door.

"Come in," she said. "What do you want?" she added quickly in slight agitation.

"It's Bill Minden," was the reply.

"What do you want?" she persisted, her voice a little querulous now.

"A word with you—just a word or two," was the answer.

"There were to be no more words forever," she rejoined.

"It's twenty-two years, and I want you to let me break my promise. We're getting old and you never can tell what'll happen," Minden urged.

She gave a great sigh. "Then wait till I pull down the blinds and light up," was her response.

"No, don't light up," he pleaded, stepping inside the hallway. "I haven't come here to do any harm, as you know. It's quieter in the dusk; the mind keeps steady-like when there's no light. It's like a blanket. Blind people are always quiet, and I've had to keep my eyes so wide open, and I've been going so hard for so long, that I can stand more dark than light. Eighteen hours dark in a day wouldn't be too much for me now."

"You talk like a poetry-book," Mrs. Finley replied with hardness in her tone. "Seems like Askatoon makes you a bit childish."

An almost animal-like grunt came from Bill Minden's lips. It had protest, agreement, anger and friendliness all in one; but he did not retort in words.

"I'm going to light up," she repeated,

Continued on page 79.



"All clergy drunk at seven in the morning? Deplorable!"

In Dry Toronto

As Told by a Montreal Man

Stephen Leacock

Who wrote "Abdul Aziz Has His," Germany From Within," etc.

Illustrated by C. W. Jeffreys

IT MAY have been, for aught I know, the change from a wet to a dry atmosphere. I am told that, biologically, such things profoundly affect the human system.

At any rate I found it impossible that night—I was on the train from Montreal to Toronto—to fall asleep.

A peculiar wakefulness seemed to have seized upon me, which appeared, moreover, to afflict the other passengers as well. In the darkness of the car I could distinctly hear them groaning at intervals.

"Are they ill?" I asked, through the curtains, of the porter as he passed.

"No, sir," he said, "they're not ill. Those is the Toronto passengers."

"All in this car?" I asked.

"All except that gen'lman you may have heard singing in the smoking compartment. He's booked through to Chicago."

BUT, AS is usual in such cases, sleep came at last with unusual heaviness. I seemed obliterated from the world, till, all of a sudden, I found myself, as it were, up and dressed and seated in the observation car at the back of the train, awaiting my arrival.

"Is this Toronto?" I asked of the Pullman conductor, as I peered through the window of the car.

The conductor rubbed the pane with his finger and looked out. "I think so," he said.

"Do we stop here?" I asked.

"I think we do this morning," he answered. "I think I heard the conductor say that they had a lot of milk cans to put off here this morning. I'll just go and find out, sir."

"Stop here!" broke in an irascible-looking gentleman in a grey tweed suit who was sitting in the next chair to mine. "Do they *stop* here? I should say they did indeed. Don't you know," he added, turning to the Pullman conductor, "that any train is *compelled* to stop here. There's a by-law, a municipal by-law of the City of Toronto, *compelling* every train to stop!"

"I didn't know it," said the conductor, humbly.

"Do you mean to say," continued the irascible gentleman, "that you have never read the by-laws of the City of Toronto?"

"No, sir," said the conductor.

"The ignorance of these fellows!" said the man in grey tweed, swinging his chair round again towards me. "We ought to have a by-law to compel them to read the by-laws. I must start an agitation for it at once." Here he took out a little red notebook and wrote something in it, murmuring: "We need a new agitation anyway."

PRESENTLY he shut the book up with a snap. I noticed that there was a sort of peculiar alacrity in everything he did.

"You, sir," he said, "have, of course, read our municipal by-laws?"

"Oh, yes," I answered. "Splendid, aren't they? They read like a romance."

"You are most flattering to our city," said the irascible gentleman with a bow. "Yet you, sir, I take it, are not from Toronto."

"No," I answered, as humbly as I could. "I'm from Montreal."

"Ah!" said the gentleman, as he sat back and took a thorough look at me. "From Montreal? Are you drunk?"

"No," I replied, "I don't think so."

"But you are *suffering* for a drink," said my new acquaintance, eagerly. "You need it, eh? You feel already a kind of craving, eh, what?"

"No," I answered. "The fact is it's rather early in the morning."

"Quite so," broke in the irascible gentleman. "But I understand that in Montreal all the saloons are open at seven, and even at that hour are crowded, sir, crowded."

I shook my head. "I think that has been exaggerated," I said. "In fact, we always try to avoid crowding and jostling as far as possible. It is generally understood, as a matter of politeness, that the first place in the line is given to the clergy, the Board of Trade, and the heads of the universities."

"Is it conceivable!" said the gentleman in grey. "One moment, please, till I make a note. 'All clergy' (I think you said *all*, did you not?) 'drunk at seven in the morning.' Deplorable! But here we are at the Union Station—commodious, is it not? Justly admired, in fact, all over the known world. Observe," he continued as we alighted from the train and made our way into the station, "the upstairs and the downstairs, connected by flights of stairs—quite unique and most convenient—if you don't meet your friends downstairs all you have to do is to look upstairs. If they are not there, you simply come down again. But stop, you are going to walk up the street? I'll go with you."

AT THE outer door of the station—just as I had remembered it—stood a group of hotel bus-men and porters.

But how changed!

They were like men blasted by a great sorrow. One, with his back turned, was leaning against a post, his head buried on his arm.

"Prince George Hotel," he groaned at intervals, "Prince George Hotel."

Another was bending over a little handrail, his head sunk, his arms almost trailing to the ground.

"King Edward," he sobbed, "King Edward."

A third, seated on a stool, looked feebly up, with tears visible in his eyes.

"Walker House," he moaned. "First-class accommodation for——" Then he broke down and cried.

"Take this handbag," I said to one of the men, "to the Prince George,"

The man ceased his groaning for a moment and turned to me with something like passion.

"Why do you come to *us?*" he protested. "Why not go to one of the others. Go to *him*," he added, as he stirred with his foot a miserable being who lay huddled on the ground murmuring at intervals, "Queen's! Queen's Hotel."

But my new friend, who stood at my elbow, came to my rescue.

"Take his bag," he said, "you've got to. You know the by-law. Take it or I'll call a policeman. You know *me*. My name's Narrowpath. I'm on the council."

The man touched his hat and took the bag with a murmured apology.

"Come along," said my companion, whom I now perceived to be a person of dignity and civic importance. "I'll walk

up with you, and show you the city as we go."

WE HAD hardly got well upon the street before I realized the enormous change that total prohibition had effected. Everywhere were the bright smiling faces of working people, laughing and singing at their tasks and, early though it was, cracking jokes and asking one another riddles as they worked.

I noticed one man, evidently a city employee, in a rough white suit, busily cleaning the street with a broom and singing to himself:

"How does the little busy bee improve the shining hour."

Another employee who was handling a little hose was singing:

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand. Tra, la, la, la, la la, Prohibition's grand."

"Why do they sing?" I asked. "Are they crazy?"

"Sing?" said Mr. Narrowpath. "They cannot help it. They haven't had a drink of whiskey for four months."

A coal cart went by with a driver, no longer grimy and smudged, but neatly dressed with a high white collar and a white silk tie.

My companion pointed at him as he passed. "Hasn't had a glass of beer for four months," he said. "Notice the difference? That man's work is now a pleasure to him. He used to spend all his evenings sitting round the back parlours of the saloons beside the stove. Now what do you think he does?"

"I have no idea."

"Loads up his cart with coal and goes for a drive—out in the country. Ah, sir, you who live still under the curse of the whisky traffic, little know what a pleasure work itself becomes when drink and all that goes with it is eliminated. Do you see that man, on the other side of the street, with the tool bag?"

"Yes," I said. "A plumber, is he not?"

"Exactly, a plumber—used to drink heavily—couldn't keep a job more than a week. Now, you can't drag him from his work — came to my house to fix a pipe under the kitchen sink—wouldn't quit at six o'clock—got in under the sink and begged to be allowed to stay — said he hated to go home. We had to drag him out with a rope. But here we are at your hotel."

WE ENTERED. But how changed the place seemed. Our feet echoed on the flagstones of the deserted rotunda.

At the office desk sat a clerk, silent and melancholy, reading the bible. He put a marker in the book and closed it, murmuring, "Leviticus Two."

Then he turned to us.

"Can I have a room," I asked, "on the first floor?"

A tear welled up into the clerk's eye.

"You can have the whole first floor," he said. And he added, with a half sob, "and the second, too, if you like."

I could not help contrasting his manner with what it was in the old days, when the mere mention of a room used to throw him into a fit of passion, and when he used to tell me that I could have a cot on the roof till Tuesday, and after that, perhaps, a bed in the stable.

Things had changed indeed.

"Can I get breakfast in the grill room?" I inquired of the melancholy clerk.

He shook his head sadly.

"There is no grill room," he answered. "What would you like?"

"Oh, some sort of eggs," I said, "and—"

The clerk reached down below his desk and handed me a hard-boiled egg with the shell off.

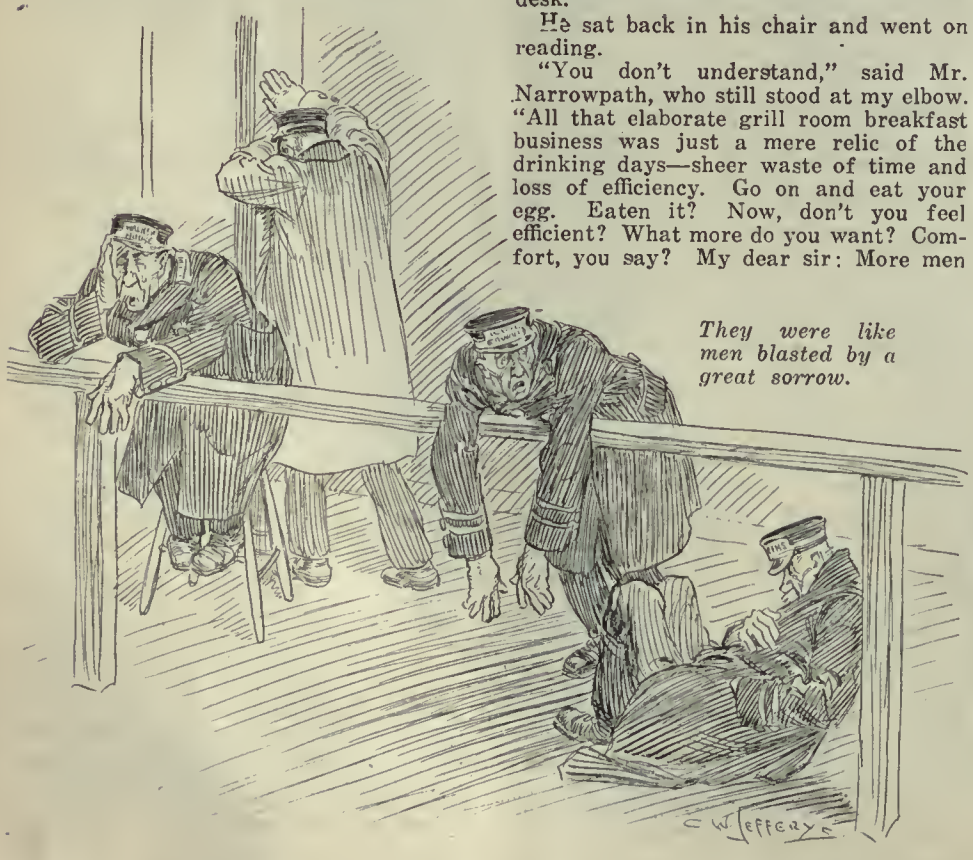
"Here's your egg," he said. And there's ice water there at the end of the desk."

He sat back in his chair and went on reading.

"You don't understand," said Mr. Narrowpath, who still stood at my elbow. "All that elaborate grill room breakfast business was just a mere relic of the drinking days—sheer waste of time and loss of efficiency. Go on and eat your egg. Eaten it? Now, don't you feel efficient? What more do you want? Comfort, you say? My dear sir: More men have been ruined by comfort — Great Heavens, comfort! the most dangerous, deadly drug that ever undermined the human race. But, here, drink your water. Now, you're ready to go and do your business, if you have any."

"But," I protested, "it's still only half-past seven in the morning—no offices will be open——"

"Open!" exclaimed Mr. Narrowpath. "Why! they all open at daybreak now."



They were like men blasted by a great sorrow.

I HAD, it is true, a certain amount of business before me, though of no very intricate or elaborate kind—a few simple arrangements with the head of a publishing house such as it falls to my lot to make every now and then. Yet in the old and unregenerate days it used to take all day to do it. The wicked thing that we used to call a comfortable breakfast in the hotel grill room somehow carried one on to about ten o'clock in the morning. Breakfast brought with it the need of a cigar for digestion's sake and with that, for very restfulness, a certain perusal of the Toronto *Globe*, properly corrected and rectified by a look through the Toronto *Mail*. After that it had been my practice to stroll along to my publishers' office at about eleven-thirty, transact my business, over a cigar, with the genial gentleman at the head of it, and then accept his invitation to lunch, with the feeling that a man who has put in a hard and strenuous morning's work is entitled to a few hours of relaxation.

I am inclined to think that, in those reprehensible by-gone times, many other people did their business in this same way.

"I don't think," I said to Mr. Narrowpath musingly, "that my publisher will be up as early as this. He's a comfortable sort of man."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Narrowpath. "Not at work at half-past seven! In Toronto? The thing's absurd. Where is the office? Richmond Street? Come along, I'll go with you. I've always a great liking for attending to other people's business."

"I see you have," I said.

"It's our way here," said Mr. Narrowpath with a wave of his hand. "Every man's business, as we see it, is everybody else's business. Come along, you'll be surprised how quickly your business will be done."

Mr. Narrowpath was right.

MY PUBLISHER'S office, as we entered it, seemed a changed place. Activity and efficiency was stamped all over it. My good friend the publisher was not only there, but there with his coat off, inordinately busy, bawling orders (evidently meant for a printing room) through a speaking tube. "Yes," he was shouting, "put WHISKEY in black letter capitals, old English, double size, set it up to look attractive, with the legend *Made in Toronto* in long clear type underneath——"

"Excuse me," he said, as he broke off for a moment. "We've got a lot of stuff going through the press this morning—a big distillery catalogue that we are rushing through. We're doing all we can, Mr. Narrowpath," he continued, speaking with the deference due to a member of the City Council, "to boom Toronto as a Whiskey Centre."

"Quite right, quite right!" said my companion, rubbing his hands.

"And now, professor," added the pub-

lisher, speaking with rapidity, "your contract is all here—only need's signing—I won't keep you more than a moment—write your name here—Miss Sniggins will you please witness this so help you God how's everything in Montreal good morning."

"Pretty quick, wasn't it?" said Mr. Narrowpath, as we stood in the street again.

"Wonderful!" I said, feeling almost dazed. "Why, I shall be able to catch the morning train back again to Montreal—"

"Precisely. Just what everybody finds. Business done in no time. Men who used to spend whole days here, clear out now in fifteen minutes. I knew a man whose business efficiency has so increased under our new regime that he says he wouldn't spend more than five minutes in Toronto if he were paid to."



As a matter of politeness the first place in the line is given to the clergy, the Board of Trade and the heads of the universities.

"BUT WHAT is this?" I asked as we were brought to a pause in our walk at a street crossing by a great block of vehicles. "What are all these drays? Surely, those look like barrels of whiskey!"

"So they are," said Mr. Narrowpath, proudly. "Export whiskey. Fine sight, isn't it? Must be what? — twenty — twenty-five?—loads of it. This place, sir, mark my words, is going to prove, with its new energy and enterprise, one of the greatest seats of the distillery business. In fact, *the* whiskey capital of the North——"

"But I thought," I interrupted, much puzzled, "that whiskey was prohibited here since last September?"

"Export whiskey — *export*, my dear sir," corrected Mr. Narrowpath. "We don't interfere, we have never, so far as I know, proposed to interfere with any man's right to make and export whiskey That, sir, is a plain matter of business; morality doesn't enter into it."

"I see," I answered. "But will you please tell me what is the meaning of this other crowd of drays coming in the opposite direction? Surely, those are beer barrels, are they not?"

"In a sense they are," admitted Mr. Narrowpath. "That is, they are *import* beer. It comes in from some other province. It was, I imagine, made in this city (our breweries, sir, are second to none), but the sin of *selling* it——" here Mr. Narrowpath raised his hat from his head and stood for a moment in a reverential attitude—"rests on the heads of others."

THE PRESS of vehicles had now thinned out and we moved on, my guide still explaining in some detail the distinction between business principles and moral principles, between whiskey as a curse and whiskey as a source of profit, which I found myself unable to comprehend.

At length I ventured to interrupt.

"Yet it seems almost a pity," I said, "that, with all this beer and whiskey around, an unregenerate sinner like myself should be prohibited from getting a drink."

"A drink!" exclaimed Mr. Narrowpath. "Well, I should say so. Come right in here. You can have anything you want."

We stepped through a street door into a large long room.

"Why!" I exclaimed in surprise. "This is a bar!"

"Nonsense!" said my friend. "The *bar* in this province is forbidden. We've done with the foul thing, forever. This is an Import Shipping Company's Delivery Office."

"But this long counter——"

"It's not a counter, it's a desk."

"And that bar-tender in his white jacket——"

"Tut! Tut! He's not a bar-tender. He's an Import Goods Delivery Clerk."

"What'll you have, gents?" said the Import Clerk, polishing a glass as he spoke.

"Two whiskeys and sodas," said my friend. "Long ones."

The Import Clerk mixed the drinks and set them on the desk.

I was about to take one but he interrupted. "One minute, sir," he said.

THEN he took up a desk telephone that stood beside him and I heard him calling up Montreal. "Hello, Montreal. Is that Montreal? Well, say, I've just received an offer here for two whiskeys and sodas at sixty cents, shall I close with it? All right, gentlemen, Montreal has effected the sale. There you are."

"Dreadful, isn't it?" said Mr. Narrowpath. "The sunken, depraved condition of your City of Montreal; actually *selling* whiskey. Deplorable!" And with that he buried his face in the bubbles of the whiskey and soda.

"Mr. Narrowpath," I said. "would you mind telling me something? I fear I am a little confused, after what I have seen here, as to what your new legislation has been. You have *not* then, I understand, prohibited the making of whiskey?"

"Oh, no, we see no harm in that."

"Nor the sale of it."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Narrowpath, "not if sold *properly*."

"Nor the drinking of it?"

"Oh, no, that least of all. We attach no harm whatever, under our law, to the mere drinking of whiskey."

"Would you tell me, then," I asked, "since you have not forbidden the making, nor the selling, nor the buying, nor the drinking of whiskey—just what it is that you have prohibited? What is the difference between Montreal and Toronto?"

Mr. Narrowpath put down his glass on the "desk" in front of him. He gazed at me with open-mouthed astonishment.

"Toronto?" he gasped. "Montreal and Toronto! The difference between Montreal and Toronto—my dear sir—Toronto—Toronto——"

I stood waiting for him to explain. But as I did so I seemed to become aware that a voice—not Mr. Narrowpath's, but a voice close to my ear was repeating, "Toronto—Toronto—Toronto."

I sat up with a start—still in my berth in the Pullman car—with the voice of the porter calling through the curtains, "Toronto—Toronto."

. . . .

So! It had only been a dream. I pulled up the blind and looked out of the window and there was the good old city, with the bright sun sparkling on its church spires and on the bay spreading out at its feet. It looked quite unchanged, just the same pleasant old place, as cheerful, as self-conceited, as kindly, as hospitable, as quarrelsome, as wholesome, as moral and as loyal and as disagreeable as it always was.

"Porter," I said, "is it true that there is prohibition here now?"

The porter shook his head.

"I ain't heard of it," he said.

Canada's Boom in Shipbuilding

The Romantic Revival of a One-Time Prosperous Industry

By W. A. Craick



Views of the big five-masted schooner "Letitia L. Mackay," one of many similar ships being built on the coast of Nova Scotia.

IT IS never wise to make absolute statements. Just before the war a writer in a monumental work on the history of Canada set down in cold type the following emphatic assertion:

> "Shipbuilding in Canada is an industry that in one sense has passed away, but in another is just beginning. *Wooden shipbuilding is gone beyond recall;* the building of steel vessels is in its infancy. *The ship's carpenter has departed forever from the once busy shipyards of Quebec and Maritime Provinces,* but the Atlantic and the Pacific ports and the ports on the Great Lakes, where iron and coal can be cheaply assembled, are beginning to resound with the clang of the ship foundry and the incessant din of the pneumatic riveters. The story of Canadian shipbuilding is thus both a retrospect and a prospect."

Strange that these words, penned with such assurance three years ago, believed at the time to be absolutely correct not alone by the author, but by every one who gave the subject a moment's thought, should so soon be controverted in so far at least as they applied to the building of wooden ships. For this supposedly defunct industry *has* been revived. On both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts wooden ships are again being built. And in numbers and in tonnage the vessels of 1916 will not fall far short of those of the banner years of the nineteenth century.

No, in spite of the judgment of the historian of three years ago, wooden shipbuilding has not receded on the swift-moving current of time beyond the point where its recall has proved an impossibility, nor have the ship's carpenters departed forever from those famous old shipyards that once on a time dotted the coasts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Temporary the revival may prove—an expedient to serve the pressing needs of wartime—but here it is, a lusty, stirring enterprise, one of the most interesting developments of the present day in Canada.

SHIPBUILDING is an industry as old almost as the history of the country itself. Back in the romantic days of the French regime, many a stout vessel, fashioned from wood, hewn from the virgin forests of Quebec, was launched into the current of the lordly St. Lawrence. The Royal shipyards at the mouth of the St. Charles became scenes of vast activity. Not alone were merchantmen of goodly tonnage constructed, but men of war, mounting some of them as many as seventy-two guns, were designed and built for the service of His French Majesty.

Quebec continued to be a famous shipbuilding centre after the conquest, for it possessed all the resources necessary to maintain such an industry. The number and the tonnage of the vesseds constructed in the yards up and down the river grew steadily. By the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, ships of four and five hundred tons were no longer marvels. By the end of the second quarter the number of establishments engaged in the building of ships had increased to twenty-five; the annual output to between fifty and sixty large sailing vessels; and the number of artisans employed to five thousand. Only towards the end of the third quarter did serious evidences of decay in what had developed into such a picturesque and thriving industry begin to appear.

Meanwhile a similar industry had sprung into existence in what are now known as the Maritime Provinces. Wherever timber could be floated down rivers to the coast, there a shipbuilding enterprise not infrequently developed. At the end of the Petitcodiac, where the City of Moncton now stands; at Pictou and New Glasgow; at Halifax, Liverpool, Lunenburg and Shelburne, on the south coast of Nova Scotia; at Yarmouth, Digby and St. John on the Bay of Fundy; at Dalhousie, Newcastle and Bathurst on the New Brunswick coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, flourishing shipyards were presently in operation.

THE output was astonishingly large. For instance, in the year 1860 in the county of Lunenburg alone twenty-two vessels of a gross tonnage of 3,138 tons were launched. Between 1840 and 1883, over two hundred ships were build at New Glasgow. At Bathurst in the heyday of the industry it was no uncommon sight to see from five to ten of the largest class of merchant ships on the stocks at the same time. St. John in the early seventies ranked as the fourth port in the British Empire in respect of the ownership of vessels. And in 1865 it is reported that 294 ships worth two and a half million dollars were built in Nova Scotia. These are disjointed facts, but they serve to give some idea of the really remarkable extent of the shipbuilding industry on the east coast of Canada in the middle of the last century.

There is a fascinating story to be written of the palmy mid-nineteenth-century days of Nova Scotia shipping, and wrapt up with the tales of how bluenose clippers, sailed by bluenose crews, raced into practically every port in the world, there is the scarcely less absorbing account of how these fine sailing vessels were fashioned in the shipyards of the east coast. In thousands of homes in Maritime ports and fishing villages hang quaint pictures of these old ships, now vanished forever from the ocean tracks. But the memory of the adventurous sailing days still lingers in the minds of the veteran skippers and their crews, many of whom are still living in hale and hearty old age.

IT SEEMS almost incredible that an almost exact replica of these former activities is again being staged in Nova Scotia. The evolution of the steel freighter apparently sounded the death knell of the wooden ship years ago. Yet abnormal conditions have been created by the war. Not alone has there been serious loss of shipping through submarine warfare, necessitating the rapid substitution of new vessels, but the cost of construction of steel ships has advanced enormously. In Great Britain the requirements of the Admiralty take precedence and the ability of the British shipyards to turn out merchantmen is correspondingly limited.

Of course the immediate influence which has impelled old-time shipbuilders in the Maritime Provinces to clear up and repair their dismantled and grass-grown yards and to resume once again the occupation of their earlier years has been the high freight rates on ocean tonnage resulting from the scarcity of shipping. So high have these rates climbed that a single trans-Atlantic voyage is often profitable enough to make good the cost of a ship.

It is estimated that there are at least two score good-sized wooden sailing vessels under construction at present at various points in the Maritime Provinces. In the county of Digby alone, seven ships, ranging in size from three hundred to five hundred and fifty tons are being built—two at Meteghan, one at Meteghan River, one at Grosse Coque, one at Little Brook and two at Belliveau's Cove. These are all small French Acadian villages lying along the Bay of Fundy shore, inhabited by stout fisherfolk, who are exceedingly handy at everything connected with boats and the sea.

Moving around to the south shore, one finds on the stocks at Shelburne six ships; at Liverpool about the same number, and at Lunenburg, four. Smaller points will account for some six or seven more, giving for the western counties of Nova Scotia, a total of thirty. In the counties of Cumberland and Colchester on the St. Lawrence side of the province several more vessels are being built, so that the estimate of forty all told is about correct.

One of the largest of these east coast ships is the "Letitia L. Mackay," which was launched at Meteghan in December. She is being built to the order of A. B. Mackay, the Hamilton shipowner. A description of this fine large vessel will give some idea of the general run of the ships on the ways in Nova Scotia.

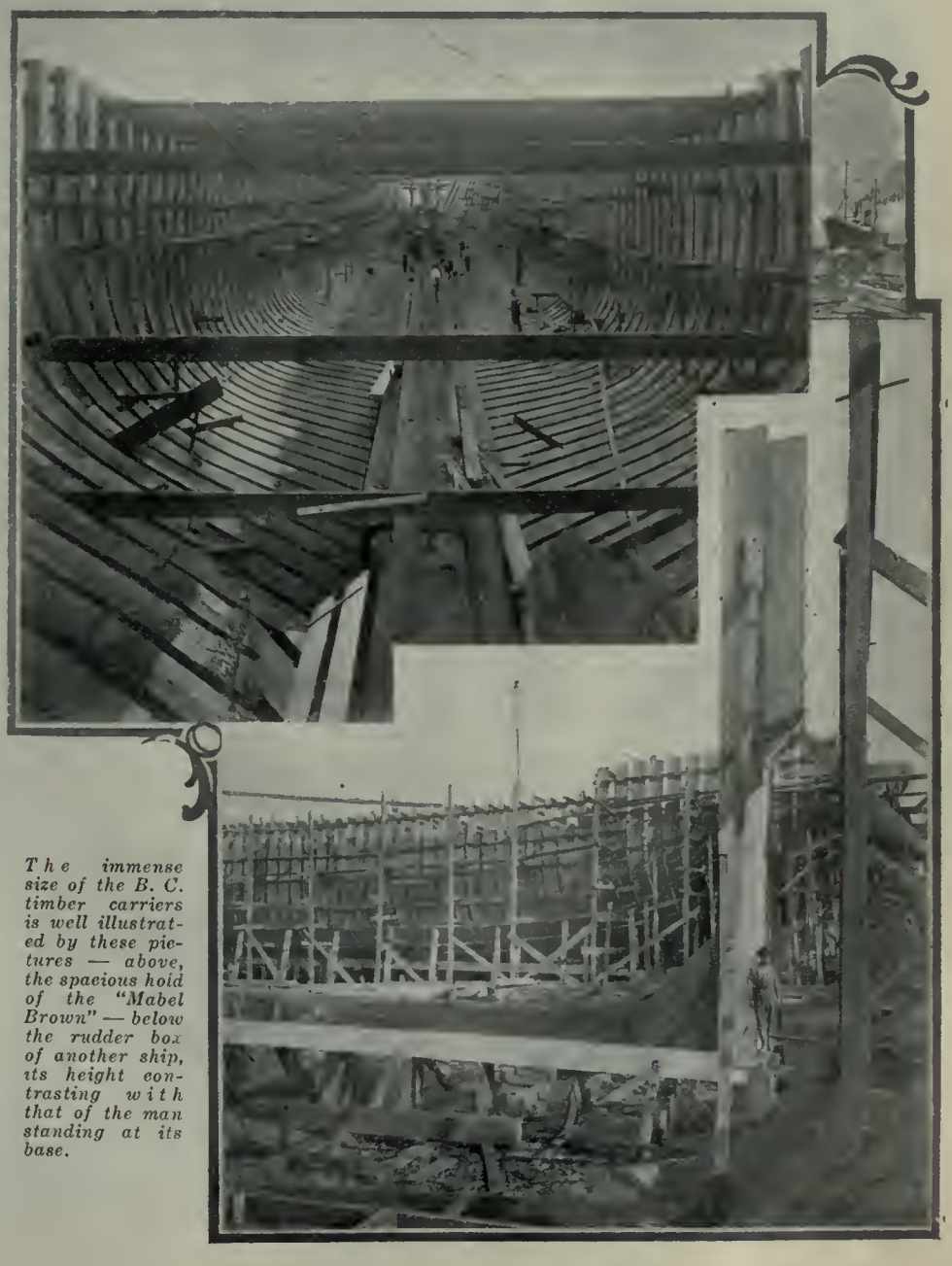
IT MAY be asked how such a ship compares with the old-time vessels launched from the Nova Scotia shipyards. As a matter of fact, it is considerably under the average. In the early days of shipbuilding, vessels as large as 2,400 tons or six times bigger than the "Letitia L. Mackay" were sometimes constructed. To-day such giants could not likely be produced because it would be difficult to obtain the timber. At the same time Maritime shipbuilders believe that it would be possible to import wood from British Columbia and still build ships as cheaply as they could be constructed on the Pacific Coast—this, because of the cheapness of labor. Its dimensions are 165 ft. length, 36 ft. beam; 14 ft. hold, with 568 net tons register and 1,150 tons dead weight. With the exception of the spars, booms and bowsprit, which are of Oregon fir, and the stem and stern post and rudder stock, which are of imported oak, all the wood used in construction was obtained in the neighborhood. The frames are of birch; the planking and decks of spruce and the knees of hacmatack. The canvas will be made in Yarmouth and all the iron and steel required will be obtained in Sydney. The wire rigging, anchors and chains come from England and the copper from the United States. The schooner, which carries four masts, will be equipped with a gasoline engine for handling the sails and cargo.

The labor question is an interesting one. When shipbuilding was at its height between 1850 and 1875, nearly everybody in the Maritime Provinces worked in the shipyards or at some of the trades connected either directly or indirectly with them. To-day comparatively few of the old workmen are alive. It has been necessary to hunt all over the country for such of them as are still able to work. And worried shipbuilders have had to trace others to the United States and induce them to come back. Then to supplement this skilled labor, new hands have had to be broken in, all of which has taken time and delayed construction. In the case of the "Letitia L. Mackay," it was over seven months between the keel-laying and the launching.

BUT THE revival of wooden shipbuilding has not been confined to the Atlantic coast. It has its exemplification as well on the Pacific coast. There the shipping famine has made itself even more severely felt. An absolute lack of bottoms in which to carry British Columbia timber to the antipodes and other distant markets has completely paralyzed the Western province's foremost industry. The great coast sawmills have been closed down; thousands of lumberjacks have been thrown out of employment; every occupation dependent on lumbering has suffered loss—all because it has been impossible to keep the output moving freely from British Columbia producer to Antipodean consumer.

In the east, the building of wooden ships has been wholly the result of individual enterprise. In the west it is an undertaking in which the whole population of a great province is vitally interested. The welfare of the entire community was dependent on the obtaining of adequate shipping facilities and, to compass this desirable object, the legislature itself took action to bring about the construction of a fleet of timber carriers. To-day that fleet is being rapidly evolved. The first of twenty-five vessels is to be launched in December and from then on, until the complement is complete, from one to three sister ships are to be put in the water monthly.

Big men in the Canadian transportation field have come to the assistance of British Columbia in its emergency. They were on the ground when the shipping bill was enacted into law in the dying moments of the last legislature. They immediately set in motion machinery that within a month turned idle shipyards at North Vancouver and at Victoria into hives of industry. One of them was James Carruthers, head of the Canada Steamship Lines; another was J. W. Norcross, managing director of that important organization. James Whalen, president of the ship-building company operating at Port Arthur; M. J. Haney, the well-known contractor; and Roy M. Wolvin, grain operator and great lakes



The immense size of the B. C. timber carriers is well illustrated by these pictures — above, the spacious hold of the "Mabel Brown" — below the rudder box of another ship, its height contrasting with that of the man standing at its base.



Three mammoth wooden vessels, being built at North Vancouver.

transportation man, were all interested; and so, too, was Sir Trevor Dawson, managing director of the famous Vickers shipyards in London and Montreal.

ORGANIZATION of a powerful corporation that would build and operate a fleet of ships under the terms of the B.C. Shipping Act was a trifling affair. There emerged, under the aegis of the Secretary of State, the Canadian West Coast Navigation Company, Limited,—capital, two and one-half million dollars; purpose, to engage in business as a shipping and transportation company. Within a month, the keel of the company's first ship, the Mabel Brown, was laid in the new yards of the Wallace Shipbuilding Company at North Vancouver. As quickly as the ground could be prepared and equipment assembled, the work of construction of five sister ships was begun, while across the straits in the yards of the Cameron-Genoa Mills at Victoria, two more vessels of identical design were laid down.

What was the magic that has wrought such marvellous works? It is evidently to be found in the long-winded legal phraseology of the British Columbia Shipping Act. This notable measure contains three significant provisions. First, it offers a bonus or subsidy on each of the first twenty-five ships built in the province after the passing of the Act. Second, it makes available government loans on the security of the vessels thus constructed. Third, it extends the privileges of a governmental guarantee to any bond issue that may be made by companies organized to engage in the construction of vessels intended for British Columbia export trade.

It is the first of these three provisions that has attracted eastern capital to the province. Look at it a little more closely. Clause 53, it is called, and it runs in this fashion: "In aid of the shipbuilding industry of the Province there shall be paid to the owner of each ship up to a number of ships not exceeding twenty-five or such further number as the Legislature shall provide for—these vessels to be built after the act comes into effect—a subsidy in ten annual instalments, each of which instalments shall be so computed as to bring the net earnings of the ship up to 15 per cent. of the actual cost of construction, but so that the amount of subsidy paid in any one year shall never exceed an amount equal to $5 a ton dead weight capacity of the ship. The first instalment shall be payable the first year after the declaration of peace. This subsidy is subject only to the "bona fide" uses of the ship in British Columbia trade for outward borne cargoes returning to some British Columbia port of reloading with liberty to carry return cargo to any port along the general practical line of return. Moneys for these subsidies shall be paid to the Commission from the provincial consolidated revenue fund. Subsidies shall only be payable to the owner who actually paid for the construction of the ship and not to any middleman or promotor. Subsidies shall not be liable or subject to assignment, attachment, garnishment or process of execution."

THE section further stipulates that the subsidy or bonus will lapse if later on the Dominion Government should decide to pay a subsidy equalling or exceeding $5 a ton. More than that, if in any year the profits of operating a ship exceed fifteen per cent. of the cost of its construction, then no subsidy shall be paid for that year, nor is any subsidy to be paid unless the ships trade continuously to and from British Columbia ports and under the direction of the Shipping Commission appointed under the terms of the Act.

Note how neatly this legislation gets around that obstacle to shipbuilding enterprise — the uncertainty of after-war conditions. To-day ocean rates are high and the operation of ships is profitable. To-morrow, who knows, rates may be cut to pieces and the business of ocean transportation be conducted at a loss. Guarantee a shipowner's profits for ten years and the proposition of building and operating ships takes on quite a different aspect. And the Province of British Columbia is dong. It is guaranteeing Messrs. Carrutners, Norcross, Haney, Wolvin and their associates a profitable investment, while incidentally it is making sure that these that is precisely what gentlemen will employ their boats to the advantage of the industrial and commercial interests of the province.

IMMEDIATELY upon the enactment of the Shipping Bill, the shipping commission was appointed. It consists of H. B. Thomson, formerly M.P.P. for Victoria, who stood sponsor for the measure in the Legislature last spring; Frederick Buscombe, of Vancouver, and W. J. Goepel, Deputy Minister of Finance, the latter appointed under the Act by virtue of his official position. The members of the Commission serve without salary.

The part played by the Shipping Commission is an important one. They must approve the plans and specifications of the ships built under the Act. They are required to determine the rate of wages to be paid both in the construction and operation of the ships. Every charter of a ship shall be subject to their approval when such ship is operated under a loan from the Commission, and in all such cases the superintendent of the Commission is required to act as the managing owner of the ship until the loan is repaid. More than that, the Commission is to see that the actual rates paid on British Columbia shipments shall never exceed rates paid on similar commodities at even dates in the States of Washington and California.

This, then, is the machinery that has been provided by the legislators of British Columbia for bringing a fleet of merchantmen into being. It is the magic touch that is responsible for the awakening of such unwonted activity in the shipyards of the province. And now, let us see what type of vessels are being evolved as a result.

THE EIGHT ships under construction for the Canada West Coast Navigation Company and a ninth vessel being built independently by the Cameron-

Genoa Mills Shipbuilders, Limited, are all identical in design. They are five-masted schooners, 225 feet in length, 45 feet beam and 19 feet depth of hold. The ships will have a deadweight carrying capacity of 2,500 tons and will carry a cargo of approximately 1,700,000 feet of lumber, which is a good average quantity for any one consignee at any one time. An important feature is the inclusion in the equipment of each ship of two 240 h.p. Bolinder-Diesel internal combustion engines. These are of Swedish build and the most efficient engines of their class in existence. They are capable of driving the boats at a speed of 8½ knots an hour. Tanks holding 800 barrels of distillate will supply sufficient fuel to give each ship a steaming radius of 11,000 miles.



Workmen caulking the main deck of the first of the B. C. freighters.

It is astonishing to learn that over a million feet of fir lumber is consumed in building one of these mammoth wooden ships. For the knees alone four hundred trees must be sacrificed to the woodman's axe. These knees are thick, angular pieces of wood used in supporting the deck beams. Securing and preparing them is perhaps one of the most picturesque operations in the whole process of building the ship. First, fir trees averaging thirty inches in diameter are selected. Then these are thrown. Next the stump is torn from the ground by dynamite and donkey-engine, roughhewed on the spot and hauled to the shipyard. There it is sawed to the required dimensions.

COMMISSIONER THOMSON gives some interesting facts in connection with the actual building of the ships. He estimates that fully a thousand men are now employed directly in the shipyards and sawmills connected with the yards and in the lumber camps, where the knees are obtained. Indirectly many more than these thousand men are given employment. The lumber used in the construction of the ships at present under way will keep three mills, each cutting 50,000 feet of lumber daily and employing in logging camp and millshed 200 men each, busy for a year. But, he adds, only a comparatively small percentage of the cut can be utilized in ship construction and so the 25,000,000 feet used in the schooners probably represents a total cut of 200,000,000 feet and the employment for a year of a dozen mills and between two and three thousand men.

A sentimental touch is imparted to the new industry by the names selected for the eight ships of the Canada West Coast Navigation Company. The first of the eight to be launched in December will be christened the Mabel Brown, in honor of Mrs. H. W. Brown, whose husband is general manager of the H. W. Brown Company Limited, the firm in charge of the actual construction of the ships for the Navigation Company. The next vessel to be completed and launched at North Vancouver will be known as the Geraldine Wolvin, in honor of the wife of the president of the new shipping corporation. The first of the Victoria-built ships, which will be launched in the middle of January, will bear the name of the Margaret Haney, after Mrs. M. J. Haney, of Toronto. Then will come the Jessie Norcross; the Janet Carruthers; the Mabel Stewart, and so on, each of the principals of the company gallantly naming a ship in honor of his better half.

Already the company is lining up skippers and crews to man the fleet. They will be secured from the hardy sea-faring folk of the east coast. Thus, built of Canadian wood, fashioned by Canadian workmen, registered at the Canadian capital; flying the Canadian flag; manned by Canadian crews, and carrying cargoes of Canadian products, they will be in every detail a credit to the Dominion. Their completion will be an achievement of which the people of Canada may well be proud.

SURVEYING the shipbuilding activities on both coasts, one cannot but admit that the revival of the old wooden industry is a picturesque development of the present day. But it is obviously ephemeral. The steel ship will soon come back into its own when once the conclusion of peace releases millions of tons of shipping from military and naval uses. And that is why no Canadian should lay too much stress on the present flurry in wooden ships. Rather should he inquire into the resources of the country in the matter of facilities for building steel vessels.



The planking of a new vessel.

Apart from a few small steel freighters built at one or other of our ocean ports, construction of steel steamers in Canada has been limited very largely to vessels designed for lake navigation. Our shipyards are not located at Halifax, Sydney, or St. John, but at Port Arthur, Collingwood and Toronto. When it comes to trans-Atlantic service, the British-built freighter has had the field to itself, even when operated by a Canadian company. To-day, oddly enough, Canadian shipyards are not engaged in a feverish effort to build ships for a national marine, but they are practically all busy turning out steel freighters for neutral shipowners. Norway in particular, a country that has suffered very serious losses as a result of the submarine activities of the Germans, has placed orders for ships that will keep Canadian builders occupied for many months. Already two, three-thousand ton freighters for Norway have been launched at Port Arthur and two more are under construction at the same shipbuilding plant, that of the Western Drydock and Shipbuilding Co. The Polson Iron Works at Toronto are at work on two similar ships and have orders for two more of larger size. The Thor Iron Works, also of Toronto, have two freighters under way; and the Canadian Vickers plant at Montreal is building two 7,000-ton vessels.

These Norwegian freighters are of the single deck type, with poop, bridge and forecastle. They have two cargo holds with hatches in each hold. The propelling machinery is located amidships. The 3,000-ton type are 261 feet long, 43 feet 6 inches wide and 28 feet two inches deep. They are built to take the highest class in Lloyd registry and under their special survey. The government has issued per-

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The Madness of Trethevick

By Alan Sullivan

Author of "The Soul of Nanook," "Porteous, V.C.," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

FROM a side lane he turned into St. Catherine Street immediately in front of me, a distinctive figure that one picked automatically from the over-groomed crowd that sauntered eastward in the bland sunshine of a June morning. He was rather below middle height, dressed in soft grey, well-worn tweeds, and walked with an easy, deliberate roll, that even without his sun-baked skin and loose, powerful hands would have marked him as a sea-faring man. For the rest of it, I saw a bronzed neck, a broad, smooth shoulder and legs slightly bowed. He sent out curious suggestions that he was a citizen at large, foot-loose and unhampered with this world's goods. He displayed no particular interest in either the place or the crowd.

So tempting was he to one's speculative fancy, that I fell in behind him, and it was not until we were opposite the window of a famous jeweller in Phillips Square that I saw his face. Here he wheeled abruptly and stood staring. I had a glimpse of rugged features, a short nose, an enormous mouth and a skin that resembled soft, brown leather. The eyes were small and green-grey. The visage was dotted with tiny scars, none of them disfiguring, but producing, in a multitude of fine, white cicatrices , an extraordinary impression of exposure and of innumerable hazards. He was not only weather-beaten, but world-beaten, and on him rested the sign of the seven seas.

IN THE middle of the shop window, backed by a fold of white velvet, glowed a ruby. It was perhaps a third of an inch in diameter and shaped irregularly like a Maltese cross. Such at least was my first impression. But, looking closer, one perceived that it was owing to a curious refraction of light that this form presented itself. No words can describe the vivid purity of its color, the cardinal gleam of its blood-like depth. It lay in the white folds so extraordinarily alive that it seemed capable of motion. What it was worth was impossible to guess.

From the stone I glanced at the stranger. His lids were half closed, but behind them his stare was cloudy with some intense emotion. Thrusting his hands into his pockets I noticed the great fists clinch and bulge. He paid no attention to me, but stared and stared. Presently his lips parted, and a sound, half sigh, half exclamation escaped him, while, to my imagination, the green of his eyes and the glow of the ruby mingled in a mysterious and mutual recognition. He glanced at me almost truculently and resumed his scrutiny.

FOR SEVERAL moments we stood thus, till I found myself curiously loth to break away. I seemed to have touched the edge of a charmed circle in the centre of which gleamed this amazing stone, while round it swung the orbit of this stranger. It was his affair, but his with an intensity that anchored me there, while to my ears came the pounding of surf on distant shores and the babble of strange and melodious tongues.

"It's a wonderful stone," I ventured.

He nodded with a touch of impatience. It seemed that, lacking the language of his experience, I had begun without point. Presently he yielded to a communicable impulse.

"Like 'em?" The voice was deep with a quality that rumbled far down in his throat.

"They fascinate me." I tried to explain what I felt about rubies, but with this man listening, it sounded thin and amateurish.

"Got any?"

"A few," I said. "Nothing unusual—nothing like that." I turned again to the great gem. "Shall we go in and look at it?"

His eyes opened wider. "Mean that?"

"Of course."

A MOMENT later the ruby was laid in his wide hand. Its blood-red pyramid rested just above a long white line that ran straight across from the thumb to the base of the little finger. When that gash was made it must have laid open his palm. For a long time he peered, the salesman eyeing him curiously. He gave it back with reluctance.

The jeweller, I learned, had only just received it; had picked it up, it was explained, quite at random. It had not come through a recognized dealer. They thought of mounting it, but in the meantime had that very morning exhibited it for the first time. It might remain till the end of a week or a month, they could not tell.

The stranger listened with an intentness that would have been stolid were it not for an occasional swift flicker in his green eyes. Finally I felt a tug at my sleeve. "Come on."

Regaining the street we saw the gem replaced in its velvet fold. My companion watched it grimly and glanced at me with a sudden change of expression.

"I'll tell you something. Have a drink!"

"Alright," I nodded. "Where?"

He glanced up and down the street. "Not here, come over east." Hesitating, he surveyed me with a quiet and pondering eye. "Don't know you—you don't know me—just as you like." He stood waiting while little, scimitar-shaped wrinkles puckered into being and the corners of the wide mouth twitched quizzically. I seemed to catch the faintest possible appeal. "Stay with me and you're alright—anywhere," he jerked out, half turning. Now for the first time I noted, not the breadth, but the enormous thickness of his chest.

NODDING quite automatically, I followed him down town to the water-front. Here, plunging through a maze of streets unknown to me, he entered a small saloon, behind which was a large, low-roofed room. From the walls projected short partitions. These, curtained in, made a ring of semi-private cubby-holes. In each was a small table and two short wooden benches. Half were empty, but from behind the drawn curtains of the others I caught fragments of Spanish and Italian and heard snatches of strange lingoes, sibilant and musical. Amid this suggestive murmur men lounged in and out. I observed a constant procession of olive faces, dark eyes and hair, loose, comfortable garments, noiseless movement, bright-colored neckcloths; but it was a procession that lacked any communication. There were no greetings. It seemed rather a place for the discussion of affairs that must not be mooted outside. Here, too, my companion lost much of his former distinction. The seamed face, the green eyes and nameless atmosphere of him were all of one nature with his surroundings. It was I who appeared out of place.

He pounded on the table. A Chinaman shuffled in with a bottle of rum, and looked at me blandly. My companion, waiting till I was served, thrust a horny finger into the bowl of a bulldog pipe, and stared at me keenly over the spurting flame of a match.

"That ruby," he said. "It's mine."

I put down my glass. "Yours?"

HIS LARGE mouth was tightly compressed. Presently he began again, blurting out his words with an accumulated explosive force as though they had been gathering within him for months. "It's because you asked me if I'd like to see it—that's why. That's—that's why I talked. We're different — not many would have asked that—know that yourself. My ruby just the same. Didn't know I'd find it there. Don't know if this interests you—say so if it doesn't. You said you liked rubies. Look!"

He thrust a hand inside his shirt and pulled out a small leather pouch. This was fastened to a fine steel chain that ran round his neck. "Put down your handkerchief, it's cleaner than mine."

I did so, wondering. He tilted the pouch and there slipped out half a dozen rubies, not large, but of the very finest quality. I could see at a glance that they were all pigeon blood. He picked one up, holding it between finger tips of polished parchment worn white. It glowed there, a living flame. "You like 'em—I love 'em. That's the difference. Don't care for size—quality counts. Same thing all through. Eh?"

I nodded, rather breathless. On the table were thousands of dollars. My eye wandered to the top of the partition.

"That's alright," he interjected. "Most of 'em have something stowed away. Besides, no one next door. I looked. My name's Trethevick, should have told you. Twenty years ago I started." His eyes lingered on the gems. "That's as far as I got. All except the big one. My God!" He toyed with his glass, his brows fur-

rowed into sudden lines. "Know Burmah?"

"I wish I did."

"Stay where you are. Never mind about Burmah. All mad there—natives I mean—whites get like that too. Slow, lazy madness—wakes you up in the middle of the night. It's like the flowers and orchids—beautiful and damnable. Air's thick and heavy. Don't want to sleep in case you miss something that's coming. Like that in Burmah—always something coming. By and by you go look for it. Mustn't do that. I did it."

HIS VOICE trailed out and he examined the edge of his glass. I had visions of him examining the edges of countless other glasses in queer places, with just that same deliberate interest. His hand dropped over the cluster of gems and a smile worked slowly along his lips. But his eyes did not smile.

"Best way to find rubies is to get lost up country. Mogok's fair and I've seen pretty stones at Kyat Pen. Mostly worked out now. Drifted back from there to Mandalay. Say, this interest you?" He checked himself and stared at me.

"Tremendously. Please go on."

"Only talking because you were decent and like rubies. Shut me up if you get tired, eh! Started out from Mandalay again and got over into the South Shan States. Rough country, all shot to pieces, with a little paradise dumped into every wrinkle of the hills. Got over near Paug. It's a stone's throw out of China. That's where I found Nyali."

I sat motionless. It seemed somehow natural that he should have found Nyali. He was just the man. Leaving him there with his discovery I groped back and saw her waiting, wondering, even, why he did not come. Trethevick's voice blended with this, sounding husky and distant. He had begun to talk about black earth, brown skins, green leaves and blue—no not blue, but purple skies. Subjectively I plucked him out of his dissertation, and he went on in a jerky sequence.

"You see I was mad and went to look. Found her in village—sort of queen—worshipped all round that district—kind of incarnation of Krishna. She took to me. After a while I started to worship too—different way—you understand. Village all boxed in with big timber—like a hole in green, velvet carpet. Nyali sat all day in a little temple. Villagers came in with presents and kissed her feet. One day I kissed her lips instead—that started it."

A SILENCE followed, broken by his pounding again on the table. "Have another drink. Come on. You don't know what it is to have a white man to drink with." He spoke rapidly to the Chinaman in a language I could not follow.

"It's alright. Some of the stuff they keep here is loaded. But," he added significantly, "they know me. Now to get back. It went on like that, then the heavy scent and orchids and incense all got in my blood. She understood—used to wait and have me worship alone. One day I told her—sign language—looks—eyes—lips—old yarn. But, as I say, she understood. Tired of having feet kissed. Then Sukotai found out."

Trethevick's hand turned over and he glanced thoughtfully at the white scar that ran across his palm. "Didn't tell you about Sukotai. Big man of village, plenty of wives, crazy about rubies. Had a good lot. He used to show 'em to me. Told me about an old mine he found. Used to go there at end of rainy season and wash for 'em. Time was nothing to him. As I see it now, we were all crazy. Strange desires and love—mostly ended with a stab in the back. Never went first on the trail—always sent other fellow. Didn't like to hear 'em pad, pad along behind. Just between the shoulders—that's the place."

He paused, regarding me with a new interest. "That's it, just occurred to me. You ought to be thankful for what you've not got. People here are sane—no strange desires—damned lucky for them."

AT THAT moment Trethevick took on new and compelling proportions.

In a flash I saw in him the man I had wanted to be, and read in his rugged lineaments the history of those flights and passions to which I myself had long and secretly aspired. But, and the question baffled me, had I this man's terrible and inborn fixity of purpose? What ravages would his experiences have made in my own face? Would I have come through like him, or would the mysterious East have smothered and straightway forgotten me? All this was at work in my brain till, in fancy, I entered that dusky temple and kissed Nyali on the lips. Thethevick's voice sounded again.

"I was the only white man there. That was it. Some half-castes—but blood runs down in the Orient when you mix it. Don't know how Sukotai found out, but he did. Taxed me with it next day. He could talk Portugee, so could I. Told me many men had tried for what I wanted, all white men, and all dead now. I laughed. Told him Nyali was tired sitting on a teak throne and having her feet tickled. He didn't like that—none of 'em liked it. As I say, I was mad. Then I fixed it up with Nyali. Scheme was to get over to the head waters of the Menam River and raft it down to Bangkok.

"How far was that?" I ventured.

"Nothing much. Four or five hundred miles. We struck out one morning for Patung — that's just inside the Laos States border — footing it, of course. Nyali had a couple of sarongs and that's about all. I carried food and a rifle. We made a good get-away. That night we slept in the bush. You don't know what that is. Bush is quiet by day, alive at night. It creaks, crawls, groans, laughs and cries. It moves, it all moves. Understand that? The leaves move and the ferns, and the palms. You hear things creeping where there aren't any. Smell of the orchids is thick and chokes one. Butterflies as big as your hat, and bats that suck you dry. Nyali didn't care—she was too happy—and I was mad. That night she plaited orchids and crowned me. I looked like a sacrifice. But I wasn't the sacrifice." He broke off abruptly.



"Nyali sat all day in a little temple. . . . After a while I started to worship too — different way — you understand."

IN THE silence that followed I could hear the Chinaman shuffle past our cubby-hole and the rattle of curtain rings as he entered one further along. Trethevick had gathered up the rubies and scattered them along the white scar that crossed his palm till it seemed to have spurted bright and symmetrical drops of blood. He began again, more jerkily than ever, drifting into pauses that he bridged with hard, searching glances, from his grey-green eyes.

"That night made a bunk in the moss. Just before she went to sleep, took out a little parcel. It was round her neck. Told me to open it. The ruby slid out."

My pulse leapt. "What ruby?"

"Mine. You saw it in the shop." His tones shook in spite of him.

"Go on." My own voice was unsteady.

"It was this way. Sacred stone—pro-

perty of Krishna—worth a heap. Nyali knew that, she supposed to be descendant of Krishna—don't know if I've got right end of it, doesn't matter anyway. Sukotai knew too. I didn't. That's why she loved me, because I didn't know. Wanted me to take it. Wouldn't, and left it round her neck. Told her we'd sell it outside, then I'd buy a place in Canada—come from here—and settle down. That night I heard a sound—like a sigh and a soft blow. Saw something. Grabbed at it, then swung the rifle. Too dark to see."

He delivered these words with abrupt velocity, palpably hurrying to get the thing over. What it cost him to say them he only knew, but I could see the muscles rise in ridges on his jaw and his eyes were like flint.

"Struck something—yelped like a dog. Nyali was dead—creese in her left breast—look here."

He tugged at his belt and laid on the table a Malay knife with a blade ten inches long. The steel rippled into a slow wave and on either side was a fine tracery of lines. The haft was of ivory. In the end of it a lump of jade shone pale and green.

"It's Sukotai's. He got the ruby. They told me afterwards I'd knocked one of his eyes out." He leaned forward intently. "Sukotai brought it to Montreal and sold it. Now listen. Sukotai won't leave it. It's sold, I know, but he loves it. Bigger thing than Krishna to him. Understand? He'll follow it—always. It's like that with rubies and some men. Now I know, and this," he patted the handle of the creese, "he'll get this too. He never loved her—only wanted the ruby. I'm telling you. You're decent—got me into that shop."

TILTING his brown hand, the string of gems dripped along the furrow of the white scar and back into the little pouch. Trethevick bent forward to thrust the creese into its sheath and, as he did so, I heard or thought I heard a sound from above. Glancing at the top of the partition immediately behind him, I blinked and stared fixedly.

Projecting above the boards were a man's head and shoulders. The hair was black and oily, the face smooth and copper-colored. The eyes, or indeed, as I noted marvelling, the one eye was black and lustrous, shining malevolently between a slit of narrowed lids. The other was but a blank and gaping hole, grotesquely horrible. Around his throat an orange colored cloth, twisted loosely. He stayed immovable for an instant, then ducked. I heard a soft thud as his feet reached the floor.

Trethevick started. "What's that? What are you staring at?" His hand moved swiftly to the creese.

"Sukotai, I think." My voice trembled and broke.

ON THE instant he plunged through the curtain. There followed a crash. Immediately outside had been moved one of the small tables. Into this he stumbled, cursing. Other curtains were snatched open and strange faces protruded. At the sight of Trethevick, someone chuckled. He had the ring to himself. His lips had lifted like a dog's. "Alright," he said grimly. "I know now. I tell you it's alright. He's here—it may take a while, but——. Have another drink." He shook himself and breathed deeply.

I had sudden longings for air and sunlight. On the way out, he asked no questions of any one, for this was not a place where they were answered. As we struck back towards the Square he talked with a sort of blunt assurance as though to convince me that this was his affair and I must in no way intervene. He needed no advice—no help.

"It's this way," he went on. "I know this city. Only about eight places he can go to and be at home. I've got eighty. See? He'll just trail between those and the shop. Can't get away from that ruby. You won't see that. No use telling you. Now he knows that I know. Don't want you mixed up—anything happens to me, you never heard of me. Understand? A bit of up-country Burmah you sort of tripped over in Montreal. Best way to find it, believe me. Let the tropics sweat along without you. They're rotten. Folks go rotten there too. I know—I've seen 'em. Don't be sorry for any one. Nyali found out what love was before she died. That's more than most of 'em do. If we meet we don't know each other. What's your address? If I get through you'll hear. You like rubies, I'll remember that. You're decent—got me into that store. So long."

He sheered off and was instantly lost.

OF THE days that followed it is not necessary to speak save that again and again, as though magnetized, the great ruby drew me into its glowing presence. I stared through the window till, had my identity not been known to the jeweller, he might well have regarded me with suspicion. At night I looked from my high windows over the city, pondering that somewhere in its twinkling depths Trethevick moved inexorably towards his self-appointed task. I even saw him occasionally, and always in the vicinity of our first meeting, but only by a twinkle in the grey eyes did he proclaim our acquaintance. Having spoken and unburdened his lonely soul, he seemed now to be conserving himself absolutely for his grim pursuit, and it was this silence, this imperturbable fixity, that convinced me the end was not far off.

It might have been two weeks after we parted that when nearing the jeweller's shop I became aware that the glance of those who approached and passed was directed almost invariably to someone who walked behind me. I seemed, as it were, preceding a personage in comparison with whom I was negligible, and these oblique glances, this continuous diverting of the gaze of the oncoming stream of pedestrians, aroused in me a strange feeling of discomfort. I turned sharply to look into a window. In its polished surface I saw the face that so lately had glared over the partition. The black hair was hidden beneath a white turban. I could perceive no eye, only an appalling cavity. With a thrill I remembered that it was Sukotai's right eye that was missing. Instinctively I shivered, knowing that on me was bent the baleful glare of the other and now invisible orb.

Falling in behind, I followed at a little distance. Sukotai had bought European clothes, but they did not disguise the extraordinary suppleness of his body. He walked easily and rapidly, apparently unconscious of an almost universal scrutiny. A moment later my heart beat violently. On the opposite side of the street, and a little to the rear, moved Trethevick's broad, thick-set figure. It gave me an amazing sense of something permanent, resourceful and infinitely determined, which filtered into this walk of death and carried me so far that at last I caught a swift signal to desist. This, it said, was Trethevick's affair and he wished to be left to it. Then the crowd swallowed them both.

HOW OR where it happened I do not know. There was nothing in the papers about it. Montreal only absorbed in her teeming bosom another mystery. But Trethevick came through. I know that. I have often wondered whether his brown hands trembled at all when he wrapped up a small parcel that I received soon afterwards. In it I found an orange colored neckcloth, worn thin and stained with long use. In one fold was a small ruby, pigeon blood.

"From Mogok," pronounced my jewellers. So crimson is it, so lustrous, that it might have ebbed from the very heart of Nyali herself.

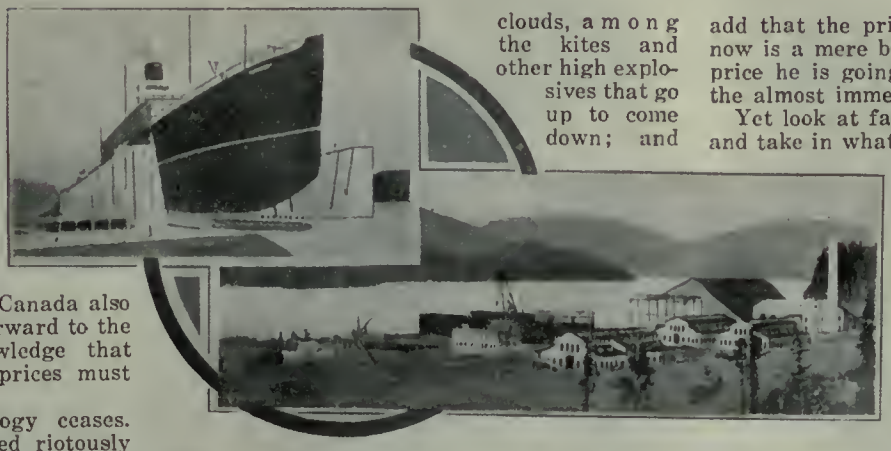
A Complete Novelette Next Issue

A feature of the February Number will be a complete novelette "DANTON OF THE FLEET," by A. C. Allenson.

Paying For Present Prosperity

By Agnes C. Laut

Author of "Lords of the North," "The Canadian Commonwealth," etc.



THIS article deals with conditions in the United States; but much that is said, with regard to industrial matters, applies also to Canada. The Dominion is also enjoying an era of high wages and its inevitable accompaniment, higher cost of living. Canada also has to look carefully forward to the future with the knowledge that both wages and food prices must come down.

But there the analogy ceases. Canada has not plunged riotously into the orgy of speculation that has vibrated the whole American nation. Canada has been laying something aside for the uncertain future. And Canada, having borne a noble part in the world war, is not perplexed with the political difficulties that darken the future of the United States.

However, future developments in the United States are of very grave interest to Canadians, so close are the business relations between the two countries. Consequently the facts that must be presented have a closer significance for Canadians than might at first appear.

THE United States is in the midst of the most riotous prosperity it has ever known in all its history. There is literally not an unemployed worker in the country from Atlantic to Pacific. Wages have doubled, trebled, quadrupled in three years. Cases are on record of hotel porters at $25 a month going to munition factories at $35 and $40 a week. In the case of expert piece workers in munition factories, men, who formerly earned only $2 a day, are now making from $11 to $30, not a week, but a day. Day workers are netting more in 8 hours than their foremen net in a week. They are netting more in a week than their bankers net in a month. The increases in wages in the United States total in one year more than $300,000,000—that is, the wage increases of factory hands equal half the value of a year's wheat crop.

When one comes to consider dividends in industry, the picture is not so rosy. High wages and high cost of raw material lower dividends; but in the case of exports to warring nations, the selling price has taken care of high wages, high priced raw material and high dividends. There are certain steel products selling at an advance of 200% over the price of 1914.

Consequences are evident in a wild and runaway stock market. The stock market has been on a something worse than a stampede. It has been on what the street calls a wild "bust." Copper, cotton, steel, wheat, are 200% higher than in 1914. Industrials, munitions, utilities, railroads—all are soaring on a wild volta-plane joy-ride in the clouds, above the clouds, among the kites and other high explosives that go up to come down; and when the coming down time is due, there is a scatteration with ruin and fragments. I hear people who are ordinarily sane predicting how cotton, nickel, copper, wheat, steel—are bound to be—can't possibly miss being—second Bethlehem steels.

And gold continues pouring into the country in volumes to swamp the avarice of Midas. In 1914, there was in the United States a reserve of $1,890,000,000 of the yellow metal. In 1916, the gold had increased to $2,700,000,000—an increase of $800,000,000. Gold is coming to the United States from abroad at the rate of $65,000,000 a month. Though the country has loaned abroad one and a half billions since the war began, the loans have been chiefly in the forms of credits for goods bought and to be bought; so that as the credits come to be paid, the loans have really increased the yellow floods of inflowing gold. In other words, this country is yearly importing as much gold as the entire world produces in a year.

Exports are to-day four times greater than in 1914.

IS ANY more proof needed of the fact that Uncle Sam is redundantly, riotously prosperous? Could he be any more prosperous and not blow up like the deep sea fish that brought suddenly to the upper rarer airs instantaneously fly to pieces? Is it surprising that the impoverished nations of Europe, taxed to the hilt and battling to the death for freedom, should have a glowing and growing resentment to this democracy larded in opulence, wallowing in wealth, at ease, at peace, safe, while the rest of the world fights for the principles of democracy?

General Wood has declared—and no one has disputed him—that the end of the war would see the United States the most envied, the most hated, the most despised nation of the world; and Theodore Roosevelt has added that Americans will be just about as able to defend themselves as any other fat man with a protruding bay window, or as a huge cheese attacked by maggots.

In the face of all this, it seems almost preposterously incredible to say that Uncle Sam is paying for the war through his pockets and through his nose. It seems one of Shaw's absurd paradoxes to add that the price Uncle Sam is paying now is a mere bagatelle compared to the price he is going to pay for the war in the almost immediate future.

Yet look at facts! Look at them hard and take in what they mean!

At the present date of wriitng—November 1st—the cost of bread, the cost of milk, the cost of meat, the cost of clothing, rent, fuel—*each and all are 100% higher in the United States than in Germany or in Austria.*

Surely I am mistaken! No, not by as much as a cent! Five cents to-day will buy a loaf of white bread in Germany twice as large as the 5-cent loaf in New York. Food is cheaper to-day in a Berlin restaurant than in New York. How is that? Because when the price manipulators of Germany began to jack up prices, the Government put on screws and forced them down. This was done in the case of milk, meat, bread, and potatoes—the staple wholesome foods. If any one doubts this, he can get the exact lists of prices from the U.S. Department of Labor and Commerce. Don't confuse points! This does *not* mean there is not scarcity of food in Germany and Austria. There is great, growing and dreadful scarcity; but for such food as does exist, the price is lower in Europe than in the United States. How is it possible that Europe can pay $2 plus for American wheat and sell bread cheaper than Americans do? Simply because in time of war the European Governments regulate the price of food. Americans are at peace; and the Trusts in Food Products—beef, pork, milk, wheat, corn—have worked their will unchecked—because, gentlemen, Americans are neutral and are "too proud to fight," and they thank God they are at peace, though a prophet once declaimed about "a peace — peace that was no peace."

I want you to take a few figures on bread! The 5-cent loaf to-day is just half the size it was before the war. Or put it differently! The same sized loaf costs 10 to 12 cents. A housekeeper recently wrote to the New York press that the 6-cent loaf only weighed one-half pound, where it used to cost 5 cents and weigh a pound. She said that loaf just lasted her family of eight one meal. Put it in this way! One 6-cent loaf equals 8 people one meal. Put the population of the United States at one hundred millions! On the basis of 8 people equal one loaf, they require per meal 12,500,000 loaves at 6 cents—or cost per meal in bread $750,000. Before the war that loaf would have lasted 2 meals and cost only 5 cents. In other words, one-half loaf at 5 cents equals 8 people 1 meal. Total country requires 6,250,000 loaves at 5 cents—or cost per meal in bread $312,500. We'll suppose at dinner, bread is elimin-

ated by meat and vegetables and pastry —though flour goes into the cooking of these, too; but put the increased price of bread for two meals a day only, this increase totals $875,000 a day for the nation. Deduct fast days,though I don't personally know any one in the United States who is fasting. Restaurants and banks and employers say this nation is not fasting—it is riotously feasting and wasting enough to feed another nation; but deduct 65 days in the year; and on a basis of 300 days in the year, the increased cost of bread totals $262,500,000 for the year. Now America sold Europe in 1914-15 only 338,000,000 bushels of wheat at prices ranging from $1.25 to $1.75, and in 1915-16 only 250,000,000 bushels at a slightly lower figure. (Europe paid higher by 40 to 50 cents; but that was freight. I am quoting New York and Chicago prices.) In other words, the increased cost of bread to the American consumer for 1916 exceeds all the profit made on American wheat in 1915-16.

AND THE war has caused similar increases in meat, metals, lumber, clothing. Cotton is at 20 cents where it was 10 and 11 cents. Copper is at 24 to 28, where it was 12 to 17 cents. Beef is at 28 to 32, where it was 17 to 22 cents. Oil for motors has almost doubled. Paper prices have quadrupled. Take a look at this list of wholesale prices:—

	1912	1916
Flour (bbl.)	$4.95	$9.45
Potatoes (bus.)	1.50	2.75
Sugar (bbl.)	4.90	6.47
Lard (lb.)	.10½	.15½
Pork (lb.)	.17	.30
Wheat (bus.)	1.06	1.89
Veal (lb.)	.14	.25
Butter (lb.)	.25	.36
Eggs (doz.)	.30	.44
Salmon (can)	.10	.14
Steak (lb.)	.18	.32
Lumber (M)	$15 to $25	$25 to $60
Firewood (cord)	$4 to $ 5	$ 8 to $10
Coal (ton)	$5.75 to $6	$6 to $7.75

IT IS all very well, and very misleading to say food has increased in England 55%, in Germany 100%, in Norway 63% —what percentages do you work out the increases for America? Of 210 brands of bread sold in the United States, only 14 in remote sections close to the wheat belt sell at the same price as in 1915. It is also all very well to say the short crops would have sent the price up without the war. They would; but without war, there would not be a universal world shortage; for fifty million men, dead or fighting on the line, would have been at work in productive fields. Also it is no consolation to know that in food products, prices cannot come down much for at least 2 years, for the simple reason, labor is so short and seed so short, there is no possibility of making up the shortage within two seasons.

Statisticians have figured that the war has imposed a tax of 20% on every householder's pocket in the United States. And who get the profits — just a group of highly paid artisans—say 280,000 on the railroads, possibly another 500,000 in steel and allied products. Then as to dividends and surplus gold, an inner group of an inner ring in control of—

(1) The banks;
(2) The munition factories such as steel, oil, motors;
(3) The food products such as beef, condensed milk, wheat, flour, etc.

The hundred million people pay the tax. The inner group of the inner ring gather the big profits.

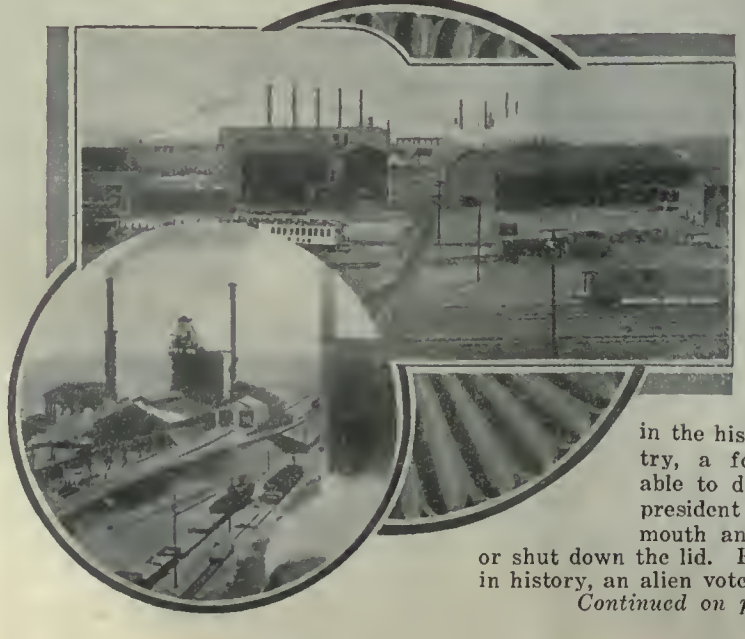
BUT THE reaction of the war goes deeper under the skin of things than prices. If I were asked what price Uncle Sam is paying for his joy ride of prosperity, I would answer:—

(1) In a higher and higher cost of living.
(2) In a higher and higher cost of labor.
(3) In a higher and higher cost of capital. (Interest rates used to be 2% to 4%. They are now 5% to 8%.)
(4) In a surplus abundance of gold that will end in panic.
(5) In a conspiracy of silence that has entered into the very vitals of the integrity of the nation.
(6) And finally, there is the aftermath, which no living soul may predict. The aftermath may be a "Feed America First" clamor in the next Congress, deliberately designed to catch the popular ear and to involve the United States in friction with the Allies. Such a plan or plot is now under way among the German propagandists; and the very extortionate cost of living will give it tremendous impetus.

AS TO the increased cost of living, bread is typical. You can work the figures out for yourself in lumber, fuel, beef.

As to labor — consider a moment! Where America formerly had one million immigrants a year, she now has only 100,000—which barely fills the depletion in ranks by mortality and age. Dock laborers are to-day getting $6 where before the war they got $1.75; and this is typical of the entire scale. Ford's much heralded $5 per day would rank only as a moderate wage in many factories. The consequences are apparent. As soon as abnormal profits slacken, capital will be so near the dead line of a topple over, that it will be safer to shut down than to go on. Though the war last another two years, the day of big munition orders is past in America. Europe will need raw material to the end of the war; but she can amply supply her own munitions from now on. This is true of even Russia. The American stock market still booms, but it booms because dividends are being paid on past orders; and "the inner group of the inner ring" will hold prices up till as usual they have unloaded at top notch prices on the gullible, eager public. Meanwhile, what is happening out in the factories? Let us acknowledge that steel, oil, wheat, flour, copper and beef will "boom" to the end of the war! In munition factories, as many as 5,000 men are being warned in single concerns they will be laid off by Christmas. The labor "slump" has not begun; because no big industry—as the railroads amply demonstrated—would risk a strike before the elections. Nor will the factories risk a strike after elections. They will simply follow the lead of the powder concerns—lay off in batches of 2,000 and 5,000.

HOW does surplus gold in a country bring about a panic? Gold in itself is not worth as much as steel or iron. It is less useful, less durable. It is only valuable as a universal medium of exchange and international barter. Before the war, we'll say, a man was earning $2 a day and flour was worth $5 a barrel. The equation stood thus—2½ days' work equals a barrel of flour. But suddenly the gross of gold in a country increased twofold. Flour increased to $10 a barrel. The equation stands thus: 4½ days work equals a barrel of flour. But just as the gold increased, the world's supply of flour shrank by half. The equation becomes this: 4½ days work equals one-half barrel of flour. Suddenly labor awakes and scratches its bewildered head. Why is it the purchasing power of the $5 gold piece shrinks with increasing gold and decreasing flour? So labor demands double wages; and the equation stands thus: 2½ days work equals one-half barrel of flour. Even with double wages, labor gets only half as much flour as before the war; and if you are neither the laborer with the double wages, nor a member of the inner group with the double supply of gold, it isn't hard to explain why you feel the pinch. That is why a "bulge" of gold always means to the street "a bust," or in dignified language, points the way to panic.



OF THE conspiracy of silence which Uncle Sam pays as the price of his prosperity, no better example could be given than the 1916 election. It has been a thing to make every true American hang his head in shame and silence. For the first time in the history of the country, a foreign vote was able to dictate whether a president should open his mouth and tell the truth, or shut down the lid. For the first time in history, an alien vote was able to dic-

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Sugaring Off

By A. C. Allenson

Who wrote "The Bluewater Prodigal," "In the House of Rimmon," etc.

Illustrated by
Dudley Ward



"For goodness sake, Archie, get that wet coat off!"

SPEAKING in legal phrase, one must regard the proximate cause of it all as Mr. Mactavish. Doubtless the Spring season and Mrs. Slingsby were implicated as accessories before the fact, but Mr. Mactavish, general manager of the chain of country banks that dot one section of the province, in sending Philpott to manage the branch at Bramhope, originated the affair. You would scarcely have suspected him of it either, judging from the outward appearance. Tall, thin, grim, dry, with coldly shrewd, blue eyes, he looked much more like an abstract of banking law, bound in parchment, than an agent of the fat little boy with the deadly arrow. Still, as the sapient Mr. Shaw observes, you never can tell.

Those who had to tackle Mr. Mactavish on a tricky bit of personal finance would scarcely have believed that the gimlet eyes could twinkle, but they could, and sometimes did, for behind the gruff exterior he was quite human. Had he been merely the offspring of an elaborate system of accounting, he would not have attained the position he held. He was a student, post-graduate, of men and conditions, and nothing akin to human interest was foreign to him. To the ordinary person, unillumined by the spark that makes genius, love and ledgers stand at opposed poles. Mr. Mactavish was not an ordinary person; he knew that love jeers at geography, as at most serious things, and he had moments of positive inspiration.

Bramhope, for a country town, was a hustling business centre, and had quite a lively social circle. There was the upper ten, and, mind you, extremely upper too. Then came the middle class, the "bourgeoise" as those who had travelled on a Cook's excursion as far as Paris, called them. Then the proletariat, herd, mob, unwashed. Radiating from the town were numerous prosperous villages, with quite a number of lively young people in them.

HITHERTO Mr. Mactavish's managers had been snug married men, who being matrimonially disposed of, were supposed to add gravity to the banking business. They were usually the kind who had evolved from the stage at which their figures were slim and hair wavy, to that in which their hair had become slim and their figures wavy. They pottered round their gardens, pipe in mouth, in the hours of summer leisure, and in winter stuck their feet in warm slippers and slept over a newspaper, adjacent to the radiator, when the toils of day were over.

Business was not increasing and a brisk rival in a near by town was running Mactavish's men off their legs, and skimming a lot of nice thick banking cream. It was then that the general manager came round on what was called one of his sniffing tours. The result was the arrival of Mr. Archibald Philpott, a dapper, industrious, highly conscientious bachelor. Naturally there are bank clerks and bank clerks — some roystering blades from whose spirits dry finance has not evaporated all the joy of life, and others, who obviously believe that Fate has ordained them to carry forward the pleasing burdens borne by the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Philpott took himself quite seriously, as all men of the new efficiency should, was reserved, slightly suspicious that the world might be hyphenating plots against him, correct to modishness in apparel with a distinct taste in ties. Moreover he sang a sweet if mild tenor in Church, played a rather dashing hand at Five Hundred and did not mind being "mothered" by good-natured ladies with marriageable daughters. If there was one flaw in Mr. Philpott—mind I say "if"—it was a shyness with the opposite sex, so far as its unappropriated members were concerned, that amounted almost to priggishness at times.

THIS day there was a delicious, seductive whisper of Spring in the air. The woods were swaying in decorous gladness at its invitation, the lakes and streams snapping their icy fetters. Customers at the bank seemed to feel the delightful exhilaration. Mr. Philpott felt it too, the subtle, wooing call of the reawakening world. When a sedate young manager, typing chill notices about notes to come due, finds himself at eleven in the morning humming a syrupy thing about

"Pretty lips, sweeter than cherry or plum,"

with a luscious "Yum! Yum! Yum" chorus to it, one may fairly argue an abnormal condition of mind. Ordinarily, Mr. Philpott, who had a refined taste in literature, would have despised the doggerel. To-day he merely regretted that his familiarity with the song's sentiment was purely academic and second-hand. There was something, perhaps, to account for this unusual state of his tenderer emotions. A week before he had escorted Miss Emma Carey to a dance, thereby proclaiming his preference to all whom it might concern, for her above other girls. She had responded to this by dancing a quite unnecessary number of times with one Charlie Denison, a mere mine clerk. When she returned, looking deliciously pink and joyous, to the lounge where Mr. Philpott sat moodily ruining a neat little black moustache, he artfully inveigled her into the dim conservatory. So far, so good. One would have supposed, that,

having at least the sense of an average tomtit, he would have evened up on Mr. Denison, the mere mine clerk. Instead, he proceeded to chide the spirited lady rather sulkily. There was a curt request that he mind his own business, the flutter of a defiant fan, the swish of indignant skirts, and he was left in pathetic desolation 'neath the sheltering palm.

The question now was, Could he forgive her? He decided that perhaps he might.

"HI! THERE, Mr. Philpott!" The voice, exploding in the midst of his pleasant reflections, startled him. looking up, he saw a stout lady, with snub nose flattened against the window, her good-natured face wreathed in smiles. Ordinarily the greeting "Hi! There" would have annoyed him, as impinging upon managerial dignity, but Mrs. Slingsby was a privileged person. Her husband had a substantial balance at the bank, and was, moreover, a stockholder. She herself was a cordial soul of the mothering kind. She had one consuming passion in life, being a philanthropic hunter of the biggest of big game—men. Gun or rod over her shoulder, she ranged the woods or whipped the streams for the amphibious creatures.

She had a wide circle of female relatives, and was always on the lookout for suitable young men upon whom she might bestow, or unload, specimens of her friends. She made no secret of it, but laid her plans, sometimes spreading the net, and not vainly, in sight of the bird—for the wise man of the Old Testament did not know everything — and then went after her quarry with bold, good-humored shrewdness that was a lesson in the refinements of the diplomatic game. Had Mrs. Slingsby been sent to the Balkans she would have had the various royal wobblers roped and hog-tied in less time than Downing Street could turn round in.

Having discovered the unattached young man, she decided to whom he ought to belong and then started after him with dinners, picnics, parties, cosy corners and shrewd throwings together, till she netted him. Then she struck him off her calendar. No need to run after the bus you've caught. She made a young man so appreciate the homey comforts of home that he just had to have one of his own. Sometimes, later, the young man——. But never mind, that's a different story. And they're fickle anyway.

PHILPOTT was a superior kind of fish, and, while at times her bluffness distressed his finer sensibilities, he felt she was quite unique, and capable of slapping the President of the Bank on the back, or poking Mr. Mactavish in the ribs. She was that kind of a woman. She now came in, grasped his hand in a wrestler's grip, and held it while she searched his face eagerly for indications of ill-health that would furnish excuse for more coddling. He was vastly relieved when she let go, a horrible feeling at his heart that she might give way to her feelings and kiss him.

"And how be ye?" she asked, squeezing herself into an armchair. "Kind o' peeked looking, and no wonder, with all that germ-breeding money round. Ain't it the darling day? Stock's all out at grass, and folks busy as bees sugaring. I came to ask you out for Friday. It's a holiday, so I've fixed up a sugaring-off for afternoon, with a dance at night. You'll come?"

"I'll be glad to, thank you, Mrs. Slingsby," he replied. "There's a sort of spring feeling in the air."

"Ain't there now?" she agreed. "Well, I'm glad you can come Friday. But, mind, you've got to bring a girl."

"A girl!" he repeated, his pale face becoming very pink.

"Huh! Huh!" she nodded. "Capital G-i-r-l, Girl," She leaned over the flat-topped desk, and whispered in a hoarse rumble the most distant clerk could hear. "There's Emma Carey." There was a chuckle in the outer office and Mr. Philpott coughed sternly. He thought Mrs. Slingsby unusually indelicate.

"Had a spat, ain't ye?" she grinned. "That's nothing at all. Love without spats is like turkey without cranberry." And the dear old ruffian winked understandingly and departed. Really, thought Archibald, she had odd manners and speech, but her heart was all right.

AFTER she had gone, he made a valiant effort to settle down to work, but in vain. Emma Carey's face seemed to be framed in the middle of his ledger pages; and such illustrations are not conducive to accurate accounting. He went to lunch, but even boarding house fare could not down the ethereal feeling. He returned, singing snatches he had caught from the warblings of his clerks, about honey girls, and beautiful dolls, and suchlike unmanagerial vanities. He pined for first hand knowledge of these things that seemed so amazingly familiar to the most ordinary youth in the office.

When the bank closed he went out for a walk. Feeling like revelry he turned into the Greek's for an ice-cream soda. There, at the counter, buying chocolates, was Emma Carey, dainty as Spring itself, merry-eyed, pink-cheeked, with delicious little curls about her temples that the wind, whispering Spring messages, had ruffled distractingly. His first impulse was to bolt, a second and worthier one drove him on. She turned and gave him a smiling nod, and a wave of delight engulfed him. He remarked the extraordinary weather, she commented on the unprecedented earliness of Spring. Thus they found themselves at a little corner table, with ice cream sodas before them. She was gathering her packages, preparatory to departure, when he determined to grasp opporunity.

"Miss Carey," he began. He had only dared to call her "Emma" in the brilliant duologues he sustained in the privacy of his room.

She looked up with a smile of expectancy.

"There is to be a sugaring-off at Mrs. Slingsby's on Friday. May I——? That is, would you——? Er! I mean would you give me the pleasure of your company?" she stammered.

"I'd really love to, Mr. Philpott," she replied. His spirits winged the empyrean. "If I hadn't made another engagement." There was a momentary sparkle, almost vicious, in the corner of her eyes. He had been an idiot about the dance, sulking, of all detestable things, and making stupid demonstration that gave publicity to what might have been just a temporary, bittersweet secret for two. "I promised to go to the sugaring-off with Mr. Denison."

The blow caught him full on the point of the jaw. He vaguely hoped that young Mr. Denison might call at the bank one of these early mornings, seeking a little trifling accommodation. He'd accommodate him all right.

Before he could disentangle himself from the astronomical confusion, Miss Wyndham entered the store. Her arrival brought him to, as a spray of ice water may have done. Miss Wyndham was not pretty, according to popular standards. But then it isn't every man who cares for sugar and candy. There are those, good judges of what they like, too, who fancy an acid dash in their sweets. Prudence Wyndham had disconcertingly direct eyes. Sometimes Mr. Philpott fancied he could see them laughing at him behind their demure grey veil. He thought she lacked the soothing sweetness of true womanliness. His preference was for the clinging type, who rely, or make a bluff at it, on the grand masculinity of the sterner sex, and turn it to account after marriage in making him lug coal hods and wheel baby carriages. He could not fancy Miss Wyndham as a real bit of ivy. Indeed, he suspected her of being quite capable of turning the shafts of ridicule upon the sensitively tender sentimentalities of love. Really, he was afraid she was satirical, which is an unfeminine thing that no truly loving woman should be guilty of.

"Prudence!" said Emma to the new arrival. "Will you come with us to Aunt Slingsby's on Friday? There is to be a sugaring-off, dance, and moonlight drive home. It will be ripping fun. I'm sorry I can't stay now, but you and Mr. Philpott can fix things up. Thank you for the soda, Mr. Philpott. It was delicious. I'd have one if I were you, Prue. They are scrumptious." And so the traitress abandoned him.

MISS WYNDHAM looked after the flying Emma, then surveyed the downcast man. A ghostly smile flickered about her expressive lips.

"I think I will have a soda, lemon, please." And she took the vacant chair. Mr. Philpott roused and politely gave the order.

"Charming girl, Emma," she observed. "A trifle impulsive and casual, perhaps. The soda is excellent. Please do not mind disentangling me from your arms, Mr. Philpott."

He gasped and blushed vividly, the girl regarding him absently.

"I mean, of course, metaphorically," she explained primly. "Emma flung me into them so very unceremoniously. Horribly embarrassing, and all that kind of thing — but I love sugaring-offs, don't you?"

He returned to the bank wrathfully.

"Spring!" The man who said so was a liar. Philpott descended to the cellar and coaled up the furnace.

III.

MR. PHILPOTT was not an expert horseman, and the livery people always gave him a horse purged of earthly passion. This day the beat was an unqualified plug. Timid as was the driver, he wished it a snorting, thunderbolt of an equine dragon. Two hours, as we all know, may be a prolonged eternity, or the fraction of an instant. So much depends on the girl. Between Miss Wyndham and himself was a six inch gap, efficient as

one of six miles to bar the *entente cordiale*, fitting, if not proper, on such occasions.

He recollected rides with Emma, and the bumps on the joggly bits of road. It was not at all the same now. Prudence was thinner. Lashed by memory he passed it on to the horse.

But things were all right after their arrival. Emma was there already, and seemed disposed to be nice to him. A sugaring-off has no formality, and Prudence displayed no desire to retain her escort. She knew everybody, was popular, and so promptly dropped him. He bustled about with Emma through the snowy bush, as if he had been an ordinary young man, fetching buckets of sap. He sat with her on the log bench while the boiling was going on, shared the excitement at the critical moment, dashed out with her to cool the "wax" on the snow, and ate out of the same tin. At the dance, too, he monopolized her with an artful boldness that amazed himself. The fun was at its height when Slingsby came in.

"Guess you folks will have to stay the night. The river's full and rising fast. It may go out any time, and the snow on the road is rotten," he said

FOR a week the sun had been melting the snow crust and, after the sugaring-off, rain had come in warm torrential showers. Emma said she must get home, if at all possible, so Denison started with her at once.

Mr. Philpott slept over the bank, though what he would have done had an enterprising burglar appeared, was matter for speculation among his acquaintance. Off he went with Miss Wyndham, the horse, homeward bound, putting on a speedier shuffle. The rain was not so heavy now, but they could hear the river, ordinarily a rivulet, thundering down in spate to the lake.

Twice it had to be crossed, and the bridges were ricketty, wooden makeshifts, built to go out at Spring flood, and furnish neat little jobs for near-by farmers to top off the hard winter with. The first bridge they crossed safely, though the waters were running bank high, with logs and trees smashing against the crazy supports. Halfway across the flat to the second they met the flooding waters, and the horse began to flounder badly.

"I'm afraid we can't make it," said Mr. Philpott gloomily.

"Mr. Denison got through," replied Miss Wyndham, pointing to a swiftly moving light on the hill beyond. "Still, if we can't, we can't."

He turned the horse, and back they splashed dismally. They had not gone far when, with a rending of timbers, the bridge went out.

"Whoa!" groaned Mr. Philpott, the full horror of the situation coming upon him. They couldn't get back, and they couldn't get home. The same thought seemed to occur to Miss Wyndham at the same moment, and she laughed a hard, irritating laugh. There was silence for some moments, except for the roaring of the river, and the splashing of waters about the sleigh. Then she began to hum. He recognized the tune, "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring." The Tra-la-la-la-a part annoyed him excessively.

HE TURNED to look at the strange girl who could be frivolous at such a moment. There was a pensive look, negativing the thought of frivolity, on her pale face, as he viewed it in the wan moonlight. The thought then flashed across his mind that she was probably in love with him, and regarded drowning in his company as next door but one to perfect bliss.

"It occurred to me that it is so spring-like and balmy," she explained, waving her hand at the watery wastes. "The flood will dry up, probably, in about two weeks, if that's what you are waiting for." Thereupon he concluded she did not love him. Her tones assured him on this point; there was frost in them.

"I am considering," he replied, a trifle petulantly.

"Oh, very well. Don't let me disturb you," she said, pulling the rug more closely about her. "The water is up to my ankles now, and when I arrange to drown, I'd like to do it pleasantly with warm water."

"There's Dampier's Camp on the hill," he suggested desperately. "It is furnished, though unfortunately unoccupied at this early season. They have a telephone, though, and we might call up Slingsby."

"I'm not pining for either company or conversation," she observed. "I'm afraid that that sounds rude. I mean I don't want company or conversation other than yours. Gracious me! Whatever is the matter with my tongue? What I am trying to say is that I want a roof over my head, and to be dry. Bother the company and the telephone. There's nothing to wait for here that I can see, but a better land by a cold and wet route. Please shake up the thunderbolt."



He went to the stove and built up a comfortable fire.

THEY made the Camp safely. He stabled the horse, climbed through a window and let the lady in. There was oil in the lamps, so he lighted the place up, and went out to give the horse hay, so he said, really to ponder the situation calmly. When he got back she was crimping her hair before the kitchen mirror, her mouth full of hairpins. The familiar domesticity of it fascinated Philpott.

"There!" she said, giving her hair a final pat, and straightening her waist. "I feel so homelike and comfortable. For goodness sake, Archibald, get that wet coat off. Look how you're messing up the floor."

There was an air of finality about her,

Continued on page 69.

Putting a Yardstick on Canada

By B. D. Thornley

Who wrote "Putting the Crop Across," etc.

Illustrated by Photographs of Our Western Coast

"GOING to the Coast" is an old story to the Canadian of to-day. He's accustomed to put the yardstick of his diner bills against the Forty-ninth Parallel of latitude until he realizes in his pocketbook that the Dominion of Canada is three thousand miles across as the crow flies, and even more than that as Lord Shaughnessy follows.

But the Canadian who says casually, "I'm just back from Fort St. John—or Fort Liard—or the Mackenzie River," is a man to be listened to. If you can make him talk. North-travellers haven't the garrulity that grows close to the border. Unfortunately, too, for us ordinary mortals who might desire to trek and find out for ourselves, the Great Bear, which is a lake, is almost as hard to get at as its namesake that swings in the night sky. It's little more than a thousand miles due north of Calgary, to be sure, but much of the space between is as uncharted for common folk as the mountains of the moon.

The only way for the decorous and be-suitcased traveller to find out the north and south extension of this cream-of-the-Empire dominion — which the Germans were so thoughtfully willing to skim off for themselves — is to take ship at Vancouver for the thousand mile coastline trip to Skagway, topping it off with a five hundred mile run to Dawson, or a thousand mile jaunt to Fort Yukon to see the midnight sun, if the sightseer isn't so strictly allred in his proclivities as to object to sailing down the vast Alaskan artery into American territory for a convenient glimpse at also-Canadian conditions.

In this way the be-suitcased will gain the horizon-broadening advantages enjoyed by the chap with the dog team who goes to the Mackenzie, without experiencing an hour's discomfort. He can get his hot bath, have his clothes pressed, turn on the electric fan and enjoy his chef-cooked dinner at any and all stages of the trip. Also he can save an immense amount of time and the harrowing long chances of doctorless wastes and treacherous rapids and the combat with that blind uncertainty which is the untamed North.

WE STARTED on the liner *Princess Charlotte*, the biggest boat that ever takes the Alaska run, from either north or south of the border. Here and there among the passengers you could pick out a man to whom this trip was an old tale—a steady-eyed coastwise captain, a new York mining engineer, a capitalist from Washington interested in the Treadwell properties, a representative of the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate going to Cordova, three red-coated dare-devils of the Mounted Police bound for Dawson. These were the exceptions, however. The rest were Americans who couldn't play around in Europe this year, and Canadians — physically unfit, over age or women—who were too restless to stay at home.



A view just "inside" the "Panhandle of Alaska," in the vast division of Cassiar.

Some of them danced and tea-ed and bridged just as they'd have done in Muskoka or Newport. More of them, let us hope, felt the loom of that immensity which is Canada, that wonder of vast forest, unknown mineral tract, ungauged river-depth, that lay to the right of them through all the sombre, unforgetable miles that stretched toward the shaking fingers of the Northern Lights.

British Columbia is the biggest province of Canada. You could take the whole boiling German Empire and lose it in B.C. You could throw in France afterward and there'd be very little to spill over into the Yukon. Or you could make three Great-Britain - and - Irelands, with enough left over for a couple of Switzerlands. According to the 1914 report of the Minister of Lands, one little survey party was sent out in the current season to reconnoitre a trifling area the size of New Brunswick (previously unexplored) in the extreme upper right hand corner of the official map, which proved to be quite incorrect when checked up with the result of the summer's work.

British Columbia has the greatest compact area of merchantable timber on the continent and her coal measures would supply the world for centuries. The ever-lengthening chain of solemn mountains fading into the south will mean more to the ocean-going observer who realizes the banked possibilities of the four hundred east - and - west miles of practically untouched hinterland.

IF YOU'RE wise on shipboard, you're up betimes in the morning. There is a grey chill-spring nip in the air. Put on a sweater and a big coat too if your blood runs slowly and come out on deck.

There isn't any Chicago where you sweltered through dog-tired, dust-cursed office hours last week. There isn't any Toronto where the mercury climbed up to the top of the tube and broke through, according to yesterday morning's paper. There's just this clear, healthy tingling air, cold from the mighty refrigerating

plant at the North Pole—no artificial fan-stuff—just the air to walk in, to walk faster, head up, chest out, arms swing—faster! By the time you've been round the deck for the third lap the only reason you don't fly is because walking is so much more fun!

There are mountains on both sides of you, sheeted up in spider-grey veiling. They're miles away, but they're there, mainland and island, and they'll be there, rugged or sloping, silent, tree-covered, utterly unresponsive, immemorially sad, straight up to Alaska. The water between is as smooth as a lake. It just *breathes*, in a long, slow pulsation, the echo of the island-broken wide Pacific roll.

You wouldn't know there were so many shades of grey in the world—slate of the sea, burnished here and there with bright calm and darkened with ripples—purplish-grey velvet of the nearer mainland — misted-blue-grey of the farther mountains—and the sky, everything from silver back to slate again.

By and by the mist lifts and the sun pours down over the hills and into the green depths below you. And yet the scene is never what a city-bred southerner could call cheerful. It's too big.

It's commonplace to talk of the mystery of the North, and yet that's all that you can say. The same tones are endlessly repeated, like an unknown, ominous word. There is the utter silence, the movelessness of it, too—not even a whirling gull with his lone call, not a prowling animal on the lifeless shores, not a single settlement hacked into the forest, not a fisher-boat heading into the wind. The land is asleep.



. . . Mountains sheeted up in spider-grey veiling
. . . utterly unresponsive, immemorially sad.

YOU'RE almost glad to get into Alert Bay with its salmon cannery toned up three degrees redder than a blue-blooded lobster, its square-built Esquimaux houses and its totem poles that scream gaudily in an unknown tongue. This is Sunday and the whole town is on the wharf, preparatory to going off to the little Anglican church whose bell calls from the lower end of the one street there is.

Nobody who hasn't seen a real totem growing in its native queerness can imagine the effect of these more than man-size birds and beasts, standing atop one another to a height of thirty or forty feet, to form the genealogical tree of the carver. There is the bear clan, and the wolf clan, the clan of the crow, the fish, the man — so far, so good. But what, O friend, is the meaning of a well-started family tree that suddenly sprouts bare pole for twenty feet and ends with a lonesome eagle? Did the family hibernate during the uneventful period, or is it the Alaskan's way of signifying the necessity of silence about the life and character of his maternal grandfather?



. . . With a full moon that turned the water into a great polished steel mirror.

On the wide board flooring that is sidewalk and street for the village we meet two Indian belles in their Sabbath bravery. They wear pale blue China silk skirts trimmed with the flimsiest of Valenciennes lace, and crimson sweaters. Their hair is as sheeny as a blackbird's wing and their shy brown eyes under the big black shawls gaze curiously at all these other women—especially at Miss Montreal, whose high-pitched giggle proclaims that she's having the red-and-goldest time of her life with the three Dawson Mounties all in tow. The Indian girls find her as strange, as full of novelty and unreasonability, as she finds the kayaks, bright-painted and curved up like gondolas, that lie beached on the sand. And yet when you come to think of it, observers and observed, they're all Canadians together.

Not long after the cable is cast off at Alert Bay — the town Tige hanging growling onto the end of it till the last exciting minute—we begin to feel the freshening breeze and the long roll that tells the initiated that we've reached Queen Charlotte Sound, and for an hour or more, until we find the lee of Calvert Island, it may be a trifle rough, though not enough to bother any one who considers himself even a fair sailor.

You remember the ancient dictum

that never a law of God or man goes north of Fifty-Three? Well, Prince Rupert is an appreciable distance above Fifty-Four, and a more respectable town it would be hard to locate outside of a Sunday School book. It's stark and it's new; it's mostly rock and water where it isn't twenty miles of board-walk. The sixteen-foot streets are built on posts but they're quite safe and satisfactory enough for all comers, including the first object seen which happened to be a busy little motor car chugging around under the toes of the solemn-cedared mountains that slide up two thousand feet behind the town.

Prince Rupert has a cute little baseball park made by blowing chunks off the top of one of these hills at a cost of $25,000. The grandstand is a ring of other hills and when Ketchikan comes down to play the home team they pass the hat around to reimburse the players, in lieu of dividing the gate receipts, there not being any gate. Incidentally Prince Ruperites are stuck up whether they win or lose. Their park is some park compared to Ketchikan's, where the diamond is laid out on the beach so that at high tide the kids fish on it.

There is a magic in that word "fish" all up and down these waters. Prince Rupert has $5,000,000 invested in the business; she has thirty-five canneries and seven cold storage plants; and when she isn't looking over her left shoulder up the three hundred miles of the Skeena and planning where to locate farmers along the Grand Trunk Pacific, she's scowling due north at Ketchikan, whose halibut industry she intends to hook and hang on to. To date $220,000,000 worth of fish has been taken out of Alaskan waters. The shipping question would be greatly simplified and much time saved, by putting the catch through a rail-connected port, argues Prince Rupert, instead of letting it go south by water to Seattle. Whereat Ketchikan gnashes her perfectly good teeth. For Ketchikan has no less than five canneries.



A typical scene in the White Horse where the railroads have been broken through.

NOT far above Prince Rupert the vessel sails out of red-and-white-and-blue waters into a star-spangled sea, and nobody who hasn't his immigration papers made out to the last uncomfortable question will be allowed to go on shore at Ketchikan. The scenery changes, too, showing more and more of that strange northern formlessness, that callous indifference to waste of material. It looks as though the Great Architect had grown tired and left Alaska just as it happened. All the mountain-stuff not needed elsewhere in the world, was dumped onto this endless shoreline. The forest waves washed over some of it, but for the most part it is just as it tumbled out of chaos—vast burnt-cinder chunks of rubble, whose height is impossible to estimate unless there happens to be a drifting gnat of a fishboat to put a tape line against immensity.

In the late evening the steamer draws into Ketchikan and ties up to take on—not coal, but oil in fat black pipes that slide over the side like snakes and allow the vessel to get the equivalent of two hundred tons of the old fuel in a couple of clean, unhurried hours. All the coastwise Pacific steamers now draw their motive power out of the drums that make such cosy stoves when they're empty. The first year that the *Charlotte* became an oil burner she saved forty thousand dollars and carried twelve less in her crew.

While the ship gets her stock of lunch on board, the tourists dance down the gangplank for the first chance at a real Alaska basket in its native—and expensive—haunts.

Ketchikan is like Prince Rupert, only more so. The part of it that isn't going upstairs is sliding down again; the roads are all plank over hard rock and high tide; there are Indian belles with rouge on their cheeks; and cedar baskets for sale on the street corners by squaws whose faces would assay a hundred wrinkles to the square inch.

NOT FAR from Ketchikan lies Annette Island, the home of Dr. Duncan, the veteran Anglican missionary to the formerly-cannibal Tsimpsean Indians, who now own the biggest church in Alaska and one of the best brass bands, to say nothing of a model village with Dr. Duncan in the centre of it, an eighty-four year old Santa Claus of a man who has lived with and for them for some sixty years.

Thirty years ago their civilization had advanced to its present high-water mark, but they were Canadians and the doctor was — now what do you suppose? — a Scotchman of course. Unluckily, however, for their future adherence to the Land of the Maple, the Church of England made the mistake of sending out a Bishop who knew not Joseph, a Bishop moreover who was said to be scandalized at his subordinate's use of unfermented wine in the communion service. The missionary held that it was criminally tempting to the man who had forsworn firewater during the week, to put it before him on Sunday, so, as this was but one disputed point in a long series, Dr. Duncan appealed to the United States to please send him an island for Christmas, and, as soon as he could read his title clear to Annette, he and his flock moved across with the aforementioned results. Many of the baskets for sale in Ketchikan come from the hands of his *protégés*, and exhibit a high degree of skill in the odd designs seen nowhere else on the coast.

That word coast reminds me that we musn't forget that, though the shoreline is American, fifty miles would see us through into British Columbia again, for all this strip of territory is just the famous "Panhandle of Alaska" which many Canadians believe should never have come under the stars and stripes at all. Behind it lies the vast division of Cassiar, with Peace River farther on across the mountains.

But the tourists are straggling back onto the boat, bearing little Ketchikan totem poles, baskets and picture postcards. Some of them won't spend money so far south, however. They're warily saving up for the shops in Skagway, White Horse or Dawson toward which we continue our journey throughout the night.

PASSING the mouth of the Stikine River north of Wrangell with its totems and its "chief's house" we ran into a most picturesque phenomenon known as a "Stikine River fog." It was a misty night with a full moon that turned the water into a great polished steel mirror. Blue and white Japanesque mountains blocked their way into the black velvet sky. Slowly they were blot-

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The Little Brown Book of Miss Emily

By L. M. Montgomery

Author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of the Island," etc.

WHEN old Miss Emily Leigh died Don and I bought Maywood from her nephew. I had had a fancy for Maywood through all the six years we had lived beside it. It was such a quaint, pretty old house, with its low eaves and dormer windows; lovely firs and poplars grew thickly all round it, with gaps to let in a glimpse of sunset, or a moonrise sheen on the sea; and there was an old box-hedged garden with prim, shady walks and dear, unworldly, sweet-scented posies.

I must frankly confess that we had never liked Miss Emily. She was fussy and rather meddlesome; she liked to poke a finger into every pie and she was not at all tactful. She talked in a rather silly fashion and was quite bitter against young folks and their love affairs. We thought that it was because she had never had a lover of her own. Somehow, we could not think of lovers in connection with Miss Emily. She was stout and pudgy, with a face so round and fat and red that it seemed quite featureless; her hair was scanty and faded. She walked with a waddle and was always short of breath. It was hard to believe that Miss Emily had ever been young; yet old Mr. Murray, who was her sole contemporary in Langdon, not only expected us to believe it but assured us that she had been very pretty.

We had been living for four months at Maywood before it occurred to me to give the garret an overhauling. I went up and explored it one stormy autumn afternoon when the rain was thudding against the funny little hooded windows and the wind was whistling through the great swinging boughs of the firs. The garret was just as Miss Emily had left it, full of boxes and broken furniture, but very neat. I found nothing of any interest until I came to a shabby little black horsehair trunk, all studded with brass nails, under the eaves near one of the windows. In it there was a quaint, pretty, old-fashioned gown, not at all faded, made of muslin with a little blue flower in it, and quite fragrant with some quaint, spicy perfume. Then there was a sash and a yellowed white feather fan with carved ivory sticks, and a box full of withered flowers. Down underneath all I found a little brown book.

It was small and thin, like a schoolgirl's exercise book, with leaves that had once been blue and pink but were now quite faded and stained in places. On the fly-leaf was written in a very delicate hand, "Emily Margaret Leigh," and the same writing covered the first few pages of the book. The rest were not written on at all.

I read the first page and then I went and called Don. We sat down on the broad ledge of the west window and read the contents of the brown book together.

"June 15, 18—.

"I CAME to-day to spend the summer with Aunt Janet at Maywood. It is so lovely here. The spruces and the poplars are so pretty and Langdon is such a nice place—ever so much nicer than at home on the farm. I have no cows to milk here or pigs to feed, and the housework seems just like play. Aunt Janet has given me such a lovely blue muslin dress and I am to have it made to wear to a garden party next week. I never had a muslin dress before—nothing but ugly prints and stiff alpacas. I wish we were rich like Aunt Janet. Aunt Janet laughed when I said this and declared she would give all her wealth for my youth and beauty and light-heartedness. I am only eighteen and I know I am very merry; but I wonder if I am really pretty. It seems to me that I am when I look in Aunt Janet's beautiful mirrors. They make me look very different from the old cracked one in my room at home, which always twisted my face and turned me green. But Aunt Janet spoiled her compliment by telling me I look exactly as she did at my age, if I thought I would ever look as Aunt Janet does now I don't know what I would do. She is so fat and funny."

"June 29.

"LAST week I met Paul Osborne at the garden party. He is a young artist who is boarding near here, and he is the handsomest man I have ever seen—very tall and straight, with dreamy dark eyes and a pale, intellectual face. I have not been able to keep from thinking about him ever since, and to-day he came over here and asked if he might paint me. I felt very much flattered, and so pleased when Aunt Janet gave her permission. He says he wants to paint me as 'Spring,' under the poplars. I am to wear my blue muslin gown, with a wreath of flowers on my hair. He says I have such beautiful hair. He has never seen any of such a real pale gold. Somehow it seems prettier than ever to me since he praised it.

"I had a letter from home to-day. Mother says the blue hen has stolen her nest and come off with fourteen chickens, and that father has sold the little spotted calf. Somehow those matters do not interest me as they did."

"July 9.

"THE picture is coming on very well, Mr. Osborne says. I know he is making me far too pretty, although he persists in saying he cannot do me justice. He is going to send it to some great exhibition when it is finished, but he says he will make a little water-color sketch of it for me.

"He comes over every day to paint and we talk a great deal, and he reads me lovely things out of his books. I don't understand them all, but I try to, and he explains them so nicely and is so patient with my stupidity. And he says that anyone with my hair and eyes and coloring does not need to be clever. He says I have the sweetest, merriest laugh in the world. But I will not write down all the compliments he has paid me. I daresay he does not mean them at all.

"In the evenings we stroll among the spruces or sit in the garden on the bench under the acacia tree. Sometimes we do not talk at all, but I never find the time long. Indeed, the minutes just seem to fly—and then the moon will come up, round and red, behind the poplars, and Paul will sigh and say he supposes it is time for him to go."

"July 24.

"I AM SO happy. I am frightened at my happiness. Or, I did not think life could ever be so beautiful for me as it is!

"Paul loves me! He told me so to-night as we walked in the spruce avenue and watched the sunset; and he asked me to be his wife. I have cared for him ever since I met him, but I am afraid I am not clever and well-educated enough for Paul's wife. Because, of course, I am really only an ignorant little country girl and have lived all my life on a farm. Why, my hands are quite rough yet from all the work I have done. But Paul just laughed when I said so and took my hands and kissed them and looked into my eyes and laughed because I couldn't hide from him how much I love him.

"We are to be married next spring and Paul says he will take me to Europe. That will be very nice, but nothing matters much so long as I am with him.

"Paul's people are very wealthy and his mother and sisters are very fashionable. I am frightened of them, but I did not tell Paul so because I think it would hurt him, and, Oh, I would not do that for the world.

"There is nothing I would not suffer if it would do him any good. I never thought any one could feel so. I used to think if I loved anybody I would want him to do everything for me, and wait on me as if I were a princess. But that is not the way it is at all. Love makes you very humble and you want to do everything yourself for the one you love."

"August 10.

"PAUL went away to-day. Oh, it is so terrible. I don't know how I can bear to live even for a little while without him. But this is silly of me, because I know he has to go and he will write often and come often to see me. But still it is so lonesome. I didn't cry when he went away because I wanted him to remember me smiling in the way he liked best, but I have been crying ever since and I cannot stop, no matter how hard I try. We have had such a beautiful fortnight. Every day seemed dearer and happier than the one before, and now it is ended, and I feel as if it could never be the same again. Oh, I am very foolish—but I love him so dearly and if I were to lose his love how could I live?"

"August 17.

"I THINK my heart is dead. But no, it can't be for it aches too much.

"Paul's mother came here to see me to-day. She was not angry or disagreeable. I would not have been so frightened

if she had been. As it was, I felt that I could not say a word. She is very beautiful and stately and wonderful, with a low, cold voice and proud dark eyes. Her face is like Paul's, but without the loveableness.

"She talked to me for a long time and she said terrible things—terrible, because they were all true. I seemed to see everything through her eyes. She said that Paul was infatuated with my youthful bloom and prettiness, but that it would not last and what else had I to give him? She said Paul must marry a woman of his own class who could do honor to his name and position. She said that he was very talented and had the promise of a great career before him, but that if he married me it would ruin his life.

"I saw it all, just as she explained it out, and I told her at last that I would not marry Paul and she might tell him so. But she smiled and said I must tell him myself, because he would not believe any one else. I could have begged her to spare me that, but I knew it would be of no use. I do not think she has any pity or mercy for anyone. Besides, what she said was quite true.

"When she thanked me for being so 'reasonable' I told her I was not doing it to please her, but for Paul's sake, because I would not spoil his life, and that I would always hate her. She smiled again and went away.

"Oh, how can I bear it? I did not know anyone could suffer like this!"

"August 18.

"I HAVE done it. I wrote to Paul today. I knew I must tell him in a letter because I could never make him believe it face to face. I was afraid I could not do it even by letter. I suppose a clever woman easily could, but I am so stupid.



We found a faded water-color sketch of a young girl.

I wrote a great many letters and tore them up because they were not convincing—at least I felt sure they would not have convinced me if I had been Paul. At last I got one that I thought would do. I knew I must make it seem as if I was really very heartless and frivolous or he would never believe. I spelt some words wrong and put in some errors of grammar on purpose. I told him I had been only flirting with him and that I had another fellow at home I liked better. I said 'fellow' because I knew it would disgust him. I said it was only because he was rich that I had been tempted to marry him.

"I thought my heart would break while I was writing those dreadful falsehoods. But it was for his sake, because I would not spoil his life. His mother told me I would be a millstone around his neck. I love Paul so much that I would do anything rather than be that. It would be easy to die for him, but I don't see how I can go on living.

"I think my letter will convince Paul."

* * *

"I SUPPOSE it convinced Paul, because there was no further entry in the little book. When we had finished it the tears were running down my face and even Don—but Don denies it.

"Poor Miss Emily," he said.

"I'm sorry I ever laughed at her," I sobbed. "She was good and strong and brave. I could never have been as unselfish as she was."

At the back of the little book we found a faded water-color sketch of a young girl—such a slim, beautiful little thing with big blue eyes and lovely, long, rippling, golden hair. Paul Osborne's name was written in faded ink across the corner.

We put everything reverently back—the dress, the sash and the little book—and shut the lid.

Then we sat for a long time in the dormer window in silence and thought of many things, till the rainy twilight came down and blotted out the world.

"The outward, wayward life we see
The hidden springs we may not know,"

quoted Don softly, as we went downstairs together.

At the Top o' the World

By IDA RANDOLPH SPRAGGE

The wild wind tossed the tattered cloak
Of the old year gaunt and grim,
As he strode to meet the coming year,
To tell this tale to him;
And it ruthlessly rocked his wasted form
And chilled him thro' and thro'
As he halted there at the top o' of the world
To keep his rendezvous.
In trembling tones to the newly born
The dying year began:
"My time on earth is nearly gone,
I've lived the alloted span.
Now heed ye well, ye eager one,
For I have tarried long
To warn ye how I came to fail,
To tell you of my wrong.
When trod I first this rolling earth,
The year preceding me.
His message grave to me he gave
And handed me this key.
He told me of the warring here
And said I must not cease
To search the whole world thro' to find
The pathway unto peace;

And that the key would fit the lock
If I could find the door,
And peace with all its healing balm
Would happiness restore.
But fascinated long I watched
As horrors great gave birth
To greater horrors; multiplied
Was misery on the earth.
And when at last I found that I
Had scanty time to do
The task that had been given me—
My days were growing few—
I hurried to the ends of earth.
I found the door—to learn
My mission vain. God pity me!
The key refused to turn.
It gathered rust the while I gazed
Upon the mad uproar;
My palsied hand had lost its strength.
And so my heart is sore!
Go, cleanse the key. And hasten ye.
Nor watch the nations war.
Go, 1917—God grant, you'll open
Wide the door.

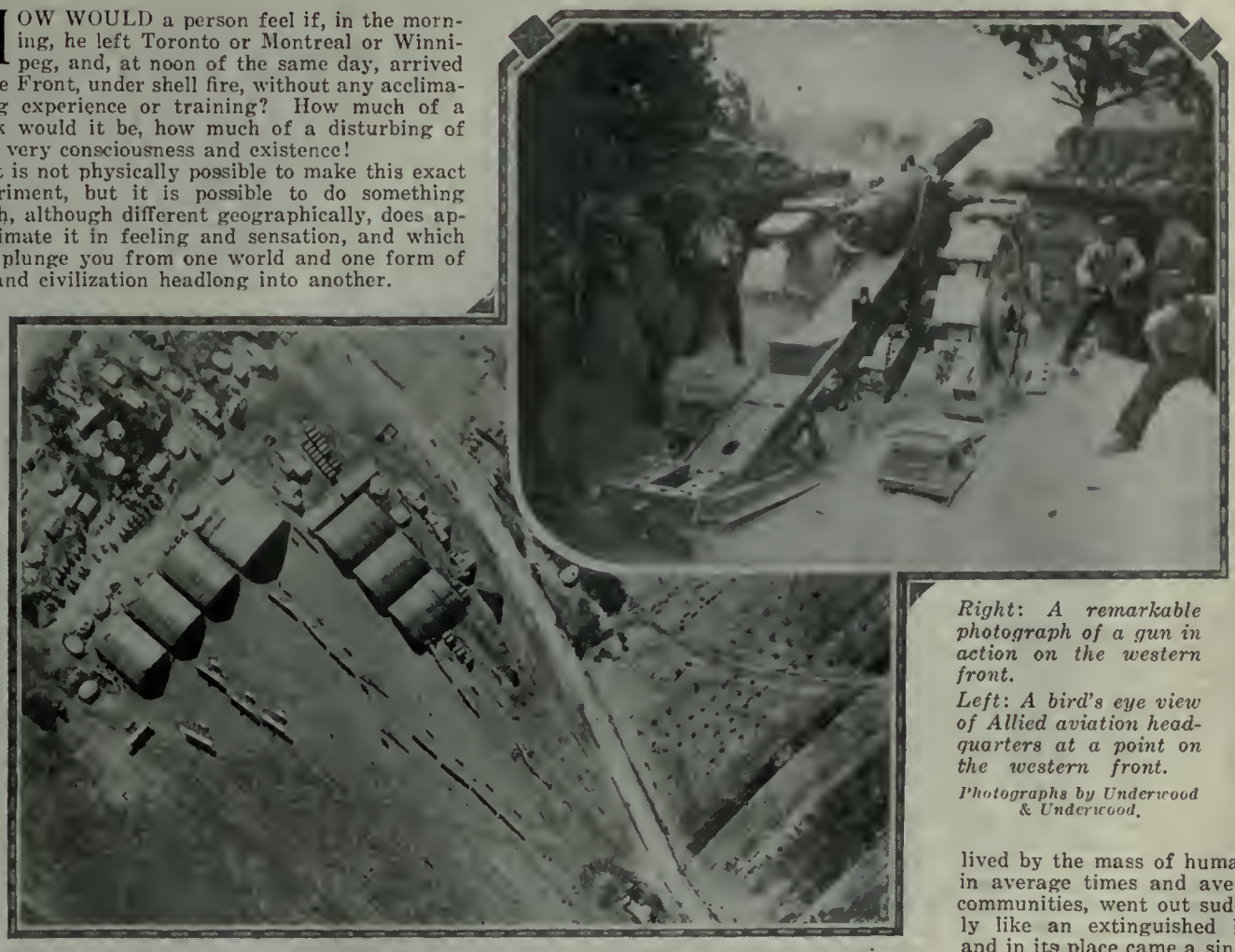
A Visit to the Western Front

By Main Johnson

Illustrated by Authentic War Photographs

HOW WOULD a person feel if, in the morning, he left Toronto or Montreal or Winnipeg, and, at noon of the same day, arrived at the Front, under shell fire, without any acclimatizing experience or training? How much of a shock would it be, how much of a disturbing of one's very consciousness and existence!

It is not physically possible to make this exact experiment, but it is possible to do something which, although different geographically, does approximate it in feeling and sensation, and which does plunge you from one world and one form of life and civilization headlong into another.



Right: A remarkable photograph of a gun in action on the western front.

Left: A bird's eye view of Allied aviation headquarters at a point on the western front.

Photographs by Underwood & Underwood.

One morning, not long ago, I had breakfast in the peaceful city of Paris, and had luncheon the same day in Reims (Rheims), a town under almost constant bombardment from the Germans, and at the immediate and actual front. An hour or two later, I was still further up, with the French artillery during a bombardment, and still further yet, in observation posts, where the German trenches lay in front of us in full and unobstructed view, surprisingly close at hand, with shrieking shells, both French and German, crossing each other on their devastating paths.

Although we had already been In Great Britain and France for a month, and thought then we were close enough to the war, in reality everything we had seen up to that time, however significant, had been comparatively secondary and remote. The astonishingly violent change even from Paris to the actual front was such as to jolt one's very personality.

ONE MORNING there came to the door of our hotel a motor to take us to the front. Immediately I felt myself keyed up to a point where the most casual things stood out with all the vividness of a silhouette. The boulevards of Paris were no longer merely delightful thoroughfares—they were roads leading direct to the focus-point of all our world, the Western front! It was about to become as actual as a house or a street.

As we speeded out of the suburbs into the open country, we were travelling on one of those famous roads of France, straight as a railroad line into the farthest distance, and lined by wonderful trees. This particular road was the one over which a large section of the spectacular taxi-cab army was rushed from Paris to Meaux at the Battle of the Marne, and the one, too, along which the Germans would have marched into Paris, if it had been they who had won the battle. West of Meaux, half an hour by motor from the gates of Paris, we saw the wooded slope where German batteries had been placed—the farthest point of the German advance, perilously close to the heart of France.

Up to this point, life seemed fairly normal, but soon we entered the "zone of the armies," and immediately the whole aspect of things changed. Some indefinable human element, some indefinite but deep ingrained feeling of the essential cheerfulness of life despite all its ordinary woe, some psychological impression of normal, secure existence as it is lived by the mass of humanity in average times and average communities, went out suddenly like an extinguished light and in its place came a sinister air, a feverish atmosphere of abnormality, the first currents of an electrical influence which hung heavily and ominously over the whole area of the front. The joy of life snapped off!

AS we gradually drove further and further in, the human element became submerged — the machine of war and fate came in. Not that there were the slightest indications of fear or despair. That is not what I mean. But a cheerless colorlessness, a brooding sense of drabness, of the mechanical rather than the human, bore one down; coupled with an immense feeling of pity for these towns and for the women and children who still had to live in them, where all the pleasures of life had been snuffed out so long ago, that now it seemed as if the world never had been happy, and never would be again.

In spite of the prevailing sensation of a strained abnormality, yet, so complex are our emotions, there was also the appetizing zest of romance. As Philip Gibbs points out, these small stone French towns have not changed since "D'Artagnan and his Musketeers rode on their way to great adventures in the days of Richelieu and Mazarin." It was not only of Dumas that I was reminded, but of Cer-

vantes and Sir Walter Scott and other writers of romance. Not that the actual front as we soon saw it had many elements of romance about it, but the towns immediately behind the front, breathed these mingled qualities of adventure and brooding horror—the adventure of Cervantes and Dumas; the horror of Poe, and of the Grand Guignol, that theatre of horror, which I had seen the week before in Paris. The characters in those terrible plays seemed ghostly and intangible, so awful was the atmosphere woven about them. Here again, at the front, was the very air of the Grand Guignol, but this time it was not make-believe, to be shut off at the fall of a curtain, but grim and ineluctable reality.

WE CAME, in time, into the region of dust — dust from the countless motor cars and motor lorries—dust from the transport wagons and ambulance cars —dust from men marching up to the front, and dust from other detachments maching back into rest billets. Soon we swung into a little village, passed through its narrow stone streets, filled with soldiers, and, in this case, with no one else, except a few old women, bent and withered, and a noticeably large number of black cats; turned a corner, and entered the headquarters of a French army, where we had the opportunity of meeting the general in command. Then we drove away, and, after some unspecified time, like people in a dream, for the reality of the thing seemed almost impossible, we entered the town of Reims.

The Germans held this city for a few days in August and September, 1914, were driven back during the engagements marking the Battle of the Marne, and entrenched themselves in sight of the town. During these whole two years and a half, the town has been subject to a persistent bombardment. One never knows when a shell will come crashing through the streets or over the roof tops. A group of civilians, including a woman and children, had been killed a day or two before we were there; another heavy bombardment had occurred just previous to that, and still another might begin at any moment.

We drove directly to an hotel for luncheon. It is one of two principal hotels—the other lies in ruins; the one in which we had our meal hadn't been hit YET, although several shops in the neighborhood had been demolished.

What a meal, eaten in this hotel at Reims! Every moment of the hour we spent at luncheon in this bombarded town, stands out with an inerasable vividness. I remember feeling the pathos of the situation—two lonely-looking women preparing and cooking food for us; such a normal occupation in such abnormal circumstances. We ate *hors d'oeuvres*, I remember, and an appetizing omelette, juicy lamb chops, a huge plateful of green peas, French pastry, coffee, and bread, which for brownness and a touch of sourness and sogginess, was the nearest approach to "war bread" we met in France.

AFTER luncheon we went for a walk through the town. Grass was growing through the cobbles of the street; many shops were closed; the thoroughfares, although not deserted, were depressingly quiet. And yet there were signs of ordinary life too. Water was running in the fountain in the middle of the square; the flowers at its base were gay and showed signs of care. Butcher shops and bakeries were open, and the post office. In one window was arranged quite a display of corsets, and, in another, some children's hats. We went into the largest shop in Reims, a department store, which in its advertising, boasted that it had an elevator, and which had been hit twice. All the windows were shattered by shell shock. There were not many customers that afternoon, but there were women attendants ready to look after us, all dressed in black, and all with sorrow stamped on their faces. Yet they were still prepared to sell a strange hodgepodge of merchandise. We bought some articles in that department store at Reims which I believe reveal the pathos and tragedy of war as well as any incident we encountered. For example, I bought a little toy doll's trunk for ten centimes, and four or five celluloid animals, a frog, a fish, a duck, a dog, for 5 centimes each. We bought some wooden forks and spoons, and a shaving brush. In the very centre of the war, here were people selling trinkets and toys and the most conventional articles. I have an idea that fifty years from now, a small celluloid duck, bought in a store of Reims, during the period of its bombardment, will have a real and pathetic historical value, a human interest exhibit of the Great War.

AFTER we left the shop, we came into an area where the destruction of property was much greater than in the other parts of the town. Hardly a stone was left one on top of the other; whole blocks were razed to the ground. Not a place was habitable. Complete destruction lay all about us. Rising out of the midst of the ruins, but itself a ruin too, stood the Cathedral of Reims, considered by many the finest in all Europe, and the destruction of which by the Germans has aroused such world-wide condemnation. We spent about twenty minutes inside the wrecked building, and could see for ourselves the extent to which the Germans in their two years' campaign against it, had ruined the sacred pile. Without going into details, the damage is very great, and, for the most part, irretrievable, although the outer walls still remain.

On the floor I picked up fragments of the mediæval glass of that peculiar quality and color that no one has ever been able to duplicate. These glorious windows are now lying shattered on the stone pavement of the cathedral floor. Huge craters gape where the altar used to stand, and the pillars are scarred by the marks of heavy shells. It was a dangerous twenty minutes, that time spent within Reims Cathedral, for, almost daily, the Germans keep hurling their bolts against it.

The most inspiring thing about the cathedral in its present condition, is the statue of Joan of Arc standing in the square immediately in front. Unscathed it has remained from all the attacks; banners and wreaths of flowers, emblems of supplication and thanksgiving, from all parts of France, are strewn about the statue, and Joan of Arc herself, holds aloft in her upraised hand, the tricolor of her country. The soul of France, the matchless spirit she has shown, the courage and devotion and love almost surpassing human comprehension, qualities that have raised France and the French people to unique heights in the estimation of the world, and that have given her one of the very noblest places in history—all this miracle is symbolized in the tricolor of France, held aloft defiantly and yet lovingly and sadly, by Joan of Arc in the courtyard of Reims Cathedral. If any image is worthy to be worshipped, it is this image of the soul of France.

THAT afternoon we drove up and down the front for many miles, stopping at times to visit the artillery trenches and the batteries, and then to go further forward into observation posts. On one of these visits, as an example, it was a surprisingly short walk from the automobile to the artillery dug-outs. As we went through a wood on our way to the trenches, we saw a number of French privates, some of the world-honored *poilus*, cooking bacon for themselves on little wood fires, and breaking off, from long French loaves, huge chunks of bread. Through the trenches, we made our way to the artillery positions, and saw a battery of the famous French "75" guns. Everything was so quiet at the moment that we were able to examine the guns closely, pat them affectionately and gaze around at the stores of ammunition. The gunners themselves, as, indeed, all the French soldiers, artillery and infantry, which we had seen that day, were the sort of men we had expected to see—those wonderful French soldiers, reserved, serious, unflinching and determined, who in the last two years and a half have raised France's military reputation, already high, to a point where it has become the marvel and admiration of the world.

But it is one thing to read about the French *poilu;* it is another actually to see him, not on paper, not on parade, not at any base or headquarters, but actually on the firing line, where all theories meet their tests, and all reports meet their true interpretation. To see these French soldiers at their posts of danger, to see the coolness and deliberation of their demeanor, was to realize once for all, the essential fact that makes France great to-day.

WHILE we were with the battery there was no indication of any immediate firing. Although for several hours, we had been within range of German fire, with the French army in their lines, we had not heard a sound of war. But it was now four o'clock in the afternoon, the period of the day when a renewal of activity, after the respite of late morning and early afternoon, might be looked for.

It came even sooner than we expected. We had left the guns, walked through the trenches, and climbed to the level again. A cross-road, leading in the direction of the German lines, lay in front of us. One of our party, an officer, motioned us to wait a moment; he peeked out from behind a tree, drew back, peeked again, and then signalled us to follow. This incident brought home the realization that this was no picnic excursion, but that we were so close to the Germans that we had to take precautions before crossing a road.

On the other side was a vineyard. We were in the champagne district of France, had been there all afternoon. We had seen women and old men working among the vines within range of German shells, in constant danger of death, which all too often really came. We saw this visible proof that French agriculturists, men and

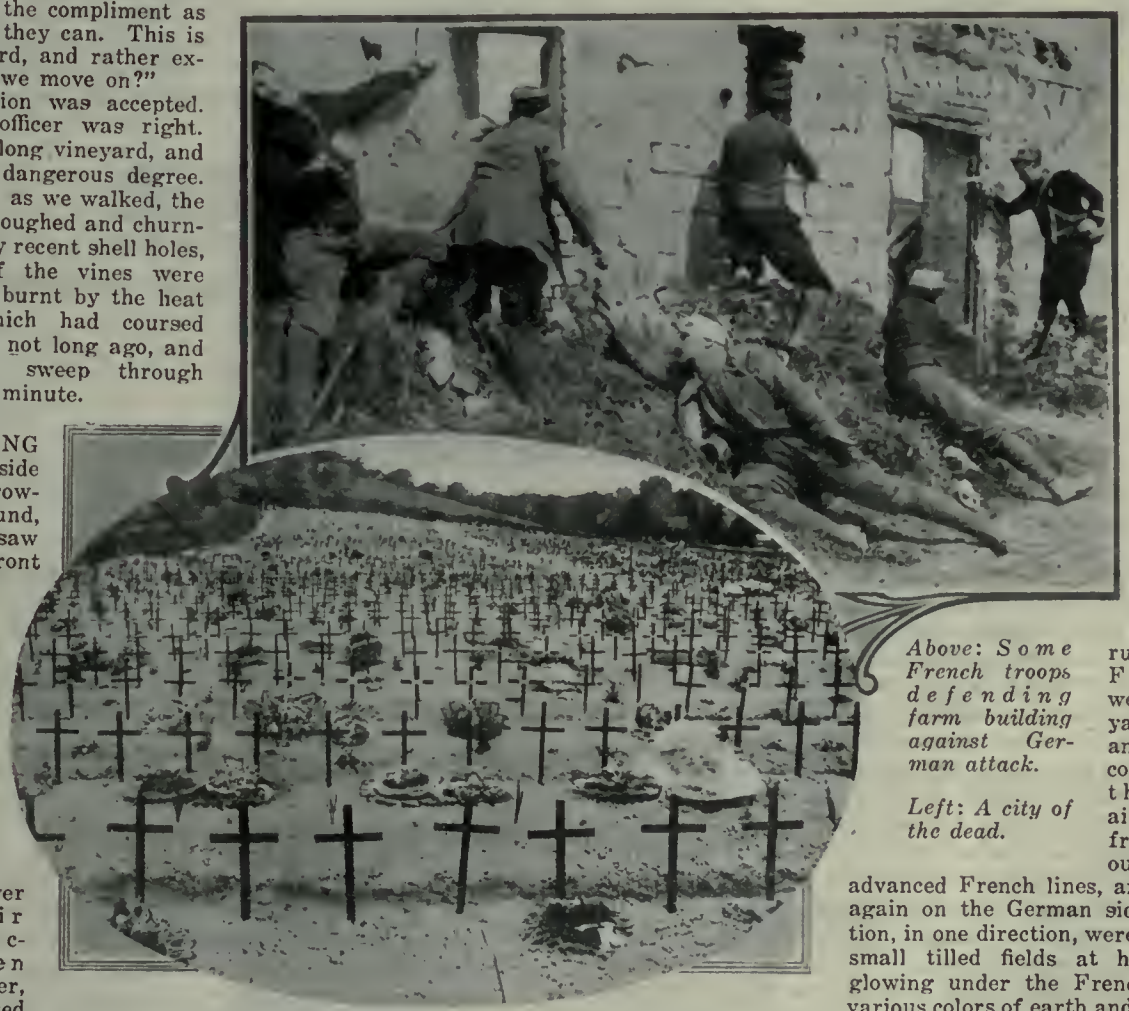
women, fear death for France no more than do her soldiers.

This particular vineyard, in our personal history, will rank before all others. As I said before, we had just left a battery which, to all appearance, was quiescent. No sooner, however, had we begun to walk across the field than these French guns opened fire, one after the other, in steady succession.

One of the officers who was with us was diplomatic, if not entirely reassuring.

"I think we'd better hurry a bit," was his quietly expressed advice. "Our battery have opened fire, and although the Germans don't know the exact point from which the shells are coming, they have a pretty good idea, and they often try to return the compliment as accurately as they can. This is a long vineyard, and rather exposed. Shall we move on?"

The invitation was accepted. The French officer was right. That WAS a long vineyard, and exposed to a dangerous degree. All around us, as we walked, the ground was ploughed and churned in obviously recent shell holes, and many of the vines were scorched and burnt by the heat of shells which had coursed through them not long ago, and which might sweep through again at any minute.



Above: Some French troops defending farm building against German attack.

Left: A city of the dead.

SOMETHING else beside vines was growing in this ground, something we saw all along the front — blood-red poppies. Before we went to France we had seen a number of poems in London journals about the poppies at the front, but had never realized their true significance. When there, however, we saw that red poppies did blaze everywhere, in the fields, among the vines, along the edge of fences, overhanging the very guns themselves. All the heat, the feverishness and the pain were symbolized in one of the most suggestive influences in the world, that of color. Afterwards, likewise, we saw the white lily-flowers growing on the battlefield of the Marne, a symbol of the peace that follows even the bloodiest battle — the peace, alas, of death; cool and white, but death nevertheless.

Before we reached the end of that vineyard, making our way by every step closer to the front, the bombardment became heavier, and the long drawn whistling of the shells, going and coming, from French and German batteries alike, became more frequent.

Observation posts are always ingeniously placed to escape the notice of enemy batteries. We were guided to one point of observation near this section of the line, but for obvious reasons it is impossible to give any description either of the post itself or of the circuitous route by which it was reached. It was evident that it had not been left unscathed by the storm of shell that breaks over all parts of the line.

THERE, stretched before us, was a section of the supreme panorama of the world, French and German trenches facing each other, close at hand!

It was a particularly favorable place to see the front, for here was a valley, with one slope (on which we were standing) held by the French, the other by the Germans, with No Man's Land lying between, along the floor of the valley. For observation, this reduced the distance between us and the Germans very considerably, for we could gaze down upon them instead of having to look along the level. Not only was the slope of the ground favorable, but the quality of the soil also added to the clearness of the picture. The ground in this region has large deposits of chalk, which, when thrown up in the digging of the ditches, marks every twist in the trenches with surprising detail. There, in front of us, plainly to be seen by the naked eye, and startlingly close through field glasses, lay the first, second and third lines of German trenches, with the communicating trenches running between them, all marked off to their every zigzag, as if one were looking at the irregular furrows of a field.

We hadn't been looking for more than a minute when a great upburst of earth was hurled from between the first and second German lines. A French shell had landed. And for a long time we watched similar shells landing at various points along the line. If any one thinks it is exciting to sit in a grandstand and watch where a batted ball is likely to fall, imagine the tenseness with which we stood in that observation post looking through an aperture in the wall, watching the landing of French shells on German trenches!

And, as before, the shriek and wail of shells were not all travelling in the one direction. The Germans were firing, too; we were on the route for them.

It was not only the noise of German shells in the air which assured us there were Germans opopsite us. An observation balloon began to be inflated behind their lines, reached its full size, and rose gracefully above the trees. No, the German lines were not empty!

What sort of landscape were we looking upon? One of the most beautiful countrysides I have ever seen, extraordinarily beautiful even in a land of rural charm. First there were the vineyards, thick and green and cool looking in the feverish air, stretching from beneath our feet to the advanced French lines, and beginning again on the German side. In addition, in one direction, were ridiculously small tilled fields at harvest time, glowing under the French sun, with various colors of earth and produce, the whole producing that variegated color effect you do not see in the larger, American farms and which, when I used to see it depicted in paintings, I thought was exaggerated and impossibly colorful. Here was a combination of all the charm of French nature, vineyard and field, in the very territory of the opposing trenches!

And what were one's feelings? We were so busy watching every detail of the scene, looking at a vine or a tree or a hill as if we had never seen one before, so tense and keyed-up were our senses, that there was no time to analyze our emotions. That night, however, with the memory of the German trenches vivid and fresh, my feelings began to sift themselves, and, at the time, I wrote down three adjectives which, I believe, express the front as I had seen it—"sinister, electric, ultimate."

"Sinister." For the front is sinister indeed; there is no element of a joke in

Continued on page 68.

The War Verse of Robert W. Service

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Late in the year* 1915, MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE *arranged with Robert W. Service for the serial publication of a number of his war poems, with the result that practically every issue since has been enriched by contributions from his vigorous and graphic pen.* MACLEAN'S *was the only magazine to secure any of Mr. Service's work and so had the exclusive privilege of presenting to its readers in advance some of the finest pieces of verse now found in his volume, "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man." The last of the poems on which serial rights were secured, "The Whistle of Sandy McGraw," is presented herewith.*

The war verse of Canada's famous young poet is being enthusiastically received. It has caught the spirit of war. It combines the humor and the horror, the pathos and the thrill of this titanic clash of nations—told for the most part in the words of the soldier himself. Every line was penned at the front. In his Foreword he writes, "By broken altars, blackened shrines, I've tinkered at my bits of rhymes." Necessarily, some of the poems tell of war at its worst—war unglossed, stripped of all romance. Again in his Foreword, Mr. Service says:

"And if at times I curse a bit,
You needn't read that part of it;
For through it all like horror runs
The red resentment of the guns.

And you yourself would mutter when
You took the things that once were men,
And sped them through that zone of hate
To where the dripping surgeons wait."

It is hoped that early issues of MACLEAN'S *will have new work from Mr. Service. He has promised it. In the meantime is presented:*

The Whistle of Sandy McGraw

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

You may talk o' your lutes and your dulcimers fine,
Your harps and your tabors and cymbals and a',
But here in the trenches jist gi'e me for mine,
The wee penny whistle o' Sandy McGraw.
Oh! its: "Sandy, ma lad, will you lilt us a tune?"
And Sandy is willin' and trillin' like mad;
Sae silvery sweet that we a' throng aroun,'
And some o' it's gay, but maist o' it's sad.
Jist the wee simple airs that sink intae your hert,
And grup ye wi' love and wi' longin' for hame;
And ye glour like an owl till you're feelin' the stert
O' a tear, and you blink wi' a feelin' o' shame.
For his song's o' the heather, and here in the dirt
You listen and dream o' a land that's sae braw,
And he mak's you forget a' the harm and the hurt,
For he pipes like a laverock, does Sandy McGraw.

* * * * *

At Eepers I mind me when rank upon rank
We rose from the trenches and swept like the gale,
Till the rapid-fire guns got us fell on the flank
And the murderin' bullets came swishin' like hail;
Till a' that were left o' us faltered and broke;
Till it seemed for a moment a panicky rout,
When shrill through the fume and the flash and the smoke
The wee valiant voice o' a whistle piped out
"*The Campbells are comin'*": Then into the fray
We bounded wi' bayonets reekin' and raw,
And oh! we fair revelled in glory that day,
Jist thanks to the whistle o' Sandy McGraw.

* * * * *

At Loose, it wis after a sconnersome fecht,
On the field o' the slain I wis crawlin' aboot,
And the rockets were burnin' red holes in the nicht,
And the guns they were veciously thunderin' oot.
When sudden I heard a bit sound like a sigh
And there in a crump-hole a kiltie I saw:
"Whit ails ye, ma lad? Are ye woundit?" says I.
"I've lost ma wee whustle," says Sandy McGraw.
" 'Twas oot by yon bing where we pressed the attack,
It drapped frae ma pooch, and between noo and dawn
There isna much time, so I'm jist crawlin' back."
"Ye're daft, man!" I telt him, but Sandy wis gone.



Weel, I waited a wee, then I crawled oot masel',
And the big stuff wis gorin' and roarin' around,
And I seemed tae be under the oxter o' hell,
And creation wis crackin' tae bits by the sound,
And I says in ma mind: "Gang ye back, ye auld fule!"
When I thrilled tae a note that wis saucy and sma';
And there in a crater, collected and cool,
Wi' his wee penny whistle wis Sandy McGraw.



Ay, there he wis playin' as gleg as could be,
And listenin' hard wis a spectacled Boche;
Then Sandy turned roon' and he noddit tae me,
And he says: "Dinna blab on me, Sergeant McTosh.
The auld chap is deein'. He likes me tae play,
It's makin' him happy. Jist see his een shine!"
And thrillin' and sweet in the hert o' the fray
Wee Sandy wis playin' *"The Watch on the Rhine."*

* * * * *

The last scene o' a',—'Twas the day that we took
That bit o' black ruin they ca' Labbiesell,
It seemed the hale hillside jist shivered and shook,
And the red skies were roarin' and spewin' oot shell,
And the Sergeants were cursin' tae keep us in hand,
And hard on the leash we were strainin' like dugs,
When upward we shot at the word o' command,
And the bullets were dingin' their songs in oor lugs.
And onward we swept wi' a yell and a cheer,
And a' wis destruction, confusion and din,
And we knew that the trench o' the Boches was near,
And it seemed jist the safest bit hole tae be in;
So we a' tumbled doon, and the Boches were there,
And they held up their hands, and they yelled:
"Kamarad!"

And I marched aff wi' ten, wi' their palms in the air,
And my, I was proodlike, and my! I was glad.
And I thocht: "If ma lassie could see me jist then. ."
When sudden I sobered at somethin' I saw,
And I stopped and I stared, and I halted ma men,
For there on a stretcher wis Sandy McGraw.
Weel, he looks in ma face, jist as pert as ye please:
"Ye ken hoo I hate tae be working'," says he;
"But noo I can play in the street for bawbees,
Wi' baith o' ma legs taken aff at the knee."
And though I could see he wis rackit wi' pain,
He reached for his whistle and started tae play;
And quaverin' sweet wis the plaintive refrain:
"The flo'ers o' the forest are a' wede away,"
Then sudden he stoppit: "Man, wis it no' grand
Hoo we took a' them trenches?" . . . He shakit his heid:
"I'll-no'-play-nae-mair-" Feebly doon frae his hand
Slipped the wee penny whistle and . . . *Sandy wis deid.*

* * * * *

And so ye may talk o' your Steinways and Strads,
Your wunnerfu' organs and brasses sae braw,
But oot in the trenches jist gi'e me, ma lads,
Yon wee penny whistle o' Sandy McGraw.

Some New Features

FUTURE ISSUES OF MACLEAN'S will present many new and interesting features. Stories are being secured from well-known writers, including the distinguished coterie of Canadian authors who have become so well known to our readers and also from other writers not hitherto found in MacLean's. Among the new writers will be H. G. Wells and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

A regular feature of all future issues will be a department devoted to short, pithy, biographical sketches of interesting Canadian men and women.

An especially strong series of business articles is in course of preparation.

An extra special feature will be the serial story by Arthur E. McFarlane, "The Great Mogul," to start in an early issue. It is one of the most fascinating and stirring stories of adventure that has been written in years.

REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

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How Schwab Handles Men

An Article by the Steel King on His Relations With his Employees.

ONE of the most striking articles that has appeared in the magazine press for some time, is a discussion in the *American*, "My 20,000 Partners," by Charles M. Schwab, the steel king. Space does not permit reprinting this in full, but the following extracts will be found well worth reading:—

Bethlehem's biggest asset is not its rolling mill plants, its gun shops, its armor works, its rail mills, it is the men who make up its enthusiastic organization. For more than thirty years I have been superintending the manufacture of steel, and I can say that my men at Bethlehem are the most energetic, competent and lovable young men with whom I have ever worked.

To no small extent the success of Bethlehem has been built up by our profit-sharing system. But coupled with this individual incentive to extra effort is a corps loyalty, a friendly rivalry, without which no great business can reach the maximum of production.

I love to appeal to the American spirit of conquest in my men, the spirit of doing things better than anyone has ever done them before. There is nothing to which men respond more quickly.

Once when I was with Mr. Carnegie I had a mill manager who was finely educated, thoroughly capable and master of every detail of the business. But he seemed unable to inspire his men to do their best.

"How is it that a man as able as you," I asked him one day, "cannot make this mill turn out what it should?"

"I don't know," he replied; "I have coaxed the men; I have pushed them; I have sworn at them, I have done everything in my power. Yet they will not produce."

It was near the end of the day; in a few minutes the night force would come on duty. I turned to a workman who was standing beside one of the red-mouthed furnaces and asked him for a piece of chalk.

"How many heats has your shift made today?" I queried.

"Six," he replied.

I chalked a big "6" on the floor, and then passed along without another word. When the night shift came in they saw the "6," and asked about it.

"The big boss was in here to-day," said the day men. "He asked how many heats we had made, and we told him six. He chalked it down."

The next morning I passed through the same mill. I saw that the "6" had been rubbed out and a big "7" written instead. The night shift had announced itself. That night I went back. The "7" had been erased, and a "10" swaggered in its place. The day force recognized no superiors. Thus a fine competition was started, and it went on until this mill, formerly the poorest producer, was turning out more than any other mill in the plant.

The Bethlehem profit-sharing system is based on my belief that every man should get exactly what he makes himself worth. This is the only plan I know of which is equally fair to the employers and every class of employee. Some day, I hope, all labor troubles will be solved by such a system.

I am not a believer in large salaries. I hold that every man should be paid for personal production. Our big men at Bethlehem seldom get salaries of over one hundred dollars a week; but their pay envelopes bulge with bonuses—computed entirely on the efficiencies and economies registered in their departments.

Approximately eighty per cent. of the twenty-two thousand men in our plants at Bethlehem come under the operation of the system. The only ones not included are certain kinds of day laborers, whose work is of such a nature that it does not fall readily into the scheme, and the men in a few special or too-complex departments.

Take the case of a mechanic; he is given a certain piece of work, and he knows that the allotted time for doing this work is, say, twenty hours. Perhaps he has a regular wage of forty cents an hour, irrespective of his production. If he finishes the job in the allotted twenty hours, he gets a bonus of twenty per cent, bringing his total pay for the work up to nine dollars and sixty cents. But if he does the work in twelve hours, he still receives the nine dollars and sixty cents, and is ready forthwith to tackle another piece of work. In other words, the man gets bonus pay for the job on the basis of the *entire schedule time*, regardless of the actual time it takes him to do it.

Any short cuts a man may devise or any unusual energy he may show are thus capitalized into profit for him. With this stimulus, our men are always giving their best efforts to their work, and the result has been that the production per man in some departments has more than doubled since the plan was put into effect.

We have complete schedules of time and bonus rates for many kinds of common labor, and our statistics show that such labor has been averaging nearly forty per cent. above the regular rate per hour. Such jobs as wheeling a wheelbarrow or handling a shovel have been put under the profit-sharing system.

There are some departments in which the work is of such a nature that time enters very slightly into calculation — in open hearth work or treating of armor plate, for example. Here we are more concerned with the *quality* of the work than with the quantity turned out in a given time. In these cases we give a bonus for quality, basing our computations on tests of the steel. If we had the regular system in operation here, workmen might be tempted to hurry their work, and a lot of steel would have to be thrown out.

In still other departments we give bonuses for efficiencies. If a man handles his machines so that the item of repair is very low, or if he gets equal results with less than the regular amount of fuel, he is paid accordingly. We try to take into calculation every element that depends on the initiative, or originality, or energy, or manual dexterity of a worker.

In many departments we use $1 as a unit cost standard. The manager or superintendent gets 1 per cent. of the reduction down to $.95, 2 per cent. of the total from $.95 to $.90, 3 per cent. of the total from $.90 to $.85, and so on. This holds out every inducement for economy and efficiency.

We say to the superintendent of blast furnaces, for example: "This is your normal operation cost, the amount we charge up. Everything you save from this standard cost you will share, and the more money you make the more money we will make, and the better satisfied everybody will be."

If Mr. Grace, the president of Bethlehem, who made a million dollars last year, were

rking on a salary, he would have been well id if he had got thirty or forty thous- d dollars. But I am delighted to see him ke a million.

We have to have a very elaborate and very tly statistical department to carry out the tem, but it pays for itself a hundred times er.

There is at Bethlehem a minimum wage be- w which no man's salary shall fall. But st of what each worker earns is made up bonuses. We find that if a man has not bition enough to earn bonuses he is not ely to remain with us long.

I am very happy to know that my Bethle- m employees are the best paid body of men the steel industry in America. Last year, m superintendents to boys, they averaged 0 apiece.

Systems of general profit-sharing have cer- n disadvantages from which ours is free. e disadvantage is that the lazy man shares reward of the smart man's work. Gen- l systems give employees uniformly bigger ges in times of general prosperity and fur- h a good excuse to reduce wages at other es.

My system, I believe, can be fitted to any nch of industry. A banker once told me t there was no way in which it could be rked out for banks. I told him I thought re was a way. And to prove it I devised ystem which has been put into successful ration in a dozen banks.

There are a good many things to be con- ered in selecting men for important posi- ns. One of the things that I always take o account is their family relations. If a n's wife takes the part of a discreet hel- , or co-director with him, he is that much more valuable to us.

t is a common enough saying that it is der to save money than it is to earn it. women of the United States have more learn about their husbands' money than men have to learn about getting it. That men are getting more out of their earn- capacities than their wives are getting of managing the money which their hus- ds provide them.

can never express the wonderful help s. Schwab has been to me from the very ct. Not long ago a group of men offered a large sum, sixty million dollars, I be- e, for half of Bethlehem. I told my wife ut it that evening.

This is a big sum," I said. "Half of what ve is yours. What shall we do? If we sell, r share, invested at five per cent., will g you an income of over a hundred thous- dollars a month for the rest of your life."

We wouldn't sell for five times that," my e said. "What would I do with the money? l what would you do without your work?"



—*F. H. Townsend in Punch, London.*

The Sunlight Loser.

alser (as his sainted grandfather's clock kes three): "The British are just putting r clocks back an hour. I wish I could ours back three years."



This Little Girl Has Always Been An Active Out-Door Baby

Her Mother Writes:

"Virginia still loves Grape-Nuts and always did. When she stopped taking her bottle, I did not want to begin feeding her everything, so decided on Grape-Nuts with hot milk.

"She thrived on it perfectly and for months ate nothing else. She still has it for breakfast, but, of course, eats other things now." Name given on request by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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IF you work indoors your skin is sensitive to the cold. To prevent chapping, you should be careful to close the pores by rinsing with cold water, to remove all moisture by drying thoroughly and to avoid soap which irritates the skin and makes it all the more sensitive to wind and frost.

When using Ivory Soap you can be certain that the skin is not touched by any injurious material. It is made of the choicest oils and is entirely harmless.

IF you are out in the weather most of the time, the reaction against the cold forces the blood to the surface and makes the skin hot and sensitive when you come indoors. To bathe in comfort, the soap you use must be exceedingly mild and gentle.

Ivory Soap does not rely upon harsh materials to do its work. It cleans because of its purity and copious lather. It is free from every ingredient that could feel ungrateful to the tenderest skin.

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Germany's Food Supply

Figures Show That a Serious Shortage Now Being Felt.

HOW LONG will Germany's food supp hold out in the face of the Briti blockade? At first high hopes were held c that the work of the fleet would result forcing the Germans to early submissio Gradually, however, it became certain th the process of economic pressure was goi to be a slow one and the pendulum of opini swung the other way. Recently the hope starving Germany out has been given up.

That the land of the Kaiser is in reality very sad plight is, however, the conclusion be drawn from an able article by J. El Barker in the *Edinburgh Review*. He cove the first two years of the war in their bea ing on the situation, showing that the fo supply has been getting shorter all the tin In conclusion he says:

In countries which have a free mark cheapness betokens plenty, and dearn scarcity. The German Government has, its food policy, abolished the law of supp and demand and has created an artific cheapness. Instead of allowing the simp mechanism of high prices to stimulate pr duction and to restrict consumption, the Ge man Government has endeavored to regula production and consumption by the most co plicated system of regulations imaginab Let us now inquire how Germany's comp cated economic legislation and her cheap fo policy have affected the consumption and pr duction of food, and let us begin by studyi consumption.

It is not easy to regulate the human app tite either by exhortation or by minute Ge ernment regulations. As food has been che in Germany since the beginning of the wa the people, who habitually ate more than w good for them, probably continued over-eati instead of greatly restricting their consum tion, and if some foodstuffs were scarce dear, or were not easily obtainable, owing the complicated regulations made, they turn naturally to other foods which were st cheap and plentiful, eating the large qua tities to which they were accustomed. Un recently neutral visitors to Germany co mented on the fact that the people lived well as in peace time, that cafes and restau ants were crowded, that food was plentif In the beginning of the struggle, when m lions of cattle and pigs were slaughtered b cause of the lack of imported feeding stuf the German people gorged on cheap me and the German housewives pickled a smoked meat in large quantities. At that ti advertisements of cheap smoking apparat for privatee households could be found every German newspaper.

The authors of the book "Germany's Foo Can it Last?" estimate, as has been show that German agriculture produces only tw thirds of the food normally eaten, and th the people should, therefore, eat only tw thirds of the food they have been accustom to. It seems pretty obvious that no such r striction has taken place; and that, duri contrary, the German people have, duri the war, eaten far more food than ever b fore, partly because food has been almost cheap as usual and war profits and war wag have created an artificial opulence; part because wars increase the appetite of n tions. All the heaviest eaters of Germa were drafted into the army, and the open-a life and exercise naturally increased th normally large appetites. The men in un form ate more than ever before. Armies a notoriously wasteful with food. In the arm kitchens and on the march vast quantiti of food are invariably wasted, spoilt, stolen. The soldiers who were sent to th homes on leave were, of course, feasted

their relations, who participated, and military invalids and convalescents, who have proverbially large appetites, were certainly not stinted either in the hospitals or in their homes. The German newspapers reported victories on land and sea almost every day, and victories must, of course, be celebrated with feasting. It would not be surprising if Germany, instead of eating two-thirds the quantity of food consumed in peace time, should have eaten about 30 per cent. more than in any previous period.

It is true that at least a million German soldiers have been killed or captured, but as their place as consumers of food has been taken by a large number of prisoners, there are now as many mouths in Germany as there were before the war, especially as the civil population has continued increasing. It is true that Germany has confiscated large quantities of foodstuffs in the conquered territories, but that gain is probably balanced by the loss of the produce of Eastern Prussia, which was invaded by the Russians in the beginning of the war.

The surmise that the German Government has failed in its endeavor to regulate and to restrain human appetite by complicated regulations seems to be borne out by the more recent and more drastic food regulations quoted in the papers, and by the smallness of the allowance per person. Germany and Austria-Hungary produce normally an enormous surplus of potatoes and sugar. In ordinary times Germany consumes only half the sugar she produces, and the Dual Monarchy consumes considerably less than half the yearly sugar production. There ought, therefore, to be a large surplus of sugar. The fact that the potato allowance is exceedingly small and that saccharine is replacing sugar seems to indicate that even potatoes and sugar are becoming scarce, that the insufficiently restrained appetite of the people has caused terrible ravages not merely in the supply of meat, dairy produce, and bread, but even in that of potatoes and sugar.

In accordance with the demand of the Socialists, the German Government has endeavored not only to regulate prices, but it has also striven to arrange that all should have an equal share in the food supply by the ticket system. The Government's endeavor at equal distribution has proved a complete failure. The food producers, the peasants, the farmers and their friends, eat, of course, as much as they like. An endeavor to control their appetite would be hopeless. The well-to-do, who cannot obtain as much as they would like to have under the ticket system, can, of course, obtain privately food from the farmers and peasants, who thus are able to sell food in small quantities at far higher prices than the low maximum prices fixed by the Government. Besides, the well-to-do can go to the country and feast there. The result is that the country population and the well-to-do are well fed, while the Socialist masses in the towns, for whose special benefit the ticket system was instituted, are starved. The workers have neither the money nor the opportunities to buy surreptitiously direct from the farmers, and thus they are the principal sufferers by the great Socialist experiment which has been made at the bidding of their leaders. Besides, the attempt to distribute food by ticket has proved a failure because the officials lack commercial experience. Hence in innumerable instances people bave to wait many hours, and sometimes all night, before shops with their tickets, and after endless waiting are told that the supply has run out. Commerce is a science and an art, and experienced business men cannot safely be replaced by well-drilled officials directed by unpractical doctrinaires.

Now let us consider how the complicated legislation of Germany has affected individual exertion, and has affected the national food production.

Soon after the outbreak of the war numerous measures were taken to stimulate agriculture. The people in the towns were appealed to for help in harvesting. Schools were closed and the school children were asked to assist in the fields. Those willing to help with harvesting were given free tickets on the State railways. The rural co-operative societies received liberal State aid. The acquisition of steam ploughs, motor ploughs, etc., was facilitated by grants and by the creation of ex-





changes for these implements. The Russian laborers who were in Germany when the war broke out, and who numbered perhaps 200,000, were forcibly detained. When the harvest had been brought in, orders were given that every available spot, even parks and drill-grounds, were to be put under cultivation. The German press informed us that a record area would be sown and that it would produce a record harvest in 1915. Nevertheless, the 1915 harvest was poor, owing to bad weather, and especially owing to lack of human and animal labor and of chemical and animal manure.

When, towards the middle of 1915, it became clear that the German harvest would be a poor one, the Government arranged for the distribution of foodstuffs of various kinds and began seizing the existing supply at the low maximum prices which it had proclaimed. On the 28th of June, 1915, the standing crops of all bread corn were seized. On the 9th of October all potatoes, and on the 8th of November all straw, were made Government property. The forcible acquisition of vast quantities of agricultural produce at arbitrarily fixed, uncommercial, and artificially low prices has undoubtedly embittered the producers, the peasants, who, at the last moment, saw themselves deprived of the legitimate result of a year's unremitting labor, and who probably considered themselves robbed. A powerful government can do many things, but it can neither control the appetite nor the will of the people. Forcible acquisition at uncommercial prices, confiscation in disguise, may easily lead to a fatal diminution in agricultural effort. Production in a limited number of factories can be supervised and regulated by the State, but rural food production on millions of farms cannot similarly be controlled. According to the newspapers numerous peasants have been prosecuted in the law-courts for the illicit slaughtering of animals, for neglecting cultivation, for allowing their pigs to eat the green bread corn which had expressly been reserved by the Government for human consumption. The tendency of the Government's food policy is to induce the peasants to raise not as much food as they can, but as little as they dare. Many will produce only enough for their own consumption, and will refuse to produce for sale at official prices, which they think too low.

It is obvious that people can live with little meat and fat, provided they can obtain enough vegetable food. But is there enough vegetable food in Germany to supply the wants of the people? Scraps of information which reach this country by way of the newspapers and through private sources seem to indicate that the general food position in Germany is serious, that there is a shortage not only of meat and fat, eggs and milk, etc., but of food of every kind. Apparently the policy of low prices has had the natural result of greatly stimulating the consumption and severely reducing the production of food, thus producing a general scarcity, and the attempt to distribute the existing food equitably has proved a failure. It is not safe to disregard the elementary law of demand and supply. By over-regulating and over-organizing in the economic sphere Germany may regulate herself into starvation and organize herself into defeat.

Saving the World from Starvation

Steps That are Being Taken to Extract Nitrogen From the Air.

THE AVERAGE person probably has very little knowledge of the importance of the question of nitrogen supplies. Yet, when it is pointed out that the Chile nitrate deposits—the sole direct source of nitrogen today—will be exhausted at any rate during the present century and that without nitrogen the human race will starve, then the problem assumes a new importance. L. H. Baekeland discusses the steps that are being taken to solve the problem, very interestingly in *Scribner's Magazine*. He writes, in part:—

In 1898 Sir William Crookes, at a memorable meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, sounded a warning—an alarm call—to the human race. What he said was substantially this: "We are relying on Chile nitrates for our needed supply of fertilizer for our wheat-fields and other crops. The consumption of this fertilizer is increasing steadily with the rapidly rising food requirements of our race. But the nitrate deposits of Chile will be exhausted before the end of this century. What means shall we devise for obtaining additional sources of nitrogen supply so as to prevent starvation of the human race?"

All this may sound better to the average reader after we tell him more about it. The whole story is nothing less than a modern epos of applied science. The story began the day when chemistry taught us how indispensable are the nitrogenous substances for the growth of all animal beings, for building up their tissues. Generally speaking, the most expensive foodstuffs are precisely those which contain most nitrogen; and this for the simple reason that there is, and always has been in the world, at some time or another, a shortage of nitrogenous foods—proteid-containing foods, as scientists call them.

Germany's most serious problem, at this moment, is how to get enough meat or other proteid food for her population and for her army; she has plenty of potatoes, but potatoes contain little or no proteids—they contain mostly starch; hence her bread-and-meat ticket system. Agriculture furnishes us these proteid or nitrogenous bodies, never mind whether we eat them directly as vegetable products, like wheat or beans, or indirectly, as meat, milk, cheese, or eggs, from any animals which have fed on proteid-containing plants, or eat other animals which live on plants.

It so happens that by our reckless methods of agriculture the plants take the nitrogen from the soil much faster than it is supplied to the soil through some natural agencies from the air.

We should remember here that the atmosphere in which we live and breathe contains about four parts of nitrogen gas, mixed with one part of oxygen. But this gas, nitrogen of the air, can only be taken up by the plants under very particular conditions.

So our farmers long ago, have found it necessary to remedy this discrepancy by enriching the soil with manure and other fertilizers. But, with our growing population, we have been compelled to resort to methods of intensive culture, and our fields want more and ever more nitrogen.

Since these facts have been established by the chemists of the last century, agriculture has been looking around anxiously to find new sources of nitrogen fertilizer. For a time an excellent supply was found in Peru, in the guano deposits, which are merely the result of dried excrements of birds, but the material was bought up so eagerly that, after a few years, the supply was practically exhausted.

Another source was found in the by-products of gas works and coke-ovens, which by the distillation of coal produce a certain percentage of ammonia, and has come into increasing use as a nitrogen fertilizer. Here, again, the supply, although seemingly enormous, cannot keep pace with the constantly growing demand, even if we leave out of consideration that our coal-beds are not everlasting.

In 1825 a ship arrived in Europe loaded with Chile saltpetre as ballast; it tried to sell its cargo, but could find no buyer; so the cargo was thrown into the sea as useless material. This now seems rather funny; it was some time before it occurred to anybody that this Chile saltpetre, or nitrate of sodium, is one of the best sources of nitrogen for agriculture, as well as a raw material for the manufacture of explosives and the other industries which require nitric acid. The awakening appreciation of the great value of this Chile saltpetre has, since then, developed an enormius commerce; exploitation of Chile nitrate beds has become not only a source of riches to the owners, but to the Chilean Government as well, which lives on the revenues of the exportation tax which it levies on every pound of Chile saltpetre which leaves its ports for every part of the civilized world. So practically every agricultural country, ours included, pays direct tribute to Chile for its food supply.

This naturally increases the cost of this material, aside from the fact that the Chilean nitrate-beds cannot last forever. There is some heated controversy going on whether they will be empty by the middle of this century or by the end; but, after all, every one must admit that it is merely a matter of years before this natural storehouse of this valuable product will be entirely exhausted.

And yet nitrogen as such, free and uncombined, is everywhere; it is so abundant that each column of air of our atmosphere resting upon every square foot of the earth's surface contains about 6½ tons of nitrogen. The amount of nitrogen in the air above one square mile of land, is about 20,000,000 tons, as much as the world will require in about fifty years. Unfortunately, free nitrogen is of no use as such, in this instance. It must be brought into some kind of a chemical combination before it is good for anything. Precisely there lies the difficulty of the problem, because nitrogen is one of the most indifferent, the most inert, of all chemicals. It is really too lazy to enter into combination, as most other chemicals do.

As the glimmer of a far-off beacon, indicating faintly a course to follow, there was the knowledge of a modest experiment, carried out as far back as 1785 by two Englishmen well known to science. One of them was aristocratic Lord Cavendish and the other democratic Priestly, whose restless thinking and liberal political opinions earned him his exile to the United States, where he lies buried.

They had shown, the one independently of the other, that if electric sparks are passed through air contained in a little glass tube, the oxygen was able to burn some of the nitrogen and to produce nitrous vapors. Chemists know how to convert these nitrous vapors into nitric acid and nitrates. At that time electricity was a mere toy, and nobody dreamed that some day it was to develop into one of our most powerful agencies. Such is the tremendous potency of some of these seemingly insignificant laboratory curiosities. It frequently happens that after they lie long dormant, half forgotten in the scientific literature, they blaze out as the starting-point of a revolutionary development of applied science.

Two American inventors, Charles S. Bradley and D. R. Lovejoy, in Niagara Falls, tried to build upon these meagre facts; they succeeded in creating the first industrial apparatus for converting the nitrogen of the air into nitric acid by means of electric sparks. As early as 1902 they published their results, as well as the details of their apparatus. To them belongs the credit of first demonstrating publicity that it was possible to produce nitric acid from the air in practically unlimited quantities. All that was necessary was enough capital and cheap electric power. Electric current as sold in Niagara Falls, at $18 a horsepower-year, provided the first bar to the commercial utilization of their process. Furthermore, their financial backers, frightened by the need of huge further investments, instead of developing the process gave up the attempt.

Two Scandinavian inventors, Professor Birkeland and Doctor Eyde, in the meantime, attacked the same process in a different way. They were no longer handicapped by expensive water-power. The abundant falls in Norway, developed under very economical financing, were able to furnish them current at a price three times to five times less than at Niagara Falls. Furthermore, the apparatus they used was devised in considerably bigger units—1,000 to 3,000 kilowatts, as compared to the modest 12 kilowatt units of Bradley and Lovejoy—and after some years of strenuous work and expensive development the installation was gradually increased, so that before 1914 200,000 electrical horsepower were employed, and the capital invested

Saving the World from Starvation

Continued from page 42.

amounted already to $27,000,000, to which further additions have been made later.

Thus far we have spoken of nitrogen as the main source of our food-supply, as the element which procures life, health, and prosperity. But in war it becomes also the most terrible element of death and destruction, for nitric acid is the all-important substance from which modern gunpowder and all explosives of war are made. Nitric acid, in reacting upon cotton, gives guncotton, also called nitrocellulose, the base of smokeless powder. In reacting upon carbolic acid it gives picric acid; with toluol, that colorless liquid extracted from coal-tar, it produces trinitrotoluol—better known as T.N.T.—and all these or similar substances form the base of all modern war explosives, whether they be called T.N.T., cordite, melinite, lyddite, or any other names.

If Germany had not succeeded in utilizing any of the nitrogen-fixation processes for making synthetic nitric acid, the war would have come to a stop long ago, and this notwithstanding the extraordinary organization of the enormous German army or the unprecedented size and variety of her armaments. Her 42-centimetre guns would be no more able to sow devastation and destruction than an automobile would be able to run after its supply of gasolene is used up.

It is true that Germany had foreseen such a possibility. On this account she had an enormous supply of explosives ready, and besides this was in possesion of about 600,000 tons of Chile saltpetre, kept ready for further contingencies. After England joined the war matters began to look so much more serious that hurriedly about 200,000 tons more were imported, through neutral ports, and we are informed that, as a piece of good luck to the German army, about 200,000 tons were found stored in the port of Antwerp after the fall of that city. But, from all appearances, it looks now as if Germany, well prepared as she was, never expected a war of the present magnitude and duration. The amount of nitrate explosives which have been used in this war almost staggers description. Men competent to estimate have reported that during a few days' battle in some of the principal engagements more explosives were used than in the whole Franco-Prussian War. So the reserve of explosives and nitrates in Germany rapidly disappeared as snow melts before the sun, and some heroic measures had to be taken to replenish promptly her supply of nitric acid.

The main question was to get a process which could be extended fast enough to keep pace with the increased demands. To those unacquainted with chemical methods it seems rather unexpected that the exigencies of the situation should have dictated the choice of that harmless-looking cyanamid, which until then had been used exclusively for the peaceful purposes of agriculture.

The well-known chemical fact was remembered that this cyanamid, heated with steam under a high pressure, lets its nitrogen be converted into ammonia. It was remembered also that, when once you have ammonia, the latter, after being mixed with air, can be burned by the oxygen of the air—oxidation chemists call it—and can be transformed thereby into nitric acid. Here again all that is necessary is a so-called catalyst, and the best catalyst for this purpose is platinum, and this is one of the reasons why platinum is now on the list of contraband of war. So in the end the issue of this war depends very much on the proper working of a catalyst! Such are the ramifications of modern chemistry. By these simple chemical means Germany is producing to-day her nitric acid at the rate of more than 300,000 tons a year. Many people erroneously imagine that all this was neatly installed before the war or was carried out a short time after the war was started. The real fact is that it took German chemists and engineers about a year and a half of the most strenuous and uninterrupted efforts before they had erected enough plants to arrive at the condition where they were independent for their full nitric-acid supply. It is estimated that $100,000,000 has thus been spent on an additional equipment. Before the war the yearly output of the existing cyanamid works in Germany, amounted to scarcely 50,000 tons. Since then it has been increased to about 600,000 tons. This has been done in a number of different localities by either adapting existing electric-power plants, or by erecting new ones for the production of this indispensable material. So that here again the drastic exigencies of war have called into existence an enormous industry for which there was scant enthusiasm in times of peace.

This special message of science has finally reached the masses, since it spoke to them, not in the language of peace and knowledge, but in the arguments of war; since nitrogen was to be harnessed not for giving growth and life to our race, but for carrying forth death and destruction. What next?

The Flame of France

An Appreciation of the Indomitable Spirit of the French People.

"SO FAR as France is concerned, this war is of the spirit," says a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*.. "It is a war to save the spirit, to keep the spirit of France independent, untrammeled and pure. It is an effort of the most developed and civilized people on earth to save its soul alive. It is a glass, through which suddenly we have seen the soul of France." A few of the instances bearing out the writer's appreciation are quoted here as follows:

In the trains arriving at La Chapelle from the front, the faces of the wounded are more like the faces of saints than the faces of soldiers—and now and then a bearded one lifted by suffering and sacrifice to a likeness of the very Christ.

The women in the villages are quite as wonderful as the wounded soldiers. One rainy day, coming across a field road deep in mud, I meet a young woman. She knows me, so I walk with her. She wears a thick black dress and one of those French knitted shawls that are mostly square holes, with only an umbrella to keep off the slanting rain. She belongs at the Post Office. It is there I had seen her, at the rural free delivery. It is too muddy to ride her wheel, so she must walk. "Ah, c'est trop! Trente kilometres, vous savez, chaque jour; c'est trop." And when I agree that 18 miles is too much, she says: "*Mais que voulez-vous?* My husband, he was killed in Champagne; my little girl has five years. I must work." And then she races me in to the Post Office to prove her path the shorter, and, when I arrive she, already behind her desk, laughs with gayety at my being in the wrong. A people like that is unbeatable!

A lady's maid in England gets a six month's holiday—comes to France. I saw her at work scrubbing floors in a hospital from seven in the morning till night—an intelligent, delicate woman with most refined and sensitive hands, always gay, no matter how many rainy days come in succession and how much mud was tracked over her floors. I told her she deserved the *Croix de Guerre*. It is such people who are saving France. There is no vindictiveness. The war is a matter of cold business, for the Frenchman never gets hot in his head; his brain is cool; he is always intelligent. The German is a *Boche*, that is all—the word expresses him entirely: and when one thinks that the Germans are described by the most intelligent people on earth as "les sales Boches," one feels that they are an unfortunate people, really to be pitied. The wounded, of course—for it *is* of course—never complain; always patient and always gay. One boy, very sick indeed, with four bad wounds and dreadful bedsores, in reply to a hope that things were going better with him, said, smiling, that "affairs marched doucement, doucement." That particular hospital occupied part of a college, and there d'Artagnan had, when a boy, been at school.

The French know they beat Germany at the Marne, beat the German First Army, flushed as it was with victory. With 1870 tolling in their ears, they turned on the Germans and almost with their bare hands hurled them back. If there had been ammunition they would have pushed them back to Berlin, and they know now that in the field they are the masters.

It is the ordinary, commonplace man that is the wonder. The heroes of romance are seven feet high, with other attributes of the stage idol; but these heroes—these real heroes—are just the men of the shop, the field, and the marketplace. At the midnight Mass on Christmas morning, when they stood, a crowd of soldiers and wounded near the door of the packed church, one saw amid the waving candle-flames and the French flags, the long red streamers that reminded one of the oriflamme, and one understood something of Joan of Arc: how she too was a simple peasant, but, seeing the vision, had trusted in it and believed it, and by it had delivered France.

One saw in these simple men the everlasting brothers of the Maid—men who saw the spirit as she had seen it, and would again clear France of the invader and save it from destruction. One felt it again that night in the wards, when, after an entertainment of song and dance given by the wounded soldiers, a young man came forward at the end of the long room in the aisle between the rows of beds, and, laying aside his crutches, leaned for support on a chair and sang the *Marseillaise*. One knew it when, at the end of the song, the wounded raised themselves in their beds to roar, *Aux armes, citoyens!* One knew then that one had experienced something that is rare in the world.

It is true that their capacity for the dramatic gives one a chance to understand them; but now the dramatic seems to be always any unconscious display of the spirit that is moving them. There is no brag; the spirit just shines through them. They cannot help it.

An aviator had fallen and had died in the hospital. The day of his funeral, a day with gusts of heavy rain, with gay streaked clouds crowding in the windy sky, the funeral procession was just leaving the hospital to go across the little place, under the clipped trees, to the village church. The priest walks at the head of the procession, intoning; the tricolor is carried at the head of the flag-draped coffin, the church-bell tolls, when screaming out of the wind-driven sky comes a war-plane—down, down, over the church, and then, tilting at a terrible angle, around the church it goes—once, twice, thrice, and then up and off again into the clouds. A more modern and more extraordinary expression of respect for the dead it is impossible to imagine.

All through the country one feels the same spirit everywhere that one feels in Paris—the straight roads with their sense of mental clearness and passionate directness, the poplars, monumental in their long lines against the sky. Even the clipped trees somewhow convey to one a sense one never got from them before. All the common things have suddenly sprung to life, suddenly become symbols of the inner things. For a moment, the veil that hides the world from us, under the visible things, is pulled aside, and we understand as we never understood before.

It is truly as a wounded officer said, looking across a valley on his first ride outside when convalescent, as he saw the dark bare apple trees and the rolling fields, and beyond always the rows of straight trees: "Ah, is it not a country worth fighting for?"—and he had lost his right hand, his right foot was badly hurt, and there was a groove from a shell in the front of his head. And yet he hoped to be back at the front in the spring.

France carries the civilization of the world in her hands, the civilization which is a



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heritage from the Greeks, and she knows that that is what she is fighting to save. As the Greeks saved it from the Persian host, she is saving it from the Prussian hordes, from the most backward, the most ruthless, the most material people that the world has yet had the misfortune to produce. France knows that this war is materialism trying to crush the spirit of man, the spirit of freedom, and the rights of truth and liberty, and that is why the common soldier says he is fighting for *la civilisation.*

Many of us over here think this is an ordinary war, a war between this man and that man. Never was a greater mistake made. It is a war between liberty and beauty on the one hand, and on the other, tyranny and brutality—a war between the civilized man of the twentieth century and the man still back in the Middle Ages. For the German, in spite of his mechanical knowledge, is still in the Middle Ages, but the Middle Ages with chivalry left out, the Middle Ages without honor and without hope. That is why France wanted us to say that she was right—that was all, to say it; but as that is now too late, one hopes that we may think it, that we may understand that it is for us she is fighting—for the very things that we have until now held sacred, for the only things that make life tolerable. What little help we can individually give her, let us give it. What we are officially, let us forget. Let us try to make her, or those of her people with whom we come in contact, understand that we, as a people, give her our respect, our admiration, and more than all, our love; that in us yet, somewhere, still burns the old flame; that in spite of a neutral government, in spite of unrestrained German aggression, in spite of luxury and materialism, there is an America still, and that America understands that France is carrying the hope of the world.

Is the Bubble-fountain Safe?

"THE circumstances of an epidemic of streptococcus tonsillitis two years ago in one the dormitories of the University of Wisconsin unexpectedly directed suspicion to the bubble-fountains in the building. The water pressure in them was so low that it was scarcely possible to drink from the bubbler without touching the metal portions with the lips. An examination of the fountains showed them to be heavily contaminated with streptococci. Positive results were obtained from the surface of the mountain, from the inside and from the water discharged, but the city water-supply by which they were operated gave no evidence of these organisms.

"The facts of the Wisconsin investigation are surprising as well as unexpected. A survey of all fountains of the university showed the presence of streptococci in over 50 per cent of the total number. . . . In an experimental bubble-fountain, *Bacillus prodigiosus* when introduced either by means of a pipette or by the moistened lips remained in the water from two to 135 minutes, depending partly on the height of the 'bubble.'

"The explanation of this finding seems to be clear. Most of the organisms are flushed away in the water-stream; but some remain dancing in the column much as a ball dances on the garden fountain, even though the bubble be increased to the impracticable height of 4 inches. To avoid this difficulty, always present in the vertical column of spouting water, a simple fountain with a tube at an angle of 50 degrees from the vertical was constructed. *B. prodigiosus* was never found in the culture plates from this type of fountain, even when samples were taken immediately after the intentional introduction of the organisms.

"The Wisconsin investigators believe that a jet of water from a tube erected at an angle of 15 degrees or more from the vertical and with an adequate collar guard to prevent possible contact with the orifice is adequate."

The Ambitions of Japan

American Writers Discuss the Question of U.S. Relations with Nippon.

THE possibility of an open breach between the United States and Japan is openly discussed in the former country. That "the road to war with Japan lies through China" is the introductory statement of O. K. Davis, who contributes a comprehensive and rather convincing article to *Everybody's Magazine*. He outlines the reason why Japan is more or less openly contriving to gobble up China first.

What does the Japanese Government want? China. Why? Because China, and China alone, can furnish the outlet which Japan imperntively needs. If the problem of Japan is translated, for illustration, into terms of the United States, it will undoubtedly be more intelligible to American readers. Let us try it.

Japan proper consists of a number of islands, the largest of which, called Hondo, is that on which Tokyo and Yokohama, Kyoto and Kobe, Osaka and Shimonoseki are situated. It constitutes more than half the area of Japan. And yet it is only about as large as the State of Kansas. When all the hundreds of her islands are reckoned in, the total area of Japan is only about 147,000 square miles, or about the area of our State of Montana.

Yet in that small area there are living to-day approximately fifty-three millions of Japanese men, women and children. And by far the greater number of them live on the Island of Hondo. Just think of that! Suppose fifty-three millions of people were put into the State of Montana. The grandest moving out the United States have ever had would begin overnight, and it would keep up until the pressure of population per square mile had been very substantially reduced. Suppose four-fifths of that population, or say forty millions, were placed in Kansas. What sort of an exodus would there not be—even from Kansas?

And yet all of Kansas is arable, whereas only one-sixth of Japan is arable. Five-sixths of Japan stand on end—like the kingdom where Namgay Doolah lived—and not even the marvelously patient and thrifty Japanese can wring a living from its reluctant soil. Certain eminent observers have written most interestingly about the wonderful skill and ability of the Chinese as farmers. But if you want to see three blades of grass growing where there is room for only two, go to Japan. That is one result of having fifty-three millions of people living in a territory the size of Montana.

But that is not the whole of Japan's economic problem. Her population is increasing about 700,000 a year, wholly from the excess of births over deaths. With a death-rate of 22 per thousand, her birth-rate is 34 per thousand. The war with Russia checked this increase of population for three or four years, but the total effect of this check was probably less than a million lives.

Here is a problem, you see, which has been presented several times in the development of the world's history. And every time it has found its answer. The press of population is not denied. It can not be believed that it will be denied in the case of Japan.

He then proceeds to show how thoroughly the Japs have extended their influence in China:

Manchuria already is almost wholly in Japanese control. China maintains the show of sovereignty there, but it is a sovereignty so badly impaired in so many important particulars that only shreds of its original authority are left, and those shreds will be lost also whenever it suits the plans of Japan to bring forward, or create, the pretext for action. Mongolia will soon be in the same

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condition exactly as Manchuria, and then unless Japan concludes that wider action earlier is safe, it may be expected confidently that the next forward movement will be southward from Manchuria and Mongolia into the very vitals of that great country which once was the "Middle Kingdom."

For Japan must develop for herself the vast trade of China, and Japan doesn't know how to develop that trade for herself except by first acquiring dominion over China as she has practically acquired it over Manchuria and is now setting out to acquire it over Mongolia. Japan must play the game in her own way. It is not the way of Westerners, and we have great difficulty in comprehending or accepting it. But we might just as well make up our minds first as last to the fact that that is the way Japan is going to play. It is her game, and she will play the only way she knows how. So the rest of the world must expect to have her go right on denying and endeavoring to conceal what she is doing, no matter how obvious and clear it may be, until the moment arrives when it suits her bland purpose to admit that, after all, she has done what she denied doing.

The war in Europe has greatly improved Japan's positiou. It has brought her an undreamed-of and unhoped-for prosperity. It has stimulated industrial activity and expansion, and in marked degree has tended to supply one of the deficiencies of which Marquis Okuma spoke so strongly—the accumulation of capital. If you travel by rail from Shimonoseki to Tokyo now, you will see at almost every station from three to a dozen stacks of belching smoke. The newspapers constantly report the organization of new concerns, and there is a steadily lengthening list of new enterprises. And most significant of all, Japan has found the money to invest in foreign securities. Nothing has had more appeal to Japanese imagination, or been a greater stimulus to Japanese pride, than this ability to subscribe, even though in small amount compared to the enormous subscriptions in this country, to loans issued in France and Russia.

It is not on war supplies alone that Japan is increasingly busy. She is making ammunition and clothing for Russia and her other allies; but more than that, she is developing her peaceful trade and her merchant marine. She has almost the entire carrying trade of the Pacific Ocean in her grasp, and the Government fixes the freight rates. Her busy, energetic trade scouts have taken very careful account of the trade that was Germany's before the war, and samples of every kind of German product which the scouts conceived it possible to make in Japan have been sent home and exhibited to Japanese manufacturers under Government supervision. The Japanese Government gives every form of aid and advantage to the organization and development of new enterprises, even to subscribing to the capital and granting exemption from taxation.

That there is danger of the ambitious projects of Japan bringing about a breach with the United States is the fear that shows itself in all writings on the subject. That there has been a diplomatic clash is evidenced by an article in *World's Work*, which reads:

Whatever official explanations may be made, few episodes in our relation with Japan have produced so unpleasant an impression as the attempt of this Power, on October 14th, to veto the contract to repair the Grand Canal in Shantung, granted by the Chinese Government to an American corporation. International relations are not established by friendly editorials in newspapers or after-dinner speeches, but by the facts in the situation. The recent circumstance constitutes a particularly disagreeable fact. Upon those Americans who have only a newspaper-reading knowledge of Asiatic problems—and few have more—the whole proceeding seems greedy, offensive, and insulting. Japan practically notifies the world that certain parts of China are her economic provinces, with which America is not to interfere. The action is unfriendly and, unless resented, means a serious handicap to American progress in the Far East.

It is true that Japan can make out a plausibly legal case. The proposed canal work is to be done in the Province of Shantung—the province which, with Kiao-chau, formed the German 'sphere of influence" in China. The treaty under which China surrendered this concession to Germany gave that Power control over the larger part of Shantung. Were Germany in undisputed possession to-day, China would thus not have the legal right to make any contract with Americans, for only Germany herself could do that. But Germany, as we well know, has lost her influence in Kiao-chau, having ended her little empire in the Far East. The claim is now made that Japanese "influence' has taken the place of German, and, according to the fixed principle, Japan has fallen heir to all the rights and privileges which Germany formerly enjoyed in Shantung. Not China, therefore, but only Japan, had the right to enter into the arrangements with the American canal contractors.

But there is more to this situation than mere technicalities. When Japan, in the fall of 1914, started to destroy German power in China, she announced that her purpose was to restore this territory to China. Japan's intention, therefore, was not to occupy herself such treaty rights as Germany possessed, but to restore the Chinese control. That being the case, it would appear that China had at least a moral right to make its contract with the Americans, and that the recent Japanese protest was not only unwaranted in law, but an act of impudent aggresion against a friendly Power.

There is little doubt that Japan and Russia purpose to shape the destiny of the Far East. Their alliance shows that in itself, and the appointment of Japan's great jingo, Count Terauchi, as Premier, emphasizes it still further. The new Premier is a man whose reputation is almost entirely military; he stands for the largest possible military and naval programme and for an assertion of Japanese overlordship in China. Part of his platform, the newspapers report, is the exclusion of neutrals from Chinese trade. His elevation has shocked the more sober-minded Japanese newspapers, which have publicly bewailed it as an unnecessary slap at Washington. It has caused almost as much uneasiness in England and France.

Among the many foreign problems affecting the new Administration, this one of our Far Eastern relations is by no means the least important. There is little likelihood that Japan will cause us any great annoyance on the California issue, for the question involved there is chiefly sentimental and does not affect her material interests. But the control of China affects her whole economic life, and, therefore, her future as a nation. So far as we are concerned the question is direct and simple: are we prepared to insist upon our treaty rights with China and to demand freedom to trade in and to help develop that empire, or are we ready to shut our eyes and let Russia and Japan apportion it peacefully among themselves? In the latter case we shall have no trouble (though great loss), but in the former the waters will not be such smooth sailing. Fundamentally, that is the meaning of these two recent happenings—the protest against the American contract and the elevation of Terauchi. With this question, with the Mexican problem, and with the European War, the next four years promise to be historic in American diplomacy.

Tricky German "Diplomacy"

Was Story of Mobilization Faked to Force Russia Into the First Move?

A VERY remarkable story is being told of German trickery in the diplomatic exchanges that preceded the declaration of war, and *World's Work* comments on it as follows:

Dr. E. J. Dillon is one of the few journalist-students of international affairs who, like the late M. de Blowitz, are in a position to know more of the inside of the chancelleries of Europe than most others. His book, "Ourselves and Germany," written, of course, for his English compatriots, contains many significant and interesting facts and analyses of the origins of the Great War and the characters involved. Despite the vast amount of writing on this subject, most of which has dealt with the more or less well known fact, Dr. Dillon's book carries one through new channels of information. One of the most startling chapters is devoted to a Machiavellian trick which deserves to rank in history with the doctoring of the Ems telegram, the dishonest device by which Bismarck boasted he precipitated the Franco-Prussian War:

"Among the privileges accorded to the *Lokal-Anzeiger* from the date of its purchase for the behoof of the Crown Prince onward was that of publishing official military news before all other papers, and not later even than the *Militar-Wochenblatt*. Consequently, it thus became the most trustworthy source of military news in the Empire. This fact is worth bearing in mind, for the sake of the light which it diffuses on what follows.

"War being foreseen and arranged for, much careful thought was bestowed on the staging of the last act of the diplomatic drama in such a way as to create abroad an impression favorable to Germany. The scheme finally hit upon was simple. Russia was to be confronted with a dilemma which would force her into an attitude that would stir misgivings even in her friends and drive a wedge between her and her ally or else would involve her complete withdrawal from the Balkans. . . .

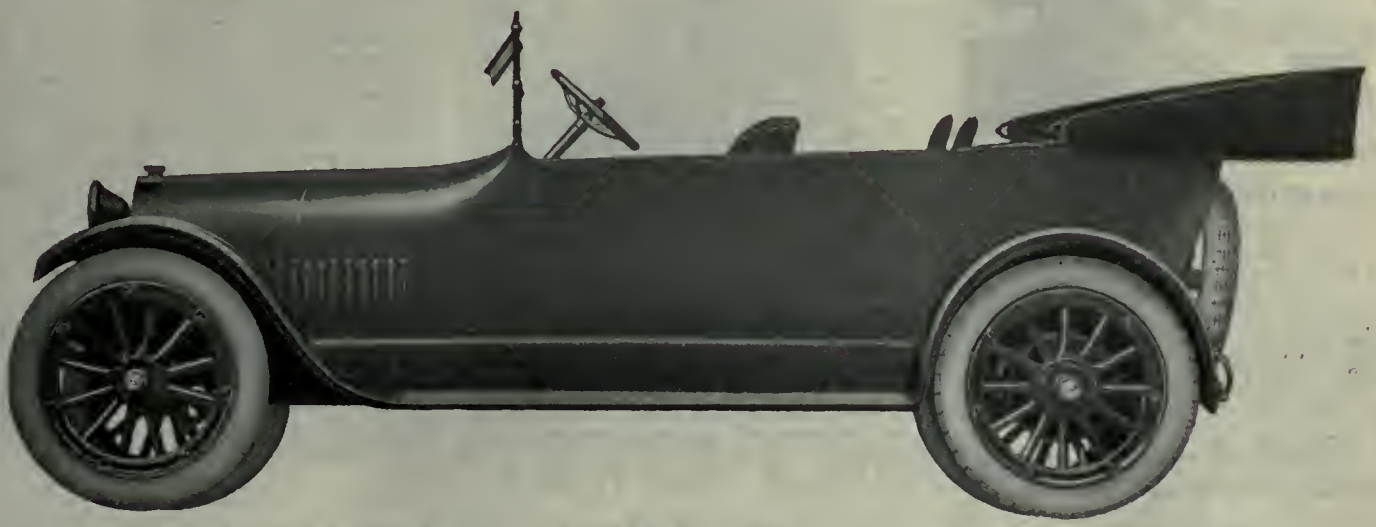
"Congruously with this plan, Russia was from the very outset declared to be the power on which alone depended the outcome of the crisis. . . .

"The date fixed for the German mobilization was July 31st. The evidence for this is to be found in the date printed on the official order which was posted up in the streets of Berlin, but was crossed out and replaced by the words "1st of August," in writing, as there was no time to reprint the text. It had been expected in Berlin that Russia would have taken a decision by July 30th, either mobilizing or knuckling down. Neither course, however, had been adopted. Thereupon Germany became nervous and went to work in the following way:

"On Thursday, July 30th, at 2.25 p.m., a number of newspaper boys appeared in the streets of Berlin adjoining the Unter den Linden and called out lustily: '*Lokal-Anzeiger* Supplement. Grave news. Mobilization ordered throughout the Empire.' Windows were thrown wide open and stentorian voices called for the Supplement. The boys were surrounded by eager groups, who bought up the stock of papers and then eagerly discussed the event that was about to change and probably to end the lives of many of the readers. It does not appear that the Supplement was sold anywhere outside that circumscribed district. Now in that part of the town was situated Wolff's Press Bureau, where the official representatives of Havas and the Russian Telegraphic Agency sat and worked.

"The correspondent of the latter agency having read the announcement of the *Lokal-Anzeiger*, which was definitive and admitted of no doubt, at once telephoned the news to his Ambassador, M. Zverbeieff. During the conversation that ensued the correspondent was requested by the officials of the telephone to speak in German, not in Russian. This was an unusual procedure. The Ambassador could hardly credit the tidings, so utterly were they at variance with the information which he possessed. He requested the correspondent to repeat the contents of the announcement, and then inquired: 'Can I, in your opinion, telegraph it to the Foreign Office?' The answer being an emphatic affirmative, the Ambassador despatched a message in cipher to this effect to the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs. For there could be no doubt about the accuracy of information thus deliberately given to the public by the journal which possessed a monopoly of military news and was the organ of the Crown Prince. The

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Further details can be obtained on appli- Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
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Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, June 12, 1916.

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Russian correspondent also forwarded a telegram to the Telegraphic Agency in Petrograd communicating the fateful tidings.

"Within half an hour the German Ministry to Foreign Affairs telephoned to Wolff's Bureau to the effect that the report about the mobilization order was not in harmony with fact, and it also summoned the *Lokal-Anzeiger* to issue a contradiction of the news on its own account. This was duly done, and so rapidly that the second Supplement was issued at about 3 p.m. The explanation given by the newspaper staff was that they were expecting an order for general mobilization and had prepared a special Supplement announcing it. This Supplement was unfortunately left where the vendors saw it, and, thinking that it was meant for circulation, seized on all the copies they could find, rushed into the streets, and sold them. On many grounds, however, this account is unsatisfactory. Copies of a newspaper supplement containing such momentous news are not usually left where they can be found, removed and sold by mere street vendors. Moreover, the date, July 30th, was printed on the Supplement, so that it was evidently meant to be issued, as a matter of fact it was circulated only in a very limited number of copies and in the streets around Wolff's Bureau, where it was certain to produce the desired effect.

"Half an hour later the correspondent of the Russian Agency received a request to call at the General Telegraph Office at once. On his arrival he was asked to withdraw his two telegrams which the Censor refused to transmit. To his plea that so far as he knew there was no censorship in Germany he received the reply that it had just been instituted and now declined to pass his telegram. 'In that case,' he said 'my consent is of no importance, seeing that the matter is already decided.' Finally, he asked to have his messages returned to him, but they would consent only to his reading, not to his retaining them.

"The Russian Ambassador also despatched an urgent *message en clair* to his Government embodying the contradiction communicated by the Wilhelmstrasse.

"Now, the significant circumstance is that the Ambassador's first telegram stating that general mobilization had been officially ordered throughout the German Empire was forwarded with speed and accuracy and reached the Russian Foreign Minister without delay. And this news was communicated to the Tsar, who by way of counter-measure issued the order to mobilize the forces of the Russian Empire. But the Ambassador's second telegram was held back several hours and did not reach its destination until the mischief was irremediable. That curious incident is of a piece with the Bismarck's Ems telegram.

"It is by such devices that the German Government is wont to launch into war. The mentality whence they spring cannot be discarded in a year or a generation, nor will any Peace Treaty, however ingeniously worded, prevent recourse being had to them in the future. For this, among other reasons, more trustworthy guarantees than scraps of paper must be sought and found."

Liberty of the Desert

The Story of the Revolution Now Being Waged in Arabia.

SO ALL engrossing is the great war that the world is paying little or no attention to an interesting drama that is being staged on the Arabian deserts. Isaac Dan Levine tells the story of the revolution that is being waged for Arabian independence very interestingly in the *American Review of Reviews*, summing up as follows:

From a political point of view, then, the Arabian situation may be summarized thus: Political Arabia, revolutionary Arabia, that part of the Arabian people that has awakened to a nationalistic conscience and national aspirations, those Christian and Moslem Arabs who have been raised and educated in the European fashion, are for an autonomous Arabia, under a French protectorate, if independence is impossible. The chief significance of the revolution lies in the fact that it is a Pan-Arabian movement, and, therefore, not in accord with French designs on Syria. That the revolution now going on in Arabia is the product, to a large degree, of the activities of the Young Arabs is proved by the fact that the revolution is come on the heels of the wholesale executions in Syria by the Turkish authorities of Syrian intellectuals. Now, the revolt of last year in Syria was a purely political movement. That it has reverberated so deeply in Arabia speaks for the Arabian revolutionary activities. These activities, if they constitute the main force in the present revolution, may yet cause the establishment of an independent political Arabian state.

The religious force behind the events transpiring in Arabia at present is to me found in the reason for the failure of the Jehad. The Holy War failed because most of the Arabs do not acknowledge the Sultan of Turkey as the rightful Caliph in Islam, nor do most of the Indian and Russian Moslems recognize the Sultan as such. The Caliph is the spiritual leader in Islam. Any independent Arabian state would have to have in its midst or as its friend the Caliph. It is obvious that so long as the Sultan of Turkey is alone in claiming the right to the Caliphate he, in a measure, is a source of constant menace to those powers in whose dominions there are large populations of Moslems. Great Britain and Russia have long felt this menace. They are interested, therefore, in creating a new Caliphate in Arabia. Such a Caliphate would be a countermove to the power held by the Sultan.

In this both Russia and Great Britain are helped by the Moslems under their rule. These Moslems have long felt a dislike for the Turks. Thousands of them, while on their annual pilgrimages to the Holy Places of Arabia, Mecca, and Medina, have been exploited and robbed by the Turks. It was their ambition for some time to set the tomb of the prophet free from Turkish control, and the British campaign on the Tigris has even been ascribed to the desire of the Indian Moslems to utilize the opportunity for the accomplishment of that ambition. In this they have had the moral support of the Arabs of Mecca, Medina, and the surrounding country.

It was there that the revolution broke out. The leader of the movement is the Grand Sherif of Mecca, who claims to be the descendant of Mohammed through his daughter Fatima, and, therefore, possessing the chief requirement for becoming a Caliph. His three sons, all having an European education, are the military commanders of the revolutionary forces. The successes they have so far achieved are of considerable importance. One column has captured Jeddah, the main seaport of Arabia on the Red Sea. Another has taken possession of Kinfuda, a port 200 miles south of the first. Medina, where the tomb of Mohammed is contained, Mecca, the chief city of Arabia, and Taif, sixty-five miles southeast of Mecca, are all in the hands of the revolutionists. By destroying the roadbed of the Hedjah railway for a distance of a hundred miles the Arabs have cut themselves off completely from the Ottoman empire.

The most significant part about the revolt is the possession by the Arabs of all necessary equipment and ammunition. This has evidently been supplied them by the British, and their control of the ports of Jeddah and Kinfuda assures them of further aid from the same source. The manner in which the operations of the revolutionists are carried out indicates an European hand in the entire scheme. The immediate purpose of Great Britain's, Russia's, or France's aid to the revolutionists is, of course, to strike a blow nt Turkey. Nothing could be more effective in bringing Turkey to a state of collapse than a successful revolution in Arabia. Syria, the Levant, and the other parts of the Turkish

empire which have large Arabian populations will be caught in the revolutionary conflagration if it scores some notable successes against the Ottoman government. That the beginning of the end of the European war should come through such a channel is not at all improbable.

However, as it was pointed out before, Great Britain has more than a passing interest in Arabia. The fact that the head of the revolutionists is the Grand Sherif of Mecca would indicate that he has been slated by Great Britain for the post of a new Caliphate to be set up, probably in Mecca. Should Great Britain accomplish such a result, she would have attained a brilliant success. Its enormous Moslem population would no longer be a source of danger to her, as the new Caliph would remain not only her ally but, very likely, under her military and civil control. This would bring about Britain's ultimate possession of Arabia.

Turkey, if she should continue to exist, would become harmless after losing her power in Islam. To this extent Russia's interest in the Arabian revolution is more than temporary. France could claim Syria and the Levant, and would probably get them, if Britain succeeded in establishing, as in Persia, a "sphere of influence" in Arabia. The religious force engaged in the present revolution does not work in harmony, therefore, with the political-nationalistic force. While the latter demands at least an autonomous united Arabia, the former can bring about but a divided Arabia. Will these two forces combine and produce an independent Arabia? The answer depends on the degree of civilization of the leaders of the revolution, on the spirit that animates them, on their vision and intelligence.

Making Children Immune

A Theory Advanced That all Infectious Diseases Can be Avoided.

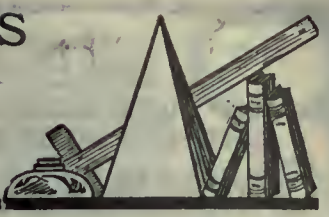
AN INTERESTING theory has been advanced to the effect that, if children were infected with serum drawn and prepared from the blood of their parents they would be immune to infectious diseases. In brief, it is argued that the immunity established in the parent could be transferred to the child by this infusion. Dr. Herman B. Baruch outlines the theory in the *Medical Record* as follows:

It has long been known that an attack of certain infectious febrile diseases protects the individual against a subsequent attack. More recently the theory of persistent antibodies has been accepted as the cause of such immunity. The nature of such antibodies is not at all well established, but probably they exist in the blood as hormone secretins, which have been determined to be in the nature of enzymes. As, for instance, in a patient having once been attacked by scarlet fever: if the disease is successfully combated by the system, it is because the system has reacted to the toxins of the disease and produced an antitoxin or antibody which has been generated under the influence of the hormone secretins which occur in the blood at the time of the attack and are probably produced by the red blood cells and in turn react on the blood cells themselves and cause an increase in the secretion of the antibodies of antitoxins, and when these become great enough in number or strength, the patient is enabled to overcome the toxin or poison produced by the specific organism causing the infection, and the patient recovers.

In the case of scarlatina this immunity is permanent or practically so, and there is theoretically always circulating in the blood of a patient recovering from scarlatina an unknown quantity of hormone secretins which are probably in the nature of a ferment. Whenever the toxins of scarlet fever or the



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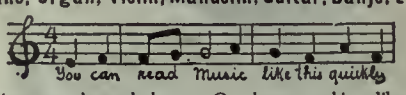
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streptococcus gain access to the system of such a patient, this toxin immediately reacts on the hormone secretins which, acting as ferments, cause an immediate increase in the antibodies which protect against scarlet fever and cause the toxins of scarlatina to be overcome and the patient is not attacked by the disease a second time.

Not many months ago, experiments in elaboration of the pneumonia serum were proceeding under the superintendence of Doctor Baruch. It was proposed to conduct, next, experiments with a view to obtain a vaccine or immunization against scarlet fever, measles, and other diseases in which one attack protects against future attacks. The patient having once suffered from scarlet fever, is seldom, if ever, subject to a second attack. Therefore, a permanent antitoxin is circulating in the blood of such a patient and produces immunity. If not, monkeys of the large type could be exposed to scarlatina or measles, or injected with the proper streptococci, or other infectious material and a vaccine or serum worked out in this way.

As yet, the last part of the work is still to be completed. Working along these lines, however, a serum has been obtained which seems successful in a moderate number of cases in equine pneumonia. In this case, the hormone secretins are fugitive, being rapidly eliminated from the patient's system, and for this reason an attack of pneumonia does not confer immunity.

It may be that experiments will prove that the hormone secretins are found in the red blood cells or in the coagulum rather than in the serum; but a carefully conducted series of animal experimentations would readily prove whether the serum alone or a combination of a saline extract of the coagulum would be necessary to produce the desired result."

State Control of the Liquor Traffic

The Alleged "Moral" Objection, and the Financial Practicability of the Scheme.

EVER since Mr. Lloyd George's proposal for state purchase and control of the liquor trade was made public it has been evident that opposition to it, outside the ranks of Licensed Victuallers' Associations whose attitude will in the end be decided by the terms and conditions of purchase, would take two principal forms. The first is concerned solely with the financial practicability and expediency of the scheme; and the second with an alleged "moral" objection to a policy which fastens upon the State a new and direct "complicity" in the trade. In view of the new Canadian regulation, a reply to these objections, appearing in *The Contemporary Review*, is of interest. The writer says:

No doubt at the time when Mr. Lloyd George's proposal was first announced the financial dimensions of the scheme seemed formidable, and the risks out of proportion to the necessities of the situation as they were then understood. Since then our knowledge has widened, and our appreciation of the value of direct State action has increased. The additional fact, now widely known, that a treasury committee of hard-headed, non-fanatical financial experts was able readily and unanimously to agree upon a workable scheme, has also done much to destroy the force of the financial objection.

The so-called moral objection is more difficult to remove. In some cases, owing to the view taken of the drink habit, it is plainly irremovable; it may, however, be examined. In any such examination it is necessary, as a preliminary, to distinguish between two entirely different standpoints. First, the standpoint of the man who regards the drinking of alcoholic beverages as a sin; and, second, the standpoint of the man who, while not taking up this extreme position, fears that State management and control would give a sanction to, and create a "complicity" in, the drink traffic that does not now exist. The two points of view are often confused, but they are quite distinct. So far as the first of these views is concerned, the case is obviously not susceptible to argument. It is already decided. The view may be right or wrong (and it is certain that it goes much farther than the common conscience of the Christian Churches is prepared to go), but to the man who holds it the matter is settled. He is not a reformer; morally and logically he is not even a restrictionist; he is an abolitionist. His place is outside the licensing reform movement altogether. He can have no part in any scheme of regulation or restriction, however severe and stringent. He cannot even be a local vetoist, since that implies an authorized option to continue the trade. His counsel cannot be invoked nor his criticism be heard in respect to any scheme of regulation, whether it be direct State control or any alternative plan of restriction.

It is necessary to make this plain at the outset, because it is already apparent that some who hold this view and are opposing Mr. Lloyd George's proposal do not appreciate the inconsistency of their general line of argument nor the compromise in their personal commitments in matters of policy. I have before me at this moment an authorized report of a paper entitled, "Ought the Church of Christ to advocate the manufacture and sale by the nation of intoxicating liquors?" read by Mr. G. B. Wilson, the Secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, to the Free Church Council at Newcastle-on-Tyne on October 29th of last year. In this paper Mr. Wilson, in his own words, "dwelt on the necessity for applying the test of Christian principle to all proposals affecting the making and selling of drink," because the reasons put forward by advocates of State purchase and control, "though differing in many respects, have been alike in this, that they have been argued rather on grounds of expediency than with reference to Christian principle." His own view of the drink habit was put in a single sentence: "We are, to-night, in the presence of no mere misfortune, but of a *sin*—which, for countless souls, rises like an awful cloud to shut out God." If that be Mr. Wilson's view—and I respect it, by whomsoever held—then the rest of his detailed argument, including some misleading references to Russia, was unnecessary and irrelevant. To a man who holds this view, it is beside the mark to speculate on the possible dangers of State management, or to criticize the working results of systems of control in other countries. He is forearmed with a case against *any* system of control. He is not a reformer but an abolitionist. To him it is nothing that under a scheme of State control the sale of drink might be largely diminished. Mr. Wilson makes this quite clear in a specific reference: "'But we should largely reduce the evil.' How does that help you," asks Mr. Wilson, "even if it were true? Is it a sin against humanity for 'the Trade' to sell thirty-five and a half million barrels of beer and thirty-one and a half million proof gallons of spirits, but not a sin for the nation to sell half that quantity?"

Plainly such an argument carries the user very much further than hostility to State purchase and control. It is an argument

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against any and every proposal for restriction short of absolute and total prohibition. If the United Kingdom Alliance had adhered to its original policy and demand for "the total and immediate legislative suppression of the liquor traffic," we could understand the position taken up by its present Secretary; but it has reduced its demand into one for "local veto," which plainly *recognizes the right of communities to continue the traffic if they so desire.* I think the Alliance was wise so to modify its policy. No reasonable person believes "total and immediate suppression" to be practicable. If this be so, and if the Alliance, as it now does, recognizes the right of communities to have the trade continued if they so will, some system of management and control is indispensable. It is solely a question of what system. Obviously the best system is that which most efficiently regulates the trade and restricts it, as far as may be, to legitimate needs and uses. It is a system which deprives the seller of any pecuniary inducement to sell, and is immediately susceptible to all the restrictions which public convenience and welfare demand. I need not here repeat the general and, as many think, the irresistible argument for State purchase and control. Outside certain limited and unyielding circles, influenced, in part certainly, by convictions based on the alleged *sinfulness* of the drink habit, it is not greatly contested. The average man agrees that State purchase and control would give a freedom of action which we now lack, and which is essential to improvement and progress. He also agreea that the measure of progress would thereafter be determined by public opinion and not, as now, by the power and interests of the trade.

But, recognizing these things, some shrink from involving the State in what they regard as a new and direct "complicity" in the traffic. It is not an unfamiliar fear. It has met in some form every proposal made for the elimination of private profit from the conduct and control of the sale of liquor. Is it well and reasonably founded? Plainly such "complicity" as would exist would not be new. Complicity is inseparable from license and control. It is involved in all forms of taxation. Mr. G. B. Wilson, in the paper already referred to, attempts to meet the argument from present taxation in this way:—

"The position of the State is this:—

"Here is an article so noxious in character that the best interests of the community demand the total prohibition of its sale: and, therefore, 329 out of every 330 persons in England and Wales are forbidden to sell it. In deference, however, to the ignorant and unscientific prejudices and habits of many of our people it has been deemed expedient to allow a comparatively few individuals to cater for the supposed alcoholic needs of the people under special restrictions imposed by Parliament. But, inasmuch as this indulgence is a luxury, bringing appalling evils on the community, the State is justified in indemnifying itself, so far as money can do so, for its drink-caused losses by imposing heavy taxation, and the more so that such taxation inevitably tends to check the consumption of the liquor thus taxed.

"Are we partners in the pawnbroking or patent medicine trades because the pawnbrokers and patent medicine vendors have to take out a license to trade? Are we partners in the tea and sugar business because these articles are taxed? 'The Trade,' except for platform purposes, recognizes no such partnership. Its profit and loss accounts are not subject to State inspection; it never treats license duty and liquor taxation as items chargeable against profits. On the contrary, in its accounts it always enters taxation as part of those working expenses by which its charges to the consumer are regulated."



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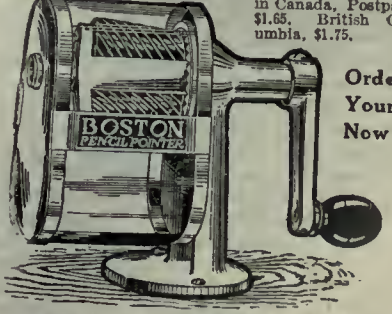
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I fear this argument is neither historically nor economically sound. It is certainly not the case that the State has ever taken the view that "the best interests of the community demand the total "prohibition" of the sale of alcohol. That is the view of the abolitionists, but not the view of the State. Our present license system was superimposed upon freedom of sale. The regulations and restrictions which govern the trade were originally, what they are still essentially, police regulations. The State has always recognized the trade as a legitimate (*i.e.*, legal) trade. Nor is it historically accurate to speak of liquor taxes as primarily indemnification taxes. That was not the motive of their original imposition, nor has it been the avowed or primary motive of their modern development. As Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell have pointed out in their volume on The Taxation of the Liquor Trade, until the dawn of the eighteenth century the idea of regulation was not merely uppermost but the sole consideration in the mind of the State. "The licensing system was a police system pure and simple, and the idea of revenue was entirely absent." It was not until 1710 that the first license duty, in the shape of a small stamp duty of one shilling, was imposed upon the licensed victualler's annual beer license. These stamp duties were essentially revenue taxes, although, in the case under consideration, the duty was too slight to modify the character of our license system, or to act in any way as an economic check upon the number of licenses taken out. In 1808 the stamp duties (which had slowly risen, in the course of a century, to two guineas) was abolished, but the impost was re-imposed as an excise duty of the same amount. Similarly, the first restriction on the sale of spirits (*i.e.*, in the form of a requirement that the sellers should be licensed), was imposed in 1701 solely for police purposes. This continued to be the governing principle until towards the close of the eighteenth century, when it was modified, to some slight extent, by the financial policy of Pitt; but even in 1787, when Pitt adopted rateable value as the basis of taxation, he was careful to point out to Parliament that revenue considerations were not the motive of the change, a statement easy of belief when the yield of the new duties is considered. During the nineteenth century revenue considerations much more directly influenced the policy of the State, especially in regard to war taxes on the manufacture of beer and spirits, and in quite recent years the liquor trade has been legitimately subjected to heavy additional taxation for revenue purposes, until at the present time it contributes from fifty-five to sixty millions sterling to the national exchequer. These increases have been avowedly *revenue* taxes.

Now Mr. Wilson and others appear to think that in the matter of "complicity" there is a real and substantial difference between revenue derived from *taxes* on a trade and revenue derived from *profits*. Is the distinction a sound one? Taxes are essentially, although not technically, appropriations of profits. The distinction is purely one of accountancy and bookkeeping. Technically, it is doubtless true, as Mr. Wilson suggests, that taxes are treated by the trade as working expenses; but working expenses, after all, determine both prices and profits. The real point—the only substantial point—is that the national exchequer derives vast sums annually from the manufacture and sale of alcohol. It could not receive these sums from the trade unless the trade existed. It derives them from the trade *as a trade*. Mr. Wilson asks: "Are we partners in the pawnbroking or patent medicine trades because the pawnbroker and patent medicine vendors have to take out a license to trade? Are we partners in the tea and sugar business because these articles are taxed?" The examples are not happily chosen, because pawnbroking and patent medicine licenses are essentially and avowedly registration licenses required for police purposes; they are not revenue licenses, although, incidentally, they yield a certain amount of revenue to the State. Tea and sugar taxes, on the other hand, are primarily and essentially revenue taxes. The answer to the question is, however, simple. To the extent to which the State derives revenue from the tea and sugar trades it is clearly a "partner" in those trades. Partnership is not a matter of degree, nor is it a question of bookkeeping and arithmetic; it is a matter of participation in receipts. The only escape open to the State from its present "complicity" in the liquor trade, short of "total and immediate" suppression, which even the United Kingdom Alliance does not now believe to be practicable, is to leave the trade unlicensed, unregulated, and untaxed. That is not an alternative which any sane man would agree to. It is a suggestion from Bedlam. The essence of the matter was well put by Mr. Lloyd George in his statement in the House of Commons during the debate on the Defence of the Realm (Amendment) No. 3 Bill, on May 11th of last year, when, dealing with this same objection of "complicity," he said: "I am fully alive to all the conscientious suggestions which my honorable friends urge, but the idea that you are not to touch the unclean thing when, through the Chancellor of the Exchequer, we are touching £60,000,000, and to that extent relieving the duties on tea, sugar, and everything else, I have never been able to appreciate. You will not touch it direct, but as long as it goes through the refining fires of the Exchequer you can take it. That is an argument which I do not care to describe." The point may be left there.

After all, academic and theoretical objections must yield place to paramount practical considerations. The trade in alcoholic liquors is here. In large but, we hope, much reduced volume, it is certain for some considerable time to remain. Is it better that it should remain subject to the ordinary commercial inducements of pecuniary gain, under the management of men whose "trade" is avowedly their "politics," and rooted in vested interests which fetter the action of the State; or that the State should, at a stroke, remove the vested interests, recover its freedom of action, and reorganize the trade for such restricted and legitimate purposes as the nation may desire and decide? Can any unprejudiced citizen hesitate in his choice?

If, as a distinguished Christian minister (the Rev. T. Rhondda Williams) has reminded us, the traffic that remains "is left in private hands to be worked for profit, there will be enough of it to attract enormous capital, capital that should be free to flow in more useful directions; the money appetite will invent new allurements faster than statutes can put them down; there will be trade enough to work its havoc in the wastage of human life and the wreckage of human interests; trade enough to organize for political purposes, with serious menace to the welfare of the people." It has been said that we should have nothing to do with "modified evils," but, as the writer just quoted well says: "The great saving passions of human nature do not despise the modification of evils when they cannot exterminate them. . . . Why should we not be willing to do what we can because we cannot do all we would? 'But you cannot touch pitch without being defiled,' we are told. What if our fellow-countrymen in large numbers are half-submerged in pitch, are we to consider our own fingers? A false conception of what it is to be saved and unpolluted underlies this argument. The figure of a saved man, in many minds, is that of one making his way to some Zoar in the mountains, leaving the cities of the plain to the fire and brimstone. In truth, such a man is more lost than any Sodomite; the truly saved man is he who remains in Sodom to do his best to make Sodom the city of God.

"It is time," says Mr. Williams, "to consider the management of the drink traffic, for its modification and towards its elimination, *as a great moral duty*."

The End of a Day at Ypres

ALICE THAYER, a young American volunteer who has been working for the wounded and dying in a French military hospital, sends the following sketch of life and death to *The Outlook*:

A cloud hung over the earth. A fierce onslaught had been repulsed. We were all dazed, and worked as people in a trance trying to get together the men and nurses of our unit, so as to send as many of the wounded as we could to shelter; and the dead—they lay where they had fallen.

I bent over the body of a little Scotchman, a brave, sturdy young fellow. His curly hair was stained with blood, the deep-blue eyes were fiery. He was talking fast, though the failing strength made his voice very low, and I had difficulty in hearing what he said. His exhausted mind could find no rest. Each incident of the battle was being lived over.

"Boys, it looks like business." He got excited. "D—n them! This place is like a plowed field; there is hardly a place to stand. My ears! why are they buzzing so? Oh, yes, I know; the big shells. They are going at it hard, nurse. On with your masks, boys—the clouds—look, they are going to give us the gas. Well, let them try!" Suddenly he flung his arms around my neck and whispered, "Mother, water, please." I gave him a little, and he smiled and quieted. "Nurse, you don't mind, do you? You see"—he grew wistful—"I like to think I am at home—and mother—you'll tell her?"

"Cheer up, my laddie," I said. "You'll be well before long. To-night you are going to the ambulance, and in a week or so you'll be home."

He scarcely listened. The faint flicker of a smile passed over his face.

"What's that light over there?" he cried. "It's a French *fuze eelairante;* and that light there—it gets bigger and bigger and bigger."

I could not see it.

"It's lonely, you know, nurse; and the music and the flowers and the birds."

Then I knew what he meant. The delirium had set in.

A cool wind was sweeping away the clouds on the horizon and the golden streaks were fast fading into silver. The moon and stars came out, and night hid the horrors of the day. Suddenly, out of the night, came the voice of the little soldier:

"Your hand, nurse; it will help me take the stride."

His eyes glowed and he held me fast. "I died that they might live again." And then, as if transported, "Yes, I am going to live." And, raising himself with a strength I had thought long since gone, he cried in a clear, strong voice, "Long live England!"

The living heard, and it justified the smiles on the faces of the dead. He fell back into my arms and I laid him on the ground that he had conquered.

Dreams That Come in the Darkness

How Shall the Soldier Forget, Who Has Lived Through an Inferno? Battle Dreams are Relentless.

THE following sketch from the *London Times* will have served its purpose if it helps to engender a kindlier sympathy with the man who has gone down into avernus for the cause of humanity:

"You have been dreaming," said the night nurse gently, "just a bad dream. Try to forget it."

The soldier who had come to the ward that morning from France gazed at the night nurse with eyes full of doubting. He seemed scarcely to hear her, to be aware of her existence.

When the sunlight makes patterns on the ward floor because it has come to it through the broad fans of the chestnut trees and when the murmur of bees on the flower beds in the garden is just audible, it is possible for a man to forget—no matter what his eyes have seen, his ears heard, and his hands accomplished.

It is possible, too, at high noon when there is bustle in the wards and the dinners are trundled in on the hand barrows. In the dawning, they say, it is not possible; and at night the darkness gathers shadows which go up and down, whispering.

The doctor called the soldier's dreams "battle dreams"; but the shadows were not dissipated thereby. When the nurse moved away down the ward under the dim lamps, the shadows came again and the soldier's ears were strained to catch their whispering.

They spoke to him at first in a small voice, because the presence of the nurse had frightened them. It was like the sound of the guns, he thought, when they are far away and the wind blows strongly; yet he seemed to catch now and then a crisp laughter, like the tick-a-tack of a machine gun, which showed that the shadows were drawing nearer.

The nurse switched out the lamps, all but one, which was heavily shaded. She went to the pantry to prepare food for those patients who had been ordered it at short intervals. So the gloom and silence of the ward were deepened and the wounded man could see distinctly the strange country in which he found himeslf.

He was sailing on a great river, and the shadows were gathered on one of the banks. The banks were very high and he thought they resembled the sides of his trench out in Flanders.

On the No Man's Land in front of the trench, though, there were flowers growing, poppies and yellow cornflowers. The shadows did not come to the bank and so he could not see them well; but he heard the sound they made, their whispering, their talking, and their strange, dry laughter.

Right in the prow of the boat before him was another shadow, all bent, like a witch hag, and huddled. The shadows were whispering together and the sound was heavy, like the sound of great birds which pass in the night.

He was a countryman from the North and he knew the sound; it was the wings of the wild geese, which go northward in the springtime. Then there was the sucking sound made by the river under its overhanging banks. The shadows moved like the ripe corn in his father's fields when the wind plays with it; but he could hear that they were whispering and laughing while they moved.

The grinding of a taxicab's gears on the hill outside of the hospital roused the wounded man and he rolled uneasily from one side to the other. He heard the driver push the lever home and the grinding sound became a shrill metallic buzz, which caused him to duck his head. He raised his head

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again to see if the great shell had worked havoc among the shadows.

They were whispering together angrily, hissing like snakes. He could hear the snapping of their jaws, like the tick-a-tack of the machine guns in the early-morning, when they are licking their lips.

So he laughed and his laughter brought the nurse back again to his side; and her cool fingers on his brow drove the shadows far away.

But again, when she left him, they came, and their whispers woke the hag spirit which sailed with him on the river so that he laughed shrilly as men laugh sometimes in the heat of battle.

The laughter of the hag spirit went down into the heart of the soldier, swifter than an ill-desire, till his body grew cold with it, and he trembled greatly, while sweat came on his brow. The laughter of the hag spirit rose in a fierce crescendo and the soldier knew that he had heard that sound, in his trench at dawn, when they shelled the enemy's line before the attack. The hag spirit gathered herself up and stood outstretched against the sullen sheen of the river — fleshless arms like a cross of woe against the leaden sheen of the river.

Then the nurse, moving from bed to bed, saw the soldier start upright and caught the gleaming of his eyes. He shouted and his words were strange words. For he would follow the hag spirit, stretched like a cross of woe, to the place of the shadows, which mocked him in their fullness of laughter.

And in his spirit he called on the morning that it should not be darkened, and on the young stars for light. And he came leaping in red fields, and there was great heat; he could feel the breath of those that whispered upon his cheeks. They had eyes which shone in the darkness.

Battle dreams! Phantoms of the darkness and the shadow!

Vague, fleeting unrealities that come and go. Or is it that they are real, after all, just as the war is real and not a terrible nightmare?

The soldier tried to remember, but he found himself falling, swirling down a deep abyss. At the bottom was the darkness, peopled by the shadows and the hag spirit. Faint voices called to him, but he could not answer. A fiery star was falling with him. There was a dull roar and the star burst into a thousand pieces, but after the first blinding flash he could see nothing. He was lost in the great void. Here nobody could find him. Neither the shadows nor the hag spirit could find him.

His arms and legs were heavy and he could not move them. There was an awful stillness in the abyss, but he was not alone. Dim shapes were moving about. One of them was pounding at his head. The shape seemed to take fiendish glee in his work, for he waa laughing as he struck. The soldier laughed, too, for now he had the demon by the throat, and would soon strangle him. . . .

The night nurse took his clenched hands and laid him back gently on his bed. She smoothed his brow with her fingers, marvelling at the price that must be paid for man's honor. "You have been dreaming," she said again, "just a bad dream. Try to forget it."

But how shall the soldier forget, who has heard the voice of the morning when the sunrise is made dark by clouded smoke?

How shall the soldier forget, who has lived through an inferno and has made the descent into Avernus? These battle dreams may haunt him through his life, may follow him relentlessly through the long years to come. If he recovers it will be only again to sink down into the shadows where the apirlts dwell and where the voices call to him. For such is the price that must be paid.

He may forget when the bright morning sunlight traces its dainty patterns on the ward floor and the humming of bees floats in from across the flower beds, or at high noon when they bring the dinners from the lifts. In the dawn he cannot forget; and at night the darkness gathers shadows.

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Shall We Ever Settle Down Again?

ow Conditions Promise a Reign of Freedom, Common Sense and Sincerity When the War is Over.

AS a writer on naval and social problems, Arnold White has won a wide reputation. n the following interesting sketch published n *The Royal Magazine*, he reassures those ho fear that the discomfort under which we abor at present will endure after the war, nd prophesies that a greater freedom and ore common sense conditions of living will btain when the struggle is over. While many f the problems dealt with pertain more parcularly to conditions in the Old Land the eneral trend of the article is full of pracical inspiration for Canadians. Mr. White ays:

Since August 4th, 1914, we little people have iscovered the existence of a great company f would-be guides whose aim is to direct ur steps, as they think, to prevent us from alling into the ditch. The majority of these uides are excellent people. They are also onsummate bores.

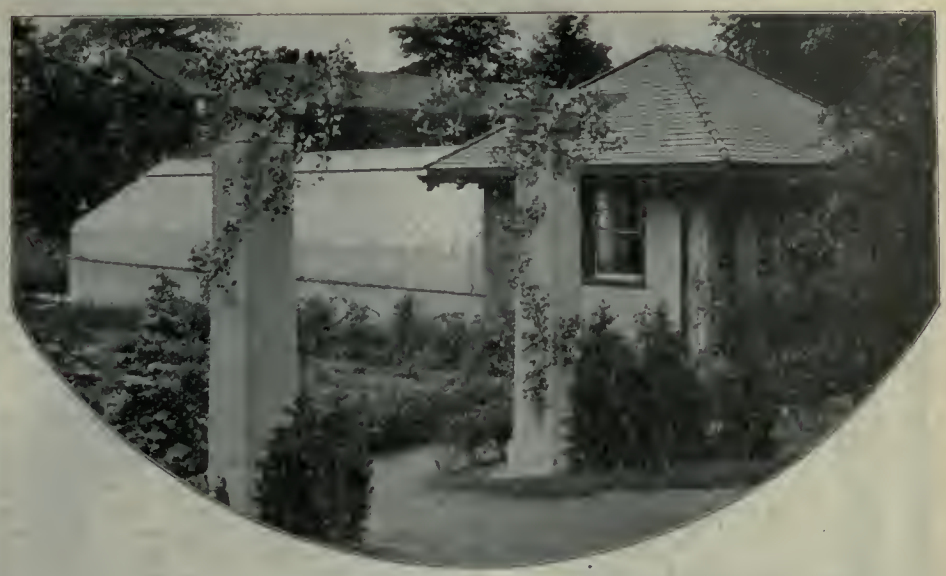
In these days of upheaval many people robably ask themselves such questions as: Shall we ever be able to get a drink at ten n the morning again, get rid of restrictions bout lighting be allowed to have blinds up n railway carriages, and will taxes go down? n short, shall we ever be able to live in omfort again, as far as this generation is oncerned?"

The other day I was visited at my club at .35 p.m. by an Australian friend who in ormer years had shown me great hospitality. s chance would have it, I had been unable to eturn his generosity owing to his absence rom the Old Country.

Almost his first words were: "My dear ellow, I am dying for a cocktail." I took him p to the threatening placard that decorates laces where they eat, drink, and are merry, howing him the clause providing that a ocktail as a present from me to him meant rison for me, even if I had been able to nborn the club servants to serve alcohol out f hours, and to procure venal silence on ne part of the club secretary and his comittee.

Having travelled energetically throughout ne three kingdoms since war broke out I ave seen something of the evils of drink. here is no doubt that in certain parts of ngland, Ireland, and Scotland, even in galnt little Wales, there are places where the stribution of bad alcohol has interfered ith the progress of the war. But to prevent n Australian patriot statesman from having cocktail at 2.35 p.m. because Jock McTavish ooses to purchase a gallon of whisky at 30 on Saturday evening and drinks it all, ith the assistance of a few friends, by Mony morning, is an enigma that, as Lord Dunreary used to say, "no fellah can underand."

In the old days now gone, when ecclesiastics ten reflected national common-sense, a ishop of Peterborough, during the debates the House of Lords on the disestablishent of the Irish Episcopal Church, expressed is preference for an England that was free er an England that was sober. The good ishop was severely attacked for holding this icked and licentious opinion. But he was ght.



A Greenhouse Suggestion that may just meet your needs

IT'S exactly 18 feet wide and 50 feet long. Because this size more generally meets the start-off needs of most flower lovers, we sell more of it than any other.

You noticed we said "start-off needs." Our reason is, that with a greenhouse; quite as with automobiles; the first one is apt to be either a runabout or a small touring car. But before very long, we find ourselves wanting more horse power and more room.

It is the same with a greenhouse. It gives you so much genuine all year round pleasure; and is so delightfully alluring in the things you keep on wanting to grow more and more of; that we find it's always good sense to suggest locating the house where additions can be made both economically and attractively.

This one with its two compartments each 18 feet oy 25 feet, gives you two snug garden plots in which you can grow a surprising number of things, whether fruits, flowers or vegetables.

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Whichever way you feel will work out to best advantage, that's the way we want to do.

The fact, however, that not two out of every fifty customers we sell, erect the greenhouse part themselves; seems to indicate that there are advantages in having us do it, where possible.

One thing sure, no one can build any better houses than we can If anyone can build to your satisfaction, we can.

To better know who we are, and what we do, send for our new Booklet No. 122.

It is the greenhouse question in a nutshell.

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The real trouble to-day is that a number of virtuous people with political influence are contriving to use the great war as a means of realizing their faddy Utopias. Ever since the world began, from the day that Adam and Eve ate the wrong apples until the day when government by poster came into being, human nature has not varied.

The Government have wisely set up a publicity department which has issued a series of posters under the title of "DON'T." The most opulent government in the world has issued a poster to tramps, and to people like me who have had their clothes cleaned and pressed ever since the war began, telling them that to be well dressed is an extravagance. Another poster tells poor widows not to use motor cars for pleasure. The reason why dressing extravagantly in war-time is not only "bad form" but "unpatriotic" is blazoned on the walls of the United Kingdom.

We are all growing weary of these mechanical invocations to be good, to live virtuously, and to follow the old adage to low living and high thinking. The people who issue these posters mean well. Still, people who mean well are not seldom prigs. Now, the dominant note of a prig is narrow and self-conscious engrossment in his own mental or spiritual attainments. A prig is a conceited person guilty of moral foppery. After the war, when the lads come back, prigs will have a bad time.

The fierce furnace of war burns priggery from the services, especially from the Navy, the Royal Irish Constabulary, and the Indian Civil Service. The opinion of the fighting services to-day will be the opinion of the nation for a generation to come. For the first time in history the fighting man after the war will dominate public opinion. Fighting men are healthy souls; they know a prig when they see him; the prig, as they say across the Atlantic, "cuts no ice" with soldiers and sailors. Therefore it is safe to conjecture that domination by the unco' guid and the tyranny of faddists and cranks will end after the war.

The first effect of a bullet that does not kill or a disease that is not fatal is to make a patient think. On September 23rd, 1915, Private Tom Smith wrote to his parent as follows:

"Dear Mother,

"This comes hoping it finds you as it leaves me at present. I have a broken leg and a bullet in my left arm.

"Your affec. son,
"TOM SMITH."

It is safe to conjecture that Private Tom Smith will never forget his broken leg and the bullet in his left arm, and that he will bring up his children with traditions that will prevent any repetition of a world-war.

For common-sense will come into its own. As a matter of fact, common-sense is really uncommon sense. It consists mainly in the power of distinguishing between what is necessary and unnecessary, what is true and which is false, and in looking ahead sufficiently clearly to avoid collision with whatever is approaching from the opposite direction.

Common-sense will gain a new lease of life, not only after the war but during the war. The tyranny of cranks is more and more bitterly resented by thinking people. Since the output of the average workman with new mechanical appliances is at least one hundred times greater than the output of wealth in the war of 1870, it is certain that the restoration of society to new and comfortable conditions will be far more rapid after the war in the British Empire than in Mittel-Europa, which, let us hope, will have to pay large sums of money for permission to trade on the ocean.

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Not long ago a motor-car ran over a hen in a Bedfordshire village, and the unhappy fowl, in the act of being squashed, laid an egg. The British Empire has been run over by the Hun chariot, and, in the act of being squashed, has laid an egg. This egg is being hatched out. When this chicken comes home to roost, everyone who does not interfere with the liberty of others will be able to get a drink at ten in the morning. There will be no restrictions about lighting, taxes will go down, and a vast number of evils from which we suffered before the war will be swept away.

Among the people who will have a bad time after the war are the wealthy, double-chinned bachelors in bath-chairs, who week-end at the seaside from September to July, and who take the waters each summer at Homburg, Aix-la-Chapelle, or Baden-Baden, or punting on the green cloths of Monte Carlo.

These people are the by-products of luxury in the real sense of the word. Some of them marry. The wives will have a worse time than the husbands. They will learn that between them and their housemaids there is no gulf fixed such as existed between Lazarus and Dives.

We need not be unhappy about the sorrows of double-chinned Dives. Little people may rejoice. The majority of them will rejoice after the war. Why? Two enormous tanks of prosperity exist unsuspected, for the regeneration and the resuscitation of the British Empire. The first is the suspension of the unwritten law of trades-unions restricted output. The second is the restoration to the people of freer and far cheaper transport.

Our national bill for imported food amounts to over £200,000,000 per annum. The effect of organization will be a huge drop in the price of everything, because the cost of transport, which, to the consumer is three-fifths of the cost of living, would be halved, if not quartered. Fish sold on the quay at Yarmouth, Hull, or Lowestoft at one shilling a "trunk" costs seven shillings by the time it reaches London, and nine shillings by the time it reaches the village where I live. There is no reason for the enormous difference between the price of fish on the quays at Wick, Hartlepool, Hull, Yarmouth, or Lowestoft and the price of fish when it reaches my cottage.

In every hundred minutes the railway trucks which carry fish stand still for ninety-seven minutes. Everybody who has traveled about the country during the war, if they kept their eyes open, has wondered at the enormous congestion of empty wagons assembled in sidings outside every station. The average railway wagon being idle for ninety-seven minutes out of every hundred minutes, waste of money and time over the haulage of food, raw material, and luxuries in the United Kingdom is so great that reform will secure for the little people vastly improved conditions of life.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the enormous reduction of cost of food, raw material, and necessaries that will be easily accomplished when the Government of the country is taken in hand by men of the type of the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain or of the living Mr. W. M. Hughes. The milk trouble which has existed during the last few months is a proof that the dominant factor of the cost of food, which is closely related to the happenings of the masses, is the price of transport. At the time of writing, milk is given to pigs for food in the valleys of my county; it is sold to the parents of sick children in London at sixpence a quart.

Transport affects the price of cigarettes, the tiles on the roof and the umbrella we carry, the hat we wear and the mutton we eat.



THE right choice of varnish is an important matter for the home builder. A harmonious and homelike interior depends very largely upon a right treatment of the woodwork and this demands the use not only of good, but appropriate Finishes.

Any Finish may look well for a time, but the main question for you to consider is—how long will it last? You build for the future as well as for the present, why not finish the same way?

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Next to transport reform the most important element in the cheapening of necessaries, and consequently the enjoyment of life for average people after the war, is the abolition of restricted output. For some strange reason since 1832 labor has considered that its interest is best served by restricting output. Therefore old age pensions sometimes act as the endowment of restricted output. Old age pensions on a far more liberal scale would be the cheapest investment the country could make to workmen who were injured or deforced by old age if the workmen would realize that their interests were best to be secured by the exercise of energy and effort.

America, a country from which, after all, Europe has much to learn, without old age pensions, contrives to make it worth the while of the workman to work hard. England has at hand an enormous reserve of wealth in the difference between artificial restriction of output and the result of consistent effort to produce and turn out the best results—whether commercial, physical, mental, or spiritual—of which the community is capable.

After the war we shall see as well as look. Government by poster is not intelligent. The writer of the poster may be a high-minded and excellent man, but he must be narrow. Nobody has the wisdom of Mr. Everybody.

We have been told to turn our gardens into potato patches. I doubt whether the author of this poster has any practical knowledge either of gardening or agriculture. To turn a flower garden into a vegetable garden means one of two things—either the expenditure of capital on the extermination of valuable plants, the purchase of loam and manure, and the employment of labor absolutely unprocurable, or it means poor vegetables which cannot be sold or given away under the ordinary village conditions of English rural life.

I speak with feeling. I would rather see a dozen soldiers home on leave mending their health by enjoying the roses, foxgloves, delphiniums and heliotrope than batten on artichokes and potatoes that have cost me two shillings and sixpence to grow.

Organization is the principle of life. Unintelligent organizers disorganize. So with dress. The only thing that really counts is the dress of women. In time of peace the Army dresses for the women; also the Navy. If life is worth living women must dress beautifully for the same reason that the birds are attired in their best plumage when the continuation of their species is to be secured. I cannot understand the argument that urges the disuse of new clothes, provided they are produced, cut, and finished chiefly in our own country.

After the war we shall see these things more clearly. Clothes produced in the Empire will be obligatory; or if not in the Empire in the countries of our Allies. Fat Germans come to Savile Row for their frock coats. At my tailor's I see the name of Prince Henry of Prussia stuck up—also at my hatter's. That is as bad for Germany as it would be for England if the Prince of Wales and the King were to buy their clothes in the Wilhelmstrasse.

We shall shake down after the war into the understanding of what really counts in the happiness of life. We shall not have to pull down the blind after the war; we shall see things more clearly. Spelling, for example, is a ridiculous invention. Chaucer couldn't spell though he could write. Shakespeare sometimes spelt a word three different ways in the same play. Even Addison, who was a superior person, was uncertain. So far as I have been able to observe in my passage through life I have never known a nice woman

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who could spell. There is nothing in spelling, and yet the academic conventions of our day regard a bad speller as belonging to the worst form of the criminal classes, and therefore ineligible for practical administration.

Utopia is out of reach, but the resumption of normal national life after the war will mean organized freedom, the abolition of the fancies of faddists enshrined in the clauses of Acts of Parliament, and the liberation of the human spirit to act as it thinks best provided it does not interfere with the liberty of others.

Huxley wrote about a celebrated political philosopher: "I am inclined to think that the practice of the method of political leaders destroys their intellect for all serious purposes." After the war men of action will rule the roost, and men of action marry for love—the king of all things. Marriage for love will be "good form" after the war, without any incitement from posters.

Voyage of Discovery in Germany

Germany Will Take No Chances With Her Fleet. What a "Neutral" Learned en Route From Emden to Wilhelmshaven.

IT is believed by those who have tried, that it would be simpler for a soldier to pass in khaki through Belgium, than for a spy to get within sight of the Kiel Canal; to learn anything definite about the German fleet is generally considered out of the question. Yet J. M. de Beaufort succeeded in getting a passage from Emden to Wilhelmshaven on a neutral steamer carrying supplies to the German navy, and actually dined at the officers' mess. The following story taken from his article in the *Quarterly Review*, gives some interesting details of the official estimate of the possibilities of the German fleet:—

At the outbreak of hostilities the following proclamation concerning the operation of the Kiel Canal in time of war was issued by the German Government:

'The war operations of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal have begun. The Canal Zone is closed at present for merchant vessels. Exceptions thereto require in every instance the permission of the Chief of the Naval Station of the Baltic Sea at Kiel.'

The 'exceptions' are practically confined to such neutral ships as carry provisions for the Army and Navy, or are supplying Germany with foodstuffs. But in all cases the captains of these neutral ships must be personally known to the German authorities, and a large bond must be put up for them either by their employers or by themselves. Until the middle of this year (1915) only Dutch, Danish, Swedish or Norwegian steamers had obtained permits to pass through the Canal. From what I have seen of the inconveniences, the trouble, the red tape, that these men have to put up with every time they make the trip to or from Germany, I can assure you that, whatever their emoluments may be, they earn every penny of them.

With great difficulty I managed to get a passage on one of these neutral steamers. For all intents and purposes my nationality was the same as that of the vessel on which I sailed. I speak German quite fluently, which

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Jeffery Farnol

entitled

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The Author of "The Broad Highway," "The Amateur Gentleman," etc., has in this story fixed upon New York as the scene of his plot, and his intimate personal knowledge of the life of that great city has given him a splendid theme. Geoffrey Ravenslee, millionaire, in a reflective mood awakens to the fact that he is practically a useless cumberer of the ground, and has all but decided that the world would be none the poorer for his exit when an unexpected adventure gives him a new interest in life. This adventure results in his concealing his identity, and taking up residence in Hell's Kitchen. Here he finds an ample outlet for the good that is in him, and before he attains "The Definite Object," he comes in contact in this den with a strange medley of the most lovable and unlovable characters that ever a novelist introduced.

Geoffrey, Hermy, Mrs. Trapes, Bud McGinnis, Soapy, and the Old 'Un, are pen pictures which will live permanently in the memory of the reader.

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was of course of great additional assistance. I joined the little 600-ton steamer at Emden, Germany's most western port. We proceeded on the inside, i. e. through the Ems-Jade Canal, to Wilhelmshaven, and thence by Cuxhaven through the Kiel Canal to Kiel. Although the actual distance we traveled is well under 200 miles, it took us the best part of five days. It was not what you might call a joy ride, but nevertheless I would not have missed it for a great deal, for I learned more about the German fleet in those five days than I had in all the weeks I spent in Germany.

Through the Ems-Jade Canal, bordered on both sides by flat marshy country, the trip was uneventful; but, when we got within sight of Wilhelmshaven, the fun began. About three miles from our day's destination an officer and eight sailors came on board and, after having carefully examined our ship's papers, proceeded on a search of ship and crew as systematic and thorough as I have ever seen. But then, of course, I had never before attempted to enter Germany's most important naval base. It is quite true that she takes no chances with her fleet. The search, checking of papers, reports, messages to Wilhelmshaven, and numerous other formalities, took the better part of four hours. When finally our permits arrived, four sailors and a petty officer came on board, and under their guidance we finished the three miles that separated us from the famous naval base. Through a system of locks, we reached the 'Coal Harbour,' which is part of the New Harbour of Wilhelmshaven. By devious methods and devices I had been able to time our arrival so that it would be too late to go out into the bay that same afternoon. We were told to make fast and prepare to stay the night. That was exactly what I had schemed for.

Through the courtesy of one of the harbour officials I was enabled to send a messenger to a naval surgeon, whom I had known in New York, and to whom I had been able to render a not inconsiderable service. The doctor proved a friend in need, and, to begin with, invited me to dinner at the 'Casino' (officers' mess), situated in the Park, a few hundred yards from the Imperial Docks. Being vouched for by an 'Oberstabs-Arzt' (Chief Staff Surgeon) I was made most welcome by some sixty odd naval officers. Among those whom I met, I recall Grand-Admiral Von Koester, Rear-Admiral Gadeke, Admiral Von Igennohl, Rear-Admiral Hipper, and many others. It was on this occasion, too, that I made the acquaintance of the notorious Captain-Lieutenant Hersing, the (then embryo) 'Lusitania Hero.' I had a talk with him on submarine matters, to which I shall return later.

Indeed I shall long remember that dinner at the officers' mess in Wilhelmshaven, but if I could give a full shorthand report of the conversations I listened to that evening, I fear you would think I had dined in a lunatic asylum instead of an officers' mess. One or two examples will suffice.

The talk was all 'shop' and war, of course. That same evening a number of airmen had returned from 'active service on the North Sea,' and the conversation drifted into the subject of 'Aircraft in relation to the invasion of England.' It seems that the idea of invading England with the assistance of the Navy has for the present been shelved. The North Sea? Ah, indeed it was a great protection, a formidable obstacle, but, Sir, remember the old axiom about a chain being only as strong as its weakest link. So with the North Sea. It is only as wide as its narrowest point—i. e. 25 miles. That was the great principle to keep always before one's mind, because, in that figure, England's future

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doom lay sealed! Calais, not Egypt any more, was England's throat, the key to British World-power. Germany's motto was no longer 'Our future lies on the water,' but should read henceforth 'On the water—for peace; under the water and in the air—for war.' What could prevent Germany, with its marvellous industrial developments, wonderful inventions, from building, say, 100,000 aeroplanes? After Germany had once taken firm hold of Calais, an army of 200,000 men could be thrown into England within less than half an hour, by aeroplanes!

Of course the invasion would be carried out during the night. They had only figured on two men to each aeroplane, but, considering the negligible distance, which would exclude the necessity of carrying any surplus gasoline, the carrying capacity of the machine might easily be doubled. The landing?

'Ha! my friend, you may be certain that Germany, in an undertaking of this kind, would not risk failure in overlooking the smaller details. When the time comes there will be plenty of friends, in some disguise or other, who will light the way for us. Burning houses, electrical appliances, searchlights, rockets, etc., will serve. Trust the German thoroughness to be prepared for all emergencies, when The Day has arrived. Already to-day, the fear of invasion causes periodical panics in England. But it is most remarkable even for the shortsighted British, that they never realised until the present war, and then only in a limited degree, the vital importance, nay the deadly menace, aviation is to their country. From the time the air was conquered England ceased to be an island. And they refused to listen to the brothers Wright, who gave them their first chance! British stupidity, British insularity!'

The next subject which was discussed, and of course, settled, was the peace terms. Europe was cut up and the pieces handed round like a birthday cake. 'Every country that has joined us will be amply compensated. Those who have gone against us? Well, God help them.' The division of Europe will be about as follows:

'Germany will take the Baltic Provinces, including Petersburg and the whole of Poland. Austria will receive the whole south of Russia, including Kieff and Odessa; Turkey the whole Caucasus, including the Department of Saratow. The Russians must be separated not only from the Baltic, but from the Black and Caspian seas as well. Sweden gets Finland. Serbia of course will go to Austria. Egypt will be returned to Turkey. If Roumania intervenes in time on the right side, she will get Bessarabia and some minor territories.

'The "embarras de richesses" of colonies will, when the spoils come to be divided, actually become a problem. So far as India and Egypt are concerned, our only wish to-day is to help these nations to liberate themselves from the British yoke. To Algiers, Tunis and Morocco we would also restore their autonomy. With Belgium, we of course take possession of the Congo State. The interests of France in Morocco will cease at once, since she has used its natives to fight against us. Turkey will occupy the Suez Canal. The shares of that company owned at present by England will be declared null and void.

'The economical conditions under which the annexed territories will be incorporated in the German Empire may be of various kinds, but one fundamental principle should never be lost sight of, viz. that electorial rights, i. e. the right to elect Members for the Reichstag, remains a prerogative of the Germans living within the old boundaries of the Empire. The natives of Poland will have their own parliament in Warsaw; those of the Baltic Provinces, in Petersburg. The Belgians

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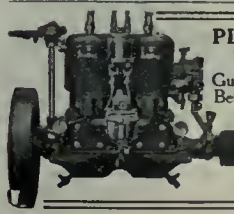


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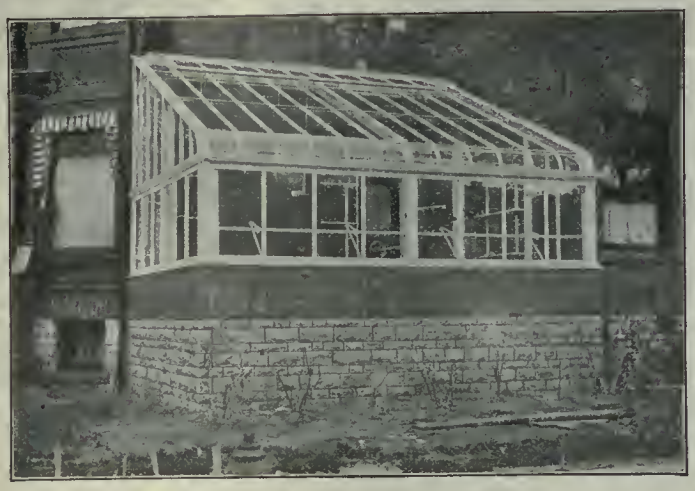
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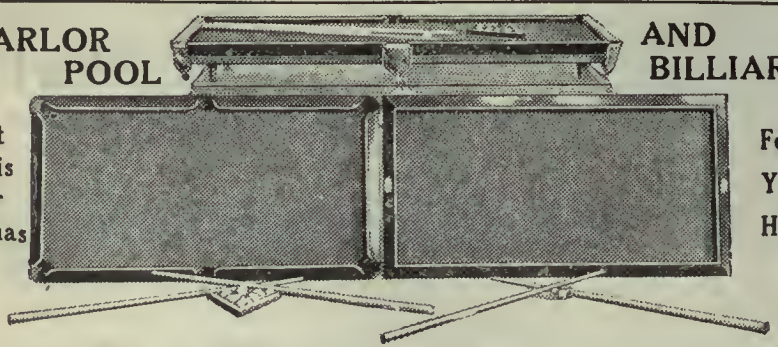
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of course may retain their parliament in Brussels, while for the annexed provinces of France—Calais, Reims, Belfort, etc.—a separate diet could be established. Poland and Belgium might even remain kingdoms with Prussian Princes on the throne.

'But, though the conquered territories will have no voice in the Imperial legislation, they will of course have to submit to conscription. The young Pole from Warsaw will serve his three years in Hanover, Dusseldorf, or Cologne. The Frenchman from Calais or Reims will be sent to Breslau or Posen. The Russians of the Baltic Provinces, like the young conscripts from Belgium, will enjoy their military training in Bavaria or Saxony. But the great fortresses, such as Calais, Belfort, Warsaw, or Riga, will be garrisoned by none save the old Prussian regiments.'

About their fleet; why did it not come out and fight the British? Why didn't the British fleet come and 'dig *them* out,' as Churchill threatened to do? Yes, they would come out and fight, but they would choose their own time—not when the British wanted them to. 'So far, our fleet has paid us very well, and will pay us in future. This war is not going to be over for some time. Exorbitant naval taxes? 'Why, my friend, take a current copy of our "Statistisches Jahrbuch" and find out how much the German nation is paying for what our enemies describe as our "luxury." About 7 marks a year *per capita* is the average for the last four years. That amounts to 1-3 of what England demands of her subjects.'

These are a few examples of their conversations and by no means the most extravagant. But they talked well, and I think they quite believe what they said. I knew how utterly useless it would be to try to argue with them. Besides, I wanted to have a look at the harbour and dockyards next morning, so I deemed discretion the better part of valour. One is not in Wilhelmshaven every day, in these times!

Visit to the Western Front

Continued from page 35.

it. It is not the least like training manœuvres or sham battles. A different quality enters in. Even when the front was quiet, before the bombardment began, there was a feeling of enveloping feverishness. Death was there—not a game. Above all, there was a feeling of impersonal mechanical force of fate pitted against an equally impersonal and mechanical force.

"Electric." The mechanical force seemed to be electrical. The front reminded me of nothing more than of some huge electrical power station, with a partially bottled-up energy and destruction, appalling to contemplate. While we were there at first, it looked as if the whole machine was as well controlled as the dynamos in a power station, but as the bombardment commenced, there came the feeling that one was in a station where, instead of control, chaos might at any moment step in, all the belts fly off, and a pell-mell of darkness, destruction and death rush through.

"Ultimate." It was sinister, yes, and electric, so sinister and electric that one felt this represented the very ultimate in existence. All else in the world, pleasant and unpleasant alike, slipped a long way back, and the "front," the trenches and what lay beyond, became so all dominating, all pervading, that the rest of the world, the remainder of existence, seemed an unreality.

Sugaring Off

Continued from page 27.

the "as long as you both shall live" doom of the marriage service in her tone. Moreover, the suggestive use of his name "Archibald." Likewise the manner of her rebuke. That was exactly the way, he felt, she would talk to a husband when she got one. More thorny than ivy.

She gazed at his bewilderment, and then began to laugh, and laughed, and laughed. What pretty teeth she had, Philpott reflected. He looked, she said, like a dripping musk rat she once saw. He shifted his feet uneasily, hoping for the paroxysm to cease. Then he recalled the most dreadful things he had heard and read of feminine hysteria.

"Miss Wyndham! Pray calm yourself," he begged in his chillest manner, for there must be no weakness. "The situation is regrettable, but we must make the best of it."

"That is exactly what I'm going to do," she replied. "The lightning never strikes twice in the same place, and luck like this comes just once in a lifetime. Don't ask me to be calm, though. If you'd lived the oily calm life I've had all these years, you'd never want to hear the word again. I've ached all my life to be mixed up in a society scandal, but never, even in that crow's rookery of a Bramhope, where tongues flourish instead of wit, could I do anything to make folks whisper in corners about me.

"'It's only Prue Wyndham,' they'd say, which meant safety first, Westinghouse brakes, and sprinkler service. Won't they say the loveliest, meanest things about us. They've just got to this time. Think of it, Archie, you, the model young man of the community, and me, the champion feminine uplifter! Abduction in high society. Mercy me! This is the life."

"The telephone! I'd forgotten." And Mr. Philpott rushed to the instrument and began to crank as if his eternal safety depended on it.

"Never mind the old telephone!" snapped Prue, dropping into a chair. "I'll shoot that old Slingsby if he dares to rescue me. Glory! It's broken. Cheer up, Archie, and put a fire in the stove, while I rustle around for provisions."

"I was thinking about the bank. It's the first time it has been left alone at night." he lamented.

"Anybody might think it was a sick baby," she jeered. "Forget that blue moldy old bank. You have me to think about now. Now get to work and look like the man of the house."

HE FELT the menace in her words but obeyed. She unearthed canned food and biscuits and dished up quite a pleasant emergency meal.

"Now sit by the fire and smoke your pipe," she said, when the last dish was

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cleared away. "I've often dreamed a romantic scene like this. Me on one side of the stove, paralyzed with terror, and my bold captor on the other. There's whiskey and soda in the cupboard, and I won't tell, even if you are President of the Band of Hope, and I the secretary of the W.C.T.U. Desperate situations call for desperate remedies, and I guess you've seen enough water for a while."

Whether it was the agreeable warmth of the fire, or the cosy domesticity of the situation, or the supper, or the fact that he saw in Prue an attractiveness he had never suspected, Mr. Philpott's established conclusions began to be shaken. It sometimes happens that an altogether unsuspected charm is revealed in a familiar landscape when viewed from a new position. Sometimes, in an instant, the scales that have impaired judgment fall away, and vision and wisdom come. Mr. Philpott now and again stole a glance at Prue and discovered, to his utter amaze, a delicious piquant charm. Where had his eyes been? He mentally decided that some women find their most advantageous setting outside the home, but Prue was one whose charm is not for the public eye, or the common delectation, but for one man in the little kingdom of home. Angular! He stoutly resented the statement. She was delightfully and gracefully slight. He hated big Juno women. Eyes! What an ass he had been to suppose them hard and cold. They were warm with mirth and good fellowship. Half the girls he knew would have been in fits of self-consciousness in such a situation. She was just a good chap in an amusing experience. Mouth! Yes, a delicious mouth. It could be sharp and tart, on occasion; but he felt it in his bones, the analytical creature, that it could be very tender and sweet.

PERHAPS she discerned something of his reflections in his glances and silence, a new, strange, aggressive boldness in the heretofore timid young man, and she ceased to banter, and fenced a little. Presently she rose, and with the pleasantest little yawn imaginable prepared to go.

"Guess it is getting late," she said. "I'll find a corner somewhere upstairs. I'll throw you down a blanket or two for the sofa there. I wonder if it's raining still?"

She walked to the window to look out. He followed her stealthily, as the captors in romances do, urged by some sportive demon to avenge the slights she had put on him. His arm went around her neck and he drew her head back. There was a sparkle in the surprised eyes, and he kissed her full on the lips that had teased him so. She gave a tiny, beatified sigh.

"Mr. Philpott!" she whispered, her face pink. Then she began to laugh again, and so vanished upstairs.

He stood, back to the stove, and surveyed the room with the air of a conqueror. Such victory was sweet, doubly sweet. The kiss as a kiss, and as such a token of triumph. He need no longer envy any mortal bank boy who overmuddled an addition column. Yes, despite the rain and floods, it was Spring.

IV.

IT WAS eleven next morning when he walked into the bank. Slingsby had rescued them. The young adventurer, with a new boldness on him, was taken

aback when he saw Mr. Mactavish fussing round the office, a grim frown on his face.

"Huh! Fine goings on, Philpott, fine goings on," he snorted. "Eleven o'clock on a short day, and the manager gallivanting about the country on all-night sprees. Bank unprotected too. I didn't think it of you, Philpott, by Gad! I didn't think it was in you." And he gazed with a new curiosity on the young man. He sensed some subtle change, and didn't know that he entirely disapproved of it. The man seemed to have absorbed ginger.

Mr. Philpott, a strange impenitence on him, sat down and related the story of adventure. He did not regard it at all as misadventure. The old man listened, sourly at first, then the sternness vanished and he roared with the Scotsman's belated, but hearty appreciation of the situation.

"Prudence Wynham!" he said. "You lucky, lucky dee-vil! Smartest girl in these townships. None of your pink and white dolls, but a woman too good for the likes of you, Philpott. It's a pity, a pity, too. I did hear that a young man, a meenister, the Reverend Mr. Wiggins, who is a missionary out in India somewhere, has come with the mind to take her back with him. By Jupiter! Philpott, if I was a single man of your age, the kind of mission she'd run would be a home mission with me as the particular field. There's a lassie for ye, brains, smart as a whip, and nice looking in the thoroughbred way. I tell ye, boy, a woman like that makes a man as good an imitation of Paradise as he'll get or want this side Jordan flood. If I couldn't get her any other way, by Crimmins! I'd —I'd abduct her, and ye've practically done that already."

IT WASN'T Mr. Mactavish's urging, so it must be that Philpott was fickle, but a consuming indignation began to well up within him as he thought of Prue being carried away to India by the reverend Wiggins man. India, no doubt, was all very good in its way, and he had nothing against Mr. Wiggins, except his utterly absurd and inordinate covetousness. He thought tolerantly of missions at large, but the idea was simply preposterous. Let India and the Reverend Mr. Wiggins cast their avaricious eyes elsewhere.

By George! he'd see about it.

As soon as the bank closed, he picked up his hat and sallied forth. Prue was at home, but her mother and Mr. Wiggins had gone out but would return in half an hour. Would he wait?

He looked at her hungrily. Pretty? As a picture. Not a gaudy oleograph for the home of the unenlightened, but a face and figure to gladden the eye and heart of an artist such as Philpott felt himself to be. Slim grace, sparkling vivacity. Both had gone to Archibald's head, putting it in a deliriously delightful whirl. There was a tiny glint of a smile lurking in the corners of her mouth. She was rather subdued, he thought, but he also was changed. He found within himself a determination, boldness, almost recklessness, that were gloriously new, and not to be withstood by several Indias and armies of Wigginses.

"I don't want to see your mother, and I have no desire to see the Reverend Mr. Wiggins," he said, with a strange impoliteness. "What's this I hear about this Wiggins person and you going to India?



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It's an outrage, and I won't stand for it." He thumped the table, and glared at her with devouring affection.

"What on earth do you mean, Mr. Philpott?" she asked.

"Archie!" he corrected her.

"Mr. Philpott!" she insisted, her eyes dancing.

He took one step forward, and she retreated one step.

"Very well—'Archie'," she amended.

"I mean that I am not going to let you go away. What's India, and what is Mr. Wiggins?" he demanded. "Prue! I've been a mole, and a bat, and a silly ass, and several things of the kind, but I'm none of them now. You don't mean to tell me you have promised to marry him?"

She kept him waiting, looking irresistibly provoking, her hands behind her back.

"I suppose you say that because you feel you have to," she mocked his earnestness.

"Answer my question, Prudence Wyndham. I can't wait more than about ten seconds longer," he replied.

She shot a little smile at him, then shook her head slowly.

"I don't think I'd care much for India," she said.

He made a furious grab at her, and she didn't seem to mind his roughness one little bit. The masterful Mr. Philpott was a revelation to her. She hated milksops.

"Oh, we forgot all about Emma," she whispered when she got her breath.

"Emma! Oh, you mean Miss Carey?" replied the weathercock. "She will, I think, make Denison a capital wife. Prue! You are the finest sport, the most perfectly glorious girl in this or any other universe. One more, yes, and just another. If there's one thing more than another I like, in the way of superlative pleasure, it is a sugaring-off. Don't you just love 'em, Prue?"

She lifted her head, and winked at him bewitchingly.

"Didn't I tell you so that afternoon in the Greek's?" she replied. "Now let me go, unless you mean to keep mother and Mr. Wiggins on the front steps the rest of the afternoon."

Paying for Present Prosperity

Continued from page 24.

tate whether a man who aspired to be president should speak the truth or maintain a silence that was a lie. I refer to the whole inside knowledge of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, of which President Wilson and Mr. Hughes both had every detail. Both men kept carefully silent as to the true facts. Both men spoke brave words that glittered in the sunlight with the substance of soap bubbles at the end of a boy's clay pipe; but both men—and everybody knows it—carefully and with a cowardice that sickened the American heart—suppressed the facts as to the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Voters waited for the declaration that never came; and the man, who spoke the truth—Theodore Roosevelt—was rejected by the country.

What true Americans really feel as to their international status was well illustrated soon after it became apparent that

Hughes as well as Wilson was going to side-step all facts on the *Lusitania*. A group of the most substantial men in the East got together in a down town club in New York. There they had an European army expert give them a secret lecture on how coast cities must be defended in modern war from air and submarine attacks. It was the week the submarine sank the freighters off Nantucket. I asked one of the big men present why they had done this. "Why," he reiterated. "If the best our presidents can do is what they have done in this election, where do you think we would be in case of attack? And attack," he added "may be terribly near. If a president declares you may kick him into the middle of next week and he'll be 'too proud to fight' and keep us out of war, how long do you think we are safe from attack? Europe has to pay the cost of this war some how; and we are the *How;* and that is the bitter aftermath we'll pay for our supine cowardice demonstrated to the whole world in this election."

Putting a Yardstick on Canada

Continued from page 30.

ted out as the vessel sailed into a bank of spun silver, where the moon and the cloud played an April shower of light on the dripping deck. A moment more and we were out into clear moonlight, a fat white cloud behind us, as definite as a puff of swansdown; before us a similar round-edged and opaque bubble. We could see others floating lightly on the water—not fog, not mist, just ordinary up-in-the-air clouds, freakishly determined to sit on the water and sail.

Another long day of sun brings us to Taku Inlet down which the scared white icebergs drift. Instead of going on past this mouth of mystery to Juneau with its electric lights and its nickel shows, we turn eastward and slip between huge walls into a river of malachite, the greener for the ghostly little bergs.

The Inlet is the den of that most extraordinary monster Taku Glacier which winds for ninety miles southeast from Lake Atlin in a huge stream of ice from seven hundred to a thousand feet thick to bury its nose in the ice cold sea water and send off avalanches of bergs to vex the soul of our captain.

For hours we sail up the narrowing inlet until at last we come into a vast round bay. There are immense charred cliffs to the right, dropping steeply a thousand feet to the water; there is a great grey "dead" glacier, rubble-covered, to the left. Across the opaque emerald of the water there are dozens of bergs of all shades from snow to blue vitriol. And in front—three hundred feet high in places, and a mile long—lies Taku, blue-green, shining, with more bergs piled in heaps at its feet on a frozen shelf.

As if the cinder cliffs hadn't enough color within their sombre frame, the Alaska sunset flared into bloom—coral pink from west to east, intense, gold-pointed, heavy with ribbed fire. And in the middle of this great silent opal, drunk with light, mad with the unbelievable color of the thing, the folk on board the little *Charlotte* went round and round



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the decks saying to each other that they could never, never see the like again.

A FEW hours later we were in Juneau, the capital of Alaska, a town of five thousand people and two of the biggest mountains you ever saw. In fact they are so big, so looming, that the whole scene looks out of drawing and you can hardly believe that such a place can own the reputed ten miles of the now-familiar board streets. Lumber, by the way, is one of the cheapest commodities in Alaska, and labor is one of the dearest. It's much more economical, therefore, to lay a floor over a yawning chasm than to blast out a level roadway.

You can buy all sorts of fruits and vegetables, home grown, in Juneau, and the boat's commissariat department will certainly scout around for strawberries, which are anywhere up to as big as an egg and of a most exceptional flavor. Raspberries, salmonberries and huckleberries are also on sale of unbeatable grade.

Across the—I was going to say river, for that's what it looks like, but it's name is the Gastineau Channel — across the Channel, then, from Juneau lies Douglas Island dotted over with the Indian red buildings of the Treadwell, one of the most famous Alaskan mines, located in '81 by "French Pete" and sold to John Treadwell for the sum of five dollars. Seventy million dollars' worth of gold has been taken out of the huge "Glory Hole" into which the *Charlotte's* passengers will gaze on the downtrip, and out of the Glory Hole's lineal descendants, the under-ocean passages of to-day.

Eight tons of ore are hauled up from a depth of 2,300 feet every minute and a half, and 6,000 tons go under the 960 stamps in the mill every twenty-four hours. The tourist isn't allowed to go down in the cage and walk about under the Pacific, but the whole crowd is taken through the stamp mills where they gain some idea of the Somme drive from the point of artillery-racket.

Each stamp weights a ton and a half, falls onto its iron block one hundred times a minute, and not only reduces the quartz to powder, but puts the eardrums of the tourists on strike for half an hour after the infernal noise has become a memory. The present profit realized from the Treadwell is said to be in the neighborhood of $5,000 a day.

LEAVING the vicinity of Juneau, we enter the Lynn Canal, which isn't the man-made passageway that its name would seem to indicate, but a long and ever narrowing funnel with towering banks and stiff tides, at the end of which lies Skagway, once the maddest gold-town on the continent, where the pack trains left for the Yukon with all that "Soapy" Smith and his gang allowed to slip through their trigger-quick fingers.

The traveller who stops here makes a mistake, with another thousand Canadian miles beckoning him northward up over the curve of the world. But nowadays, in this rush-racketing, tele-dictaphoning age, he may lack time. That isn't what we lack, nor words either, but plain, white paper. We can't expect to cram Canada, sombre woods and rushing salmon, garnered wheat and secret gold, scenery, history, prophecy and touristry—into the limits of a single article. We've just put up our little yardstick—a thousand miles of sample wonderland — against the colossal heritage which is ours.

The Wonderlands of the Rockies

Mary Roberts Rinehart Tells a Picturesque Story of a Western Trail.

"NOT long before," says Mary Roberts Rinehart, "I had been to the front in Belgium and France. I confess that no excursion to the trenches gave me a greater thrill, than the one that accompanied our start across the Rockies." The story of the trip we quote in the author's own popular style, aa it appeared in *The Wide World Magazine.*

There are many people to whom new places are only new pictures. But, after much wandering, I have learned that travel is a matter, not only of seeing, but of doing.

It is much more than that. It is a matter of new human contacts. What are regions but the setting for life? The desert, without its Arbs, is only the place that God forgot.

This story is all about a three-hundred-mile trip across the Rocky Mountains on horseback. It is about fishing, and cool nights around a camp fire and long days on the trail. It is about a party of all sorts, from everywhere—of men and women, old and young, experienced folk and novices, who yielded to a desire to belong to the fellowship of the trail.

If you are willing to learn how little you count in the eternal scheme of things, if you are prepared, for the first day or two, to be able to locate every muscle in your body and a few extra ones that have apparently crept in and are crowding—go ride in the Rocky Mountains and save your soul.

It will not matter that you have never ridden before. The horses are safe and quiet. The Western saddle is designed to keep a cowpuncher in his seat when his "rope" is round an infuriated steer. Fall off? For the first day or two, dear traveller, you will have to be extracted! After that you will learn that swing of the right leg which clears the saddle, the slicker, a camera, night clothing, soap, towel, toothbrush, blanket, sweater, fishing-rod, extra boots, and sunburn lotion, and enables you to alight in a vertical position without jarring your spine up into your skull.

Now and then the United states Government does a very wicked thing. To offset these lapses there are occasional Governmental idealisms. The American "national parks" are a case in point.

I object to the word "park," especially in connection with the particular national reserve in North-Western Montana, known as Glacier Park, that I am going to describe. A park is a civilized spot, connected in everyone's mind with neat paths and clipped lawns. I am just old enough to remember when it meant, "Keep off the grass" signs also, and my childhood memories of the only park I knew are inseparably connected with a one-armed policeman with a cane and an exaggerated sense of duty.

There are no "Keep off the grass" signs in Glacier Park, no gravelled paths and clipped lawns. It is the wildest part of America. If the Government had not preserved it it would have preserved itself. No homesteader would ever have invaded its rugged magnificence and dared its winter snows. But you and I would not have seen it.

True, so far most niggardly provision has been made. The Government offices are a two-roomed wooden cabin. The national warehouse is a barn. To keep it up, to build trails and roads, to give fire protection for its fourteen hundred square miles of forest, with many millions of dollars' worth of timber, there are provided thirteen rangers! For seventy-five miles in the north of the park there is no ranger at all.

But no niggardliness on the part of the Government can cloud the ideal which is the *raison d'être* for Glacier Park. Here is the last stronghold of the Rocky Mountain sheep, the Rocky Mountain goat. Here are antelope and deer, black and grizzly bears, mountain lions, and trout. Here are tracks that follow the old game trails along the mountain side; here are meadows of June roses, forget-me-nots, larkspur, Indian paint-brush, fire-weed—the first plant to grow after forest fires—snow-fields. Here are ice and blazing sun, a thousand sorts of flowers, growing beside vile roads and trails of a beauty to make you gasp.

The rendezvous for our party was at Glacier Park Station, on the Great Northern Railway. Getting to that point, remote as it seemed, had been surprisingly easy. Almost disappointingly easy. Was this, then, going to the borderland of civilization—to the last stronghold of the old West Over the flat country, with inquiring prairie dogs sitting up to inspect us, our train moved steadily toward the purple drop-curtain of the mountains. West, always West.

Now and then we stopped, and passengers got on. They brought with them something new and rather electric. It was enthusiasm. The rest of us, Eastern and greatly bored, roused ourselves and looked out of the windows. West, still West, we went. We saw an occasional cowboy sihouetted against the sky, thin range cattle, impassive Indians watching the train go by, a saw-mill, and not a tree in sight over a vast horizon. Then at last, at twilight, we arrived at Glacier Park Station. Howard Eaton, our leader, was on the platform, with old Chief Three Bears, of the Blackfeet, a wonderful old warrior of ninety-three.

It was rather a picturesque party. Those who had gone up from the Eaton ranch in Wyoming—a trifle of seven hundred miles only—wore their riding clothes to save luggage. Some of us had travelled three thousand miles to that rendezvous. Khaki was the rule, the women mostly in breeches and long coats, with high-laced boots reaching to the knee and soft felt hats, the men in riding clothes, with sombreros and brilliant bandanas knotted about their throats. One or two had rather overdone the part, and were the objects of good-natured chaff later from the guides and cowboys.

Our route was three hundred miles long. It was over six passes—and if you believe, as I did, that a pass is a valley between two mountains, I am here to set you right. A pass is a blood-curdling place up which one's horse climbs like a goat, and down the other side of which it slides as you lead it, trampling ever and anon on a tender part of your foot. A pass is the highest place between two peaks. A pass is not an opening, but a barrier, which you climb with chills and descend with prayer. A pass is a thing which you try to forget at the time, and which you boast about when you get back home.

Off, then, to cross the Rocky Mountains—forty-two of us, and two wagons which had started early to go by road to the first camp. Cowboys in "chaps" and jingling spurs, timorous women who eyed the blue and purple mountains askance, the inevitable photographer—for whom we lined up a semicircle, each one trying to look as if starting off on such a trip was one of the easiest things we did. And over all the bright sun, and a breeze from the mountains, and a sense of such exhilaration as only altitude and the West can bring.

Then came the signal to fall in, and we were really off. For a mile or so we rode two abreast, past a village of Indians tepees, past meadows scarlet with the Indian paint-brush. Then we turned to the left, and were off the road.

The cowboys and guides were watching us. As we strung out along the trail they rode backwards and forwards, inspecting saddles, examining atirrups, seeing that all were comfortable and safe. For even that firat day we were to cross Mount Henry, and there must be no danger of saddles slipping.

Quite without warning we plunged into a rocky defile, with a small river falling in cascades. The shadow of the mountain enveloped us. The horses forded the stream and moved sedately on.

Did you ever ford a mountain stream on horseback? Do it. Ride out of the hot sun into a brawling valley. Watch your horse as he feels his way across, the atream eddying about his legs. Give him his head and let him drink lightly, skimming the very surface of the water with his delicate nostrils. Lean down and fill your own cup. How cold it is, and how clear! Uncontaminated, it flows down from the snow-covered mountains overhead. It is *living.*

Presently the trail began to rise to the tree-covered "bench." It twisted as it rose. Those above called cheerfully to the ones below. We had settled to the sedate walk of our horses, the pace which was to take us over our long itinerary. Hardly ever was it possible, during the days that followed, to go faster than a walk. The narrow, twisting trails forbade it. Now and then a few adventurous spirts, sighting a meadow, would hold back until the others had got well ahead, and then push their horses to the easy Western lope. But such joyous occasions were rare.

Up and up. The trail was safe, the grade easy. At the edge of the "bench" we turned and looked back. The great hotel lay below in the sunlight. Leading to it were the gleaming rails of the Northern Pacific Railway. We turned our horses and went on toward the anow-covered peaks ahead.

The horses moved quietly, one behind the other. As the trail rose there were occasional stops to rest them. Women who had hardly dared to look out of a third storey window found themselves on a bit of rocky shelf, with the tops of the tallest trees far below. The earth, as we had known it, was falling back. And high overhead Howard Eaton, at the head of the procession, was sitting on his big horse, silhouetted against the sky. The first day was to be an easy one—twelve miles and camp. "Twelve miles?" said the experienced riders. "Hardly a Sunday morning canter!"

But a mountain mile is a real mile. Possibly they measure from peak to peak. I do not know. I do know that we were almost six hours making that twelve miles, and that for four of it we led our horses down a mountain path of shale. Knees that had been fairly serviceable up to that point took to knocking together. Riding-boots ceased to be a matter of pride, and emerged skinned and broken. The horses slid and stumbled. And luncheon receded.

Down and down we went. Great granite clips of red and blue and yellow loomed across the valley, but no luncheon. We were conscious of a great glow of moving blood through long-stagnant vessels, deep breaths of clear mountain air, a camera dropped on the trail, a stone in a horse's foot—but no luncheon.

Two o'clock, and we were down. The nerv-

Continued on page 90.

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The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance

Our Prosperity and Extravagance

THE PEOPLE of Canada are living extravagantly. There can be no doubt on that score and it is the one feature of the situation which causes uneasiness. Business is remarkably brisk, so brisk in fact that the extravagance of the public is to some extent justified. The danger of the spending orgy into which Canada seems to have plunged lies in the fact that our imports are growing by leaps and bounds. In other words we are sending more money out of the country than we should in time of war.

Taking the figures issued by the Department of Trade and Commerce in October it is found that the imports for the preceding twelve months totaled $716,930,113, as against $421,677,217 for the previous twelve months. This is approximately $300,000,000 increase and the total is startling enough to make every Canadian stop and think. The increase is partly explained by the advance in prices —but not entirely. After due allowance is made for advancing costs, there still remains a wide margin that can only be explained on the ground of larger buying.

Another explanation is that people are demanding quality in what they buy. The "flush" condition of the average household purse has removed the scruples which once attached to buying the best. People are now demanding the best and are quite ready to pay for it.

THE INCREASE in imports is reflected, of course, in domestic consumption. Manufacturers cannot turn out the goods fast enough to fill their orders. Wholesalers are in the same case and the retail merchant is so busy that the mere selling of goods has become the least of his troubles. This, of course, is an eminently satisfactory state of affairs. "Better business than usual" is a motto that will help to win the war as it means increased circulation, increased production and increased optimism. But when it leads to a sudden upleap in imports, so large that our favorable balance of trade is threatened, it becomes evident that prosperity is beginning to act like old wine. It is time to call a halt. We cannot afford any further enlargement of our buying abroad. The war situation demands conservation.

A DISTURBING factor also is the advance in living costs. The most staple articles of food are going up almost to prohibitory prices. Butter and eggs are becoming luxuries; and at their present rate of skyward flight will soon be found only on the tables of the very rich. Bread, milk, sugar, everything is volplaning at a rate that spells fortunes, perhaps, for a lucky few and privation for the many.

The advances have caused a cry of "combine" from one end of the country to the other. Newspapers are loudly demanding enquiries and their columns are full of suggestions that, for the most part, are so unpractical as to be almost ridiculous. The explanation after all is not so hard to find. It is a case of supply and demand. When the latter exceeds the former prices go up. Canada cannot sell so much to Great Britain and keep prices down at home. It is very illogical for the farmer, for instance, to complain of the price of flour when he is getting record prices for his wheat. The city man has to pay the high price of bread without the consolation that the farmer has, but then he is probably earning more than he ever did before.

It is not intended to assert that the present high prices are justified. It is not to be denied that some men are making huge fortunes by profiteering at the expense of the public. With our present very much involved systems of distribution, however, an era of high wages and heavy demand is bound to become a time of high prices. A policy of retrenchment only on the part of the public would bring prices down.



—Rogers in the New York Herald.
War Prosperity.

In the meantime it should be possible to evolve some measures to restrain the upward tendency; but any discussion of the means is beyond the scope of this article. The fact remains that the high cost of living is the most striking outward manifestation of the present prosperity of

the country. People who were not enjoying a measure of prosperity could not live where the bare necessities of life were so high.

Yes, Canada is prosperous. Men are earning wages much larger than ever before, especially those engaged in work



—Thurlby in the Seattle Times.

To Resume.

on munitions. It is stated as a fact that some men on piece work are earning $8 and $10 a day who formerly earned little more than that per week. Women and girls who went into munition work for patriotic reasons are in many cases only too glad to stay for purely pecuniary considerations. Their earnings are suprisingly substantial.

The measure of our prosperity will be told in the volume of Christmas trade; and it bids fair to be enormous.

INVESTMENTS

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The Man with the Money

CANADIAN farmers have been coining money since the war in Canada

began. They have been getting war prices for grain, stock, cheese, fodder and other products. As a consequence they have doubled production. Debts and mortgages have been paid off since the opening of war that aforetime were a long and heavy burden.

Canadian farmers are spending their surplus very freely, mainly on farm improvements. More and better implements, new and better buildings, improved stables and dairies, pedigreed stock, power equipments, lighting and water systems, more comfortable homes, more labor-saving devices in homes, more indulgences—these are the things that Canadian farmers are spending money on to-day to a greater extent than ever before.

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his full $1,000 and the interest on the last coupon which will be due at the same time. The coupons, as they fall due, are cut off and can be presented to the Government for payment, or simply deposited at the bank. In the latter case they are credited to the depositor, the same as if he had handed in a cheque.

Government bonds are secured by the credit of the Government and its power to levy taxes on all taxable property. Only by a nation going bankrupt would payments on a Government bond be defaulted. It follows that a Government bond is perhaps the safest investment that can be found, provided, of course, that the Government issuing it is not an ephemeral Central American republic or an impoverished kingdom on the slopes of the Balkans.

Bonds are mostly sold in units of $1,000, though as low as $100 can sometimes be bought. They are highly negotiable and can be converted into cash at almost any time. Loans can also be secured on them from banks or loan companies, as they constitute the most satisfactory form of collateral.

QUESTIONS

A Six Per Cent. Bond

1. Edmonton, Alta., Dec. 1.—"I have just disposed of some E.D. bonds and have some money on hand that I want to place at a good return but with the best security. Can you recommend anything in the way of good 6 per cent. bonds?"

Answer.—It is not a difficult matter to secure bonds that will yield from 6 per cent. to 7 per cent., and the element of risk in no case is large. The best bonds, however, yield from 5 per cent. to 5½ per cent. We would suggest that you endeavor to secure municipal bonds as close home as possible. You can secure, for instance, 6 per cent. gold bonds issued by the city of Edmonton at a price which will yield close to 6 per cent. As a resident of Edmonton, you will be able to appreciate the surety of this investment.

Russian War Loans

Toronto, Nov. 26.—"Would you recommend placing funds in Russian war loans? The return is very attractive, but how about security?"

Answer.—We would not, of course, recommend Russian internal loans, as they are payable in Russia and will be subject to any taxes on investments that the Imperial Government sees fit to levy. It is a fact that there has been considerable buying of internal loans, both in this country and the United States, but it has been largely speculative. On external loans this point does not apply, as they are payable at London, New York, or some point outside of Russia, and are not subject to any tax. The yield, as you say, is attractive, but the speculative element enters in again here owing to the uncertainty of exchange. On the whole, Russian external loans offer a large yield and there does not seem to be reason to doubt the ability of the Czar's Government to meet its obligations.

United Kingdom

3. Hamilton, Nov. 27.—"I have an opportunity to place some money in United Kingdoms (war loans) which I understand are secured in New York. Can you explain this to me?"

Answer.—This loan is covered by securities

deposited by the British Government with a trustee in New York. The collateral placed equals $1.20 of the par value and this proportion will be maintained until the date of retirement against any increases in the market value. The security is, therefore, most exceptional. The securities are placed in New York as the offering is made on the American market. The yield, which at present quotation, will be about 5.8 per cent., is so good that the investment can be regarded as a gilt-edged one in every sense of the word.

Jordon is a Hard Road

Continued from page 12.

and went quickly into the room from which she had come.

From the hallway Minden heard the blinds pulled down, and presently a lighted lamp was placed on the round centre-table which held a Bible and a photograph album.

"She'll scratch—maybe bite," he said to himself, "but she's all right. She only wants handling. I've got to get what I come for."

Presently the set, assertive figure of the woman made its appearance again. "You can come in now," she said with no kindness in her voice.

DETERMINED goodness was written in her face. Her forehead was a little too high for generosity, a little too narrow for benevolence, yet from the somewhat peaked crown to the watchful brown eyes there were veneration and will quietly enthroned. Precision, routine, sober neatness marked everything she was and everything she did. Her hair carefully crimped and partially covering her ears showed some acute strain of vanity still actively alive. The big cameo brooch at her throat suggested an acquired social position which lay between, say, the seamstress and the druggist or perhaps the girl clerk and the big storekeeper. She was dressed as though "prepared for company," as the Askatoon people called it; yet it was only part of her regular life and custom. She was always "prepared for company." She washed dishes with a cloth tied to the end of a stick, she made fires with gloves on. She was the very pattern of precision.

There was something forbidding about her and yet something also which made Minden's eyes light up with satisfaction. He had seen her several times since he came to Askatoon, but nearly always at a distance. Once or twice he had passed her in the street, but she had given him no chance of addressing her. Once he went to the Methodist meeting-house on the chance of seeing her. She had, however, only come for the prayer-meeting, not for the regular service beforehand; and as it was not for him to stay to the prayer-meeting he had had only a glimpse of her as she went softly yet austerely to her pew, the position of which accurately defined her social status in Askatoon.

Bill had never till now got her absolutely into his eye since his arrival in Askatoon. A wonderful shining look of approval came into his face, as he took her all in with the trained eye of one who had so much lived by its training, by the deftness of the hand and the courage of the mind.

"What do you want?" she asked, looking at him steadfastly now.

He shrugged his huge shoulders good-humoredly. "You know, when you say that in the light like this it sounds sharper than when you said it in the dark. Couldn't you turn down the lamp a bit? I'd like to hear you talk," he added. "I haven't heard your voice for twenty-two years. I don't think it's changed any; but if you wasn't so religious and so particular, I'd say you'd more bones in your stays than you used to—a bit stiff, Missus, a bit stiff to an old friend."

A slight flush passed over her face. She resented the reference to her stays, but she waved her hand vaguely into the space around her, as it were, and said "Where be you goin' to sit?"

HE LOOKED at the horse-hair sofa which had as little attraction for him as it had for the pretty school-teacher, Cora, whose clothes and the wearing of whose clothes suggested taste, and he shook his head.

"I'd like the rocker, if I could take the lace curtin off it," he said pointing to the crochet-work antimacassar covering the back of the rocking-chair.

"Oh, it washes," she answered drily, "and I see you don't oil your hair! Leave it be."

He beamed over her, grinned broadly, and lowered himself comfortably into the capacious rocker. "Say, you've kep' your word 'Liza Finley," he said presently. "My gracious goodness, yes, you've kep' your word. You earned them three thousand dollars—you earned them, and three times three thousand dollars you earned. My, what you've gone and done and been to that girl—to that blessed babe I put into your arms twenty-two years ago!"

"It wasn't hard to do my duty by her. If you have a daughter you do your duty by her," said the other with a face that relaxed somewhat, but with underlying antagonism in her tone.

The good-natured smile died away from Minden's lips. "You needn't rub it in," he said huskily. "'Course she's your daughter. I give her to you twenty-two years ago, because I was a law-breaker, an' her mother was dead, an' I knew I never could run straight, an' I couldn't bring her up proper. I give her to you because I couldn't bear that when she grew up she'd know that her father was what he was going to be—a jail-bird. I knew it had to come, an' it did. So I give her to you an' your Steve with the last money I had—three thousand it was—for you to love her an' bring her up to be yours evermore. An' you done it because you had no child of your own, an' you wanted one an' Steve wanted one, an' you couldn't give him one. It looked as if my wife died just to give you hers. Mebbe that's how it was, for though she had a wide mind she couldn't have lived with me without having her pride hurt. An' I've kep' away from you, an' I've kep' my word for twenty-two years — now, haven't I? An' ain't she a flower of the prairie? Ain't she worth all you've done for her, 'Liza Finley? You look like a graven image, but you've got the heart the mother of Moses didn't have; you've got the heart of Pharaoh's daughter."

She made a sharp effort to stand him

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off. "You had no business to come; you've broken your word; you've got no rights here. Cora believes she's my child, and mebbe I love her better than any child I might have had, just because she had no mother of her own, and my duty said I must be more partic'ler for her because she was a trust. When she come back from school and told about a strange man speaking to her the first day you come to Askatoon, I knew it was you. You can make up your mind"—again her lips became set, her face hardened, her figure stiffened—"you can make up your mind you're not going to have her."

MINDEN half rose from his seat, but fell back with a helpless outward gesture. "What are you talkin' about?" he protested. "D'you think I don't know what's good for her? I've been in jail three times since I handed her over to you. You've brought her up like a lady—like a lady; you've give her a good schoolin', you've made her the choice and special fruit of this here garden. D'you think I'm not proud of it an' of her an' of what you've done? Do you think I don't sit right down and say, 'Bill Minden, you done the right thing when, bein' sure you was goin' to the devil, you put your little gal on the heavenly path'?"

"What have you come here for, then?" persisted the apprehensive woman, not relaxing her rigidity.

He waved an ingratiating hand to her. "Haven't I told you? Just to look at her an' be near her; just to see what Bill Minden himself might ha' been if he'd took it in his head to go right at the start. 'Liza Finley, I've got a good heart an' I've got a good head, an' my feelings belong to the holy way, but my tastes and habits get loose *en route* an'——"

"On the broad path that leadeth to destruction," she interjected in dull and broken accents.

He would not be provoked. "I tell you, 'Liza Finley, I understand every holy feeling you've got an' that my girl's got."

Again she protested. "Not your girl, but my girl, that for twenty-two years I've cared for, from the day I unpinned her and put her in her cot till now when I tuck her in at night, and she says 'Bless you, mammy'!"

MINDEN'S eyes blinked. As he himself said, he had a good heart. "I know all that," he remarked. "You don't need to say it. But I'm getting old and lonely an' sick of the broad, stony highway. I want peace. I've got enough money to keep me till the end of the trail, an'——"

"But how did you get the money?" she interjected scornfully. "How did you come by it? Do you think an honest girl or any honest man or woman would share your stealings?"

"Don't be so hard," Bill replied soothingly. "You don't know how I got it; and anyway your own Methodis' church took two hundred dollars of it the other day for the new organ, an' the Baptists an' the Presbyterians an' the Holy Romans have took what I give them, to say nothing of the hospitals an' the charity plants. They all grab it, however I got it; an' anyway ain't it right they should? If it was got dishonest, why not give it to honest people, to the good people, to the prayer-people? See here, 'Liza Finley, what I've got I've got, an' it can't be give back. What's the good of trying to give back a lot of money to a lot of people that robbed a lot of other people, that stole from their bosom friends, that burgled their grandmothers! Don't you see you can't trace back the origin of what I've got?"

Mrs. Finley shook her head in repudiation. "Suppose they all were thieves way back to Adam, that's no excuse why you should be a thief in the sight o' the Lord."

Minden scratched his head, smacked his lips, then grinned broadly. "Say, you've got me—like a piece of toast on a fork; but don't you see that's a bill I've got to settle myself, and don't you see that's a bill that I am settlin' myself! Because of what I done, it ain't for me to have the one thing that's worth living for, the one thing that I've got pride in, the one thing that'd make my old age peaceable if not pious—my little darlin' girl. That's what I pay, Missus, and by gosh!—I beg your pardon, I ain't goin' to swear—that's what I pay an' have got to keep on paying'."

"If you was only a good man," she remarked, her features relaxing now, "if you only had religion, if you'd only found grace and the Spirit had entered into you, why then——"

BUT now he interrupted with a swift wave of his capacious hand. "No, no, no! What you say now makes me see I care for her ten times as much as you do. D'you think that if I riz' up from the anxious seat to-morrow, an' said, 'I've found it, I've found it, I've got religion, I'm saved!'—do you think that'd make any difference? No, no, not any. My gal, my little gal, gosh Almighty!—I beg your pardon twice—no, she ain't never to know that Bill Minden that's done time, that Bill Minden who's plenty notorious, is her father. She's got to think always that Steve, and 'Liza Finley was her father and her mother; she's got to have a clean family history. She's too good to be tarred by me. I know my place. I tell you I know my place, an' I'm up against the everlastin' fact that I got to die without her saying to me once, even once, 'Father!' Don't you be so hard. You're good, but don't you be so shy about givin' the glad hand to them that can't never say, 'The Lord is my Shepherd and I shall not want.' I b'long to them that'll have to go on wantin' and not gettin'."

Now there was a faint tremor of the woman's lips. She was suddenly lost in the atmosphere of a bigger world than she had ever known. "If you don't want to take her away, what is it you do want?" she asked helplessly.

He leaned forward towards her eagerly. "I'd like to be able to come here sometimes, to make friends with you and her—not bosom friends, not like peas in the same social pod, but a bad man with a good heart that you was bein' kind to. That would be enough for me—just to be near her, to watch her, to see her look this way and that, an' speak this how an' that how, an' doin' the little things that show a woman off. That's why I'm goin' to be school trustee, that's why I'm goin' to be mayor, if I can, just to make me look a bit all right in her eyes. 'Liza Finley, I've talked to you more to-night than I've ever talked for thirty years, an' Ive let myself go because I couldn't

hold in any longer. Now what are you going to do about it?"

He looked round the room with almost hungry eyes. "I ain't had a home for twenty-two years," he went on. "I've lived inside any old house an' in any old room without reg'lar standin' anywhere; just payin', payin', payin' for anythin' I ever got; payin' for kindness just as I paid for a corn-husk bed, or milk, or old Rye, or a week's washin'. I'd like a home same as this—well, maybe not the same as this every way, for I don't need carpets and antimacassars; but still just a pleasant place same's this, where I'd sit down an' spread out my feet an' look round an' say, 'Now, girls, anything you want to make this home happy is yours.'"

MRS. FINLEY rose to her feet in an agitation she could not conceal. "I've got to think it over," she said, "and I can't think right with you sittin' there talking. The way you talk you could almost make the mountains get up and walk; but I've got to do my duty. I'm a Christian, I'm a class-leader, I've got religion, and I don't want any traffic in unrighteousness."

"The world wouldn't be saved if the good people didn't look after the bad," remarked Minden shrewdly.

The woman picked at her skirt nervously — it was strange how this man moved her. "Cora'll be back in a minute," she said anxiously. "It's almost her time, and I don't want you here when she comes."

Minden nodded, and rose slowly from the rocking-chair, the antimacassar clinging to his shoulders. Mrs. Finley stepped quickly to him and relieved him of the ludicrous burden. As she did so, Bill caught her hand, and spoke quickly

"You saw your duty clear when you took my gal from me an' made your bond, which you've kept like a Christian of the caticombs. Well, you'll see your duty again just as I saw it for you twenty-two years ago. You know that dandy hymn, 'For I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies?' Well, you've got a clear title for that sky-gal that once was mine. She's yours forever; she loves you; an' all I want is a little reservation on the prairie-land your title covers. You can dole out the rations—an' don't be stingy, 'Liza Finley."

"I have got to pray over it—that's a fact," she answered. "I've got to take it to the throne of grace."

Bill shrugged his shoulders. "Well, in these days the Throne stoops kindly to democracy an' I'll take my chance," he said as he put on his hat.

It sounded as though he were making light of sacred things, but Mrs. Finley did not misunderstand; it was only "the manner o' speakin'" of the country.

"You must go," she urged. "Cora'll be here any minute now; but I'll let you know, I'll truly let you know what the Lord tells me to do."

Three minutes later, on opposite sides of the street Bill Minden and his daughter passed each other; but, unlike ships that pass in the night, they did not speak each other in passing. It was too dark for Cora to see who it was, though her father knew, and he listened to her footsteps till he could hear them no longer.

To be continued.

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A New Empire—Mitteleuropa

The Plans of Germany for the Building of a Large Super-State.

IN the course of an article in *The Nineteenth Century*, J. A. R. Marriott presents an interesting review of a book recently published in Germany from the pen of Dr. Friedrich Naumann, on "Mitteleuropa." Dr. Naumann is one of the leading economical writers in Germany and his book displays a broadness of viewpoint and a lack of animus which makes it noteworthy, although the plan that he outlines is frankly Pan-Germanic—the establishment of a new empire in Central Europe. Mr. Marriott's review is worth reproducing:

To those who are still squeamish as to accepting the recommendations of the Paris Conference, whether they be collectivists or individualists, Free Traders or Protectionists, Little Englanders or Imperialists, I would venture respectfully to recommend a careful perusal of Dr. Friedrich Naumann's remarkable work on *Mitteleuropa*. The book is now available in an admirable English translation, and I do not hesitate to say that it deserves the close attention of everyone who desires to form an independent judgment as to the policy, economic and political, which in the immediate future this country ought to pursue. Dr. Naumann is no excitable Chauvinist; no arrogant Pan-German. On the contrary, he writes with the studied moderation, detachment, and candour of a scientific historian and economist. He makes no attempt to gloze over the faults and shortcomings of his fellow-countrymen. He admits for example, that Austria-Hungary has been much more sympathetic and successful in handling the problem of "nationalities" than has Germany; that both in Alsace-Lorraine and in Schleswig-Holstein, "a great deal that was mean and of which we are ashamed has been done in the name of Germanism" (p. 78); that in Poland, Prussian policy has only very partially succeeded.

> Prussia (he writes in a brilliant passage) took compulsion in one hand and material prosperity in the other, and demanded mental adhesion in exchange. She brought about much material good, but discovered no way to the heart of the Polish people . . . The German schools have made (the Poles) useful and industrially capable bi-linguists, but not German (pages 79-80).

Again he analyzes with relentless accuracy the causes of the comparative failure of German colonies.

> The modern Germans, he writes (page 91), almost everywhere in the world are unfortunately bad Germanizers. In my opinion, (he adds with some naivete,) this is a result of our best qualities. We are thinkers, men of understanding, engineers, organizers, successful prosaic people, perfect apparatus, invaluable voluntary parts of a machine; but just on this account strange to the children of nature and to average nations. . . . The same ability which opens the markets of the world to us and makes our armies victorious, closes to us the hearts of those who are climbing up out of the mist. Hence, in distant parts of the earth, too, we make only passably good colonists.

He is frank, too, in his recognition of the causes which have made for the success of the British Empire, and fully admits the blunder which led Germans to anticipate its dissolution on the outbreak of war.

> The war has shown that loose threads, when they are properly put together, can hold fast. The (British) Empire geographically so varied . . . has remained a unity. There may be shocks in India or Egypt. . . . But a flexible administrative skill reacts even on the entirely foreign races, the subjugated masses of the Asiatic and African territories, and always successfully postpones again the moment of danger (page 184).

He deplores the absence of elasticity among Germans: of

> that flexible skill which we find in three different forms amongst Russians, English, and Americans. We are somewhat hard, masterful, taciturn, have but little patience for our slower fellow creatures, and demand that things shall be done precisely as we wish. All this has its good side, but in order to be a leading, directing, economic nation some sort of international oil is needed, the art, the great art of managing men, sympathy with others, the power to enter into their nature and aims. Scientifically we can accomplish the thing irreproachably . . . but practically we have not seldom been schoolmasters of the old style, or non-commissioned officers with pencil and moustachios . . . hence often rude and insolent from want of self-confidence (page 196).

Obversely, he makes the significant acknowledgment that the English were "not illiberal in the exercise of their power during the years of peace," and he pays a remarkable tribute to the solidarity of the British Empire.

> One of the facts that have become evident in the war is that Australia, South Africa, and Canada, are English in will and feeling . . . after the war they will not demand separation from Great Britain, but an increasing co-operation in the management of the Empire. . . . Out of a colonising country will develop a state of incomparable self-sufficiency as regards agriculture and raw material, and with its own developing industries.

If Dr. Naumann be, as Professor Ashley assures us, "probably the most widely read political writer in Germany," the people of that country must by now be suffering cruel disillusionment. But the passages so far selected for quotation may be regarded as *obiter dicta;* it is time to examine the capital thesis of the book.

Like the late Sir John Seeley, Dr. Naumann holds that the day of the small state is over; that the world-contest of the future will lie between a very few great Empires, such as those of Britain, Russia, and the United States of America. Can Germany hope to hold its own in such a contest? It is impossible. "Prussia is too small, and Germany is too small, and Austria too small, and Hungary too small. No single state of this kind can survive a world-war." In order to survive it is absolutely necessary that a *Mitteleuropa* should be evolved, or rather created. For it would be an artificial product, not a natural growth. On this point Dr. Naumann is under no illusions. Nor does he imagine that the task of creating it would be easy. On the contrary there are many obstacles to overcome, even if the new super-state should include only Germany, Austria and Hungary; much more if Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, or any of the Balkan States were to be included. Discussion as to the limits of the new *Mitteleuropa* is, however, declined by Dr. Naumann. He states the problem only in its simplest terms, and even so finds it sufficiently difficult of solution. For the formation of *Mitteleuropa* will be opposed from many quarters and by almost all parties: on the one hand by the old Prussian or *Kleindeutsch* party, who in the days of the Frankfort Parliament (1848-49) strongly resisted the inclusion of Austria in the proposed German Empire; on the other by the "Great Germans," who would favor the inclusion of "German" Austria, but not the "foreign" provinces subject to the Hapsburg Emperor; and not least by middle-class Liberal capitalists who would regard an economic union with States relatively backward as likely to impose a drag upon the commercial and financial progress of Germany.

But if the formation of *Mitteleuropa* is likely to evoke opposition in Germany, still more certain is the hostility of Austria-Hungary. The Slavonic, Rouman, and Magyar subjects of the Austrian Emperor are united only in their dislike of the Teuton, and Naumann does not attempt to disguise the

act. Nevertheless he holds that *Mitteleuropa* ıust, and will, come into existence, simply be-ause without it none of the constituent ele-ıents would have a chance of surviving in ompetition with the great world-Empires ke Great Britain and Russia.

Assuming, then, that *Mitteleuropa* is cer-ain, because inevitable, it is important to pprehend the form which it will assume.)r. Naumann has nothing in common with he Pan-German party. There is to be no olitical absorption; none of the constituent tates are to suffer any diminution of their overeign authority; Central Europe is to be uilt up by means of treaties freely conclud-d between States which are absolutely sov-reign; it will have no concern with ecclesi-stical affairs; with education; with langu-ge questions; with electoral qualifications, r the rights of Kings or Parliaments res-ectively. It is to be a super-State, organized s a unit for war and for commercial and scal purposes, but in all else consisting of everal, perhaps many, independent sover-ignties. On this point Dr. Naumann is ex-licit: "To what," he asks, "shall these neigh-oring States" (which he carefully refrains rom enumerating) "join themselves?" "To military union and an economic union," he nswers, "everything else is superfluous and ence harmful."

It is impossible within the limits of a sin-le article to examine in detail the argu-ents with which Dr. Naumann defends and laborates the main thesis of his profoundly nteresting and suggestive work. Both his rgument and his conclusion afford indirect estimony to the high estimate which Dr. aumann has clearly formed of the forces which Central Europe will find itself op-osed. What neither he nor any other Ger-an can perceive, or at any rate admit, is hat if the war party could have been held check for a few years longer, Germany ould have obtained by the process of peace-il penetration far more than she could ever ave hoped to get by the most successful war. s things are, the case put forward by Nau-ann for an economic union of the Central mpires would appear to be unanswerable.

It is, then, by *Mitteleuropa* that the En-nte Allies must expect, after the war, to confronted. The new super-State, or the redominant partner in the new firm, is al-ady, by Naumann's admission, accumulat-g munitions for the economic "push." Every ove in the strategical plan of campaign is eing carefully considered and worked out. othing is to be left to chance.

Why Farmers Reap No Profits

he Charming Influence of Organized, Speculative Grain-Buying Interests.

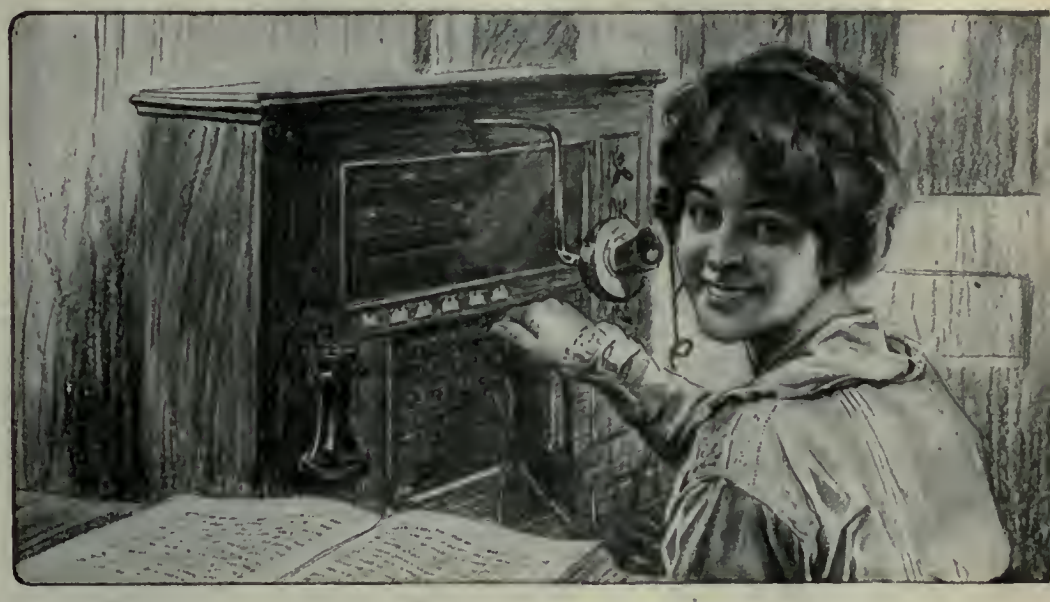
FOR years men in every other business or profession have been lecturing the farm-'s head off on how to farm. The *Forum* lieves that the man who knows most about rming is the farmer, and has had J. E. elly, chairman of the Farmers' Legislative ommittee for the Western States, state his se and tell why the farming game does not ways pay. Mr. Kelly says:

In the vernacular of the agricultural re-ons, this has been a late, cold spring. A p of two hundred miles through the eastern rt of the State of South Dakota, a fine agri-ltural country, on April 15th, revealed the ct that farmers were just entering the fields r the commencement of the sowing of the op that shall be gathered during the sum-er of 1916. Yet everybody appeared to be peful, bankers, merchants, lawyers, doctors d farmors, for "Hope springs eternal in e human breast."

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dition of winter wheat as well as the acreage of spring wheat that is to be sowed. Last year's corn crop was practically a failure throughout the agricultural northwest, north of the southern boundary of Wisconsin. Consequently, a bumper corn crop is needed for the present season, as old-timers say that two failures of the same crop rarely follow in succession.

All of this indicates with unerring accuracy how closely bound up with the success of agriculture is the success of every other business of this country. From and after June 1st, observations become more frequent and apprehension more insistent, lest the efforts of the farmers come to naught through crop failure or partial failure by reason of drouth, hail, hot winds, black rust or chintz bugs. If any of the misfortunes enumerated should befall any considerable agricultural community, the result will be a shrinkage of business transactions; the retail merchant will order less from the wholesale merchant, the wholesale merchant less from the jobber, and the jobber less from the manufacturer, while the manufacturer will consider whether it be necessary to reduce forces or run on half time.

Yet there is a power of existence whose evil influences reach every agricultural community in the United States with the certainty that day follows night—a power that spreads its blighting curse over fields and fireside, that leaves the merchant's bills unpaid and the mortgage unsatisfied, and is rapidly forcing the American farmers into the condition of tenants at will. Such is the influence wielded by the organized, speculative grain-buying interests of this country.

The following tables were prepared from the most reliable market reports, giving the prices of grain in this country and in Liverpool from the opening of the markets last August, 1915, down to April 15th, 1916. These figures show conclusively that the grain interests have the power, through combination, collusion and cunning practices, to make the price to the farmers what they see fit, and that during the first four months after the opening of the markets, during which time the great bulk of the crop, wheat, oats and barley, was marketed, the farmers were given scarcely enough to cover the cost of production, while the grain gamblers revelled in a riot of riches, taking as a clear toll from 41 per cent. to 78 per cent. on oats of the prices the farmers received over all costs of handling.

THE PRICE OF OATS FROM AUGUST TO DECEMBER.

	Farm price	Chicago price	Liv. price	Hndl. cost	Speculator's toll
Aug. 14....	30c.	40c.	73c.	16c.	17c.
Sept. 4....	25c.	35c.	74c.	16c.	23c.
Oct. 30....	26c.	36c.	74c.	17c.	21c.
Nov. 6....	25c.	35c.	74c.	18c.	20c.
Nov. 20....	25c.	35c.	74c.	25c.	14c.
Dec. 11....	30c.	40c.	75c.	27c.	8c.
Dec. 18....	31c.	41c.	75c.	28c.	6c.

In finding the farm price, as given in the above table. 10c. was deducted from the Chicago price. Of course, in some instances farmers will get a little more than this, as they happen to live close to the terminals, others more remote will receive less. The figures given will be a fair average.

READ
"Cabinet Control"
By H. F. GADSBY
IN THE
February Issue

WHEAT PRICES AND THE PORTION THE GAMBLERS TOOK.

	Farm price	Chicago price	Liv. price	Hndl. cost	Speculator's toll
Aug. 14..	$0.91	$1.10	$1.72	29c.	33c.
Sept. 10..	.78	.93	1.63	33c.	37c.
Sept. 30..	.79	.94	1.63	33c.	36c.
Oct. 30..	.79	.98	1.64	35c.	31c.
Nov. 27..	.84	1.03	1.68	35c.	30c.
Dec. 18..	.97	1.16	1.68	51c.	1c.
Jan. 8..	1.03	1.22	1.77	53c.	2c.
Jan. 15..	1.06	1.25	1.76	50c.	1c.
Feb. 11..	1.09	1.28	1.92	56c.	8c.
Mar. 4..	.95	1.14	1.83	63c.	6c.
Mar. 18..	.90	1.09	1.68	61c.	0
Mar. 25..	.93	1.12	1.65	58c.	0
Apr. 15..	1.00	1.19	1.65	57c.	0

In the compilation of these tables grain of the same kind and grade has been taken in every instance, as given in the Liverpool, Chicago and Duluth quotations. The table on wheat shows that from August 14th to November 27th, 1915, the speculative interests took from the farmers an average of 34c per bushel over every known cost of handling, according to prices during the same time prevailing at Liverpool, the world's clearing house for foodstuff.

It will also be observed that by January 8th the toll, on the basis of Liverpool prices, shrunk to 2c. per bushel, and by the middle of March had entirely disappeared, and so continued down to the 15th of April. Thus while the bulk of wheat and oats was being marketed, the speculative interests forced prices down through manipulation so that they realized a profit on oats of 78 per cent. and a profit on wheat of 41 per cent. over all costs of handling, according to Liverpool quotations.

The mouthpiece of the grain speculators tried to justify these wholesale robberies at the time they were being enacted, but is it not plain that if grain be handled and exported during the months of December, January, February, March and April on a commission of 2c. or 3c. per bushel, or even less at times, that the taking of 34c. per bushel on an average during the months of August, September, October and November, when the rush of grain came to market, was nothing more or less than the artistic accomplishments of a hold-up artist? In other words, the grain gamblers skinned the farmers during those earlier months by forcing prices down; they later skinned the consuming public by forcing prices up.

CORN PRICES FROM SEPTEMBER TO MARCH

	Farm price	Chicago price	Liverpool price	Handling cost	Speculator's toll
Sept. 11....	60c.	76c.	$1.17	32c.	9c.
Oct. 9....	49c.	65c.	1.16	36c.	15c.
Nov. 20....	42c.	58c.	1.27	43c.	26c.
Dec. 24....	51c.	67c.	1.27	38c.	22c.
Jan. 15....	52c.	68c.	1.43	47c.	28c.
Feb. 19....	49c.	65c.	1.46	61c.	20c.
Mar. 11....	49c.	65c.	1.46	61c.	20c.
Mar. 18....	50c.	66c.	1.38	61c.	11c.

Corn does not come to market as early as wheat and oats. Accordingly we see that while the heavy tolls on the latter were during August, September, October and November, the heavy tolls on corn did not commence till November 20th, and from this time down to February 19th, the heavy marketing season for corn, 55 per cent. of the price the farmers received at the local station was taken, over all handling costs, according to Liverpool markets.

Barley cannot be figured with the accuracy

of wheat, oats and corn, for the reason that barley is not quoted on foreign markets; but those who have paid any attention to the markets will know that barley fared no better than other crops, and that the loss on barley on account of price manipulation and doctoring of grades was not less than 20c. per bushel, and at times as much as 25c. per bushel.

Estimating that farmers marketed within the time of depressed prices four hundred million bushels of wheat, five hundred million bushels each of corn and oats and 160 million bushels of barley, and deducting from the tolls, as indicated on the tables, 4c. for wheat and corn and 3c. for oats and barley, as legitimate profits, which is more than they ever admit taking, and the loss to the agricultural interests of the country reaches the enormous sum of three hundred and fifty millions of dollars, through price manipulation alone, without counting the hundred and one lesser tricks of the trade the grain gamblers use to relieve the farmers of their hard-earned cash.

Is it any wonder that the Armours, the Pattens, the Leiters and their associates are approaching the billionaire mark, while the thinking people of our country are becoming more concerned as year succeeds year because of the rapid increase of tenant farmers?

Yet, to control this mighty octopus that reaches out in all directions is a herculean undertaking. It controls all trade journals, is able to silence nearly all of the agricultural papers and its influence is ever potent with a majority of the metropolitan press.

From each of the great terminal markets a well-trained army of solicitors circulates through tributary territory disseminating such news as is deemed advantageous to the speculative interests, pleading the cause of their masters to farmers, merchants and local elevator men with fluency, determination and effect. Its far-reaching power determines the policy of great cities, wields a potential influence upon the action of states and reaches even the capitol at Washington. Farmers should organize to crush this monster combine that preys alike on producer and consumer.

Should Students Study?

Why Many Students Prominent in "College Life" Turn Out to be Half Men in the World.

THE motto "Do not let your studies interfere with your college education" has a prominent place on the walls of many a student's room. It is his semi-humorous way of expressing his semi-conviction that studies do not count, that the thing to go in for is "College Life." William Trufant Foster, President of Reed College, Portland, Oregon, writing in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, holds to the light the other side of the question. The author's well-grounded, practical views and the timeliness of the subject make the article of far-reaching interest. He says in part:—

In academic circles, this is not merely an academic question. The boy who goes to college faces it, in one form or another, again and again. Indeed, before he dons his freshman togs, his father has told him to get an all-round education, and may even have given him to understand that deficiencies in scholar-

What Is Auto-Intoxication--- And How to Prevent It

By C. G. Percival, M.D.

Perhaps the best definition I have ever noted of Auto-Intoxication is "Self-Intoxication, or poisoning by compounds produced internally by oneself."

This definition is clearly intelligible because it puts Auto-Intoxication exactly where it belongs; takes it away from the obscure and easily misunderstood, and brings it into the light as an enervating, virulent, poisonous ailment.

It is probably the most insidious of all complaints, because its first indications are that we feel a little below par, sluggish, dispirited, etc., and we are apt to delude ourselves that it may be the weather, a little overwork or the need for a rest.

But once let it get a good hold through non-attention to the real cause and a nervous condition is apt to develop, which it will take months to correct. Not alone that, but Auto-Intoxication so weakens the foundation of the entire system to resist disease that if any is prevalent at the time or if any organ of the body is below par a more or less serious derangement is sure to follow—

The ailments which have been commonly, almost habitually, traced to Auto-Intoxication are: Languor, Headache, Insomnia, Biliousness, Melancholia, Nervous Prostration, Digestive Troubles, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Disturbance, Liver Troubles.

There are several conditions which may produce Auto-Intoxication, but by far the most common and prevalent one is the accumulation of waste in the colon, caused by insufficient exercise, improper food or more food than nature can take care of under our present mode of living.

I wonder if you realize how prevalent this most common cause of Auto-Intoxication really is—the clearest proof of it is that one would be entirely safe in stating that there are more drugs consumed in an effort to correct this complaint than for all other human ills combined—it is indeed universal, and if it were once conquered, in the words of the famous medical scientist, Professor Eli Metchnikoff, "the length of our lives would be nearly doubled."

He has specifically stated that if our colons were removed in early infancy we would in all probability live to the age of 150 years.

That is because the waste which accumulates in the colon is extremely poisonous, and the blood, as it flows through the walls of the colon, absorbs these poisons until it is permeated with them. Have you ever, when bilious, experienced a tingling sensation apparent even above the dormant sensation which biliousness creates? I have, and that is Auto-Intoxication way above the danger point.

Now, if laxative drugs were thorough in removing this waste, there could be no arraignment against them—

But they are at best only partially effective and temporary in their results, and if persisted in soon cease to be effective at all. Their effect is, at best, the forcing of the system to throw off a noxious element, and they, therefore, "jolt" nature instead of assisting her.

There is, however, a method of eliminating this waste, which has been perfected recently after many years of practice and study, which might be aptly termed a nature remedy. This is the cleansing of the colon its entire length, at reasonable periods, by means of an internal bath, in which simple warm water and a harmless antiseptic are used.

This system already has over half a million enthusiastic users and advocates, who have found it the one effective and harmless preventive of Auto-Intoxication, and a resulting means of consistently keeping them clear in brain, bright in spirits, enthusiastic in their work and most capable in its performance.

The one great merit about this method, aside from the fact that is so effectual, is that no one can quarrel with it, because it is so simple and natural. It is, as it is called, nothing but a bath, scientifically applied. All physicians have for years commonly recommended old-fashioned Internal Baths, and the only distinction between them is that the newer method is infinitely more thorough, wherefore it would seem that one could hardly fail to recommend it wihout stultifying himself could he?

As a matter of fact, I know that many of the most enlightened and successful specialists are constantly prescribing it to their patients.

The physician who has been responsible for this perfected method of Internal Bathing was himself an invalid twenty-five years ago. Medicine had failed and he tried the old-fashioned Internal Bath. It benefited him, but was only partially effective. Encouraged by this progress, however, he improved the manner of administering it, and as this improved so did his health.

Hence, for twenty-five years he has made this his life's study and practice until to-day this long experience is represented in the "J. B. L. Cascade." During all these years of specializing, as may be readily appreciated, most interesting and valuable knowledge was gleaned, and this practical knowledge is all summed up in a most interesting way, and will be sent to you on request, without cost or other obligations, if you will simply address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 246, 163 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE.

The inclination of this age is to keep as far away from medicine as possible, and still keep healthy and capable. Physicians agree that 95 per cent. of human ailments is caused by Auto-Intoxication.

These two facts should be sufficient to incline everyone to at least write for this little book and read what it has to say on the subject.

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ship, which do not end his college career, will be overlooked if he makes the football team. He observes the boys who return from college; he finds that their language and their clothes bear marks of a higher education. He hears accounts of initiations and celebrations. His chum's big brother takes him aside and tells him confidentially just how he must conduct himself in order to be rushed for the right fraternity. Everybody tells him he must be a "good fellow"; few discourse upon the joys of the curriculum. Whether students should study may remain with him an open question, but he begins to doubt whether students do study.

With his mind set on going to college, he reads all that comes to hand on the subject. The newspapers give him vivid details of the games, big and little, with full-page pictures of the heroes. They report night-shirt parades, student riots, dances, beer-nights—anything but studies. Now and then they do give space to a professor, if he has been indiscreet, or has appeared to say something scandalous, which everybody in college knows he did not say, or if he is sued for divorce. They even spare him an inch or two if he is awarded a Nobel prize.

The lad reads stories of college life. How they glow with escapades! His mind becomes a moving-picture of thriling escapes, of goats enthroned on professorial chairs, of freshies ducked in chilling waters, of battalions of rooters yelling with the precision of a cash-register. Now and then there is mention of lectures and examinations, for it appears that the sophisticated youth knows many devices for "getting-by" these impediments to the unalloyed enjoyment of college life. Surely the high-school teacher who spoke with such enthusiasm about the lectures of "Old Socrates" must be hopelessly behind the times. Surely nobody goes to college nowadays for lectures.

After entering college the boy continues his studies in the philosophy of education under the tutelage of a sophomore. His tutor informs him that the object of education is the all-round man. The faculty and the curriculum, he explains, are obstacles, but the upper classes rescue the poor freshman from pentagonal and other primitive shapes and round him out with smokers, hazing, initiations, jamborees, and visits to the big city, where he makes the acquaintance of drinks and ladies far more brilliant-hued than those of his somber native town. He is told that he is "seeing life," and that college will make an all-round man of him yet, if the faculty do not interfere with his education.

If this sophomoric philosophy leaves any doubts to puzzle the freshman, they may be cleared away by the alumni who return to warm up the fraternity-house with stories of the good old days. And, of course, the lad joins a fraternity before giving his course of study a thought. For what is college to a non-fraternity man Merely an institution of learning. To the man with the Greek-lettered pin the fraternity is the *sine qua non* of higher education, the radiant whole of which the college is a convenient part, providing for the fraternity a local habitation.

And so the undergraduate stretches his legs before the hearth and hears the wisdom of the "Old Grad." In his day, it seems, things were different. The students were not such mollycoddles, the beer flowed more freely, and the faculty did not try to run things. No, sir, in the good old days the faculty did not spoil college life. What a glorious celebration after that 56 to 0 game, when every window in old West Hall was broken and the stoves were thrown down-stairs!

"I tell you, boys," cries the Old Grad, warming his feet by the fire and his imagination by the wonder of the freshmen, "it is not what you learn in your classes that counts. It is the college life. Books, lectures, recitations—you will forget all that. Nobody cares after you graduate whether you know any Latin or algebra, unless you are a teacher, and no man can afford to be a teacher nowadays. But you will remember the college life as long as you live."

Some of the alumni would have a different story to tell, no doubt, but they do not get back often for fraternity initiations. Perhaps they are too busy. And, again, they may have been nothing but "grinds" during their college days.

Whatever we may think of the "Old Grad's" remarks, the idea does prevail in many a college that the most important enterprises are found in the side-shows, conducted by the students themselves, while the factulty present more or less buncombe performances in the main tent. Woodrow Wilson said something to this effect before he gave up trying to make boys take their studies seriously in favor of the comparatively easy job he now holds. Professor Churchman, of Clark College, declares that success in athletics and the social life of the college "seems to be the honest ambition of an appalling proportion of fathers and mothers who are sending their sons to fashionable colleges, in the same spirit that accompanies their daughters to fashionable finishing schools." One father whose son triumphed on the gridiron and failed in his studies said to the Dean of Harvard College, "My son's life has been just what I wanted it to be."

Many students look upon scholarship as a menial servant in the household of college life, tolerated for a time in order that the abode may be free to welcome its convivial guests. They regard the social light of the fraternity and the hero of the gridiron as the most promising candidates for success in life. The valedictorian appears to them too confined in his interests to meet successfully anything beyond the artificial tasks of the classroom. He—poor fellow—is supposed to be doomed to failure in real life. Wherefore the respectability of "The Gentleman's Grade"—the sign of mediocrity in scholarship. Wherefore the epithet "grind," with its superlative "greasy grind," which sums up the contempt of the "good fellow" for the man who makes hard study his chief collegiate interest.

In many a student group the boy who thus speeds up and passes his fellows is treated as a "scab." And in many a faculty group the idea seems to be:

'Tis better to have come and loafed
Than never to have come at all.

Such ideas find fertile ground in the high-schools, and the seed spreads even to the virgin soil of the kindergarten. The new tree of life—the painless education, by the do-what-you-please, when-you-please, how-you-please method—is said to have been imported from Italy. But its foliage is much like our native stock of the American college variety.

Even upon the correspondence schools are grafted some branches of the tree of college life. It is said that a father in Hood River, Oregon, found his son standing on his head in the crotch of an apple-tree, waving his legs in the air and giving a college yell.

"Come down, boy," he cried. "Are you crazy?"

"No, father; leave me alone," said he. "I have just started my correspondence-school course , and the sophomores have written me to go and haze myself."

On the other hand, President Hyde voiced the common idea of college teachers when he said, in an address to freshmen: "Put your studies first; and that for three reasons:

first, you will have a better time in college. Hard work is a necessary background for the enjoyment of everything else. Second, after the first three months you will stand better with your fellows. At first there will appear to be cheaper roads to distinction, but their cheapness is soon found out. Scholarship alone will not give you the highest standing with your fellows; but you will not get their highest respect without showing that you can do well something that is intellectually difficult. Third, your future career depends upon it."

But does your future career really depend upon it? That question may well be answered by college faculties with something more than their opinions. On this subject teachers are regarded as prejudiced authorities. They are supposed to believe in the importance of their own jobs. They may exhort students to study on the ground that success in undergraduate studentship leads to the kind of achievement that men desire in the life beyond commencement. But boys think they know better. I know that this is so, for I have recently visited a hundred or more colleges, from the University of Maine in the northwest to the University of Redlands in the southwest.

I am speaking, always, of the central tendencies of groups—of the mode, as sociologists would say, and not of the few extreme cases on the surface of distribution. Nearly every college has its distinctive feature, which balks classification. I venture one generalization: students of the younger Western colleges are more worthy of the name than those of the older Eastern colleges. They come through greater sacrifices and with more serious purposes. This is what history tells us to expect of the frontier. It is, moreover, the usual report of those who have taught in the East and in the West. Eagerness for knowledge is one manifestation of the enthusiasm of youth in a younger country. In many of the older seats of learning, responsiveness to the efforts of instructors is in bad form. To do more than the assigned lesson, or to tarry after the lecture for more help, is to risk one's reputation. "Harvard indifference" is not Harvard indifference; it is the attitude toward studies of young men anywhere who go to college as a matter of course, with no dominant purpose beyond the desire to enjoy college life. They find that there is little in it; even their interest in intercollegiate athletics has to be coaxed by rallies and organized into cheers. They find out that a man who has nothing to do but amuse himself has a hard job. Spontaneous delight over anything is not to be expected. To increase in years and in resources and yet retain the splendid enthusiasms of poverty and youth appears to be as difficult for institutions as for men and women.

Is high scholarship worth the effort? In other words, have colleges devised courses of study which bear any relation to the probable careers of their students? Is there any evidence that a man who attains high marks is more likely to achieve success after graduation than a man who is content with passing marks?

If there is any such connection between success in studies and success in life, it

Continuation of

Canada's Boom in Shipbuilding

on page 89



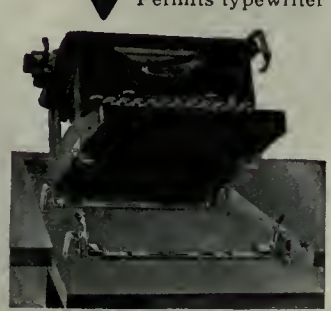
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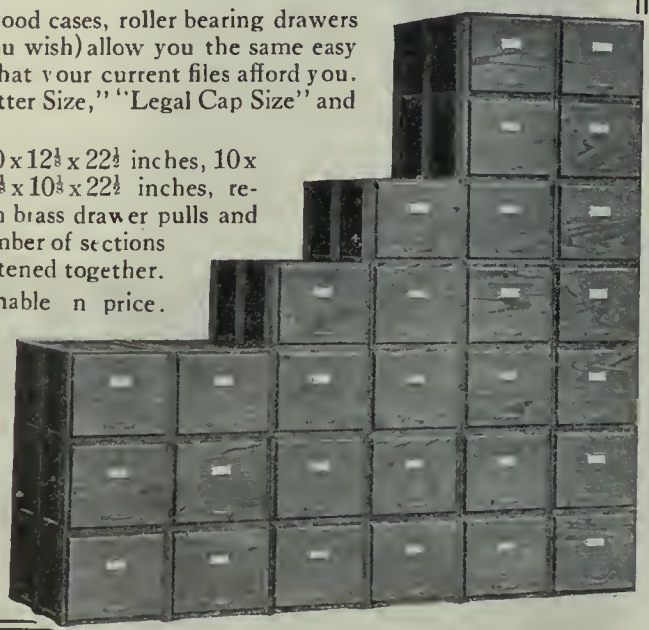
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should be possible to measure it by approved statistical methods, and thus arrive at conclusions of more value as guidance to the undergradute than the opinion of any man. Both the professor and the sport are in danger of arguing from exceptional instances—each is likely to find striking cases in proof of his preconceived notions; each is inclined to scorn the opinion of the other.

But conclusions drawn from large numbers of cases, not subject to invalidating processes of selection, and employing terms that are adequately defined for the purpose at hand, must command the respect of all men. If such conclusions do not support the contention that it pays to study, there is something radically wrong with the professor's part of college affairs; different kinds of achievement should receive academic distinction and new tests should be devised. If, on the other hand, present standards for rating students predict their future success with any degree of accuracy, the facts should be discovered and used everywhere to combat the prevalent undergraduate opinion. Whatever the outcome of such studies, we should have them in larger numbers, in many places, protected by every safeguard of scientific method. We may well ask, first, whether promise in the studies of one period becomes performance in the studies of a later period. In over eighty per cent. of cases on record it does. Of course, a boy may loaf in high-school and take his chance of being the one exception among five hundred. But he would hardly be taking a sporting chance; it would be rather a fool's chance.

But what is success in life? Concerning the value of *Who's Who* as a criterion of success in life, we may say at least this, that it is a genuine effort, unwarped by commercial motives, to include the men and women who have achieved most worthy leadership in all reputable walks of life. Whatever flaws it may have, it is acknowledged to be the best list of names for such uses as we are now making of it—and such changes in the list as any group of competent judges might make would not materially affect the general conclusions we have drawn.

It is well known that the universities of England and the English people generally have much more respect for scholarship than is common in the United States. One reason is doubtless the eminence for centuries in the Old World of leading university scholars. Of the 384 Oxford University men called to the bar before 1865, 46 per cent. of those who received first-class honors at Oxford subsequently attained distinction in the practice of law, as indicated by the offices they held. Of the men who were content with pass degrees, only 16 per cent. attained distinction. The list follows:

Of the 92 who received first-class honors,
46 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the 85 who received second-class honors,
33 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the 67 who received third-class honors,
22 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the 61 who received fourth-class honors,
20 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the 271 who received pass-degree honors,
16 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the 58 who received no degrees,
15 per cent. attained distinction.

No student who fell below the second group of scholars at Oxford attained a political distinction of the highest class.

A similar correlation is found between the degree of success of undergraduates at Oxford and their subsequent distinction as clergymen.

Of the first-class men,
68 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the second-class men,

37 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the third-class men,
32 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the fourth-class men,
29 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the pass-degree men,
21 per cent. attained distinction.
Of the no-degree men,
9 per cent. attained distinction.

Success in the Oxford final schools is thus
en to give fairly definite promise of success
the bar and in the church. In very truth,
e boy is father of the man.
A knowledge of all these facts will hardly
ike thinking as popular as a motion-picture
ow, but it ought to silence some of those
no seek to excuse their mental sloth on the
ound that it doesn't matter.
Now let the student profit by the ex-
riences of the thousands who have gone
fore and greet his next task with the words
Hotspur before the battle of Shrewsbury:
, gentlemen, the time of life is short;
spend that shortness basely were too long,
life did ride upon a dial's point,
ill ending at the arrival of an hour.

Canada's Boom in Shipbuilding

Continued from page 19.

ts for the construction of these ships,
e condition being that during the war
ey should not engage in anv enemy
ade, and another that no demand should
made on Great Britain for materials,
achinery or labor to build them.

THERE are also some shipbuilding de-
velopments to note on the Atlantic
d Pacific coasts. At New Glasgow, the
va Scotia Steel and Coal Co. are now
ilding one steel freighter, designed for
eir own use and they have recently an-
unced that they will also build a second
ssel. Colonel Cantley, president of the
mpany, has expressed himself very
ongly on the question of building up a
nadian marine. He believes that now
the time for Canada to take action and
starting a steel shipbuilding industry
New Glasgow, he is putting his beliefs
o practice.
At the Wallace Shipyards at Vancou-
r a steel steamer is now under con-
uction for a Japanese shipping con-
n. She will be a single deck, single
ew cargo boat, 315 feet long, 48 feet
am and 22 feet depth of hold, with 4,500
s dead weight carrying capacity. In
dition to this ship the yard has suffi-
nt orders in hand to keep the plant
sy for the next two years. Other plants
Vancouver, New Westminster and
ince Rupert are also reported as hav-
orders for several Norwegian boats,
the construction of which they will
rt immediately.
This, then, summarizes the present
ipbuilding activities in Canada—an en-
ely unexpected revival of the old wood-
shipbuilding industry and a concentra-
n of effort on the part of the builders
steel ships on the construction of
ndard freighters for Norwegian ship-
ners. It is a peculiar situation, the
tcome of which will be watched with
erest.

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The Wonderlands of the Rockies

Continued from page 75.

ous woman who had never been on a horse before was "cinching" her own saddle and looking back and up.

The saddle tightened, she sat down and emptied her riding-boots of a few pieces of rock. Her silk stockings were in tatters.

"I feel as though my knees will never meet again," she said, reflectively. "But I'm so swollen with pride and joy that I could shriek."

That's what it is, partly. A sense of achievement, of conquering the unconquerable. Of pitting human wits against giants and winning. Every mile is an achievement. And, after all, it is miraculously easy. The trails are good; the horses are steady and sure-footed. It is a triumph of endurance, rather than of courage.

If you have got this far you are one of us, and you will go on. The lure of the high places is in your blood. The call of the mountains is a real call. The veneer, after all, is so thin. Throw off the impediments of civilization and go out to the West. Ride slowly so as not to startle the wild things. Throw our your chest and breathe, look across green valleys to wild peaks where mountain sheep stand impassive on the edge of space. Let the summer rains fall on your upturned face and wash away the memory of all that is false and petty and cruel. Then the mountains will get you.

Above the timber line we rode along bare granite slopes. Erosion had been busy here. The mightly winds that sweep the crests of the Rockies had bared the mountain breasts. Beside the trails were piled high cairns of stones, so that during the winter snows the rangers may find their way about. This is North-Western Montana, and the Canadian border is only a few miles away. Over these peaks sweeps the full force of the great blizzards of the north-west.

The rangers keep going all the winter. There is much to be done. In the summer it is forest fires and outlaws. In the winter there are no forest fires, but there are poachers after mountain sheep and goats, opium smugglers, and "bad men" from over the border.

All summer these intrepid men go about on their sturdy horses, armed with revolvers. In the fall—snow begins early in September, sometimes even in August—they take to snowshoes. With a carbine strung to his shoulders, matches in a waterproof case, snowshoes, and a package of food in his pocket, the Glacier Park ranger covers unnumbered miles, patrolling the wildest and most storm-ridden country in America. He travels alone. The imprint of a strange snowshoe on the trail rouses his suspicion. Single-handed he follows the marks A blizzard comes along. He makes a wickie-up of branches, lights a small fire, and plays solitaire until the weather clears, for, like himself, the prey he is stalking cannot advance. Then one day the snow ceases. The sun comes out. Over the frozen crust his snowshoes slide down great slopes with express speed. Generally he takes his man in, but sometimes the outlaw gets the drop on the ranger first, and gets away.

The winter before last one of these rangers froze to death. He was caught in a blizzard, and he knew what was coming. When at last he sat down beside the trail to wait for death, he placed his snowshoes, point upward, in front of him. The snow came down and covered him, and they found him the next day by the points of his snowshoes sticking up beside him.

In the summer the snow melts on the meadows and in the groves, but the peaks are still covered, and here and there the trail leads through a snow-field. The horses venture out on in gingerly. The hot sun that blisters one's face seems to make no impression on these glacier-like patches, snow on top and ice beneath. Flowers grow at their very borders, and striped squirrels and whistling marmots, much like Eastern wood-chucks, run about, quite fearless, or sit up and watch the passing of the line of horses and riders, so close that they can almost be touched.

We passed through great spaces and cool, shadowy depths in which lay blue lakes. Above us were mountain sides threaded with white, where from some hidden lake or glacier, far above, the overflow falls a thousand feet or more. Over all was the great silence of the Rockies. Nerves that nad been strained for years slowly relaxed. There was not much talking. The horses moved along slowly. Someone, shading his eyes with his hand, proclaimed that there was a mountain sheep or goat on a crag overhead. The word passed back along. the line. Then some wretched electrical engineer or college youth or sceptical lawyer produced a pair of field-glasses, and announced it to be a patch of snow.

Here and there we saw "tourist goats"—rocks so shaded and situated as to defy the strongest glass. The guides pointed them out, and listened with silent enjoyment to the resulting acclamation. We adopted a safe rule after that discovery. Nothing was a goat that did not move. Long hours we spent while our horses wandered on with loose reins, our heads lifted to that line, just above the timber, which is Goat-land.

The first night out of doors I did not sleep. I had not counted on the frosty nights, and I was cold. The next day I secured some woollen pyjamas from a more provident member of the party. Clad in these, and covered with all the extra items of my wardrobe, I was more comfortable. It takes woollen clothing and bed socks to keep out the chill of those mountain nights.

One rises early on these expeditions. No matter how late the story-tellers have held the crowd the night before around the camp fire, somewhere about five o'clock our leader came calling among the silent tepees.

"Time to get up!" he called. "Five o'clock and a fine morning. Up with you!"

And everybody got up. There were basins about, and each one clutched his cake of soap and his towel, and filled his basin from whatever lake or stream was at hand. There is plenty of water in Glacier Park, and the camps are generally beside a lake. The water is cold. It ought to be, being glacier water, cold and blue. The air is none too warm. A few brave spirits seek isolation and a plunge bath, but the majority are cowards.

Now and then a luxurious soul worries the cook for hot water. They tell of a fastidious lady who carried a small tin pail of water to the cook-tent, and addressed the cook nervously as he beat the morning flapjacks with a savage hand.

"Do you think," she inquired, nervously, "if—if I put this water on your stove it will heat?"

He turned and eyed her.

"You see, it's like this, lady," he said. "My father was a poor man, and couldn't give me no education. Blest if I know. What do you think?"

Before one is fairly dressed, with extra garments thrust into the canvas war-sack, or duffle-bag, which is each person's allowance for luggage, the tents are being taken down and folded. The cook comes to the end of the big tent.

"Come and get it!" he yells, through hollowed hands.

"Come and get it!" is repeated down the line of tepees.

That is the food-call of the camp. Believe me, it has the butler's "Dinner is served, madam," beaten anyhow.

There is no second call. You go or you don't go. The long tables under the open end of the cook-tent are laden—bacon, ham, fried eggs, flapjacks, round tins of butter, enamel cups of hot coffee, condensed milk, and sometimes fried fish. For the cook can catch trout where the most elaborate outfitted Eastern angler fails.

The horses come in with a thudding of hoofs, and are rounded up by the men into the rope corral. All night they htve been grazing quietly in mountain valleys, watched by night-herders. There is not much grass for them. By the end of the three-hundred mile trip they are a little thin, although otherwise in good condition. It is the hope of the superintendent of the Park and others interested that the Government will soon realize the necessity for planting some of the fertile valleys and meadows with grass. There are certain grasses that will naturalize themselves there, and beyond the first planting they would need nothing further. And, since much of the beauty of this region will always be inaccessible by motor, it can never be properly opened up until horses can get sufficient grazing.

Sometimes at night our horses ranged far for food—eight miles. and even more. Again and again I have watched my own horse nosing carefully along a green bank, and finding nothing at all, not a blade of grass it could eat.

With the second day came a new sense of physical well-being, and this in spite of a sunburn that had swollen my face like a toothache. Already telephones and invitations to dinner and face powder belonged to the forgotten past. I carried my saddle over and placed it beside my horse, and a kindly and patronizing member of the staff put it on and "cinched" it for me. I never learned how to put the thing on, but I *did* learn, after a day or two, to take it off, as well as the bridle and the red hackamore, and then to stand clear while my buckskin pony lay down and rolled in the grass to ease his weary back. All the horses rolled, stiff-legged. If the saddle did not come off in time they rolled anyhow, much to the detriment of cameras and field-glasses and various other impedimenta trapped thereon.

Day after day we progressed. There were bright days and days when we rode through a steady mist of rain. Always it was worth while. What matters a little rain when there is a yellow "slicker" to put on and no one to care how one looks? Once, riding down a mountain side, with water pouring over the rim of my old felt hat and pattering merrily on my "slicker," I looked to one side to see a great grizzly bear raise himself from behind a tree trunk and, standing upright, watch impassively as my horse and I proceeded. I watched him as far as I could see him. We were mutually interested.

The party had gone on ahead. For a long time afterwards I heard the cracking of small twigs in the heavy woods beside the trail. But I never saw Mr. Bear again.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN President. T. B. COSTAIN Editor. D. B. GILLIES, Manager.

FEBRUARY, 1917

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A Flight

By A. W. Burt

With a rush from the aerodrome, upward I fly,
Spurning the earth, speeding fast for the sky.
The droning and throbbing shut out every sound;
In this centre of tumult reigns silence profound.
With grey homes for the living, green graves for the dead,
The dull world below to my view lies outspread;
But I enter a cloud and all fades from my sight.
From a plunge through its gloom I emerge into light,
Light free from all shadows, unsullied, serene,
With the sky's depths of blue and the cloud's pearly sheen;
While lord of this splendor, shines forth the sun's sphere.
Immersed in his beams I'm alone with him here—
Like a spirit unbodied, ecstatic, afire,
Towards realms empyrean I soar higher and higher.

But the frailty of flesh makes the wings of my plane,
As his wings failed Icarus, lift me upward in vain;
For oppressed by my impotence, lonely and cold,
I am called back to earth like a sheep to its fold.
In one long spiral sweep I descend from the skies,
And upward to welcome me earth seems to rise.

Now I rest on her bosom, but long does the thrill
Of the touch of the infinite stir my soul still.

The Open

By H. McK.

There's a call in my soul that I cannot quell,
It comes through the waning light
Of eventide, like a mystic spell,
On the dusky wings of night;
And it bids me forth
To the rugged North,
Where stars gleam lone and white.

And as I sit and watch the day,
At sunset, flare and die,
The distant pines I see them sway,
I hear the zephyr sigh:
And I long again
For a stretch of plain,
And a naked vault of sky.

For I'm one of the many haggard men,
Pent up in walls of stone,
Though my soul cries out for moor and fen
And solitudes unknown:
I think for a change
I'll hit the range—
And I'm going to live alone.



A PAINTING BY ARTHUR HEMING

A Canadian artist famous for his pictures of the north country life. In some parts of the country where wild life abounds, prospectors beat on their tin basins as they make their way through the dense woods in order to warn animals from their path. Even the sturdy grizzly has learned to seek fresh cover when he hears the clatter of the prospector's pan. But here Mr. Heming depicts an unusual situation. The bear has not had time to get away! The picture shows Mr. Heming at his best and is representative of his art.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Volume XXX FEBRUARY, 1917 Number 4



John McEntee Bowman

The Greatest Hotel Man in the World

The Story of a Canadian Boy Who is the Controlling Power of a Huge Hotel System

By W. A. Craick

RARELY has a more remarkable drama of human success been enacted than that of the latest star in the firmament of international celebrities — John McEntee Bowman, proclaimed, not without warrant, the greatest hotelman in the world.

Consider the circumstances. Yesterday, to all seeming, an ordinary, everyday lad in the City of Toronto, living in an ordinary, everyday house, in an ordinary everyday neighborhood, attending an ordinary, every day public school and doubtless leading an ordinary, every day sort of boyish existence. To-day, transported as if by the magic of an Aladdin's lamp into the midst of all the luxury and supermagnificence of New York's most palatial hotel system, monarch of all he surveys, ruler over many servants, entertainer of milionaires, a sovereign more potent than many a mediæval king.

The contrast is striking. It is all the more extraordinary when one considers that the fairy prince has not yet completed his forty-second year. The metamorphosis has been rapid. Within a comparatively few years this remarkable genius in modern hoteldom has emerged from a dim Canadian obscurity into the effulgent glare of an international Broadway of renown.

It is such contrasts in life that attract and hold the interest of the multitude. Children are fascinated by fairy tales, in which strange and wonderful powers are exercised by the gift of magic. Grown-ups are still child-like in their fondness for hearing of achievements, which in their results often border on the verge of fairyland. The story of any boy, born in humble circumstances and reared in commonplace surroundings, who now dwells in a palace, wears fine raiment and commands all the luxuries which wealth bestows, never fails to win the attention of a large section of the public.

John McEntee Bowman, president of the companies owning and operating the famous Biltmore, the scarcely less famous Manhattan and the fashionable Ansonia Hotels in New York; promoter and designer of the immense new Hotel Commodore, which when completed will be the largest and most modernly equipped hotel in the world; a man who is taking a direct personal interest in the approaching construction of the fine new Hotel Devonshire in his old home town, Toronto, may scarcely be regarded as having started on quite so low a rung of the success-ladder as some notabilities who might be mentioned. Yet in comparison with his present position, his start was humble enough.

The Bowmans are an old Toronto family, not in the sense of being prominent society folk, but in perhaps the better sense of being honest, hardworking citizens. John Bowman, grandfather of the famous hotelman, came to Canada from Derry in Ireland during the thirties of the last century and settled in Toronto. He is remembered by old-timers as the owner of a livery and cartage business on Temperance Street. His son, A. M. Bowman, father of John McEntee Bowman, who is still living, also engaged in the same line of business, being for some time associated with Bond, whose establishment was once quite famous in the Queen City. Mr. A. M. Bowman also had some experience in the management of hotels, for at one time he ran the Victoria Hotel in Montreal and at another, the Queen's, in Barrie.

The hero of this latest success-romance was born on July 20, 1875, in a small house on Nelson Street. Nelson Street has degenerated badly since then, being now a poor, down-in-the-heel sort of place, inhabited for the most part by people of foreign origin, but in those days it was a well-to-do street, lying near the old Parliament Buildings, Government House and Upper Canada College and in the vicinity of Simcoe and Wellington Streets, both of which were then the acme of fashion. Young Jack, the only child of his parents, attended John Street School, a landmark of Toronto wiped out when the Canadian Pacific Railway Company built their freight sheds on the old Government House property; and there are ex-pupils of the school to be found, who have a recollection of the lad in those fast-receding school boy days. He is recalled as a good-looking, clean-cut youngster, small and active, smart at his lessons, quick at games and with the best-natured disposition in the world.

Jack Bowman was obviously born either with a silver spoon in his mouth or a

golden key in his fist. The spoon or the key, whichever it chanced to be, was in his case a passion for horses. He came by his liking naturally; it was an inherited characteristic and in his youth he had many opportunities to indulge his fancy. He learned to ride when a mere slip of a lad; he became an accomplished horseman before he was in his teens and, as the sequel will abundantly prove, it was through his love for horses that he has reached the pinnacle of fame, which he now occupies

From public school, Jack Bowman gravitated to business college and from business college to the office of a wholesale merchant. Here he served for a short time in the capacity of bookkeeper. But the lad was restless. He was not just engaged in the kind of work he fancied. Probably he did not know what career would be best suited to his talents, but any rate it was not ordinary wholesale business. At the critical moment, the hand of fate intervened, picked him up like a pawn in a game of chess and transported him to Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks. Here, behold him at nineteen years of age, blossoming forth as steward of the famous old summer hotel, the Waumbeck.

Business college taught him the theory of accounting; the wholesale warehouse gave him practical experience in the keeping of accounts; at the Waumbeck he gained an intimate knowledge of those most important departments of hotel management, catering and the buying of supplies. In those earlier days assistant stewards were regarded as superfluities and Jack Bowman was obliged to store for future requisition all of the supplies required by the big summer hotel.

The summer season over and the Waumbeck closed, its proprietor, Uriah Welsh by name, sent Bowman down to Thomasville, Georgia, where he owned a winter hotel known as the Mitchell House. At this hostelry, the young man performed similar functions to those he had exercised at the hotel on Saranac Lake, increasing his knowledge of hotel management and strengthening his hold on the hotel business generally.

WHEN the southern season was over, the youthful steward returned north and landed in New York. Not unnaturally he went to pay a visit to Proctor Welsh, son of the proprietor of the Waumbeck and the Mitchell House, with whom he had become acquainted the previous summer in the Adirondacks. Proctor Welsh happened to be filling the position of bookkeeper at Durland's Riding Academy, which was located on Columbus, Circle at the entrance to Central Park. He intimated that he was about to throw up his job and suggested that Bowman could take it, if he wanted it. Delighted to be near his favorite horses again, the young man jumped at the opportunity, and in jumping—made his fortune.

It was inevitable that Bowman, the bookkeeper, and Bowman, the accomplished rider, could not exist together. Bookkeeping was a waste of time for a man who could handle a horse as superbly as he. This, Mr. Durland soon discovered. He promptly hired another bookkeeper and, to the great joy of the young horseman, transferred him to the Academy, where he was employed in the training and exhibiting of horses.

At this juncture, with the stage all set for great events, enter the magician, who was destined to pour into the lap of the fairy prince the gifts which were soon to make him rich and renowned. This was Gustav Baumann, owner of one of Gotham's famous old hostelries, the Holland House, a man of wealth and prestige in the hotel world. Baumann wanted a horse, came to Durland's Academy for it, struck up an acquaintance with the good-looking young Canadian, who rode so superbly, took a decided fancy to him and presently offered him a position as his private secretary.

Likeableness has always been a winning trait in Mr. Bowman's composition. He was popular as a boy at school in Toronto. Since then his geniality and good-heartedness have proved important factors in his success, gaining for him the loyal friendship and support of the thousands of men and women with whom he has been thrown in contact, a friendship that includes in its circle many of America's biggest financiers and captains of industry. Small wonder, therefore, that Gustav Baumann should have succumbed rapidly to the fascination of his sunny nature.

Association with Baumann involved a return to hotel work; but circumstances were different. He was now the confidential secretary of one of the leading hotelmen of the day, which meant that he was virtually in charge of the big establishment owned by the latter. More and more did the management of his patron's interests devolve on him as the days went by. Stronger and stronger did the bond of friendship between the two grow. At length the relationship became rather that of father and son than of master and servant, and Jack Bowman was practically adopted into the family of the rich New Yorker. But he did not abuse his great good fortune. He was a worker then as now and fully justified every confidence that his patron reposed in him.

Not a great many years ago the Holland House patronage outgrew the hotel's capacity to accommodate it and Mr. Baumann began to consider the erection of a new hotel. His attention was directed to a site at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street, which was at the time regarded as pretty well up-town. Many of his friends favored this location and urged him to build there, but Bowman was dead against it. His bump of foresight warned him that Twenty-fifth Street would soon be left far behind in the rapid movement of business northward. He had already seized upon the fact that the Grand Central terminal zone was the strategic point for large hotel developments and in the end he was able to persuade Mr. Baumann to the same belief.



A vista in one of the immaculate and superbly-equipped kitchens of the Biltmore, with a view of the splendid swimming-tank provided for the delectation of guests.

OUT OF these deliberations there was evolved the Biltmore and with the building of the Biltmore, John McEntee Bowman's name began to be heard around town as that of a coming man. The Biltmore, which first opened its doors on December 31, 1913, was the last word in hotel design and service. It crystallized all the daringly progressive ideas in hotel construction, equipment and management that had flashed through the brain of Jack Bowman, during the years he had managed the Holland House. In it were incorporated features that would have been regarded but a few years before as entirely outside the scope of hotel practice. Yet it caught on. It became im-

mensely popular and with its success, the way opened up for greater developments.

While Mr. Bowman had been largely instrumental in working out the details of the Biltmore enterprise and had become its manager when the big hotel was opened, it was nevertheless Gustav Baumann who had stood sponsor for the undertaking. Baumann was president of the Beau Site Hotel Company, which was organized to erect the Biltmore, and it was on the security of his long experience in hotel management that the project was financed. Mr. Bowman held office as vice-president and general manager of the company.

IN OCTOBER, 1914, Gustav Baumann died. Immediately, his *protégé* stepped into his shoes. There was no other alternative. No one had the intimate knowledge of the older man's interests that he possessed and, when it became necessary to elect a new president of the Biltmore, there was no question as to the identity of his successor. Up to this point, the young Canadian hotelman's personality had been overshadowed by that of his patron. Now he was at last to come into his own.

Developments followed rapidly. The first was the formation during the latter part of 1915 of the Bowman Hotel Corporation, a company which will lease and operate, when completed, the new Hotel Commodore, now being erected at Lexington Avenue and Forty-second Street, alongside the Grand Central Depot. This enormous hotel, containing 2,500 rooms and representing an investment of ten millions, is being built by the New York Central Railway Company for the Bowman Hotel Corporation and will be leased to the latter for a term of forty years. It will be twenty-six stories high and, when opened this fall, will be the largest and most modernly equipped hotel in the world.

But even with the Biltmore and the Commodore on his hands, the young Napoleon of hoteldom was not content. He craved new worlds to conquer. Last summer, following up his scheme of walling in the Grand Central with hotels, he secured the lease of the Manhattan Hotel, lying to the west of the Terminal. This hotel had been in operation for many years and had enjoyed a good class of patronage. A complete rejuvenation of the property was decreed and something like five million dollars was expended on its restoration to the standing and style of its big neighbors. The Manhattan, leased, it is said, for twenty years at a quarter of a million a year, is believed to be Mr. Bowman's personal enterprise.

THE YOUNG man's next achievement was consummated last September, when he became president of the Hotel Ansonia on Broadway. The Ansonia was once regarded as decidedly an up-town hotel. It is to-day in the heart of the city's activities on the north and in consequence occupies a foremost position among New York's larger and more fashionable establishments. The Ansonia was being managed by two of Mr. Bowman's former associates in the Holland House. These men were anxious to gain for their hotel, the prestige which the association of Mr. Bowman with the organization would impart and they finally prevailed on him to accept the office of president. His accession to the presidency of the Ansonia gave a substantial impetus to the business.

Though he has lived more than half his life in the United States, Mr. Bowman is still at heart a good Canadian, and when the new hotel enterprise for Toronto was brought to his attention recently, he gladly consented to join the directorate and give to the promoters of the undertaking the advantage of his intimate knowledge of the hotel business. If his interest in the Hotel Devonshire is attended with anything like the success which has followed his association with the Bowman string of hotels in New York, it will be a fortunate thing for Toronto — a city that has long been handicapped by the lack of modern hotel accommodation.



Above — the lofty front of the famous Hotel Biltmore; below—the new Hotel Commodore, as it will appear when completed.

So much for Mr. Bowman's career to date. Now for a brief investigation of the reasons for his success and an examination of some of the methods he has employed in bringing it about.

It will probably be said of him by nine persons out of ten that his pleasing personality has had more than any other one thing to do with his triumph. He is one of those rare beings whose geniality is contagious. It permeates his entire staff and imparts an "atmosphere" to the hotels he manages. There is a get-together spirit among his employees, a desire to please the proprietor and show an appreciation of his kindliness and consideration. For he is indeed considerate and many a story is told of the generous way in which he has treated members of the staff who have been ill or in trouble.

It is surely a man of breadth of view, of generosity and of kindly spirit, who would pen such a message as that which Mr. Bowman sent to the employees of the Biltmore on the occasion of the annual staff entertainment a year ago. This is how the message read:—

"To the staff of the Biltmore: I extend to you my compliments, congratulations and best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year. It is unnecessary to tell you that we have had a wonderful year and that the hotel has been a great success. You all know it because you have all helped to make it so. It is all due to the sincere and happy co-operation of each and every one of you from the highest to the lowest; the patience you have shown each other and your appreciation of each other's problems.

"We have been through a lot together in the last two years, and our troubles—some great, some small—have brought us closer together, until to-day I feel that we are one large family in which loyalty and confidence reign supreme. I am very proud of you all."

This is a message from the heart and it is quoted here as showing why it is that all his employees esteem him and give him the best service that is in their power. Through them the public are efficiently served, the reputation of the hotels is enhanced and the success of the management is guaranteed, so that quite obviously the personality of Mr. Bowman is a very important factor in the progress of his hotel system.

A STRONG and exuberant vitality must be regarded as another element in Mr. Bowman's success. It takes work, and much hard work, to accomplish all that he has done in the past year or two. Without a sound physique, energy and enthusiasm he would have failed. These advantages he enjoys as a result of participation in sport, particularly his fav-



One of several charming tea rooms in the Biltmore, this one overlooking the skating rink on the roof.



One of the playrooms where the children of guests find plenty of amusement during their sojourn at the hotel.

orite horse-back riding, and a love of out-of-door life. He is to-day a man of medium height, with a poise and carriage which suggest extraordinary suppleness and muscular development. Invariably well-groomed and fastidious in his dress, his figure gives an idea of force and energy kept in constant readiness for action.

ORGANIZING ability is a third powerful element in Mr. Bowman's make-up. He is credited with having introduced a brand-new system of hotel management into the operation of the Biltmore and this plan of his has been copied quite generally by the managers of other hotels throughout the country. Instead of trying to handle the bulk of the work with one or two assistants, he has surrounded himself with what might be called a "cabinet" of assistants, each one of whom, as manager, is responsible for some one department of the hotel organization. These men are chosen for their particular fitness for their work, with the result that the entire system runs smoothly and efficiently, each department standing on its own bottom, its head being responsible to the chief himself.

Supplementing the "cabinet" is the efficiency board, another innovation of Mr. Bowman's invention. The efficiency board is made up of men from every department in the hotel. The membership is changed from time to time, in order to give new men a chance to make suggestions, but meetings are held regularly. In these meetings, which are of the round-table variety, all questions of improvement in operation, of efficiency in personnel, of ways and means for better service, are thoroughly discussed. The findings of the board are reported direct to Mr. Bowman, who considers them of great value and puts such of them as appeal to him into operation.

FORESIGHT must be included as yet another of Mr. Bowman's success-compelling characteristics. In the Biltmore it has been said, practically no feature was omitted. He had prepared for every possible contingency. The diversity of entertainment services provided in this palatial hostelry, as a result of his genius for evolving novelties is amazing. The number, the variety and the size of the dining and tea rooms in the building, including such attractions as the Grecian Foyer, the Cascades, the Ice Garden and the Midnight Supper Room, are matters of wonderment. There are libraries, containing thousands of real books; playrooms for the children of guests; a hospital and a Turkish bath establishment, to name a few of the outstanding features of this mammoth institution. And through it all runs the genius of its versatile originator.

Mr. Bowman belongs to a new race of hotel managers. Time was when a hotelkeeper, while often a very worthy citizen, was looked down upon by the better classes in the community. Hotelkeeping was not exactly a genteel business. To-day the profession, if such it may be called, is being raised to a dignity and importance more in keeping with its standing in the business world. The management of such huge establishments as the Biltmore and the Commodore is the work of no ordinary man. It requires genius of a high order to control their complex operation.

AND SO one finds that this one-time hotel clerk has attained a social standing in the United States,—that he has come to the front among the business men of the republic. He numbers among his intimates several multi-millionaires. He belongs to numerous select clubs. He was last summer honored by being elected to the directorate of the Harriman National Bank, one of the largest institutions of its kind in the United States. In short, he has become a big figure across the line, not alone through the amazing success which has attended his hotel enterprise but because of his ability to hold his own in other lines of activity, business and social.

Like most big men, he is notoriously generous and his name is invariably to be found at or near the top of any fund, whose cause appeals to him as meritorious. He is still enough of a Canadian to give hearty support to those patriotic appeals which have been made from time to time in the Dominion since war broke out. The Patriotic Fund and the British Red Cross have both benefited materially through his generosity.

Up in Westchester County, New York, Mr. Bowman owns a fine large farm, on which he has erected a charming country home. Here he loves to motor after a hard day's work in the city and spend the evening in company with a friend or two. His horses are here and horses he still loves dearly. His tastes are naturally simple. He does not care for large or hilarious house parties and so his country home is characteristic of his ideals in this direction.

Having in mind all that he has accomplished in a score of years—his wealth, his social standing, his position among the foremost business men of the United States—it must be admitted that he has been extraordinarily successful.

IN MARCH MacLean's

Sir Gilbert Parker, Stephen Leacock, Agnes C. Laut, Arthur E. McFarlane, Peter McArthur, Hopkins Moorehouse, H. F. Gadsby are among the contributors next month. It promises to be the best number yet offered.

Into the Abyss

The Story of a Strange Experiment Under the Sea

By H. G. Wells

Author of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," etc.

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

THE LIEUTENANT stood in front of the steel sphere and gnawed a piece of pine splinter. "What do you think of it, Steevens?" he asked.

"It's an idea," said Steevens, in the tone of one who keeps an open mind.

"I believe it will smash—flat," said the lieutenant.

"He seems to have calculated it all out pretty well," said Steevens, still impartial.

"But think of the pressure," said the Lieutenant. "At the surface of the water it's fourteen pounds to the inch, thirty feet down it's double that; sixty, treble; ninety, four times; nine hundred, forty times; five thousand three hundred — that's a mile—it's two hundred and forty times fourteen pounds; that's—let's see —thirty hundred-weight—a ton and a half, Steevens; *a ton and a half* to the square inch. And the ocean where he's going is five miles deep. That's seven and a half——"

"Sounds a lot," said Steevens, "but it's a jolly thick steel."

THE LIEUTENANT made no answer, but resumed his pine splinter. The object of their conversation was a huge globe of steel, having an exterior diameter of perhaps eight feet. It looked like the shot for some Titanic piece of artillery. It was elaborately nested in a monstrous scaffolding built into the frame work af the vessel, and the gigantic spars that were presently to sling it overboard gave the stern of the ship an appearance that had raised the curiosity of every decent sailor who had sighted it, from the Pool of London to the Tropic of Capricorn. In two places, one above the other, the steel gave place to a couple of circular windows of enormously thick glass, and one of these, set in a steel frame of great solidity, was now partially unscrewed. Both the men had seen the interior of this globe for the first time that morning. It was elaborately padded with air cushions, with little studs sunk between bulging pillows to work the simple mechanism of the affair. Everything was elaborately padded, even the Myer's apparatus, which was to absorb carbonic acid and replace the oxygen inspired by its tenant, when he had crept in by the glass manhole, and had been screwed in. It was so elaborately padded that a man might have been fired from a gun in it with perfect safety. And it had need to be, for presently a man was to crawl in through that glass manhole, to be screwed up tightly, and to be flung overboard, and to sink down—down —down—for five miles, even as the lieutenant said. It had taken the strongest hold of his imagination; it made him a bore at mess; and he found Steevens, the new arrival aboard, a godsend to talk to about it, over and over again.

"It's my opinion," said the lieutenant, "that that glass will simply bend in and bulge and smash, under a pressure of that sort. Daubree has made rocks run like water under big pressures—and, you mark my words——"

"If the glass did break in," said Steevens, "what then?"

"The water would shoot in like a jet of iron. Have you ever felt a straight jet of high pressure water? It would hit as hard as a bullet. It would simply smash him and flatten him. It would tear down his throat, and into his lungs; it would blow in his ears——"

"What a detailed imagination you have," protested Steevens, who saw things vividly.

"It's a simple statement of the inevitable," said the Lieutenant.

"And the globe?"

"Would just give out a few little bubbles, and it would settle down comfortably against the day of judgment, among the oozes and the bottom clay—with poor Elstead spread over his own smashed cushions like butter over bread."

"HAVING a look at the jigger?" said a voice from the rear; and Elstead stood behind them, spick and span in white, with a cigarette between his teeth, and his eyes smiling out of the shadow of his ample hat-brim. "What's that about bread and butter, Weybridge? Grumbling as usual about the insufficient pay of naval officers? It won't be more than a day now before I start. We are to get the slings ready to-day. This clean sky and gentle swell is just the kind of thing for swinging off twenty tons of lead and iron; isn't it?"

"It won't affect you much," said Weybridge.

"No. Seventy or eighty feet down, and I shall be there in a dozen seconds, there's not a particle moving, though the wind shriek itself hoarse up above, and the water lifts halfway to the clouds. No. Down there——" He moved to the side of the ship and the other two followed him. All three leant forward on their elbows and stared down into the yellow-green water.

"*Peace*," said Elstead, finishing his thought aloud.

"Are you dead certain that clockwork will act?" asked Weybridge, presently.

"It has worked thirty-five times," said Elstead. "It's bound to work."

"But if it doesn't?"

"Why shouldn't it?"

"I wouldn't go down in that confounded thing," said Weybridge, "for twenty thousand pounds."

"Cheerful chap you are," said Elstead, and spat sociably at a bubble below.

"I don't understand yet how you mean to work the thing," said Steevens.

"IN THE first place I'm screwed into the sphere," said Elstead, "and when I've turned the electric light off and on three times to show I'm cheerful, I'm swung out over the stern by that crane, with all those big lead sinkers slung below me. The top lead weight has a roller carrying a hundred fathom of strong cord rolled up, and that's all that joins the sinkers to the sphere, except the slings that will be cut when the affair is dropped. We use cord rather than wire rope because it's easier to cut and more buoyant—necessary points as you will see.

"Through each of these lead weights you notice there is a hole, and an iron rod will be run through that and will project six feet on the lower side. If that rod is rammed up from below it knocks up a lever and sets the clockwork in motion at the side of the cylinder on which the cord winds.

"Very well. The whole affair is lowered gently into the water, and the slings are cut. The sphere floats—with the air in it, it's lighter than water; but the lead weights go down straight and the cord runs out. When the cord is all paid out, the sphere will go down too, pulled down by the cord."

"But why the cord?" asked Steevens. "Why not fasten the weights directly to the sphere?"

"Because of the smash down below. The whole affair will go rushing down, mile after mile, at a headlong pace at last. It would be knocked to pieces on the bottom if it wasn't for that cord. But the weights will hit the bottom, and directly they do the buoyancy of the sphere will come into play. It will go on sinking slower and slower; come to a stop at last and then begin to float upward again.

"That's where the clockwork comes in. Directly the weights smash against the sea bottom, the rod will be knocked through and will kick up the clockwork, and the cord will be rewound on the reel. I shall be lugged down to the sea bottom. There I shall stay for half an hour, with the electric light on, looking about me. Then the clockwork will release a spring knife, the cord will be cut, and up I shall rush again, like a soda-water bubble. The cord itself will help the flotation."

"And if you should chance to hit a ship?" said Weybridge.

"I should come up at such a pace, I should go clean through it," said Elstead, "like a cannon ball. You needn't worry about that."

"And suppose some nimble crustacean should wiggle into your clockwork——"

"It would be a pressing sort of invitation for me to stop," said Elstead turning his back on the water and staring at the sphere.

* * * *

THEY had swung Elstead overboard by eleven o'clock. The day was serenely bright and calm, with the horizon lost in haze. The electric glare in the little upper compartment beamed cheerfully three times. Then they let him down slowly to the surface of the water, and a sailor in the stern chains hung ready to cut the tackle that held the lead weights and the sphere together. The globe, which had looked so large on deck, looked the smallest thing conceivable under the stern of the ship. It rolled a little, and its two dark windows, which floated uppermost, seemed like eyes turned up in round wonderment at the people who crowded the rail. A voice wondered how Elstead liked the rolling. "Are you ready?" sang out the Commander. "Aye, aye, sir!" "Then let her go!"

The rope of the tackle tightened against the blade and was cut, and an eddy rolled over the globe in a grotesquely helpless fashion. Some one waved a handkerchief, some one else tried an ineffectual cheer, a middy was counting slowly "Eight, nine, ten!" Another roll, then with a jerk and a splash the thing righted itself.

It seemed to be stationary for a moment to grow rapidly smaller, and then the water closed over it, and it became visible, enlarged by refraction and dimmer, below the surface. Before one could count three it had disappeared. There was a flicker of white light far down in the water, that diminished to a speck and vanished. Then there was nothing but a depth of water going down into blackness, through which a shark was swimming.



. . . A faintly moving figure remotely suggestive of a walking man. . . . It was a strange vertebrated animal.

THEN suddenly the screw of the cruiser began to rotate, the water was crickled, the shark disappeared in a wrinkled confusion, and a torrent of foam rushed across the crystalline clearness that had swallowed up Elstead. "What's the idea?" said one A. B. to another.

"We're going to lay off a couple of miles, 'fear he should hit us when he comes up," said his mate.

The ship steamed slowly to her new position. Aboard her almost every one who was unoccupied remained watching the breathing swell into which the sphere had sunk. For the next hour it is doubtful if a word was spoken that did not bear directly or indirectly on Elstead. The December sun was now high in the sky, and the heat very considerable.

"He'll be cold enough down there," said Weybridge. "They say that below a certain depth sea-water's always just about freezing."

"Where'll he come up?" asked Steevens. "I've lost my bearings."

"That's the spot," said the Commander, who prided himself on his omniscience. He extended a precise finger south-eastward. "And this, I reckon, is pretty nearly the moment," he said. "He's been thirty-five minutes."

"Then he's overdue," said Weybridge.

"Pretty nearly," said the Commander. "I suppose it takes a few minutes for that cord of his to wind in."

"I forgot that," said Weybridge, evidently relieved.

AND THEN began the suspense. A minute slowly dragged itself out, and no sphere shot out of the water. Another followed, and nothing broke the low oily swell. The sailors explained to one another that little point about the winding-in of the cord. The rigging was dotted with expectant faces. "Come up, Elstead!" called one hairy-chested salt, impatiently, and the others caught it up, and shouted as though they were waiting for the curtain of a theatre to rise.

The Commander glanced irritably at them.

"Of course, if the acceleration's less than two," he said, "he'll be all the longer. We aren't absolutely certain that was the proper figure. I'm no slavish believer in calculations."

Steevens agreed concisely. No one on the quarter-deck spoke for a couple of minutes. Then Steevens' watch-case clicked.

WHEN, twenty-one minutes after, the sun reached its zenith, they were still waiting for the globe to re-appear, and not a man aboard that dared to whisper that hope was dead. It was Weybridge who first gave expression to that realization. He spoke while the sound of eight bells still hung in the air. "I always distrusted that window," he said quite suddenly to Steevens.

"Good God!" said Steevens. "You don't think——"

"Well!" said Weybridge, and left the rest to his imagination.

"I'm no great believer in calculations myself," said the Commander, dubiously, "so that I'm not altogether hopeless yet." And at midnight the gunboat was steaming slowly in a spiral round the spot where the globe had sunk, and the white beam of the electric light fled and halted and swept discontentedly onward again over the waste of phosphorescent water under the little stars.

"If his window hasn't burst and smashed him," said Weybridge, "then it's a cursed sight worse, for his clockwork has gone wrong and he's alive now, five miles under our feet, down there in the cold and dark, anchored in that little bubble of his, where never a ray of light has shone or a human being lived, since the waters were gathered together. He's there without food, feeling hungry and thirsty and scared, wondering whether he'll starve or stifle. Which will it be? The Myer's apparatus is running out, I suppose. How long do they last?"

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed. "What little things we are! What daring little devils! Down there, miles and miles of water — all water, and all this empty water about us and this sky. Gulfs!"

He threw his hands out, and as he did so a little white streak swept

noiselessly up the sky, travelling more slowly, stopped, became a motionless dot as though a new star had fallen up into the sky. Then it went sliding back again and lost itself amidst the reflections of the stars, and the white haze of the sea's phosphorescence.

At the sight he stopped, arm extended and mouth open. He shut his mouth, opened it again and waved his arms with an impatient gesture. Then he turned, shouted, "El-stead ahoy," to the first watch, and went at a run to Lindley and the searchlight.

"I saw him," he said. "Starboard there! His light's on and he's just shot out of the water. Bring the light round. We ought to see him drifting, when he lifts on the swell."

But they never picked up the explorer until dawn. Then they almost ran him down. The crane was swung out and a boat's crew hooked the chain to the sphere. When they had shipped the sphere they unscrewed the manhole and peered into the darkness of the interior (for the electric light chamber was intended to illuminate the water about the sphere, and was shut off entirely from its general cavity).

The air was very hot within the cavity, and the india-rubber at the lip of the manhole was soft. There was no answer to their eager questions and no sound of movement within. Elstead seemed to be lying motionless, crumpled up in the bottom of the globe. The ship's doctor crawled in and lifted him out to the men outside. For a moment or so they did not know whether Elstead was alive or dead. His face, in the yellow glow of the ship's lamps, glistened with perspiration. They carried him down to his own cabin.

He was not dead they found, but in a state of absolute nervous collapse, and besides cruelly bruised. For some days he had to lie perfectly still. It was a week before he could tell his experiences.

Almost his first words were that he was going down again. The sphere would have to be altered, he said, in order to allow him to throw off the cord if need be, and that was all. He had had the most marvellous experience. "You thought I should find nothing but ooze," he said. "You laughed at my explorations, and I've discovered a new world!"

He told his story in disconnected fragments, and chiefly from the wrong end, so that it is impossible to re-tell it in his words. But what follows is the narrative of his experience.

IT BEGAN atrociously, he said. Before the cord ran out the thing kept rolling over. He felt like a frog in a football. He could see nothing but the crane and the sky overhead, with an occasional glimpse of the people on the ship's rail. He couldn't tell a bit which way the thing would roll next. Suddenly he would find his feet going up and try to step, and over he went rolling, head over heels and just anyhow on the padding. Any other shape would have been more comfortable, but no other shape was to be relied upon under the huge pressure of the nethermost abyss.

Suddenly the swaying ceased; the globe righted, and when he had picked himself up, he saw the water all about him greeny-blue with an attenuated light filtering down from above, and a shoal of little floating things went rushing up past him, as it seemed to him, towards the light. And even as he looked it grew darker and darker, until the water above was as dark as the midnight sky, albeit of a greener shade, and the water black. And little transparent things in the water developed a faint glint of luminosity, and shot past him in faint greenish streaks.

And the feeling of falling! It was just like the start of a lift, he said, only it kept on. One has to imagine what that means, that keeping on. It was then of all times that Elstead repented of his adventure. He saw the chances against him in an altogether new light. He thought of the big cuttle-fish people knew to exist in the middle waters, the kind of things they find half-digested in whales at times, or floating dead and rotten and half eaten by fish. Suppose one caught hold and wouldn't leave go. And had the clockwork really been sufficiently tested? But whether he wanted to go on or go back mattered not the slightest now.

IN FIFTY seconds everything was as black as night outside, except where the beam from his light struck through the waters, and picked out every now and then some fish or scrap of sinking matter. They flashed by too fast for him to see what they were. Once he thought he passed a shark. And then the sphere began to get hot by friction against the water. They had under-estimated this, it seems.

The first thing he noticed was that he was perspiring, and then he heard a hissing, growing louder, under his feet, and saw a lot of little bubbles—very little bubbles they were—rushing upward like a fan through the water outside. Steam! He felt the window and it was hot. He turned on the minute glow lamp that lit his own cavity, looked at the padded watch by the studs, and saw he had been travelling now for two minutes. It came into his head that the window would crack through the conflict of temperatures, for he knew the bottom water was very near freezing.

Then suddenly the floor of the sphere seemed to press against his feet, the rush of bubbles outside grew slower and slower and the hissing diminished. The sphere rolled a little. The window had not cracked, nothing had given, and he knew that the dangers of sinking, at any rate, were over.

In another minute or so, he would be on the floor of the abyss. He thought, he said, of Steevens and Weybridge and the rest of them five miles overhead, higher to him than the very highest clouds that ever floated over land are to us, steaming slowly and staring down and wondering what had happened to him.

HE PEERED out of the window. There were no more bubbles now, and the hissing had stoped. Outside there was a heavy blackness—as black as black velvet — except where the electric light pierced the empty water and showed the color of it—a yellow green. Then three things like shapes of fire swam into sight, following each other through the water. Whether they were little and near, or big and far off, he could not tell.

Each was outlined in a bluish light almost as bright as the lights of a fishing-smack, a light which seemd to be smoking greatly, and all along the sides of them were specks of this, like the lighted portholes of a ship. Their phosphorescence seemed to go out as they came into the radiance of his lamp, and he saw then that they were indeed fish of some strange sort, with huge heads, vast eyes, and dwindling bodies and tails. Their eyes were turned towards him, and he judged they were following him down. He supposed they were attracted by his glare.

Presently others of the same sort joined them. As he went on down he noticed that the water became of a pallid color, and that little specks twinkled in his ray like motes in sunbeam. This was probably due to the clouds of ooze and mud that the impact of his leaden sinkers had disturbed.

By the time he was drawn down to the lead weights he was in a dense fog of white that his electric light failed altogether to pierce more than a few yards, and many minutes elapsed before the hanging sheets of sediment subsided to any extent. Then, lit by his light and by the transient phosphorescence of a distant shoal of fishes, he was able to see under the huge blackness of the superincumbent water an undulating expanse of greyish-white ooze, broken here and there by tangled thickets of a growth of sea lilies, waving hungry tentacles in the air.

FARTHER away were the graceful translucent outlines of a group of gigantic spones. About this floor there were scattered a number of bristling flattish tufts of rich purple and black, which he decided must be some sort of sea-urchin, and small, large-eyed or blind things, having a curious resemblance, some to woodlice, and others to lobsters, crawled sluggishly across the track of the light and vanished into the obscurity again, leaving furrowed trails behind them.

Then suddenly the hovering swarm of little fishes veered about and came towards him as a flight of starlings might do. They passed over him like a phosphorescent snow, and then he saw behind them some larger creature advancing towards the sphere.

At first he could see it only dimly, a faintly moving figure remotely suggestive of a walking man, and then it came into the spray of light that the lamp shot out. As the glare struck it, it shut its eyes, dazzled. He stared in a rigid astonishment.

IT WAS a strange, vertebrated animal. Its dark purple head was dimly suggestive of a chameleon, but it had such a high forehead and such a brain-case as no reptile ever displayed before; the vertical pitch of his face gave it a most extraordinary resemblance to a human being.

Two large and protruding eyes projected from sockets in chameleon fashion, and it had a broad reptilian mouth with horny lips beneath its little nostrils. In the position of the ears were two huge gill covers, and out of these floated a branching tree of coralline filaments, almost like the tree-like gills that very young sharks possess.

But the humanity of the face was not the most extraordinary thing about the creature. It was a biped, its almost globular body was poised on a tripod of two frog-like legs and a long thick tail, and its fore limbs, which grotesquely caricatured the human hand much as a frog's do, carried a long shaft of bone, tipped with copper. The color of the creature was variegated; its head, hands, and legs

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In Merry Mexico

By Stephen Leacock

Author of "Sunshine Sketches of a Small Town," "Literary Lapses," "Nonsense Novels," etc.

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Stephen Leacock has been traveling for MacLean's Magazine. First, on the magic carpet of his whimsical imagination he visited Germany and "Germany From Within" was the result. Next he went to Turkey, right to the Yildiz Kiosk. Then he came nearer home and "In Dry Toronto" resulted. Finally he has been to Mexico.*



"Magnifico! Is it not?" said my companion.

I STOOD upon the platform of the little deserted railway station of the frontier and looked around at the wide prospect.

"So this," I said to myself, "is Mexico!"

About me was the great plain rolling away to the Sierras in the background. The railroad track traversed it in a thin line. There were no trees — only here and there a clump of cactus or chapparal, a tuft of dog-grass or a few patches of dogwood. At intervals in the distance one could see a hacienda standing in a majestic solitude in a cup of the hills. In the blue sky floated little banderillos of white cloud, while a graceful hidalgo appeared poised on a crag on one leg with folded wings, or floated lazily in the sky on one wing with folded legs.

There was a drowsy buzzing of cicadas half asleep in the cactus cups, and, from some hidden depth of the hills far in the distance, the tinkling of a mule bell.

I had seen it all so often in moving pictures that I recognized the scene at once.

"So this is Mexico!" I repeated.

The station building beside me was little more than a wooden shack. Its door was closed. There was a sort of ticket wicket opening at the side, but it too was closed.

But as I spoke thus aloud, the wicket opened. There appeared in it the head and shoulders of a little wizened man, swarthy and with bright eyes and pearly teeth.

He wore a black velvet suit with yellow facings, and a tall straw hat running to a point. I seemed to have seen him a hundred times in comic opera.

"Can you tell me when the next train—" I began.

The little man made a gesture of Spanish politeness.

"Welcome to Mexico!" he said.

"Could you tell me——" I continued.

"Welcome to our sunny Mexico!" he repeated, "our beautiful, glorious Merico. Her heart throbs at the sight of you."

"Would you mind——" I began again.

"Our beautiful Mexico, torn and distracted as she is, greets you. In the name of the *de facto* government, thrice welcome. *Su casa!*" he added with a graceful gesture indicating the interior of his little shack. "Come in and smoke cigarettes and sleep. *Su casa!* You are capable of Spanish, is it not?"

"No," I said, "it is not. But I wanted to know when the next train for the interior——"

"Ah!" he rejoined more briskly. "You adress me as a servant of the *de facto* government. *Momentino!* One moment!"

HE SHUT the wicket and was gone a long time. I thought he had fallen asleep.

But he reappeared. He had a bundle of what looked like railway time tables, very ancient and worn, in his hand.

"Did you say," he questioned, "the interior or the exterior?"

"The interior, please."

"Ah, good, excellent—for the interior ——" the little Mexican retreated into his shack and I could hear him murmuring—"for the interior, excellent"—as he moved to and fro.

Presently he reappeared, a look of deep sorrow on his face. "Alas!" he said, shrugging his shoulders. "I am *desolado*. It has gone! The next train has gone!"

"Gone! When?"

"Alas! Who can tell? Yesterday, last month? But it has gone."

"And when will there be another one?" I asked.

"Ha!" he said, resuming a brisk official manner. "I understand. Having missed the next you propose to take another. Excellent! What business enterprise you foreigners have! You miss your train! What do you do? Do you abandon your journey? No. Do you sit down—do you weep? No. Do you lose time? You do not."

"Excuse me," I said. "But when *is* there another train?"

"That must depend" said the little official and as he spoke he emerged from his house and stood beside me on the platform fumbling among his railway guides. "The first question is, do you propose to take a *de facto* train or a *de jure* trans"

"When do they go?" I asked.

"There is a *de jure* train," continued the station master, peering into his papers, "at two p.m.—very good train—sleepers and diners — one at four, a through train—sleepers, observation car, dining car, corridor compartments—that also is a *de jure* train——"

"But what is the difference between the *de jure* and the *de facto*?"

"It's a distinction we generally make in Mexico; the *de jure* trains are those that ought to go; that is, in theory. they go. The *de facto* trains are those that actually do go. It is a distinction clearly established in our correspondence with Huedro Huilson."

"Do you mean Woodrow Wilson?"

"Yes, Huedro Huilson, president—*de jure*—of the United States."

"Oh," I said. "Now I understand. And when will there be a *de facto* train?"

"At any moment you like," said the little official with a bow.

"But I don't see——"

"Pardon me—I have one here behind the shed on that side track—excuse me—one moment and I will bring it."

HE DISAPPEARED and I presently saw him energetically pushing out from behind the shed a little railroad lorry or hand truck.

"Now then," he said as he shoved his little car on to the main track, "this is the train. Seat yourself. I, myself, will take you."

"And how much shall I pay? What is the fare to the interior?" I questioned.

The little man waved the idea aside with a polite gesture.

"The fare," he said, "let us not speak of it. Let us forget it. How much money have you?"

"I have here," I said, taking out a roll of bills, "fifty dollars."

"And that is all you have?"

"Yes."

"Then let that be the fare! Why should I ask more? Were I an American, I might; but in our Mexico, no. What you have we take; beyond that we ask nothing. Let us forget it. Good. And, now, would you prefer to travel first, second or third class?"

"First class, please," I said.

"Very good. Let it be so." Here the little man took from his pocket a red label marked FIRST CLASS and tied it on the edge of the hand car. "It is more comfortable," he said. "Now seat yourself, seize hold of these two handles in front of you. Move them back and forward, thus. Beyond that you need do nothing. The working of the car other than the mere shoving of the handles, shall be my task. Consider yourself, in fact, senor, as my guest."



His head was bowed over the books in front of him.

WE TOOK our places. I applied myself, as directed, to the handles and the little car moved forward across the plain.

"A glorious prospect," I said, as I gazed at the broad panorama.

"Magnifico! Is it not?" said my companion. "Alas! my poor Mexico. She wants nothing but water to make her the most fertile country of the globe! Water and soil, those only and she would excel all others. Give her but water, soil, light, heat, capital and labor, and what could she not be! And what do we see; distraction, revolution, destruction—pardon me, will you please stop the car a moment? I wish to tear up a little of the track behind us."

I did as directed. My companion descended and with a little bar that he took from beneath the car, unloosed a few of the rails of the light track and laid them beside the road.

"It is our custom," he explained, as he climbed on board again. "We Mexicans when we move to and fro, always tear up the track behind us. But what was I saying? Ah, yes—destruction, desolation, alas, our Mexico!"

He looked sadly up at the sky.

"You speak," I said, "like a patriot. May I ask your name?"

"My name is Raymon," he answered, with a bow. "Raymon Domenico y Miraflores de las Gracias."

"And may I call you simply Raymon?"

"I shall be delirious with pleasure if you will do so," he answered. "And dare I ask you in return, your business in our beautiful country?"

The car, as we are speaking, had entered upon a long and gently down grade across the plain, so that it ran without great effort on my part.

"Certainly," I said. "I'm going into the interior to see General Villa!"

At the shock of the name, Raymon nearly fell off the car.

"Villa! General Francesco Villa! It is not possible!"

The little man was shivering with evident fear.

"See him! See Villa! Not possible. Let me show you a picture of him instead? But approach him—it is not possible! He shoots everybody at sight!"

"That is all right," I said. "I have a written safe conduct that protects me."

"From whom?"

"Here," I said. "Look at them—I have two."

Raymon took the documents I gave him and read aloud.

> "The bearer is on an important mission connected with American rights in Mexico. If any one shoots him he will be held to a strict accountability.—W.W."

"Ah! Excellent! He will be compelled to send in an itemized account. Excellent! And this other, let me see."

> "If anybody interferes with the bearer, I will knock his face in.—T.R."

"Admirable! This is, if anything, better than the other for use in our country. It appeals to our quick Mexican natures. It is, as we say, *simpatico*. It touches us."

"It is meant to," I said.

"And may I ask," said Raymon, "the nature of your business with Villa?"

"We are old friends," I answered. "I used to know him years ago when he kept a Mexican cigar store in Montreal. It occurred to me that I might be able to help the cause of peaceful intervention. I have already had a certain experience in Turkey. I am commissioned to make General Villa an offer."

"I see," said Raymon. "In that case, if we are to find Villa let us make all haste forward. And first we must direct ourselves yonder"—he pointed in a vague way towards the mountains—"where we must presently leave our car and go on foot, to the camp of General Carranza."

"Carranza!" I exclaimed. "But he is fighting Villa!"

"Exactly. It is *possible*—not certain—but possible, that he knows where Villa is. In our Mexico when two of our generalistas are fighting in the mountains, they keep coming across one another. It is hard to avoid it."

* * * *

IT WAS two days later that we reached Carranza's camp in the mountains. We found him just at dusk seated at a little table beneath a tree.

His followers were all about picketing their horses and lighting fires.

The General, buried in a book before him, noticed neither the movements of his own men nor our approach.

I must say that I was surprised beyond measure at his appearance.

The popular idea of General Carranza as a rude bandit chief is entirely erroneous.

I saw before me a quiet, scholarly-looking man, bearing every mark of culture and refinement. His head was bowed over the book in front of him, which I noticed with astonishment was *Todhunter's Algebra*. Close at his hand I observed a work on *Decimal Fractions*, while, from time to time, I saw the General lift his eyes and glance keenly at a multiplication table that hung on a bough beside him.

"You must wait a few moments," said an aide-de-camp, who stood beside us. "The General is at work on a simultaneous equation!"

"Is it possible?" I said in astonishment.

The aide-de-camp smiled. "Soldiering to-day, my dear Senor," he said, "is an exact science. On this equation will depend our entire food supply for the next week."



In the thick of the press a leader of ferocious aspect mounted upon a gigantic black horse, waved a combrero above his head.

"When will he get it done?" I asked anxiously.

"Simultaneously," said the aide de camp. The general looked up at this moment and saw us.

"Well?" he asked.

"Your Excellency," said the aide-de-camp, "there is a stranger here on a visit of investigation to Mexico."

"Shoot him!" said the General, and turned quickly to his work.

The aide de camp saluted.

"When?" he asked.

"As soon as he likes," said the General.

"You are fortunate, indeed," said the aide-de-camp in a tone of animation, as he led them away, still accompanied by Raymon. "You might have been kept waiting round for days. Let us get ready at once. You would like to be shot, would you not, smoking a cigarette, and standing beside your grave? Luckily, we have one ready. Now if you will wait a moment, I will bring the photographer and his machine. There is still light enough, I think. What would you like it called? *The Fate of a Spy?* That's good, isn't it? Our syndicate can always work up that into a two-reel film. All the rest of it—the camp, the mountains, the general, the funeral and so on—we can do to-morrow without you."

He was all eagerness as he spoke.

"One moment," I interrupted. "I am sure there is some mistake. I only wished to present certain papers and get a safe conduct from the General to go and see Villa."

The aide-de-camp stopped abruptly.

"Ah!" he said. "You are not here for a picture. A thousand pardons. Give me your papers—one moment—I will return to the General and explain."

He vanished, and Raymon and I waited in the growing dusk.

"No doubt the General supposed," explained Raymon, as he lighted a cigarette, "that you were here for *las machinas*, the moving pictures."

In a few minutes the aide de camp returned.

"Come," he said, "the General will see you now."

We returned to where we had left Carranza.

The General rose to meet me with outstretched hand and with a gesture of simple cordiality.

"You must pardon my error," he said.

"Not at all," I said.

"It appears you do not desire to be shot."

"Not at present."

"Later, perhaps," said the General. "On your return, no doubt, provided," he added with grave courtesy that sat well on him, "that you do return. My aide-de-camp shall make a note of it. But at present you wish to be guided to Francesco Villa?"

"If it is possible."

"Quite easy. He is at present near here, in fact much nearer than he has any right to be."

The General frowned. "We found this spot first. The light is excellent and the mountains, as you have seen, are wonderful for our pictures. This is, by every rule of decency, our scenery. Villa has no right to it. This is our revolution"—the General spoke with rising animation—"not his. When you see the fellow, tell him for me—or tell his manager—that he must either move his revolution further away—or, by Heaven, I'll—I'll use force against him. But stop," he checked himself. "You wish to see Villa. Good. You have only to follow the straight track over the mountain there. He is just beyond, at the little village in the hollow, El Corazon de las Quertas."

The General shook hands and seated himself again at his work. The interview was at an end. We withdrew.

* * * *

THE NEXT morning we followed without difficulty the path indicated. A few hours' walk over the mountain pass brought us to a little straggling village of adobe houses, sleeping drowsily in the sun.

There were but few signs of life in its one street—a mule here and there tethered in the sun—and one or two Mexicans drowsily smoking in the shade.

One building only, evidently newly made, and of lumber, had a decidedly American appearance. Its doorway bore the sign "GENERAL OFFICES OF THE COMPANY," and under it the notice "KEEP OUT," while on one of its windows was painted "GENERAL MANAGER," and below it the legend, "NO ADMISSION," and on the other, "SECRETARY'S OFFICE: GO AWAY."

We therefore entered at once.

"General Francesco Villa?" said a clerk, evidently American. "Yes, he's here all right. At least, this is the office."

"And where is the General?" I asked.

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A COMPLETE NOVELETTE

Danton of the Fleet

By A. C. Allenson

Who wrote "The Bluewater Prodigal," and other stories.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards



"Forty years on when afar and asunder,
Parted are those who are singing to-day,
When you look back and forgetfully wonder
What you were like in your work and your play;
Then it may be there will often come o'er you
Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song,
Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along."

—Harrow School Song.

THE boys stood stiffly at attention in the bare, oak-raftered hall, five hundred of them, soldierly straight in their well drilled precision. A Spartan discipline that would seem barbarous to the coddled youth of the twentieth century had set its mark on faces and figures not unimpressively. The master, a broad-bearded Saxon, called the roll swiftly, the sharp, staccato answers ringing out like a rapid succession of pistol shots. With the last response he shut the book smartly, and paused a moment. It was the final roll call of the school year, and the rather sentimental master meditated a speech for the moment, then regretfully abandoned it as too great a departure from the routine so rigorously followed. To-morrow the boys would scatter, some to return, but to many it was the closing of one of life's pitifully few great chapters.

Even the least impressionable lad felt something of the sobering solemnity of the hour. A sharp, harsh command, and in military order the ranks filed out, swinging round like a piece of machinery and marching with the precision of its cogged wheels. In the gymnasium they broke up into a noisy cosmopolitan crowd, for representatives of a dozen nations were there. From the throng three boys separated themselves, and, arms linked, walked away from the rest. They belonged to the social aristocracy of the place, came from good families, and were destined for the same profession. Envious onlookers called them the "Dreibund," or Triple Alliance, and, while other associations changed, in the shifting life of an active community, this one never altered, and a quarrel with one meant having the antagonism of three undesirable foes. A healthy, courageous companionship, there was none in the School bold enough to challenge their supremacy, which was exhibited in work and in such athletic exercises as the military rule of the establishment tolerated. They were about the same age, nearly sixteen, and for each it was the last night at Rheinwied.

Two of them were English, one German, and they had been together three years. On the whole, school life had been pleasant. At first the severe restrictions and constantly suspicious oversight, had been irksome to the English lads, and they never became accustomed to the fixed German assumption that honor in boys was non-existent; but discipline had its values.

THEY now wandered forth on an unplanned tour of the familiar places, each with its imperishable associations. The dingy Moravian Chapel, plain to ugliness, where the women sat on one side of the building, the men on the other, like two antagonistic species, between whom the stout, solemn pastor was a sort of mediator. The tiny cemetery, with its orderly rows of graves, spaced exactly, as beds in a well ordered hospital, and each with its square, flat stone laid upon its bosom—nothing to distinguish rich from poor, symbolical of the ultimate equality. Some of the narrow mounds held schoolmates from far lands; and here the three lingered, for in the heart of a boy lies a deep mine of precious sentiment. Out on the wooded hillside they went, to watch the purple twilight drop its rich mantle over the lovely, glowing valley of the Rhine. The eighth of August, 1889, would mark an epoch in their lives.

For a moment their communion was the silent fellowship of the spirit. With the sunset would fall the curtain on their boyhood. To-morrow they would be facing their life-work, eagerly anticipating it. All three were taking the Sea as their profession, entering the Navies of their countries.

Returning to their room in the big school building, now dismantled and desolate, a wilderness of packed trunks and jammed valises, they sat down.

"What a dismal hole!" sighed one of the English lads, viewing the wreckage in extreme disgust.

"What a dismal company!" laughed the German. "It might be a funeral instead of our entrance into life, and those boxes coffins with real corpses in them instead of our caskets of fortune. Hurrah, for the new life! For the Sea, our home and mother to be! For the Navies, British and German! And one more for our little Rheinwied triple alliance!"

"Shut up, you lunatic!" grinned Angus Barnsley, a handsome, aristocratic looking boy, who would be sure to make his way, everyone said, for he had ability and influence.

"Now, if you were a Russian, Angus, and Frank, here, a Frenchman, we might be glum, because in a few years we'd likely be carving at each other's throats. But British and German, friends always, allies often, one in blood and faith, our Royalties intimately related, we are really one family," harangued the voluble German. "France hates us both, Russia hates us both. France hungers for revenge for the debacle of '70, and the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, and she hates your sea power, your work in Egypt; for six or seven centuries, with little intermission she has fought you all the world over for the big prizes, India, the Isles of the Sea, America and Canada—and she has lost. Russia with her Panslavism and overlordship of the Balkans, we have one day to crush for our own safety, and she hates England for bolstering up the Turk in the Crimean War, and halting her, after her march to the City of her Faith's Cradle, at the very gates of Constantinople. Every year the Bear shambles nearer and nearer India. But England and Germany are natural, God-ordained allies, and with your sea power and our army, we are invincible."

And so they dreamed with the fine optimism of youth, as their elders dreamed at a later date. Before their eyes

were visions of strange, new lands, noble enterprises, and, perhaps, gallant deaths. The bell's summons, reminding them that they were still under school rules and must be in bed inside half-an-hour, brought them back to the world of to-day.

"We will make a compact," said Barsdorf, the German, springing from his chair. "Ten years, fifteen, twenty—no, that will not be enough to report upon. Twenty-five years from this night, if alive, we will meet again and renew the Alliance made here during these three years."

"Great idea?" said Barnsley.

"Where?" asked the practical Frank Danton, tall, square-jawed, rather pale, acknowledged to be the most brilliant boy in the school, idolized by the spectacled science master, who prophesied a wonderful career for the boy who needed no teaching, as Steinmetz said—only his nose laying to the scent.

"We'll toss for it. Who has got any money? I don't get my expense cash till the morning," said the impecunious Teuton.

"Same here for both of us," replied Angus, cheerfully. He had spent his last coin in buying a ribbon for a pretty, flaxen-haired girl who was visiting the Herr Principal's house.

"There's an English shilling in the cupboard there, if Angus hasn't bagged it," Frank reminded them.

THE coin was found, a series of solemn tossings followed, and in the end Angus Barnsley found himself the prospective host of his friends at some unspecified spot on the earth's surface on the eighth day of August, 1914. To the three lads that night it seemed a whole millenium away.

"And I'll do you to the royallest blowout money can buy," he promised them. "But, meantime, Max, hand over that English bob; it's no use to you."

"Sixpence of it for me," demanded Frank. "There'll be lots of use for it on the other side of the briny."

"Not so fast," laughed the German. "I never was good like you at the mathematics, but I remember that three into twelve goes four. This is the way to split it." He took up a hammer and chisel that were lying on one of the packing cases, and cut the coin into three pieces, solemnly distributing them.

"A memento of our compact made this night," he said. "We will keep them, luck pieces. And now, my budding Admirals, to bed, for the last time at Rheinwied."

II.

MISS Barnsley sat with a book in a screened-off corner of the pleasant tea-room. She had come over from England, via, New York, a few days before with her brother, who was on a Naval mission to Canada. He was unmarried, devoted to his sister, who accompanied him in most of his journeyings, since the death of their mother. He was away for the day on urgent business, but the charm of Quebec, which she was visiting for the first time, was making her loneliness not without compensation. The only other persons in the big apartment were two men, motorists, she guessed, from her casual view of them in a mirror. They conversed in subdued tones, but their deep voices carried distinctly to the place where she sat. She purposed to rise and leave the room, as she had finished tea, but something she heard made her linger. The elder of the two men, a tall, smooth-shaven, stout person, seemed restless and extremely irritable and, in amusing contrast, the mood of his companion was banteringly cheerful.

"I'm on pins and needles," said the stout man, impatiently. "If I had dreamed he was here, and that you could treat the situation so lightly you could not have brought me within a hundred miles of Quebec. I have enough solid work on my hands to do without playing tricks at a time like this."

"And, on the contrary, I never was more comfortable in my life. This commercial life of yours, my friend, with all its detail and intricacies seems to be ruinous to the nerves," responded the other, munching cakes with evident relish. "As for me, my work here is done. I have attended to business, I have seen the sights which this amazingly candid people so hospitably exhibit. The trip down this magnificent river was most instructive. Once before I was here, inconspicuously, at the time of the Tercentenary celebrations. Much has been done in the way of improvements since we picnicked so pleasantly along the coast, and pursued our agreeable studies. An admirable thing, the efficiency that seeks not only to make things work in an orderly, economical manner, but plans for the plodding worker to build by. All true efficiency keeps a calendar dated at least ten years ahead, forty or fifty in case of the greater minds. And now on the heels of this most delightful business trip comes the touch of Romance, if I may so speak of it, Fate, Coincidence, Providence—as you will—enables me to keep my tryst with such astonishing case. To probe the significance of Coincidence always had a fascination for me."

"I find enough work watching the ground at my feet without indulging in star gazing," answered the big man, nettled by the amusement the other found in his nervousness.

"Too close absorption in the dusty mining industries of this admirable Province," laughed the other. "Dust and grime tend to clog one's soul and spiritual perceptions."

"Come, let us get away," begged the elder, as his companion poured out more tea. "You might have to stay here longer than you desired, and the entertainment, perhaps, might not always be of the Chateau Frontenac order."



"ONE MIGHT find compensations in a hospitality even thus limited," laughed the other. "But don't be afraid, I really could not afford it, with the pressure of sudden business that has come into my hands. The place has wonderful charm—delightful old France in the New World. It gives a touch of dignity to a sadly utilitarian continent, wherein 'every prospect pleases and only man is vile.' I am no republican; I do not like your Porkopolis places, and your New York rubber-neck waggons, from which bawlers announce the fortunes of the occupants of the houses before which they linger, and the number and quality of the wives the master of the house has had. No, a city like Quebec redeems many Chicagos. What an eye England has had for the choice fruit of the world's basket! Fools term her dull, unimaginative. My friend, she has the keenest eye, the most vivid imagination, screened perfectly by the semblance of indifference. Is it blind luck that enables her to hold the keys of the world to-day? Your smaller creatures prate of efficiency, like a child with a new toy, she pretends to be ignorant of it, out of date. But where are the fruits of tireless efficiency so rich and abundant? Distrust the Englishman when he admits his weaknesses, for there is, what you call the uppercut coming. Cannot I persuade you to take another cup of this nectar?"

MISS BARNSLEY smiled as she heard the expletive wherewith the fat man rejected the hospitable offer. The other laughed aloud.

"I was star-gazing, as you term it, this morning," he continued imperturbably. "Daylight dreaming, on the spot at which Wolfe climbed the cliffs that dark September night, one hundred and fifteen years ago, found France sleeping, and in a few minutes' brisk work, won this superb prize, this—Canada!" The speaker's deliberate enunciation of the name was powerfully impressive, almost reverential.

"What were the words they tell us he repeated?

Await alike th' inevitable hour.

"The inevitable hour! The Day! Fate's appointment! While there I wondered if there might not come again the hour, the sleeping, and yet another waking under the ardent kiss of another daring lover, and —"

"Wonder and think all you like, but for God's sake, do both silently," said the other with hardly suppressed anger.

"Their slumbers are too deep for my whispers to disturb," answered the younger lightly. "I believe I could be another Wolfe. Wolfe! The name has fascination. Picture it, my earth-rummaging friend! The black night! The slumbering sheepfold! The fierce, hungry raider! and the prize, this—Canada." He spoke now softly. "A land of clear skies, the sparkling brilliance that makes the swift, keen mind. It is the Northern people, not the hot house humanity, that will inherit the earth, those who have the blend of fire and ice, the tempered summer, the brilliance of winter sunlight. I would trade all your tropic luxuriance for the splendor of the exhilaration of the glowing North."

"If you are ready I'll step out and have the car brought round, and I'll thank God fervently when I have seen the last of you," grunted the fat man, rising.

"I really feel I am spoiling an exquisitely planned situation, some drama staged by the gods," said his companion banteringly. "It has all been planned for me. I did not dream he would be here, I thought he was the other side of the Atlantic, and I marching from him, but Fate has shaken the dicebox with that clever hand of hers, and here we tumble out together, almost jostling one another, in Quebec. If he were actually in the city I think the temptation would be al-

most irresistible. However, there is the other side—Waiter! A sheet of notepaper and envelope!"

SEVERAL minutes passed. Miss Barnsley could see the reflection of the bent head as the man's hand wrote rapidly. Presently the elder returned, evidently greatly agitated.

"You look as if you have seen an unusually disagreeable ghost," said the other quietly, sealing his letter. "My friend has returned, eh?"

"Come at once, the car is at the door," said the elder man huskily. "I saw—" Miss Barnsley could not catch the whispered name.

"I had wondered if he might not be here," said the listener calmly. "He was always oddly punctilious in such matters, dates and figures, and the how and when of events. A day of remarkable happenings, this eighth day of August, 1914! You were indeed fortunate he did not see you. He had, I remember, a very long memory, a powerful hand, a fiercely burning heart. His teacher used to say all that was needed was to put his nose to the scent, he would run down the most abtruse fact to its remotest lair. He has quite a big bill to square, and is a bad man because he pays so inexorably. The men who are indifferent in these matters are much easier to handle. A big debt, a bitter, ugly debt."

"This is neither time or place for covert moralizings," snapped the other roughly, resenting something of contempt and menace in his companion's manner. "We should never agree on that subject."

"No, I think not," answered the younger man slowly. "I do not like covert moralisings either. But as we are in—what shall I say—partnership, it can do no harm to say to you that it was damnable, hellish, vile."

"Those whose opinions govern both of us did not so regard it, and—" He hesitated an instant.

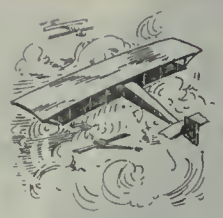


The chance came . . . Cranswick thundered his order and under the water a torpedo slipped away.

"If the car is ready, let us go," broke in the younger man, rising.

Miss Barnsley rose quickly and followed them to the door, undecided how to act, wishing she might meet her brother. In the distance a slate colored racing car was disappearing swiftly. Enquiring at the office she learned that the elder of the two was a well-known business man in the eastern part of the Province, with large interests in mines; the other a business acquaintance of his, an American, also greatly interested in the mined product. There were many of those Americans, with oddly Germanic names and wide interests doing very active business in the Province of Quebec in those days; and there are some still, very silent, very cordial on occasion, very popular because of a notable free handedness. They are not poor enough to run any danger of an internment camp, and too

American, when it comes to the proof, to have their neutrality called in question. Moreover, they are so vitally connected with the big and wealthy that it is a menace to the big business of the province to suggest that they are anything beside worthily popular business men.



III.

CAPTAIN BARNSLEY was late for dinner. An Admiralty man, at present on Dominion service, his comings and goings these busy war times were uncertain. Waiting for him, his sister's mind dwelt on the overheard conversation. Suspicion in those early days of the big struggle had not been roused. Little by little the world of the old time had to be convinced, much against its will, of the thoroughness of the German preparation for the long-planned scheme of world domination. Many were much more suspicious of the Jingo in their own land than the bland and amiable Teuton. The knowledge had to seep into minds gradually that any considerable body of men, no matter how hare-brained the Kaiser and Crown Prince might be, could possibly enter into friendly houses, eat the bread and salt of cordial hospitality, receive all the fullest courtesies of civilized intercourse, and between dinners plan with calm, philosophic efficiency the best way in which to cut the throats of their hosts. The world had gone beyond that stage. Men had still to learn the extreme patriotic piety of Court Chaplains, and eminent theologians, and to discover that there is no deviltry hatched in hell that you cannot find a kind of logic for, or some Doctor of Divinity to father.

Miss Barnsley was unsuspicious. She had the English dislike of a scene that might turn out after all to be but the silliest of farces. The conversation was susceptible, perhaps, of an entirely personal interpretation. The men evidently were known, and to some extent, vouched for. Still she was not altogether easy in her mind. She was a woman of thirty, with distinction and charm of manner and appearance rare as attractive. To many, who regard the matrimonial goal as the measure of woman's success in life, it was a matter of surprise that so delightful a woman had never married.

It was not because opportunities had been lacking. Those who knew her best whispered that in the tragedy of Frank Danton the reason could be found. She had been engaged to the young naval officer when the shock came of his arrest on the charge of betraying his country's interests to Germany. There had been no more brilliant man among the rising generation of the Senior Service. Coming under the eye of the great reorganizer of the British Navy, he shot rapidly to the fore as a man of mark in the new scientific school of sea fighters. Among naval men of all nations, to whom his genius and inventive skill were known, he was regarded as one whom opportunity would carry to a place on the splendid roll of great British sea captains.

This particular period marked the transition of the British Navy from a comparatively inefficient service, in which quantity rather than quality was considered, to the most efficient fighting arm the world has ever seen, the German army not excepted. Then the lists were filled with imposing names of ancient, out-dated vessels, with antiquated armament, slow, cumbersome, ill-equipped, and kept in the first line because at the time of their launching they had been remarkable. The cries of Parliamentary economists, who believed the Millennium would arrive before 1914, and that it was time for beating swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks, deprecated naval expenditures, and pointed out what a wonderful fleet Britain had—on paper. Nothing appeals to me more than the opportunity to indulge sentimental idealism and at the same time keep the purse-strings tight. Thus it was, then, with Great Britain, as it is to-day with the United States, the genial pacifist had his way and believed with such soul as he had that he was the greatest of progressives instead of the most pitiful of reactionaries. The Millennium, unless it comes from the outside, as does not seem very likely, will have to depend on the consensus of sane opinion, or the compulsion of the criminal by the law abiding. There is still need for bolts and locks on house doors, especially those with treasures in them, and to put them there is no reflection upon the morals of humanity at large. We cannot yet put away police protection. The wealthiest pacifist keeps a safe with an intricate combination, and resents the footpad just as if he were not a man of peace.

FORTUNATELY at the head of the British Admiralty was a man who saw only the necessity of an efficient fleet; so, heedless of the cries of economists who would have persisted in sending thousands of sailors to sea in ships that the first broadside of an up-to-date cruiser would have sent to the bottom, he relegated the naval junk with the big names to the scrap heap, filling their places with fighting machines of the first rank. Not all, happily, were lulled to quiescence by Prussian blandishments. Treachery in the past had richly rewarded the Teuton. The stealthy preparation, the sudden leap at the throat, the swift beating down of the unprepared, had paid enormously. Denmark, Austria, France had been humbled in less than forty weeks of actual fighting. Schleswig-Holstein, Alsace, Lorraine, the supremacy of Prussia in the German Confederation, the vast indemnity extorted from France — these were the brilliant trophies won less by fighting in the field, than by long-planned, slowly matured treachery.

In some respects the memory of the world is short. When the criminal is affable, powerful, rich, it is not difficult to forget the ancient offence and believe one's first impression to have been false. Now a new day had come, and with it new projects. From mastery of Europe to world mastery was not too great a step for an ambitious imagination. To meet the demands of the new projects, to make victory on sea as certain as victory on land had been, new preparations were made. The native, inseparable bombast of the Prussian made the danger less insidious than otherwise it might have been. The grandiloquent Mailed Fist speech, the telegram to Kruger, the announcement that Germany's future lay on the sea, the gigantic Navy Law, and the periodic rattling of the sword all gave warning to those who were minded to heed it.

IN the dawning of the new day and Britain's preparation for its task, Danton had his place. Deceived as politicians might be, the men providentially at the head of the Navy were not to be fooled by Teutonic blandishments and amiable hypocrisies. It was known that an army of spies, men and women, infested London, whose business it was to make Naval men their especial study. Secrets were reaching Germany—no one doubted that. Some minor arrests had been made and convictions of small fry secured, but it was known that more than signal codes, fleet dispositions, harbor defences, was being disclosed to Berlin. There were searches, diligent, and anxious, for the man "higher up."

Danton had been on furlough, had spent some days at Ostend, then in the days of its attempted rivalry of Monte Carlo. There he had met with German friends. One day the amazing hint dropped out of the skies into Admiralty offices. Danton was found drunk or drugged in a hotel, with incriminating papers and large sums of money upon him, that were later traced to German banks. Search of his rooms in town revealed letters, plans of construction known to have been sold to Germany, and a great many incriminating documents, that furnished so strong and connected a chain of proof that escape was impossible. Even in his rooms aboard ship was found damning evidence against him. There was only one possible verdict at the court martial, and Danton spent five years in prison, a sentence whose lightness surprised the world.

HIS fall came upon the proud Service as an unspeakable calamity. When he came out of the horrible place into an even bleaker world, there was waiting for him in the dreary little prison town a woman, tender, confident, true, whose anchor of faith had held through the storm when all others dragged. They saw each other but for a few moments. There were no pledges, nothing was said of the future, but Danton went out among men again strengthened by the assurance of a woman's changeless belief. Not once during all the terrible strain had Ellen Barnsley's faith wavered.

This her brother attributed to the fine spirit of a generous woman, loyal to the first instincts of her breeding. She never spoke of Danton, even to him, and he hoped that the man had been finally weighed and found wanting in the scales of her clear-thinking mind.

When he went away from her, Danton left the world he had known and that had known him. He changed his name, and for a time was in the employ of a famous submarine builder in the United States, later accepting a position in one of the young South American Navies, and working rapidly up to a command. There, records and certificates are not absolutely vital. Coming from Rivers, the submarine man, it was not difficult from that base for a man of Danton's powers to work his way up.

* * *

PRESENTLY a servant entered the room in which Miss Barnsley was sitting, to say that her brother had returned and awaited her in their private dining room. She joined him at once, purposing to tell him what she had overheard when

the servant should leave the room. While giving his order to the man, Barnsley took up the letter that had been brought up. His sister watched him curiously, as he paused in his instructions to look at the writing. Some instinct told her this was the letter the stranger had written. He finished his order to the servant, who left the room. With a word of apology, he opened the letter, and something fell to the table—a triangular piece of silver—part of a coin. Unfolding the note, he glanced rapidly over it.

"What an extraordinary thing! How on earth—? The eighth of August, 1914." said Barnsley half aloud. He picked up the piece of metal, examined it, then took from his purse a similarly shaped bit of tarnished silver and fitted the two together on the cloth, his sister watching eagerly.

"A most amazing thing!" he said, looking up. He gave her the note.

"Dear Old Chap. (it ran), I believe I was the one to suggest our compact of twenty-five years ago, so I should be the first to keep it. The world has reversed its motion, as we understood it a quarter of a century ago. Too bad it could not have waited a little longer, instead of balking us by a pitiful four days. I am positively hungry for that royal blow-out you promised—a sailor's appetite—but there's nothing else for it; we must extend the time a little. I should like to have seen you, but just now your hospitality might be too attentive. I wonder if F. will show up? Poor old F. However, a toast to the *Triple* Alliance of the old time, and the postponed meeting.—M."

"DELIVERED at the office by hand. I'll go down and investigate. I'll be back presently, but don't wait." Barnsley rose to leave the room.

"I think, perhaps, I can tell you something about it," she said, detaining him. "It sounds rather absurd, but you may judge for yourself." And she told him of the overheard conversation, describing the motorists as distinctly as possible. "I feel sure the younger wrote that note."

"It was the man himself," said Angus, when she had finished. "The other I do not know, but I'll find out details at the office. I may be absent some time. You had better not wait for me." And he left the room hurriedly. She ordered the delaying of dinner, and, recalling the conversation of the afternoon, considered it in the light of her knowledge. Her brother was away for some time. When he came back he was silent and unusually absorbed. She waited patiently until he was ready to tell her what she wished to know.

"That note was from Max Barsdorf, an old Rheinwied schoolfellow, now Captain in the German Navy." And he told her of the boyish compact, omitting reference to the third party to it.

"The Dreibund! The Triple Alliance!" she repeated quietly. "The third was Frank Danton, I suppose?"

"Yes," he replied; and gave his attention to the food on his plate.

"I am afraid I shall be very busy for an hour or two at the office downtown," he said as they left the table. "I must leave for Ottawa to-morrow and there is a great deal to be attended to in the meantime. Can you find anything to amuse you? It must be awfully slow and dull for you with only your maid."

"I don't find it so in the least," she smiled. "You must not think at all of me or I shall be afraid I am in the way. I find the old city very wonderful. I want to see the sunset from the Terrace, and then, if everything else fails, there are heaps of letters to write."

SHE WENT out a few minutes later and shortly afterwards he left to attend to his affairs. A brisk walk soon brought him to the building in which an office had been set apart for him. On the ground floor a number of men were waiting to be admitted to one of the rooms. Hurrying to the elevator he paused a moment to look them over. They were mostly of the type very familiar to him, reservists, old service men, with perhaps some volunteers seeking enlistment, all anxious to be in the middle of the big ring. There had been a constant stream since the declaration of war.

Barnsley's experienced eye now ran over them approvingly. They were the right kind. Men from farm and mine and workshop—answering the call. Suddenly his glance was riveted on a tall, well-built man, clearly of a different class from the majority. The subtle hallmark of class was on him, and the men standing round, keen judges, seemed to recognize it. Barnsley recognized him at once. It was Danton.

The officer did not hesitate a moment after recognition. There was a cloudly anger on his face. He walked forward and tapped the man on the shoulder sharply. The other turned swiftly.

"I want to see you a moment. Come with me!" said Barnsley. The other followed without a word and they went upstairs to a private room and the officer closed the door.

"What were you doing in that line?" he demanded of Danton, who returned his gaze without flinching.

It was a strong, fine face, full of clean-cut power. Barnsley in his wrath had to acknowledge that the man had not "let go" despite his fall. He did not know whether to be glad or sorry. He marvelled for an instant, at the power so terrible an experience had not shattered.

"I came to answer the call," Danton replied.

"The call is not for you, and you know it," rapped Barnsley, sharply. "We are summoning men to fight the German—against him I mean, don't you understand?"

He was not the man to mince words, and he did not mean the other's feelings should be touched tenderly.

"Then you mean to bar me?" asked Danton.

"I most certainly do," came the swift reply. "We want men, trained men where we can get them. All we ask is that they are sound, loyal to the allegiance they swear, but—well, what's the use of wasting words? I don't want any fuss or dramatic scene about the man who wants to come back and that kind of stuff. Some may come back, but there are others for whom there is no return road. Everything has broken down behind them, and there is nothing but space. For your own sake, for old times' sake, keep out of that line. That's all I've got to say, and I cannot make it too plain."



He uttered the prohibition slowly, emphatically. There was menace in his tone.

"Barnsley!" said Danton after a moment's pause. The strong self-possession had not wilted under the other's words. "As you may suppose, it is not an easy matter to ask consideration from you. I have no desire to speak of the past, no protestation of innocence, no excuse to make. Let that stand as it is for the present. It won't always stand. So much I will say. I've enough faith left in me to believe that hell will not always be topside. I want to serve, I don't care in what capacity. Is there no place I can fill, without peril to the flag I used to serve under?"

"There is none," answered Barnsley. "None."

"You used to reckon me a man who knew his trade," said Danton.

"The man you were would be priceless to us to-day," replied the officer, moved, despite himself, as he recalled what had been prophesied in gun-room and service club of the man before him.

"I am the man I was," said the visitor quietly. "All I ask is to get back to a British ship, under the old ensign, on the fighting line. You cannot suggest any service I will turn from. Try me. I am a better, more skilled man than I was in the old days, and I have a big account of my own to square. Has the country no use for a man of my training and powers?"

There was no egotism in the speech. The listener, and thousands of others, had experienced, in his fall, the bitterest sorrow of their lives. It was the downfall not of one who was insignificant, but of a stronger tower in the vital line of defense.

"Look here, Danton," said Barnsley in gentler tone, as he considered the anguish of such a man as the one before him, shut out from the great opportunity that had been the dream at least of the clean years of his career. "God knows I don't want to rake up the damnable story. If any man believed in you, to the bitter end, I did, for every reason. When the report came out at first I laughed at the absurdity of it. I'd have cheerfully killed the man who suggested it. And then came the proof, hammered into my unwilling mind by hard, cold fact. You made your own hell and jumped into it, in spite of every sacred tie in life, your country, your God, your friends—all of us who held you as a brother, and more. You were meant for a leader, a Captain of Captains. You traded us like cattle in the market to our deadliest, foulest foe, for money. And this night, if I could take you out of your torment I would not! Hell is made for deeds like yours, and if I lied or hid the truth to free you for service, I'd be guilty as you were. Now go!"

He turned away to the window and did not look round again until he heard the door open and close, and he knew he was alone. He sat down to work, feeling strangely shaken. The interview had stirred him to the depths.

IV.

DAYLIGHT was fading into dusk. The day had been hot, but with sunset had come the delicious coolness of the Canadian summer evening. From the commanding height of the grandly picturesque old world city, Danton looked down on the lordly St. Lawrence, its waters brilliant with the hues of the setting sun. A stark, war-painted cruiser was threshing its way toward Gulf and open sea. He watched her every movement, his face hard and drawn with fierce, hopelss longing. As she passed out of sight, leaving the darkening river dreary and lifeless, she symbolized all he had lost. Eight years before this cruiser, now plunging seaward, had been his command. To-night he envied the opportunity and clean name of the humblest sailor who served aboard her.

Barnsley's words had impressed upon him, as had nothing since he left England, the immeasurable gulf separating him from the world that had cast him out. He and Barnsley had been intimate from childhood, their lives seemingly inextricably interwoven. For a bitter moment the gulf seemed to be impassable. There came again to him the suggestion of a former service friend, spoken when the trial was almost over. It summed up the judgment of the men he had known, their best, kindest advice.

"There's always the big retreat, Danton. There's always the way of the bullet." A thousand times, in crucial moments, when the fighting spirit, had pressed, had pulsed low, the words had echoed through his mind. "The big retreat. The way of the bullet!" He had always repulsed the bitter advice contemptuously. To-night it came to him like a ringing bugle call. A fierce determination to fight hell back to his last gasp gripped him anew. There should be no retreat. If he had to go down without vindication, it should be fighting, and from the fire of the enemy. All had not been lost. Ont of the mists of the past, the darkness of the present, came the face, sweet and tender, of the woman who had not failed him.

THE HARD lines in his face softened, his figure whipped up straight. There was much to fight for beside his own place in the world, a woman's faith to justify, her love to crown.

"Frank!" a voice called softly; a hand was laid on his arm. For a moment he thought it was but the dream face he had hungered for.

"Ellen!" he whispered. And then, as he looked upon her, the gulf separating her from him seemed wide as eternity, the prison brand to be stamped inerasibly on his very forehead.

"Take me away from here, where we may speak," she said. They walked on in silence until they came to a more secluded spot. Her eyes shone with an eager light, the color glowed in her face. Trouble and the heavy burden of suffering love had given to her a new, rarer beauty. There came to him a determination to keep this last holy thing given to him from the vultures that ever hovered over him.

"Ellen, you should not have done this," he said. "Can't you see, dear, that the thought of you being soiled by contact with my evils is bitterest of all. I cannot bear the thought of any clouding of your life."

"You can't help it, Frank," she smiled. "I am what I am, so near to you in every thought, that the clouds that are over you must darken my skies. I would not have it otherwise. If I feared to walk with you in the darkness I should not be fit to stand with you when the sunlight comes again."

The wonder of her clear shining love awed him to new reverence, and kept him silent.

"And the light is coming, I know it, I know it," she said with a strange triumph ant conviction that startled him. "Now tell me of these last years."

SO HE told her of his work in the States, the gaining of the first foothold from which he had climbed to the commission he had more recently held. It was not a great position, but still a notch on the face of the steep cliff from which advance might be made. Then, when the war clouds were gathering, so sure was he that the day prepared for so long by the Prussian war bureaucracy had been determined upon by them, and the decision arrived at to make the Sarajevo murders the excuse for the raid upon

What is the strangest industry in Canada? An article in MACLEAN'S *will tell what it is and all about it.*

civilization, that he threw up his commission and hastened north at once.

He told her of his interview with her brother an hour or two before.

"We cannot blame him, Ellen," he said. "In his place, with similar facts before me, I should do the same."

"But Angus cannot bar every door," she encouraged him. "The war is your big opportunity. There must be a way."

"If I have to go the round of the Empire till I find a hole in the fence, I am going to get inside." There was a dogged determination in the set face, a hopefulness in his voice that still further stimulated her own courage. She did not think her loyalty to Angus permitted her to speak of the Barsdorf coming and the letter, but she drew him on, speaking of the old school friendship until he had told her of the compact that had fixed this day as the time of the reunion. She expressed a wish to have the piece of silver he had kept, and he gave it to her. They conversed till the darkness was falling, then turned to go back.

"There is one thing, Frank, that we must change," she said. "I must know where you are, so that we may write to each other. The silence since you left England had been hardest of all to bear. There is no need for that to continue."

She gave him her address in Ottawa and he promised to acquiesce in her plans. He went with her as far as he dared in the direction of the hotel, and, with her kiss glowing on his lips, watched her till she disappeared.



V.

THERE was a fresh color in her cheeks, and her eyes shone brightly when she entered the sitting room to find her brother back from his work. He was buried in thought, with newspapers about him on the floor.

"You are late, Ellen," he greeted her. "The air has done you good. You look charming, my dear."

"It was very delightful," she answered. "I have been with Frank. It is right that you should know it, Angus."

"I am sorry," he responded slowly. "I had hoped that trouble was dead and buried beyond hope of resurrection."

"Angus," she said. "You have always been kind and considerate to me. We have been much more to each other than brother and sister usually are, and I wish you to understand fully. There has never been and never can be, any change in my relationship with Frank. Whether he is vindicated before the world, or not, he needs no clearing in my eyes. I know what you could say. There is not one black fact unknown to me. I have searched them piece by piece, seeking the loophole, the falseness that is there somewhere. I do not blame you, but I have other standards to judge by. You need not fear awkward developments, for there will be no change until the truth is established. I would marry him to-morrow, but he would not let me. So we wait for the dawning. We have waited long, eight years already. It has been a heavy task, and yet light for his sake. We know that the vindication in full light of day will come."

"I would give all I possess, for his sake as well as yours, for my own also, if it could be so," he answered sadly. "I suppose he told you that he had seen me?"

"Yes, you were right according to your standards," she agreed. "You could have done nothing else. That I know, and so does Frank. But, Angus, there are some questions puzzling me. There is meaning in them I do not understand as yet, but I am convinced that if I could have them answered a clue could be found to the method by which Frank was betrayed. All the evening, ever since you received that note, they have been turning in my mind. Who was it the man from the tea-room saw when he went out to the garage? Could it have been Frank the spy saw? It was some one known to both of them. I did not speak to Frank about it, or about Captain Barsdorf. I thought perhaps it would not be exactly in accordance with my duty to you."

"It was very thoughtful of you, dear," he said appreciatively. "Yes, I have been considering that, and I think the probabilities are it was Frank. It is quite possible that a spy, now active here, may have worked before in another field. When one becomes known or suspected by reason of his undue prominence in any particular direction, the German service will move him across the world to a healthier and still useful spot."

THE SUBJECT was a distressing one, his love for her making him very sensitive about hurting her feelings. He could quite understand that a prominent Prussian secret service man, who knew his England, would not be ignorant of the Danton affair. Who could know? The man might have been mixed up with the naval officer's downfall.

"Then if it was Frank, why should this man fear him so much?" she pursued. "One might expect contempt toward a tool used for a base purpose, ruined and cast aside. But the man was in abject, trembling fear. Why did Captain Barsdorf say it was well for the man Frank had not seen him, that Frank had a long memory, a powerful hand, a fiercely burning heart? That does not sound like the mere desire to avoid a despicable traitor, does it?"

"I do not understand it myself," replied Barnsley. This he did understand, that former confederates might easily disagree, and, in such evil matters, the disagreement might be deadly. Danton had not been the man to be cast aside easily.

"And what did Captain Barsdorf mean by saying that some act of the spy's, for that was the distinct implication of the conversation, was 'damnable, hellish, vile?' Would not the words fit some evil trap laid to catch an innocent man?" she asked.

The force of her reasoning impressed itself upon her brother, but he made no reply. There was much to weigh and consider.

"And there is one thing more," she continued, driving home her argument. "Captain Barsdorf refers to Frank in his note and, certainly not at all contemptuously. I suppose the F. must mean Frank?"

He nodded in reply.

"And why, in the same connection, does Captain Barsdorf underline the word *triple* in the note? Would it not seem that he does not exclude Frank from his friendship. Captain Barsdorf is a man of honor, is he not?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Barnsley readily. There had been no submarine frightfulness, no butchery of helpless women and children on the high seas by German submarine commanders as yet, and the German naval officer was still classified with the men of a chivalrous profession.

"Would he be willing, do you think, to associate, even indirectly, with one who, though his villainy had been of service to Germany, was a traitor to his own flag?" she continued. "Would he call that man friend who sold his own country? Is there not still a code among all honorable men—friends or foes—that bars for ever the traitor from fellowship? Would Captain Barsdorf, the man you know, call that officer a friend, discovered or undiscovered, who had betrayed his country? Whatever England, the Admiralty, you, may believe, Captain Barsdorf knows that Frank was guiltless, and he was speaking of the plot that ruined his friend, though of another and an enemy nationality, when he called it 'damnable, hellish, vile!' And Angus——"



"Frank!" a voice called softly; a hand was laid on his arm.

He looked up doubtful, perplexed.

"Keep the pieces of silver for me. Here is the third part," she said. "You may give them to me on my wedding morning when we enter into the full sunlight again. I can see the dawn coming, ever so faintly perhaps, but the sun is behind it, rising, and the day will soon be here. Good-night, dear." And she bent over and kissed him.

HE WAS still busy with his thoughts when a call came. He had been expecting it, so flinging on a light coat and cap he went downstairs. A car was waiting with three men in it. He jumped in and a few minutes later they were across the river speeding into the dark country. For over two hours they rushed along at racing speed, and at last drew up by the side of a small lake. High up the steep slope stood a spacious house, standing in extensive grounds, and commanding a full view of the water and a wide range of hilly country beyond. It was the country residence of Schwartz, the mining operator, within which he had dispensed lavish country-house hospitality to an admiring circle of neighbors and friends. Popular with farmers and tradesmen, he never haggled about prices and paid spot cash. Such a man is idolized in any community wherein money is the true *elixir vitae*.

A drowsy farm bailiff came to the door. His master had gone away that morning, and was likely to be away for some time, in the States like enough. Examination of the house showed the probability of the absence being a very long one. Papers had been collected and destroyed, for the big open fire place was full of charred remains. All had not been burned in the hurried task. The searchers found plans of the roads in the county, drawn with the intimate fidelity of the laborious Teutonic draughtsman, accurate maps of the valuable mine properties of the vicinity, that had interested German capital largely, the whereabouts of the large stores of explosives, lists of the more important families in the neighborhood, and the estimated wealth of the more notable residents. With the same fidelity to detail that had characterized preparation for the Teutonic raid on Belgium and northern France, Eastern Canada had been mapped out under the eye of the amiable German-American, Mr. Schwartz, in Germany a German, in America an American, jealous of the honor of the "flag of his adoption" and in Canada the friend of all, the enemy of none, smiling, fatly urbane, rich.

IN A remote building was discovered a powerful wireless plant that had been dismantled. The bailiff knew there was some funny machinery there, but had been told he must not go near it as experiments with dynamite were being made. What did he know about such things? There was little doubt that the snug, country residence of the rich bachelor had been a safe rendezvous, not far from the line, for those who sought to prepare the way for a possible German Colonial Empire in North America, money being used as the most effective blind.

Never has there been better illustration than in these recent years that, no matter what God men may worship, or to what King or country they may profess allegiance, the God and Monarch that levels all barriers and makes men one is He of the hundred cents, the Almighty Dollar. In his presence even the voice of Conscience is hushed. He has as many logical reasons for demonstrating black to be white as a Prussian doctor of philosophy or religion in proving murder a positive virtue.

Barnsley annexed, as his own private booty, a rare photograph of the ex-mining

magnate. He was desirous of establishing if possilbe any connection there might be between the man in the lonely Quebec hills and the downfall in London and Ostend of Frank Danton. That there was some link he no longer doubted, but how its discovery would help his former friend, or Ellen, he did not see.

THE NEXT day he left for Ottawa with his sister, and shortly afterwards was recalled to England for a short time, Ellen remaining with friends until he should return. She was not idle in the meantime, and, as Captain Barnsley's sister played her part during the manifold activities of those early war days.

Canada was fully awake, armies were being enrolled, equipped, drilled, and sent overseas to blazon the name of the Dominion fadelessly on the scroll of fame. Naval matters were not ignored. There were enemy raiders afloat, fast, powerful, enterprising, lacking nothing either of supplies or information from well planted agencies all over the Continent. On both coasts deep anxiety was felt despite the sheltering of the mighty British Navy. Seas are wide, and, in hunting, more hounds than hares are required. Many nervous folk lived in apprehension of an attack upon the land they had deemed to be inviolable. Theories went by the board in minutes, and many a pacifist who had demonstrated, in the abstract, to the last dot and dash, the absolute impossibility of various things, found to his alarm that the theoretic and moral impossibility had become a probability, and that his only protection from an impossible raid by a benevolent people lay in the activity and ceaseless vigilance of the ships and sailors of Great Britain three thousand miles away. Many an eloquent orator whose home bordered on the ocean wished with all the intensity of his nature that one of those floating war machines he had condemned as menaces against the Millenium were outside the bay yonder between his life and property and a German raider. It is one thing to have a theory, but quite another to be compelled to live up to it when the views of the enemy do not jibe with it. One's view of Tommy Atkins and Jack Tar varies, as Mr. Kipling has pointed out, according as peace reigns or "the drums begin to roll."

DURING all this time of hurrying preparation Miss Barnsley saw Danton more than once. There came a morning when she sent for him, and a little later in the day he was on his way to the Pacific Coast, with a recommendation from an influential authority suggesting that a place might be found for a man who had large experience of the new warfare, especially as it applied to submarines, and had resigned a commission elsewhere in order to get into the big line. Sometimes it is denied, probably with truth, that woman's influence is exerted in the matter of appointments, or that it achieves its objects. Be that as it may, it is certain that, when it was known that the Barnsleys knew the applicant, and that Miss Barnsley had expressed interest, it did not hinder his chances.

The how and wherefore is of little importance, the main point being that when the man presented himself at the western coast town he soon found himself aboard a King's ship and under the old flag.

VI.

"HE'S A slippery devil all right, but a damned good sportsman, which you can't say for a lot of his crowd," grinned Brock of the cruiser *Montreal* presently taking aboard supplies at Vancouver, preparatory to putting to sea again. His companion was Trench of the destroyer *Albatross* just in from a trip along the coast. Neither was in the very best of cheer. Hunt the slipper is a good name, but it palls after a time, and variety is welcome.

The *Koenigsfelt*, of the Imperial German Navy, had been enjoying itself amazingly, flitting up and down the coast like a destructive Will o' the Wisp, playing hawk to western trading ship chickens ever since the war began. Elusive as a phantom, she had evaded a dozen well-planned traps, having as sound information from her compatriots ashore as if she were in a German harbor. Every vessel she sank, in her daring ventures, rubbed a new raw spot on the tough, substantial person of Brock.

He was now surveying with approving eye the trim, business-like shape of the destroyer berthed below.

"You look very fit down there," he said, nodding toward the *Albatross*. "Who's this Cranswick chap Ottawa sent you? Gunroom look about him, different from some of the Johnnies you rake up in emergency times like these?"

"Don't know anything about his pedigree, and in some way he's a bit of a puzzle to me. Still these times we are not worrying too much about antecedents so long as the man himself has the stuff. The war is going to make us the most democratic folk on the face of the earth," replied Trench. "What I do know is that he was a civilian at one time working with Rivers, the Yankee submarine man. Anything he doesn't know about underwater craft isn't worth the knowing. Latterly he swapped to an infant navy in South America somewhere, but threw up the job and came North when the band began to play. Whatever is back of him, and wherever he hails from, he is a star. What suits Ottawa is good enough for me, especially when it's a man of his class in real work. We are all praying our hardest for a fly at the German, but this chap is cold, fighting mad, like a fellow with a bitter grudge fight on his hand. Has had an overdose of the Teuton stuff some time or other, and it left a bad taste."

"The Lord send us more of them" prayed Brock piously. "And when he sends them I wish there'd come a hint of where we can stack up against the dodger for the scrap. I never did care much for overdoing footwork in the ring, though, of course, that is the chap's game."

A RING at the telephone and the arrival of a messenger broke up the chat. News had been wirelessed along that the *Koenngsfeldt* had been seen, heading North at full speed. There were humors from all along the coast, faked, likely enough, as Brock granted, in order to keep him burning good coal on a wild goose chase. Still there were possibilities that the Prince Rupert coal packets might be attractive to the raider, since latterly a keener vigilance over the movements of "neutral" colliers had made the supplies of raiders much less regular and much more precarious. Then the delight of dropping a few visiting cards in the shape of shells into the brisk streets of Vancouver would appeal peculiarly to the ideas of Teutonic Kulture.

Hoping for the best, out slid the two war dogs within the hour, and very many days elapsed before Vancouver saw either of them again. Rumors of the usual type flew about. First they had been in action with half a dozen German warships, darting north after Coronel to exhibit to Canada the prowess of the challenger for sea dominion. But ten days later the destroyer crept into Prince Rupert just after nightfall. Trench was obviously disappointed on account of his failure. Cranswick was more silent, leaner, hungrier-looking than ever, but he had the crew in what Trench exulted over as "North Seat fighting kilter." Given a chance, the *Albatross* would show the result of ceaseless striving after naval efficiency.

It was depressing to realize that they had been the victims of another scarehead rumor. Still it was all in the game. No word of the adversary had reached British Columbia during this time, which was more hopeful, in Cranswick's eyes, than the more sensational rumors. The cruiser was still abroad hunting farther afield.

DEADLY dull was the night, as only such a night in Prince Rupert could be. The drip! drip! drip! of the misty rain added the last touch of dreariness to the tedious place. Cranwick was on deck in glistening oilskins, peering seaward. There was a strangely anticipatory restlessness in his veins to-night.

Toward eleven events began to move. A launch flitted in hotfoot with news. In the blackness it had almost run into the darkened enemy, feeling his cautious way inwards, and had been fortunate enough to be unnoted.

In a very few minutes the hunter stole out, lights blanketed, keenest eyes and ears straining into the gloom. An hour passed without sign and still they ploughed the darkness, like a last voyager on a dead sea. Was the informant mistaken? Had the quarry swung off at some warning message? Had he slipped by in the gloom? It was possible that the imagined enemy was but a cautious merchantman on some lawful errand whom they had missed in the dense blackness.

Suddenly the enveloping fog bank swept upward, at the whim of a sharp gust of wind, a chink of light showed for an instant, to be drowned again by the descending wraiths. In darted the destroyer unperceived.

Then a broad, circling fan of light flashed over the waters, making the billowy mists a world of bright, ghostly shapes, and the guns of the cruiser ripped the fog. Trench and his second in command went down before the action had been many minutes in progress. Almost before he could realize it, the destroyer was in Cranswick's charge. Now and again she staggered, as under a giant's buffet, when a shot found her, but she bore a charmed life. To Cranswick it was all a splendid dream—the dark night, the rolling fog banks, the flame-haloed cruiser, the darting, zig-zagging destroyer waltzing round on her heel, the crashing salvos, the rip and rattle of smaller arms. Above him was the fighting flag of the Empire that all the seas of the world know so well,

Continued on page 61.

Keeping Them in Line

By H. F. Gadsby

Who wrote "Peaches and Lemons," "Conserving the Conservatives," etc.

Illustrated by Lou Skuce

WE ARE all democrats because we are aristocrats at heart. We support the rule of the many because we hope to be of the few who do the ruling. Having uttered these two trite paradoxes of democracy we can now pass on to cabinet control.

We believe in responsible government by, for, and of the people because the people have very little to do with it. We elect a Parliament of two hundred and twenty members, knowing well that fifteen men on one side will do all the executive work, and that the same number of clear thinkers on the other will do all the criticizing. This brings the responsible government of eight million people down to a matter of thirty men, fifteen of whom are in office and fifteen not. The fifteen men who are in office are the Cabinet. The fifteen clear thinkers who are not in office would be the Cabinet if the Government changed hands. A seasoned Ottawa correspondent can always pick out the Opposition Cabinet a year before it is necessary. For instance, if Sir Wilfrid Laurier came into power to-morrow his Finance Minister would be—but that would be telling.

We have reduced responsible government for Canada to thirty men, but that minimum is reducible still further. For the purposes of this calculation you may now get rid of the fifteen clear thinkers in Opposition. They have no authority. All they can do is suggest ideas, inflame the public and harass the fifteen men in office who are doing the business. The outfit you need to keep your eye on is the fifteen men who make up the Cabinet. Fifteen—count 'em—fifteen, approximately one-fifteenth of the Parliament that was elected to govern a country as large as Western Europe, or, to make it more absurd still, three sixteen-hundred-thousandths of the sovereign people who are supposed to do the ruling.

Come again. A little more arithmetic.

The theory, as we have seen, is that all the people rule; the custom is that a Parliament of two hundred and twenty members is elected; the practice is that a committee of fifteen share the work and the actual fact is, if our democracy is running as smoothly as it should, that one man bosses the job. So that in the last analysis democracy gets back to the rule of one man—the more or less benevolent despot of our dreams. We do not call that man king, but for all practical purposes he is one. He is a king with a difference. We can put him in and we can take him out. The king can do no wrong. At least he can't go farther wrong than five years. We can always chase him at the next general election if he does. In that lies our democracy.



Cabinet control over the rank and file in the House will always exist as long as the people send to Parliament that ordinary basswood, the average member.

This One Man of ours is not a king by name, but he must be one by nature. He must command the respect and obedience of his followers. If he can command their love so much the better, but if he can't there are ways of getting along without it. He must above all command the respect and obedience of his inner privy council, being at all times able to say to one go and he goeth, and to another come and he cometh; and no back talk from either. The tradition is that when a new premier takes office he has the signed resignations of all his cabinet ministers in his pocket, so that he can cash in, so to speak, on any or all of them as need arises, but I have always doubted that pretty tale. I cannot imagine a reasonable man providing a sword to hang over his own head, and I cannot imagine a strong man asking him to do so.

I prefer to believe that our One Man has the lion-taming eye, the winning smile, or whatever he does it with, and that he is Master of the Administration on his merits. I could almost swear that he doesn't blackmail his colleagues with their own signed documents for two reasons—because he hasn't the documents to do it with and because he would do it oftener if he had. I say this in the full assurance that in politics you may ascribe the lowest motives to anybody and be perfectly right in your surmise.

As a democracy we must all be glad to feel that Cabinet ministers do not resign for mere scraps of paper previously signed, but under duress from the big boss who knows when it is time for them to get out. Resignations are all of that kind in Canadian cabinets—resignations at the toe of the boot, as it were. They call it resignation, but often enough the victims are far from being resigned. Some go so far as to seek and wreak revenge—but more of that anon. Resignation—let it go at that. By any other name it would smell as sweet.

This power of kicking his subordinates out, which a strong premier exercises freely, is what is known as cabinet control. I am aware that the public are often agitated over another kind of cabinet control—cabinet control over the rank and file of the predominant party in the House of Commons, but this kind of control is too bald and uninteresting to follow up here. It will always exist so long as the people send to Parliament that ordinary basswood, the average member. The average member is a sheep. He follows the bell-wether. There are, as I said before, about thirty conspicuous thinkers and debaters in the House of Commons and they are the bell-wethers for the rest. The cabinet is, of course, the bell-wether group for



Sir John A. Macdonald was the original cabinet controller. He smiled as he made them walk the plank.

the party in power so that cabinet control of that sort is about as easy as breathing.

IN MY seventeen years' experience in the Press Gallery at Ottawa I have only been present once when cabinet control failed to work its charm on the average member. Some ten years ago I saw the Ontario Liberals hesitate when Sir Wilfrid Laurier injected separate schools into the Autonomy Bills, but they all came to heel when the division bell rang. At the last session of Parliament I thought I saw signs of rebellion in the average member when it came to voting on the Quebec and Saguinay railway, but it was only imagination. When the whip cracked the average member swallowed his scruples in a gulp, stood up when the Clerk called for "ayes," and put it across like a little man.

Later on in the session I had the pleasure of seeing the average member assert his independence of cabinet control and insist on an inquiry into the Kyte charges which the Government was not anxious to grant. And that time the average member got away with it. O happy day! But he had been working up to it for seventeen years, and may not spring it again for another seventeen. One forebodes that it was only an accident and that it will not become a habit until the average member increases his average by having a mind capable of doing its own thinking. Perhaps some day the Canadian voter will pick out men like that. Meanwhile cabinet control of the average member goes without saying. If the average member, by any chance, shows a gleam of intelligence, which would make him uncontrollable by the cabinet he is made a chairman of a committee or otherwise absorbed into a responsible position where he is little brother to the controlling influences. Not to go more than three thousand miles away for an illustration look at R. B. Bennett.

Cabinet control of the garden variety, cabinet control, that is to say, of the House of Commons, or speaking more broadly, party control by the party leaders in Parliament, is an understood thing and not worth mentioning. But cabinet control of the cabinet by the man at the top is picturesque, complicated, often stormy and always full of human interest. A cabinet is a microcosm of man's passions — ambition, jealousy, hatred, revenge, treachery, ingratitude, all the black rout. Sometimes love enters in, but not often enough to attract attention.

A cabinet is witches' broth, and the more it is stirred the worse it smells. The cabinet that can control itself, even in this Christian age and country, is a marvel. Greater than he that taketh a city is the cabinet that conquereth its own heart. What does Lloyd George say to that, or Lord Northcliffe, or Sir Edward Carson, or Lord Curzon, or any of the outstanding figures in the Mother of Parliaments? Cabinets must have their quarrels and politicians play their little game, though the world crack and heaven fall. That Ex-Premier Asquith should have driven his wild horses for seven years—five years of civil discord and two of Armageddon thunder—that he should have done this wonderful thing shows him a cabinet controller of whom history will be proud.

No matter what form democracy takes — republic, autonomous dependency, constitutional monarchy—the head man must have control or friction develops. Too many premiers spoil the game. To state it in terms of baseball, the pitcher is the star player and the rest of the team figures as his support. The pitcher must have plenty of time for his wind-up. He must be at liberty to refuse the catcher's signs if he will and act according to his own judgment. Sometimes he puts a good one over, cuts the very centre of the plate, and fools the enemy that way. Anon he slips one round the corner or drops one under the bat, or sends up a floater or otherwise deceives his adversary. I need not expand the political analogies. The reader will trace them out for himself. The point I am making is that the premier is the pitcher; and the pitcher must have control or all his good intentions go for naught. Even at that the pitcher can still lose the game if his support boots it away.

How about cabinet control in Canada? Well, time was when there was no such thing. Control was the last thing a cabinet wanted. It thrived on lack ofcontrol. The more rage it displayed the better it seemed to suit a peevish electorate which had a habit of burning Parliament Buildings and stoning governor-generals when things did not go to their liking. That was the dim, crepuscular period before Confederation when ancient night struggled with the dawn of hope and there was hell to pay generally. They called it the Union of Upper and Lower Canada. The Union! God save the mark! It was more like a rugby scrimmage—everybody horning in—and those who went down got their faces kicked off!

In those days cabinets did not aim to harmonize. They stood better with their constituents if they gouged each other's eyes out. The voters were fierce too. They had open ballot, cheap whiskey and free fights and many a cracked head went with the independent exercise of the franchise. Every Government had an Attorney-General east and an Attorney-General west, whose chief object in life was not to get along together—and they invariably attained their object. Each successive government had two premiers and a double name and tried to lead a double life under one roof, which is one of the things that cannot be done. Deadlock got the best of them at last. It was this bloody welter that produced the Fathers of Confederation. They were giants. They had to be to survive that hard school.

THE MOST conspicuous of the Fathers was Sir John A. Macdonald. His life is the history of Canada—the dark, the dawn, the bright morning. He was born into chaos and he did not like it. Although he was in many of the hyphenated, inharmonious cabinets between 1854 and 1867, he never learned to love that Janus-faced misery. Sir John was a hard fight-

er—none harder—but he hated bickering. He dwelt in the midst of alarms. He never went to bed without feeling that he might have to get up and answer an alarm before morning. The first thing he asked when he heard the fire bell ring was, "Who's been fired?" That was the hold a cabinet minister had on his job in those dear dead days now happily beyond recall. What Sir John saw in those far-off twilight struggles determined him on one point—when he had a cabinet of his own he would have control.

But it was a long way to Tipperary. Many a year passed before Sir John was in sight of his desire. Heaven only knows how many cabinets of the double-headed, tooth-and-nail, bite-and-scratch sort he was in prior to Confederation, and nothing is to be gained by naming them here—but three blessings he got out of them — training, experience, increased prestige. Cabinets might come and cabinets might go, but John Alexander Macdonald seemed to go on forever. To the voter he loomed up as the one constant figure. Just before the coalition cabinet was formed which carried Confederation there were two general elections and four ministers were defeated, but John A. Macdonald was in all of them. Canada couldn't lose John A. He had his hooks in. He had learned to hang on.

INCIDENTALLY those years of storm and stress developed his method of cabinet control. Let me say right here that his method was the direct antithesis of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's. The difference will explain itself as this article proceeds. The difference is two-fold—of the man and of the manner. I got my first inkling of it many years ago when Sir John received his LL.D. degree, *honoris causa*, at the hands of Toronto University. We were giving him a student's welcome in Convocation Hall—"He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and that sort of thing you know. And he was a jolly good fellow—that was the truth of it. The students felt it in their bones, as many other men had felt it, that the little man with the great dome of a head and the nose beloved of the cartoonists and the ready smile was *bon camarade* to mankind in general. When I studied his career later on I came to the conclusion that that was half of his success—his geniality. He was the original Sunny Jim.

By the same token he was also the original cabinet controller and his method was just that—plenty of sunshine. He smiled as he made them walk the plank. It was not until 1864 that Sir John got a cabinet together of which he was the titular head, but he had been the actual head of many cabinets before that. In fact he was the thread of common sense and equable temper that ran through most of them.

The first test of his method occurred in 1856 when it fell to him to ease Sir Allan McNab out of his place in the McNab-Morin government. Anyone who has ever gazed on the portrait of Sir Allan in the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa will realize what a truculent old gentleman he was. One sees there a fine old tawny countenance, a nose to threaten and command, but somewhat fat at the end, the prominent George the Third eye, sidewhiskers, short but bristling, a double chin, and a checkered waistcoat of many colors. The whole picture seems to say "Demme, sir!" One needs no historian to tell that Sir Allan was a Tory squire of the oldest school and the purplest sort and that in 1856 he had the gout and a violent temper.

Sir John no doubt regarded him, as Lord Northcliffe might to-day, "as an "aged and inept mediocrity," but he never told him so. No doubt also Sir John realized that Sir Allan and his kind would have to be got out of the way if the new party which he had in mind, consisting of moderate Reformers and reasonable Conservatives, was to succeed; but he never said as much to Sir Allan's face. Instead he smiled and smiled, warmed the old man's vanity with his kind words and when the time came to bump him off the old man took it like a lamb. People who knew Sir Allan McNab as he was in his palmy days could hardly believe that he had quit the job without first working himself into an apoplexy through rage. But so it was. Writing about it afterwards Sir John could say, "He is very reasonable and requires only that in his sere and yellow leaf we should not offer him the indignity of casting him aside." Well, Sir John didn't cast him aside exactly, but he let him out, which sounds better and amounts to the same thing.

THE NEXT human obstacle Sir John had to exercise his charm on was George Brown, who was a member of the coalition government which carried Confederation. George Brown was by disposition the Scotch thistle crossed with the American cactus and the fretful porcupine. He had one of those minds which needs something to get mad about or the owner is not happy. His love for a grievance was almost Irish. He defied people to take his grievance away from him and when they did he immediately snatched up another. George Brown was a great man. He loved his country, but he did not love John Alexander Macdonald. In fact he hated him up and down, clear across and through the middle. He hated Macdonald because—well, because Brown was Brown and Macdonald was Macdonald and the former couldn't see how the latter could be earnest about great matters and not carry a long face with it.

Still George Brown was patriot enough to sink his hatred for the time being, dine with his enemy in public places, play euchre with him while crossing the Atlantic, and go into society in England with him—all to advance the great cause of Confederation which he had at heart. And yet on the day after Brown resigned the two men resumed their old positions. Brown never spoke to Macdonald again and kept on hammering him in the *Globe* newspaper as before the truce. All of which goes to show that George Brown was a good long-distance hater. Brown remained in the coalition cabinet for one year—just long enough to do the job—and then he quit cold. He couldn't stand Sir John's sunshine any longer. It made him gag. It interfered with his meals. Confound that fellow Macdonald and his hair-trigger smile! Wouldn't he ever quarrel about anything? He wouldn't. Whereupon George Brown resigned and felt much better ever afterwards. He kept his grudge, but it was in great danger for a while of being melted by Sir John's sunny temper.

IN HIS first cabinet after Confederation Sir John had some big men, but not so big that they were above quarrelling. To paraphrase the famous Mr. Fitzsimmons, the bigger they are the sorer they can get, and Sir John soon found out that such was the case. For example, Cartier was miffed because he hadn't been made a knight; McDougall because his Liberal friends weren't getting their share of the Government jobs, and Galt because he thought he was too big to play second fiddle. Sir John smoothed Cartier out by getting him a baronetcy; placated McDougall by giving him his bit and let



Mr. Tarte had not finished when Sir Wilfred got back home. Biff! After that it was silence.

Galt go. It is not on record that Galt and Macdonald parted other than as friends. Indeed, Sir John's smile did a lot to light Sir Alexander on his way.

Joseph Howe was a hard man to handle, but Sir John put it over him with his bright smile and his gentle diplomacy. Joseph Howe was the local great man of Nova Scotia. As Nova Scotia's favorite son he had a spoiled child's faults. For instance, he wanted to be the centre of attention. He didn't like to share the playthings. He was in favor of Confederation for Nova Scotia but, when he came back from a trip to England and found that Dr. Charles Tupper had grabbed his crusade in the meantime, Joseph sulked. He was a great man, as I said before, but he had a peacock streak in him—he liked the whole terrace to himself. There wasn't room for Joseph Howe and Charles Tupper to spread their tails at the same time. At least that was the way Joseph Howe figured it out and on that line of reasoning he opposed Confederation.

He opposed it until he came under Sir John's spell and then he ceased to oppose it because the spirit and the bride said come and his own conscience told him that Confederation was right. Thus did Joseph Howe become right and at the same time cabinet minister in Sir John Macdonald's government. Whereat there was considerable jeering in Nova Scotia which was not lessened when Howe subsequently resigned to take a position of emolument under the Crown. The paths of glory lead but to the grave and, when Joseph Howe was snugly interred in a government job, there is reason to believe that Sir John went on smiling.

The sunshine of Sir John's smile also melted Charles Tupper out of his road. Here was a man who might cause him trouble, a robustious rival who might easily throw him out if he remained in the cabinet, a rival, however, who had done good work in bringing Nova Scotia into Confederation. Good work! It was more than that. It was Stone Age, Cave Man work. Sir Charles had dragged Nova Scotia in by the hair of her head. He was worth keeping an eye on, Sir John having no fancy to be subject to that sort of treatment himself. So, when Dr. Tupper got it into his head that destiny called him to England with a view to founding a family of Tuppers who would in due time ornament the British peerage, Sir John did his best to help the bright idea along. Sir Charles became High Commissioner at London and left Sir John and Canada in peace for many long years to come. In fact Sir John was in his grave and beyond reach of harm when his old rival came back, S.O.S. signals having been sent out by son Hibbert, Foster and others.

This stormy spirit, summoned across the vasty deep, made a wonderful campaign for the Conservatives. Calling to his assistance Hugh John Macdonald, his father's son, with his father's nose, and a bust of Sir John garnished on occasion with the famous red necktie, Sir Charles stumped Canada from one end to another. Seventy-four years old he might be but he showed that he was as young as his courage, just as Sir John Macdonald did when he made his last fight at the age of seventy-five and as Sir Wilfrid Laurier probably will at the same age when he leads his party at the next general election. Sir Charles, as a rule, delivered a couple of two-hour speeches every lawful day, ate like a hired man and slept like a child. He had great staying power. Once I saw him talk the East wind down at a political picnic, and again a howling mob at Massey Hall who objected to the overwhelmingness of his Ego. "I," "I," they shouted for three hours, but the old man kept right on. He made his speech to the reporters and it got into the newspapers, which was the main thing. After it was all over and the Conservative party was combing the mud out of its hair it was agreed that Sir Charles' campaign was a marvelous performance and that Sir John Macdonald must have been an even greater man than was supposed for having rubbed Tupper out so easily. Talk about endurance! Sir Charles lived twenty years after that—dying at last, aged ninety-four. What he did in 1896 was merely for exercise.



What would happen if the irresistible force met the immovable body. . . . The immovable body would get tired of the irresistible force and just roll over and crush him.

AFTER Sir John Macdonald died there was a period of quiet decay during which Sir John Abbot and Sir John Thompson seem to have had fairly good control and fairly poor cabinets. To them succeeded Sir Mackenzie Bowell, who had no control at all, and a cabinet that was more like an oven. Sir Mackenzie himself called it a nest of traitors, but he may have been overdrawing it. A great deal of it was his own fault. Sir Mackenzie was too amiable for that period of unrest. However, he had a happy issue out of all his troubles. He was edged out by his colleagues about April, 1896, and some three months later the party went out with him. Sir Mackenzie is no Samson, but he certainly brought down the pillars. Once clear of the debris Sir Mackenzie has lived on carefree until now he is ninety-three years of age and bids fair to beat the Senatorial record for longevity which Senator Wark left at one hundred and one. May Sir Mackenzie live forever. There is no reason why he shouldn't now that guarding the powder magazine is another man's job.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER came into power in 1896, and in the course of fifteen years assisted five cabinet ministers out of office—an average of one every three years. Sir Wilfrid's admirers speak of his sunny ways, but these sunny ways are not the ways of Sir John Macdonald. Sir Wilfrid's cordiality is of the brain, Sir John's was of the heart. Sir Wilfrid is an intellectual with political affiliations, Sir John was a politician with human attachments. Sir Wilfrid has dignity, wins by grace of manner and charm of presence, but is no mingler. Sir John cared nothing for dignity, slapped men on the backs and called them by their first names—in short was a mixer. When Sir John was obliged to get rid of a cabinet minister he led him to the door with a smile and shook hands at parting. When Sir Wilfrid let a cabinet minister out he let him out—and that was all there was to it. He did not wave the parting guest good-bye or blow him a kiss.

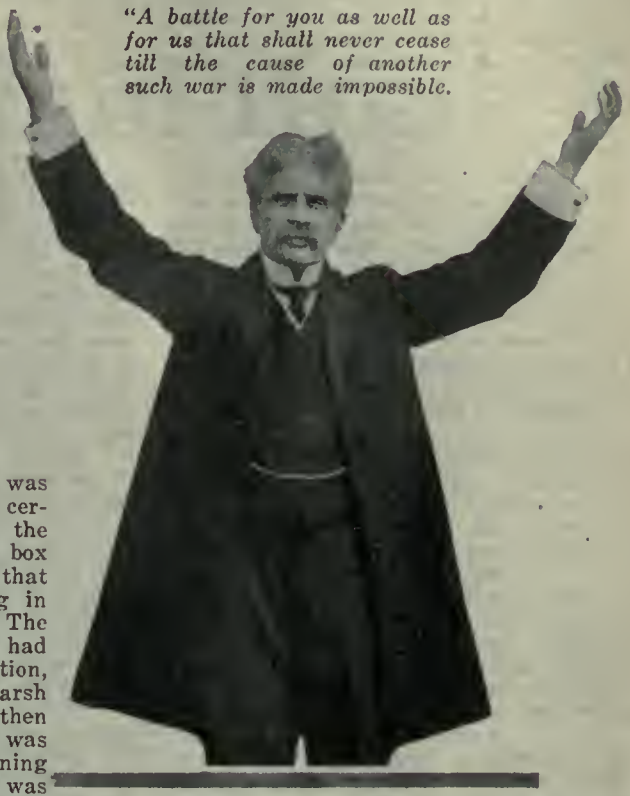
Sir Wifrid was always master in his own house. He started that way and kept it up. There came a time, however, when he had to assert his authority. His time of testing, as the *Globe* would call it, was from 1902 to 1907. During this period five cabinet ministers passed out—three for trying conclusions with the master and two for minor offences. After 1907 there was peace — peace and, as some people said, a fatal sleep. At all events there was no disturbance until the great catastrophe in 1911.

Mr. J. Israel Tarte was, as I recollect, the first to get gay. It was in 1902, when Sir Wilfrid was absent on a visit to England, that Mr. Tarte invaded Ontario and with his hand on his heart told the people what a fine thing protection was. Mr.

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Canada, United States and the Future

By Agnès C. Laut



"A battle for you as well as for us that shall never cease till the cause of another such war is made impossible.

EDITOR'S NOTE—*President Wilson's Peace Note was presented after this article was written. It further accentuates the need for a careful consideration of the relations that are to exist between Great Britain, the United States and Canada after the war. Miss Laut points out that the election of Wilson was an evidence of the real sentiment of the nation toward the world war, a sentiment which persists, despite the machinations of the Kaiser's hirelings and the shallowness of American politicians—a sentiment concretely expressed in the reception to Sir Robert Borden in New York. That this sentiment is worth fostering, and that Canada can play an important part in so doing—this is a point that should be carefully considered.*

TO DESCRIBE American political conditions as chaotic since the elections is putting it mildly.

What defeated Hughes? What re-elected Wilson? Why did the Germans immediately on Hughes' defeat launch a subterranean peace propaganda, and follow that up with a condemnation of foreign loans by the United States, uttered by the Federal Reserve Bank Board of the United States? How comes it with these two moves that there looms on the horizon the cloud of a resumption of the policy of "frightfulness" on the High Seas? The very week that Germany launched her peace propaganda word came that a flotilla of submarines had left Kiel for American waters; and before these words see print, the destination of the German fleet of under-seas destroyers will probably have been proclaimed in another series of sea disasters.

And don't forget the very week Germany launched peace from one hand and crime on the high seas from the other, the lawyers and bankers of New York quietly gave over one week end to welcoming, fêting and feasting Sir Robert Borden, Premier of Canada, not because he was Sir Robert Borden, but because he represented the race that is to-day fighting the world's greatest battle for a free democracy.

FIRST of all, what really defeated Hughes? Two reasons have been given to the public—or rather explanations of the sort that do not explain. It was the woman vote. Or it was California. A palatial train was fitted out for women campaigners to go West and bid for the woman vote of the suffrage states. The cost of the trip was defrayed by some of the richest contributors in the East. The explanation is given that the Democrats "played up" "the golden special" in a way to discredit the Republican campaigners with the simple West. The appeal was made for Wilson that "he kept us out of the war," and that argument was supposed to have swayed the women voters of the Middle West, while "the golden special" was used to alienate the independent voter.

Let the argument pass for what it is worth; and apply the salt of a few facts. The night that election returns were coming in, I came down from the country to New York. German restaurants were full. Beer flowed in floods. As the news of returns favoring Hughes was flashed on the screens in a certain well-known theatre, the German Ambassador in his box was seen wreathing smiles that fairly fell over the railing in bouquets on the audience. The Germans were so sure they had "spoked" Teddy's nomination, rebuking him for his harsh words on the war and had then defeated Wilson. But there was a different story in the morning at the hotel where Bernstorff was staying. The valet came downstairs with features wreathed in pain. Nothing had pleased the representative of Majesty that morning. The fellow had been "cussed" black and blue. What was the matter that the returns had been all right the night before but were all wrong the morning after? Nothing — except that Wilson had been elected instead of Hughes.

"I have voted Republican for forty years," wrote a very big business man of the Middle West. "I have waited for Hughes to utter one word in repudiation of pro-German propaganda in a neutral country; and I have waited in vain. Wilson with his see-saw is bad enough; but if one is just as negative as the other, I don't propose swapping horses in midstream. I especially don't purpose supporting a man, whose angling for alien votes makes him oblivious of American nationalism."

In other words, this typical Middle Westerner seemed to think that *what cost Hughes the election was the German vote* —or the general supposition that he was going to have it.

AS TO the cry "he kept us out of the war" appealing to the women voters for Wilson, the best answer is that the strongest alliances for preparedness, the most active organizations for compulsory military training, are among women. There is hardly a state in the Union where some women's organization this winter will not besiege the legislature for compulsory military training to be established by law in the schools.

One year before Hughes was nominated, I was talking to a strong Hughes man. I asked him why the Republicans did not risk their very life as a party to expose and oppose the German plots going on in the United States. He answered tersely: "The Germans have always voted Republican."

It was not what Hughes said that defeated him. It was what he left unsaid. The whole country knew, and knows, that Wilson has blundered, faltered, fumbled, side stepped, backed and filled, see-sawed, he-hawed and—written notes. The people didn't want Wilson doubly damned by Hughes. Wilson had already written his own epitaph—"too proud to fight." What the people wanted to know was—*What would Hughes do?;* and he didn't tell them—for fear of offending the German vote; *as it was supposed he would get the German vote holus bolus he didn't get enough of the American vote.* In the most lethargic election ever seen, the voters dragged to the polls and registered for the man in office.

California's vote took a prominence unjustified by facts. Because California's close vote was the deciding factor for the whole country, California loomed large. The plain facts are—California Republicans double-crossed their own party because Governor (now Senator) Johnston is trimming for the Republican nomination, himself, in 1920.

NO SOONER was Wilson elected than German foresight grasped the fact there was a reckoning due. Wilson had been negative. The German vote had cut Wilson. Now secure in a second term, would Wilson become more positive? There were inside rumors of a "wide open" investigation of German propaganda with "the lid" off. It was even said that von Rintelen might be brought back from London to turn State's evidence on Mexico and labor plots and the *Lusitania.* Those rumors still persist among those who know and von Rintelen may have been indicted before this appears; but

immediately there sprang up simultaneously but not spontaneously, all over the country from San Francisco to New York *a hue and cry for peace propaganda*. California became seized with a violent demonstration for a huge peace petition to be presented to President Wilson asking him to become "the saviour of the warring world." Having been re-elected, what need he care for votes? Let him leave the White House the noblest Roman of them all, with the Nobel Peace prize in his pocket and the aureole round his head of having saved the world from the most terrible slaughter in history. *Simultaneously but not spontaneously, Chicago became seized of the same desire.* So did New York. So did Boston. So did Philadelphia.

Accounts were flooded into the press of prominent bankers, philanthropists, public men meeting at formal dinners and luncheons "to enforce peace."

I HOPE you grasp the idea of applying "*force*" to "*peace*" and see the beautiful consistency of the idea. It didn't matter very much at all that these same prominent citizens the very next day denied they had been present, denied they had uttered a word on the subject, declaimed against the unauthorized use of their names. The announcements had been given head lines. The denials were tucked away in obscure corners; and the peace snow ball rolled bigger and bigger.

All this is not implying that the world is not praying and hoping for peace. Every man and woman, who thinks, must pray and work for peace—but *only the Peace that is a Victory and will be kept. Hell is not deep enough, nor eternity long enough to pay for the infamous crimes of this War; and some men don't purpose letting the criminal lick his lips of innocent blood and quit because he is worn out with killing.* As Sir Robert Borden said at the dinner given him by the Lawyers' Club—"no peace till victory has declared such a War can never be repeated." Which, being interpreted, means: "No peace till Germany is powerless to repeat this War." I was at the dinner and, as I listened, asked a banker to my left if the Canadian Premier could possibly realize the import in the fiery passion of his words, amid the money-made claque for peace.

At the very time this peace propaganda was being launched in America, more than 40,000 women and girls were being transported from France to Germany and, as all the world knows, more than 300,000 Belgian men were being herded to Germany to take the place of Germans in the trenches.

Nor did the fine hand of German propaganda stop with peace. About two months before the deportation of the Belgians, vague insinuating articles began appearing in the American press, about the Belgians being unworthy of American charity. "They were an idle lot" (hints of immorality, here, evidently to excuse the German plans) "and must be put to work." That was about the gist of it.

SINCE the war began, living has increased to an almost extortionate figure in the United States. It is the price Uncle Sam has to pay for this war. In cotton, copper, steel, cotton and wheat—undoubtedly the increased cost has resulted from the war; but in other staple food products and house needs such as coal, milk, vegetables, poultry, clothing, wood, etc., etc. the only legitimate cause of high cost has been high wages. Food investigating committees have proved that cliques of speculators have forced prices up. When housekeepers declared an egg boycott the price of eggs tumbled. When the City of New York threatened to handle and sell its own coal, the price of coal fell from $20 a ton to $7 and $8; and when the Federal Government gave a hint to the "wheat pools" of Chicago wheat fell sheer 14 to 16 cents in one day. So, while high wages and heavy exports account for some of the high cost of living, they do not account for this 50% tumble that occurred immediately the Government began to look into things.

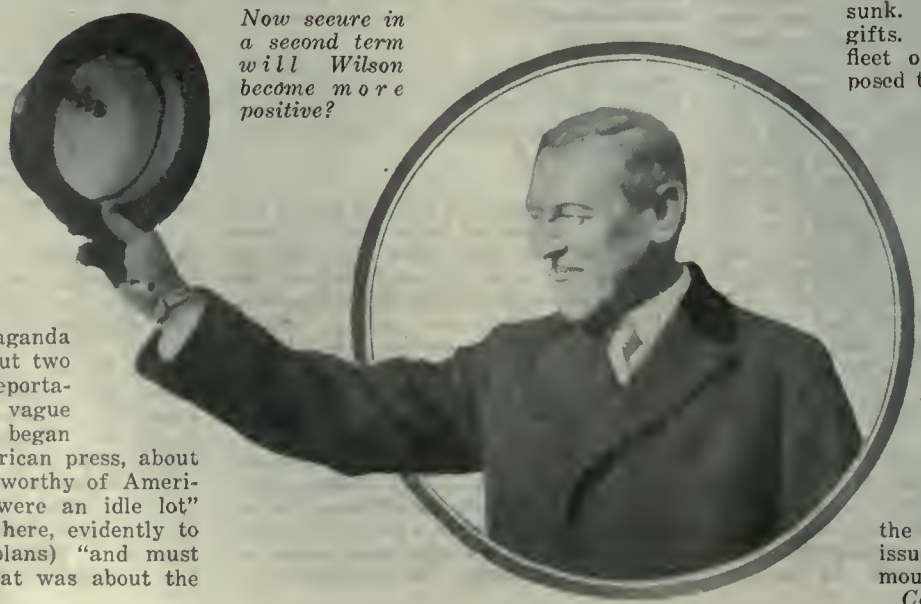
But here was a grand chance for the pro-German-Irish-hate-England crowd, who failed to elect Hughes. Was this country to be starved in order to feed England? Put an export embargo on all food products, and save the poor American working man, who is now receiving 300% higher wages than two years ago, and is now working eight hours a day instead of twelve. "The embargo" cry will undoubtedly get an airing in Congress; but the airing will be a farce; for the animus has been revealed in Representative Fitzgerald's resolution declaring that the embargo is retaliation on England for interfering with American shipping and black-listing American shippers. I fancy *before the gentleman gets very far in his Congressional debate he will receive some enlightenment on exactly where American shipping would be to-day if it were not for the British Navy.*

FOR THAT brings in the next point. German efficiency is so delightfully elastic, you "just pays your money and takes your choice." Here, gentlemen, are deportations of Belgians. Here, gentlemen, is the love of peace cooing her amorous ditty. Here, is the dire fear of starving America to death to feed England; and here is a beneficent gentleman standing in the White House, who has only to reach forth and accept the Nobel Prize from the Kaiser. (Oh, save my face!) And if these potent arguments of German kultur are not sufficient, here gentlemen, is a fleet of submarines set sail from Kiel for American waters to blow every ship they can hit into Hades. You see how various are the gifts of the Kaiser. Take which you will, America, but save my face!

When a writer signing himself "Cosmos" began his articles in the *Times*, of New York, for peace, a very prominent Frenchman now in America made answer to this effect: "If the League *to enforce peace* is sincere, why did it not protest against the invasion of Belgium?" When Louvain was burnt and Rheims destroyed, when ten departments of France were invaded, when the women and girls of Lille were deported, why did these Trustees of Humanity, who are for enforcing peace, keep silent? If they have remained dumb and deaf when all those crimes were perpetrated, there is no (visible?) reason why they should not remain deaf and dumb when the crime is going to be punished."

Right here an interesting problem came up in diplomacy. The English knew when these submarines left Kiel. *Would it be wisdom to post a line of British cruisers along the Atlantic to destroy the submarines as they came; or let American commerce take care of her own, and let the German "subs" work their will?* A patrol of British cruisers would virtually be a blockade. Do you hear the eagle scream and the German-American howl and the Irishmen rip the hypocrisy out of things? *No, the British cruisers will not fight to protect an American commerce, which America won't protect for herself.* If you do so much for a neighbor, you get thanks. If you do *too* much, you get a kick. England is at the kick stage here just now. Diatribes are heard on England's blacklisting of American firms. Little is said of American foreign trade sprung to eight billions over night, because British ships patrol the sea lanes of the Atlantic. On the whole, it was a wise diplomatic decision to let the Kaiser and Uncle Sam settle the matter of German submarines in American waters. There is a kick stage just now. There will be a back kick when half a dozen American ships are sunk. Such are the Kaiser's gifts. At time of writing the fleet of submarines is supposed to be headed for Yucatan—a friendly visit, of course, unconnected with the British Navy's supply of oil from Mexico.

Now secure in a second term will Wilson become more positive?



BUT ALL this has not exhausted German efficiency in America since the election.

No loans have been made by the United States to the Allies unsecured by either a Franco-British guarantee, or collateral. Yet lately the Federal Reserve Banks issued what was tantamount to a warning to in-

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Jordan is a Hard Road

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Author of "The Weavers," The Right of Way," "The Money Master," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

SYNOPSIS—*Bill Minden, ex-train robber, comes to Askatoon to live, creating lively discussion among the townspeople as to his motives. He stays at the Sunbright Hotel, and lives an exemplary life, reading his bible on Sundays on the hotel porch in full view of everyone. Minden shows special interest in the school taught by Cora Finley, a pretty and popular young woman, and Mrs. Finley, the mother, displays animosity toward him. He calls on Mrs. Finley one evening and in the course of the conversation it develops that Cora is Minden's daughter, given to Mrs. Finley to raise by Minden on his wife's death. Minden avows his intention of winning his way to power in Askatoon.*

CHAPTER III.

THE CAMP MEETING

REVIVAL meetings are generally held in great halls or churches; but the strikingly successful revival meeting at Mayo, Nolan Doyle's ranch, was held in tents, and it was therefore called a Camp Meeting. It was the first that had ever been held between Winnipeg and the Rockies. Therefore the population of Askatoon was numerously reinforced by the religious pilgrim from outside, and also by the inquisitive sinner who came to see, be seen, and enjoy whatever sensation the pious exercises might beget. To these was added the visitor and citizen, who was neither religious nor simple, but who had pursued his way without being convicted of unrighteousness on the one hand or being reputed irreligious on the other. His particular conversion, when it came, was no sensation; he was simply convicted of original sin and the atonement and the necessity for finding salvation. His consequent pain, agony, and spiritual disturbance was indispensable to a proper passage from the ranks of the unsaved to the saved. He received the sympathy of those who went about embracing, exhorting and whispering comfort; but his capture caused less rejoicing than when some real outcast, some acknowledged sinner, reprobate, drunkard, evil-liver or scoffer, bent to the spiritual storm and strove with the spirit, until at last, tossing upon the sea of emotion he felt his fingers grip the bulwark of the ship of salvation. Then, lifted on a wave of passion to its safe deck, he cried out, "I'm saved! Saved! Bless the Lord!" while all around him rose the cry of "Glory! Glory!" with all the emotional ejaculations which signified that a soul was snatched from the burning.

The great revival preacher, Ephraim Masterman, was a reaper without a rival so far as the West had known. In the great tent he alternately prayed and exhorted, blessed and wept, soothed and clamored, and exultingly embraced the conquered ones translated from the anxious seat to the platform of the saved with its spectacular joy.

IT was just after the harvest, the weather was still delightfully, indeed, amorously warm, and in the lull that followed the strenuous activities of the wheat harvest—or the almost complete harvest—the fervid air of exalted sentiment was highly stimulating. It was perhaps unfortunate that while the tents were pitched in the open there was, very near by, a grove of trees offering invitations to the pleasures of indolence. The cynic might well be scornful of the too neighborly association of the Godly love in the tents in the open and the profane love in the grove that shadowed them.

The Young Doctor scratched his chin in reflection when Terence Brennan, the millionaire railway owner and ranches, fresh from a hasty visit to the Camp Meeting, made out of curiosity while paying a visit to Mrs. Nolan Doyle, his sister, said to him: "Did you ever read Bobby Burns' 'Holy Fair'?" And when the Young Doctor nodded in reply, added cynically, " 'And mony a job begun that day will end in hockmagandy, or some ither place.' "

The Young Doctor's reply was a little severe. After all, Terence Brennan was an absentee millionaire who could afford any pleasure he wanted, and therefore could more easily escape the divine discontent possessing those whose field of life is limited, whose pleasures, mental and emotions spiritual, are few.

"It's no bad thing to get back into the primitive life and to the primary emotions," he said. "You are too sophisticated and incredulous, Brennan. 'Evil to him that evil thinks.' You're doing very well out of Askatoon, Brennan. It contributes its share of your railway profits, and you'd better let us work out our own salvation. In fear and trembling, of course, it will be—fear that you'll raise your freight rates on us; but for Heaven's sake let us live our own life. You selfish millionaires are critical because your souls are so small."

Brennan laughed good-naturedly. He loved attack; it was the breath of life to him.

"There, there, I'll give you the chips for the game," he replied. "You can say you've won; but you're right; I'm in a mood to be critical of Askatoon; so I suppose I'm not a really good judge of your holy fair."

"Wherefore critical?" asked the Young Doctor, his mind, as always, alert for every shiver of colors in the kaleidoscope of life.

BRENNAN chuckled and lighted a cigar. "Well, Bill Minden in Askatoon—Bill Minden as school trustee, Bill Minden standing for mayor, Bill Minden as the fatherly philanthropist, patting the school children on the head, chucking the young lady teacher under the chin, magnetizing the town and corporation with a wave of his bonnie brown hand—well, isn't that enough to make a railway president critical of Askatoon? Once to my knowledge, and twice to my instinct, Bill Minden has gone through the pockets of the passengers of my trains and has scooped the cash from the express-car; and here he is now the pet lamb of the fold!"

"Is that why you are here?" asked the Young Doctor.

"You ought to know better. Isn't my family here—Norah Doyle out at Mayo, and my father and mother! I didn't know that Minden was in Askatoon till I saw him at the camp meeting this afternoon; till I saw him getting inside the big tent with a look on his face like the Queen of Sheba when she met Solomon. It beats me. What's he here for? What's his game?"

"Well, some men, when they're tired of doing the world, seek the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," answered the Young Doctor. "When you're tired of *doing* the world, Brennan, when you've finished 'watering stock' in the cities, perhaps you'll come, too, and water the onions in your own back garden here? like a king who, having had everything the world can offer, in the spirit of the Sybarite turns hermit, and tries the simple life from sheer luxury of living."

"Perhaps you're right," answered the millionaire. "The gay Griselda, finding the candle of enjoyment all burnt up, and only the black snuff left, comes and lights the wick again at the altar of the church, and ends her days in peace, properly penitent, pleasantly pious, prudently prepared."

The Young Doctor roared with laughter. "Brennan, you've been listening to Bill Minden. That's his game, and you've caught on. Alliteration is a disease with him. A choicer vocabulary I've never known."

"Suppose the camp meeting catches him—converts him, eh?"

"Well, that would please Mrs. Finley," remarked the Young Doctor with a meaning smile.

"Mrs. Finley? Oh! old Steve Finley's widow, eh? Is she making up to Bill?"

"No, but she seems to have a fancy for saving his soul, and she has offered up petitions in the prayer-meeting pretty

constantly of late, that Bill shall be snatched from the burning."

THE two men had walked along the street until they had almost reached the door of the post-office. At that moment Cora Finley stepped out of the post-office door, and with eyes alight and excitement in her face, came quickly towards the Young Doctor.

"Oh! what do you suppose has happened!" she said. "Mr. Masterman has had a stroke or something, at the Camp Meeting, and they're bringing him in to Askatoon."

Terence Brennan looked at the girl inquiringly, then said: "I've only just come from there, I didn't hear of it."

"That's easily explained," she answered. "There was no school to-day, the telegraph operator wanted to go to the Camp Meeting, and I've taken her place at the key. You know I learned telegraphy a long time ago," she added to the Young Doctor. "There's a branch-line to Mayo where the Camp Meeting is, and I've just got the news over the wire. They're bringing him in."

"So endeth the spiritual free-an-easy," remarked Brennan, with an ironical smile.

The girl's eyes flashed. "You wouldn't understand," she said; "you're a Roman Catholic."

"No, I suppose I wouldn't understand," the millionaire drawled pleasantly. "It wants a sensitive mind like Bill Minden's to grasp such things."

The girl's eyes flashed indignation. "Some men sin and pay, like Mr. Minden," she said; "and others sin and don't pay."

"Why should they if they don't have to?" pleasantly retorted Brennan.

"Those that sin and are sorry, and suffer and pay now, don't have to pay in the end," she replied severely.

"Well, I'll put it off as long as possible," remarked the capitalist. "'Jordan is a hard road to travel'."

The Young Doctor's eyes had been searching the girl's face, with a curious, almost set, alertness. Something in her dark blue eyes riveted his attention.

"I see it," he said to himself suddenly and with a thumping of his heart. "By George, I see it!"

A moment afterwards the three had separated, the girl to go back to the post-office, the millionaire to mount his horse and gallop away to the pleasant little home where his old father and mother peacefully lived in the plenty he provided. The Young Doctor went to his office. If Masterman, the revivalist, had had a stroke, they would be sure to send for him, or to bring the sick man to him; and he must be ready for the emergency. As he entered his house he looked back towards the post-office.

"I see it!" he said aloud. "I see it now. She's got Bill Minden's eyes."

ALL night the Young Doctor watched at Masterman's bedside, and by the middle of the following day was able to announce that his patient was out of danger, but that he must take a long rest to recover from the partial paralysis which had seized him. The religious dovecots of Askatoon were greatly fluttered in consequence.

The class meeting arranged for the morning was as barren of emotional music as a tin pan is of melody. Dejection, irritation, prevailed. Those who were responsible for the organization of the great gathering talked mournfully of the spiritual loss; but there was another loss upon which they were all discreetly silent, until Rigby, the druggist, who was an especially candid soul, remarked that three days more and they would have had enough cash profit out of the Camp Meeting to pay the debt off the church.

"We expected to net three thousand dollars," he said; "and we've got two thousand five hundred of it; but the chances of getting the last five hundred ain't worth a pinch of bakin' soda."

Here a voice intervened. "Have faith, 'brother Rigby, have faith!" it cried. "Baking soda makes the dough rise; from faith will rise our deliverer. Perhaps even while we are troubled here, one cometh of whom it may be said, 'Who is this that cometh with dyed garments from Bazrah traveling in the greatness of his strength?'"

Curiosity would bring a crowd to the late afternoon meeting, and interest for one day would be tolerably secure; but it would quickly and finally evaporate unless someone could be found who would raise the standard with a new religious slogan.

THE weather was propitious, the late afternoon was very warm, and the comfort of physical warmth is a great encouragement and a great support to an organized meeting. One local minister opened the proceedings very wisely with a hymn, and it was a good hymn. It was the hymn which Bill Minden had quoted to Mrs. Finley, "When I Can Read My Title Clear to Mansions in the Skies." It started well, but it finished on a wave of feeling with a little lower crest than that of previous days. Another minister from the mountains was about to pray, when a shrill and throbbing voice rang out from the crowd singing, "Hold the Fort for I Am Coming," and the congregation, responding to the inspiration, joined in with great fervor, to the delight of the leaders. Prayer by the mountain preacher followed, but it lacked what one of the critics at the back of the tent called "snap," and he further remarked that it reached the audience it was intended to reach, but he'd take a bet that it didn't reach the Lord.

It was apparent that the emotion of the meeting required flagellation. The leaders soon found themselves in heavy country and were conscious of dying fires. As soon as the hymns had finished, they brought their biggest gun into action. It was the president of a theological college with a clean-shaven actor's face and long white hair combed straight back from a narrow but somewhat lofty forehead. There were times when his unctuous intonations and saponaceous appeals, behind which was a really godly nature, had effect; and just at the start his adjurations and declamation stirred the congregation; but evaporation almost immediately began. Something with more grip, something more rugged and less refined than usual was required. The Rev. Ephraim Masterman had not been rugged, his had not been the voice of the vernacular, but he had been young, eloquent, sentimental, vivid and hypnotic, and having caught the women first by his sad beauty and his ecstasy, he had got the men by a really magnetic force. The white-haired imitator with his stereotyped language and illustrations and adjurations, without a note of originality, was but an imitation of the real thing, of the real emotional power which the stricken revivalist had pushed too far. The congregation was slipping away swiftly out of control, in spite of the speaker's energetic outbursts here and there, of pleadings to sinners, when suddenly, in a short pause of the harangue —indeed in its most desperate moment— a beautiful, clear, full-throated voice rang out above the subdued clamor of those who had found and those who were finding peace. It sang:

"There's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar,
And our Saviour waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there."

IT WAS the voice of the leader of the choir, Cora Finley. Something in it vibrated like the strings of a violin. It had neither cant, sentimentality nor whining. It rang true metal. It was the convinced outpouring of a simple soul that knew no guile, which belonged to all that was, had ever been, or ever had been taught. It was the first note that she had sung at this revival meeting; it was the first time that she had ever taken part as one who had joined the church. The great congregation let her sing the whole verse without joining in, while tears filled Mrs. Finley's eyes and trickled down her cheek; for it seemed to her that the prayers of years had been answered; that her girl "had got religion." The meeting was magnetized once again, and the second verse began in a very storm of exhortation. The preachers had failed and the previous hymns had failed; they had seemed forced and unreal; but now the real thing possessed the meeting.

What was to come after none could tell, but for the moment all was well. To-day was as yesterday; the darkness was lit up. Veins tingled, hearts swelled, tears flowed, voices rang out. In the middle of the third verse, there was a sudden movement which attracted attention and a man's voice calling. Then, all at once, before the congregation could realize what was happening there sprang on to the platform a man with a great touzled head, bushy beard and blazing blue eyes.

"Saved!" he cried. "Saved! Glory be to God! There's a land that is fairer than day! I'm going—I'm going—I'm going there! Glory be to God!"

IT WAS Bill Minden. The class-leaders on the platform moved down on him, embracing him, shrieking in a frenzy of joy. The congregation rocked to and fro. Bill Minden, the train robber, the jailbird, the notorious, the school trustee, the philanthropist, the would-be Mayor, Bill Minden was converted. No longer the Bible read upon the hotel stoop, no longer the quaint commentary of the Old Testament to a curious crowd on a Sabbath morning, but now the sinner repentant, crying: "I've found it! I've found it! I've found it!" while shouting came from all sides: "Bless the Lord! Glory be to God, he's saved."

Two minutes afterwards Minden was pouring out a flood of eloquence which even drowned the memory of Ephraim Masterman. Here was something right out of the core of nature. Here was a man of the people, in the language of

the people, talking in a vernacular strain which roused the meeting to wonder and to passion. Now all the past reading of Bill's Old Testament supplied him with texts, phrases, illustrations without number.

CHAPTER IV.

MINDEN FORMS A PARTNERSHIP.

THE CAMP Meeting was saved by Bill Minden, the converted, and for three days the great "effort" went on. At the end of it Mr. Rigby, the druggist, treasurer of Grace Church, announced that the debt on the building was redeemed.

The newspapers of the West exclaimed sympathetically, and here and there cynically, on Bill Minden's "getting grace" as it was colloquially called. It certainly was a sensation; but the violence of the spiritual gymnastics was somewhat abated by the fact that Minden in all his public life, if it might be so called, had been the amazing anomaly of a man who had stuck-up coaches and trains, and had even killed men while carrying a Bible in his saddle-bag. Paradox he had always been, and now, as a definite entity without contradiction he was startling but he did not defy understanding. It was as though a surgical operation had produced from a character composite of both crime and goodness a consistent whole.

The Young Doctor was profoundly interested in what he called the Case. No one in Askatoon but himself had seen the singular likeness between the deep blue eyes of Cora Finley, and those of the notorious Minden. Once he got the clue, he began to travel back, with scientific certainty, through a hundred incidents of Minden's life at Askatoon, and through many circumstances surrounding his transfer from the highwayman's enterprise to his new civic virtue. At the end of the journey he found the truth—Minden was the girl's father. He could not, however, guess what had been the past relations between Mrs. Finley and Minden, and why it was that Mrs. Finley, until Minden's conversion, was his sharpest critic.

It was a fact, however, that when Minden stepped from the platform of the saved in the hour of his conversion, Mrs. Finley had met him with outstretched hands. The Young Doctor himself had seen the conversion and had noted how it was linked with Cora's wonderful singing of "There's a Land that is Fairer than Day." There, however, he stopped dead. He only knew that thereafter Minden frequented the Finley home and even attended choir practice now and then. It would all have been absurd, had it not been that Minden was one of the most natural men in speech and manner that could be found in a month of Sundays. Even as successful train-robber he had been unassuming. He had never swaggered in the hey-day of his triumphant crime, but somehow had looked the world simply and humorously in the face. Now as the most spectacular figure of the West, the black sheep of the flock turned miraculously white, there was no smack of vanity or self-consciousness about him. As Jonas Billings said:

"He surely is a wonder. You'd think he was born at a love feast of the quarterly meeting, singing, 'I'm glad that my Saviour loves me'."



Then, all at once, before the congregation could realize what was happening, there sprang on to the platform a man with a great touzled head, bushy beard and blazing blue eyes. "Saved!" he cried.

BUT behind Minden's shrewd, kindly eyes, behind his loose jointed, friendly body, showing a healthy and generous existence, a brain was ceaselessly devising how to get a larger share of happiness which he could not wholly grasp. It was true he saw his daughter almost every day, though not every day did he speak with her; that he visited Mrs. Finley's house; that he officially inspected the school where she was, that he saw her at choir practice; but that was not enough. The great Camp Meeting had been dissolved into a shiver of prismatic radiance, but there was an obsession in his brain and heart which controlled, possessed him: he wanted more. The acknowledgment of the girl as his daughter was denied him, but he had a supreme joy and vanity in what she was. Respectability such as hers was a very worshipful thing to him, although he had never known it until now. He longed, almost savagely, to be under the same roof with her, to feel her influence moving round him like a golden light every day. Morning, noon and night, he thought and thought, and puzzled and puzzled his brain, as to what he could do to get closer to her and yet not risk the truth becoming known.

It was characteristic of him that he still stayed at the Sunbright Hotel. At first the preachers and the class-leaders reasoned, expostulated with him, but his reply had been: "I have lived in a tavern all my life, when I haven't been in a tent or shack; I never had but for a little while any home 'cept a tavern since I growed up. I'm a brother to every man, an' I'm most a brother to them that's on the pad, that's comin' an' goin'. I'm at home with the wayfarer, an' he's at home with me. Y've got to follow y'r bent in the state

Continued on page 71.

Records of Success

A department given over to sketches of interesting Canadian men and women

The First Woman to Edit a Daily

By Madge Macbeth

I HAVE only one regret in presenting this brief sketch of Mrs. McLagan—that is, my editor refuses to allow me space for a serial, a romantic serial such as would make the Williamsons green with envy, the Askews and Harold Macgrath sigh for new worlds to conquer, and the moving picture people scramble themselves to death in their efforts to secure the rights! In their telling lingo—every move's a picture; there's a punch in every reel; the action never lags!

Sara Maclure, eldest daughter of John and Martha McIntyre Maclure, was born near Belfast, Ireland. Her father, a civil engineer, was engaged in Government survey work there until 1858, when he answered the call for volunteers to join the Royal Engineers and go to British Columbia. Not being able to wait until arrangements for the family's moving were completed, the husband left his wife to follow him to the new country, bringing her two babies—Sara, aged three years, and an infant, aged three months. They embarked at Liverpool, on an old sailing vessel, and spent a mere matter of six months getting to Victoria, rounding Cape Horn, amongst other perilous undertakings, and seeing old Father Neptune in all his variable moods. Arrived at New Westminster, Mrs. Maclure found only tents provided for the families of the engineers — until houses could be built! Nevertheless, they were on land, and one imagines that anything stationary looks like home, after half a year on the ocean.

It would appear that the Maclures craved solitude, for after a few years of metropolitan pleasures in New Westminster, they removed to a homestead on the Matsqui Prairie — forty miles from the nearest city, and seventeen from a neighbor. All communication with the outside world was not severed, however, for Mr. Maclure was placed in charge of the Collins Overland Telegraph Company, with the office in his home. This being the case, "I was able to gain sufficient knowledge," said Mrs. McLagan to a friend, "without much trouble, to report all business for British Columbia coming via the Western Union lines." She was thirteen years old at the time!

"All business" included press despatches, which were particularly heavy during the Franco-Prussian War. One of her duties was to compile from the regular despatches sufficient war news to forward each day to a small daily published in Caribou.

I think you will grant me a "move" in this picture—that of a little girl thirteen years old, receiving despatches and sorting them over for suitable news for a daily paper!

Enter the Superintendent. He gives the little girl, only very slightly larger, charge of all the offices from New Westminster to Caribou. Her duties now require her to test the wire every morning, besides the handling of men; she must send repairers out whenever needed. During the construction of the C.P.R. she was asked to take over the Yale office; it was difficult to get responsible operators in those days for a business which grew so rapidly that it reminded one of the country youth and his shrinking trousers. So young Sara Maclure took charge of the Yale office. Soon after, the reporting office was moved to New Westminster and the little operator moved with it—now as the manager of the Victoria office, under the Dominion Government, with Mr. Gisborne, of Ottawa, as superintendent.



Mrs. Sara McLagan.

Don't you call that a "punch" in this reel?

In 1884 the manager resigned to marry Mr. J. C. McLagan, editor and manager of the Victoria *Times*. He was also the founder of the first evening paper published in Vancouver. (*"The World,"* 1888.)

During her husband's lifetime, Mrs. McLagan took no active part on the paper—with the exception of reading the exchanges and clipping a weekly page, which was of great interest to women and deeply appreciated by the country people. After such a life as she had spent, the mere managing of a home, the rearing of a family, and the clipping of a weekly page, certainly made her feel idle! It was she who used the word inactive—not I!

In April, 1901, Mr. McLagan succumbed to a protracted illness—and the following extract will serve to show what esteem the public felt for him and his wife:—

" * * * He left a splendid record of public achievement and it was his death which necessitated Mrs. McLagan's complete mergence into public life, as the first woman editor in Canada, of a daily paper. For four strenuous years * * * she followed the dictates of a high ideal as to educative and regulative force a paper should strive to exert for the good of the community, and she maintained the high standard her husband set, despite the opposition of reporters who were imbued with the modern craving for sensationalism at all hazard. To prevent unauthorized copy from finding its way surreptitiously into the paper, Mrs. McLagan exercised a rigorous censorship as proofreader, and in this manner ran counter to an international law for the employment of a Union worker. Although stiff opposition faced her, she held her ground and finally had the satisfaction of seeing the regulation so amended as to exempt owners of newspapers. . . ."

Speaking of her necessity to take over the management of the paper, Mrs. McLagan says: "Except for a loyal staff and an appreciative general public, I could never have succeeded."

In 1905 such tempting inducements for the disposal of the paper were offered, that the editor felt constrained to accept them, reluctantly giving up the work she had learned to love, notwithstanding long hours of slaving and many hardships.

Her first philanthropic venture on a large scale was assisting in founding the Vancouver Y.M.C.A

This was in 1888 — when Vancouver was not the place it is to-day. The Y.W.C.A. followed, of which Mrs. McLagan was secretary for several years. She was one of a committee of five to organize the Art Historical Association, and is an honorary life member of the same. She was also president of the Local Council of Women for three years, and Provincial President for two, during which she succeeded in organizing the New Westminster Council—one of the largest in British Columbia. She was also accorded the honor of being the first B.C. representative at a national meeting (of the Council) held in Toronto; and soon after this she assisted in establishing the Victorian Order of Nurses in Vancouver, acting as secretary for three years. During her office, two members of the V. O. N. were sent to the Yukon under escort of the R.N.M.P., and a public reception was given them when they passed through Vancouver, at the residence of the secretary. It was a festive occasion, truly! attended by the R.N.M.P. officers and many of the local mititia, city officials, and other prominent persons. And surely the memory of that glorious send-off must have been sweet to the two women who put for the time, home and home ties far from them.

Some years later—secretaryships being thrust upon her—Mrs. McLagan was urged to hold that post for the Daughters of the Empire.

After her father's death she returned to her childhood's home, Hazelbrae, where she spent five years in farming. Then she made another move—to Kilgard, her present home, where she is interested with her son and other members of the family, in the manufacture of pressed brick, sewer piping, etc.

In her youth, and later, her chief hobby, her recreation, has been—guess! Stocks? No! Other forms of gambling and speculation? No! Something vigorous and exciting, I'll be bound? No! Gardening!

She has few greater delights than rambling through the woods in which so many exquisite wild things grow, secluded and sequestered from the rush of evolving nations, and she loves nothing better than the cultivation of these same untended flowers.

Of her personal charm I have purposely said nothing. If you cannot feel it in every undertaking, if you cannot see it in this life so full of achieving things—then I have failed in my sketch, utterly. And, just a moment! Doesn't it make you feel inordinately *lazy?*

The Opponent of Cabinet Ministers

By Stanley Smith

FIFTY odd years ago two bare-legged boys played and squabbled on their way to school in the County of Kent, New Brunswick. Even before the primer was finished one was whisked away beyond the ocean to live with his relatives in Glasgow, and the other, left at home, mourned his departure. The boy who went away is now a member of the British War Council and one of the foremost personalities in the Government. Thus did one Kent County boy grow and flourish and he has still much of his career before him. But the one left at home did not pine or spend his life in bewailing his lack of opportunities. For, be it known, that the two were A. Bonar Law and Henry A. Powell, and there be many who know Mr. Powell, and, judging the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law by his pictures, his speeches, and his record, think that the lad who stayed at home in Kent County fits and looks the part of a British Cabinet Minister just as well at least as his one-time playmate.

Bonar Law, we are told, has the keen, analytical mind; he is, in a sense, unimpressionable, reactionary and reserved. His oratory has none of the fervid power of Churchill, or of the measured eloquence of Asquith. He was the Opposition's financial critic before he became their candidate for the Prime Ministership, and later the associate of David Lloyd-George, and his speeches breathe the financial spirit, logical, convincing and aggressive, but with nothing, so it is said, to warm the cockles of the heart or stir men to deeds of valor.

On the other hand, here we have Henry A. Powell, with a splendid legal mind, but a tongue of silver, a Tory leader, but also a progressive, broad in his views, as well as his girth, a rotund face lit up with friendliness and crowned with snow-white hair, a predilection to white vests and white ties and grey suits; in short, a sort of British statesman to the life. He gets down to brass tacks in his big job on the International Waterways Commission. But that does not check the flow of his oratory or shade the glow of his human kindliness. By all the laws of psychology, Bonar Law, with his keenness and this thinness, ought to be in Mr. Powell's place and Mr. Powell, with his heartiness and his girth, ought to be in Mr. Law's place. But, such is the way of the world.

Beneath Mr. Powell's kindly exterior we know he is a fighter. He fought his way into the Dominion House of Commons in 1895 as the representative for Westmorland, and then came back in 1896. At that time he wielded the sword on behalf of the Remedial Bill. Then, in 1900, as a big man, he ran against a big man, and with the Government at Ottawa controlling the I.C.R, Westmorland sent Hon. H. R. Emmerson to Ottawa instead of Mr. Powell. Looking about for a larger field for his legal abilities, Mr. Powell came to St. John in 1906 and in 1911 he was chosen as a Conservative standard bearer to run against Hon. William Pugsley. St. John owed much to the then Minister of Public Works, but only 65 citizens more rallied to his support than those who were willing to take a chance on Mr. Powell. Thus the latter's political defeats have been before two Cabinet Ministers.

Mr. Powell on the stump is mellow in his eloquence, fierce in his denunciation, and convincing in his logic. Personalities know no place in his periods. He is too big for that. But the larger issues are thoroughly discussed. Woe to the cub reporter assigned to Mr. Powell. In longhand it is impossible to keep pace with him, reproduce his rhapsodies or to preserve the beauty of his language. This is particularly true of his patriotic speeches. The pages of British history are open to him; he speaks intimately of characters of whom the layman knows little or nothing, and he has the gems of the great speeches of the leaders of all ages at his tongue's tip. He recalls many an anecdote and thrilling story which he has found tucked away in the corners of little-read histories.

He is by descent a Welshman. His forefathers found their way to New Brunswick with the United Empire Loyalists and they settled in Richibucto. The youthful Powell lost no time in finishing up what school advantages were offered him in his native town, and at the early age of twenty he graduated from Mount Allison, at Sackville. He turned naturally to law and was admitted a barrister in 1880, two years after his marriage. He did not have to leave home to find a field for his legal talent, but settled in his college town and there made a name for himself which extends beyond the borders of the Dominion.

Like so many public men of Canada, Mr. Powell got his first political train-



Henry A. Powell.

ing as a member of the Provincial Legislature, representing Westmorland in the local House from 1890 to 1895. When he entered the larger field he was getting toward his prime, and when he moved the Address to the Speech from the Throne in the opening session of 1896, he made a very deep impression. The late Nicholas Flood Davin wrote at that time: "Here we have a man unexcelled in the 'new guard.'"

Mr. Powell's legal attainments became more finished as his political experience broadened and his reputation stands very high in cases that are involved and intricate, particularly those of the bigger matters of railways and property settlements. He levelled his powerful criticism against the Transcontinental, and, making a study of the railways of Canada as a whole, he has lectured on this subject in a highly convincing and interesting manner.

After the Homeric campaign of 1911 in which he lost the election by only a few votes, came his great opportunity and he was chosen as a member of the Canadian section of the International Waterways Commission, as named by the new Government. He entered upon the work with a very high sense of the responsibility and an enthusiasm peculiarly his own. This commission deals with subjects, that, as Mr. Powell himself said, have been far more weighty and provocative than the issues leading up to the great European war, but which he and his colleagues so far have been able to adjust without rancor and to the satisfaction of both the United States and Canada. The sittings are held in Washington, in Canadian cities, and at points along the international border conveniently situated to the waterways on which the disputes arise. This position would be sufficient for the ambition of most men, but whispers say that Mr. Powell looks ahead and can see other worlds to conquer. We know that a warrior who has gone forth to battle against such doughty knights as Emmerson and Pugsley, although unhorsed, is worthy of the cause he has championed and would be accorded the privilege of another fight when conditions are more favorable. The decision rests with Mr. Powell. Whether or not he will again don the armor and draw the sword is a question on which he will not commit himself.

However that may be, he is finding life strenuous and enjoyable, with the companionship of a devoted wife, a charming daughter, and the satisfaction of seeing a brilliant son forging ahead in the medical profession.

His bent for research found a new outlet in the archeological movement and he became one of the promoters and best supporters of the St. John Archeological Society when it was formed in 1909. His lectures, besides the address on railways mentioned, include those on "Some Forgotten Events in History," "Some Incidents in Canadian History," and patriotic speeches. He has besides maintained a close connection with his Alma Mater and is a member of the Board of Regents, a senator, and a member of the executive committe of Mount Allison University. A profound student, a keen lawyer, and a good citizen, Henry A. Powell stands high among Canadian public men.

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Men—The Biggest Problem in Business

Progress Comes Only Through Making the Scientific Serve the Human Element.

THE PROBLEM of men—the hardest problem in business, many think—is unusually troublesome now. Three years ago the number of workers out of employment was appalling; to-day there is probably less unemployment than during any period for which we have records, and workers have not been slow to grasp their advantage. A rapid increase in living costs has also acted as a spur. The following extracts from an article in *System* outline some methods and policies that have worked out successfully in the race of the severest obstacles:

We shall need a new degree of effectiveness in our business, big and little, once the war ends. The fire of this great combat will burn a new order of things into the lives of an important percentage of the civilized population of the world. As a result, commerce and trade will be absolutely different after the war in certain important respects.

Thousands of men who entered the armies as privates are going to leave them with shoulder straps. The toll has been so heavy on the ruling classes that they can no longer supply the officers, and new types have been taught to lead.

These confident, well-trained, hardened men are going back into Europe's stores and factories when peace returns to exert exactly the same influence that our veterans exerted on business after the Civil War closed. They will be poor, but nothing puts fibre into men and nations and business more surely than the impelling power of poverty. And these men are to be my competitors and your competitors—regardless of the size or the nature of your business—after the restoration of peace.

Now what practical steps should we take to meet this situation? What are the most important steps you and I can take in our businesses, the effects of which, when totaled for the entire country, will do the most to solve the problems? I want to suggest that we turn our attention to those who work with us, to the human side of business. If we shall each learn how to awaken a little more loyalty from our help and to give more in turn, always remembering that loyalty creates loyalty — I prefer the old-fashioned word "help" to "operative," "worker" or "employee," for they are our helpers—the total results may satisfy the need, for a country's effectiveness in commerce is measured by the good will and loyalty between the heads and the helping hands in its factories and stores. This loyalty of help is therefore part of the

undation of national commercial standing. nd there is only one way to strengthen the lyalty of help—by learning to treat it with a greе of human sympathy that will result in ltter team work among the help on your yroll and my payroll. We might properly raphrase the old quotation: "Am I my lother's keeper?" and make it read: "I am y brother's helper."

It is possible to point out certain methods nich help to win loyalty from help. Let us st consider the concern large enough to re foremen or others to take over the subdinate direction of the men. Here it is all portant to have the foremen feel that winng the support of the help is as important factor in judging their success as the quality d the quantity of the product. They must derstand that a workman is first of all a man being, not a tooth on a gear, and t he will never produce best when you buy ly the work of his hands and forget to ovide for the sympathetic co-operation of id and heart.

Now let us turn to conditions that apply concerns of practically all sizes. It is portant not to drive. "Fear of the boss" ver inspired any real team work, and no od working force was ever built up without m work. The men in positions of responility must make the men under them really nt to work with and for them. It takes a able personality to awaken this sort of an itude among the help, and yet men have othered and destroyed the likeable peralities which should have been an import- asset.

say without hesitation, and judging from mewhat varied experience in management, t I would choose a tactful personality ry time in preference to great executive lity or mechanical skill. The man with a able personality can develop, with apparly no effort at all, a degree of effectiveness surpassing that created with the most nstaking care by men possessing only great cutive ability or skill. And when we find nan who possesses a combination of all se to a high degree—a human personality, sual executive and mechanical ability—we uld count him an almost priceless asset.

is also vital for those in positions of reisibility to be patient despite trying conons. Above all, they must be fair. No ter how restricted it may be, they should to appreciate the other person's point of v; and they should make every effort to their tempers, no matter to what extent may be aggravated. They must avoid ng things that should never have been in the heat of anger. Their horizons are er than the usual horizon, their outlooks ider than the average outlook, and therefit is fair to expect self-restraint and artiality from them.

o hear patiently what their subordinates e to say, and to convince these subordinthat they want to be fair and just, should mong the lessons learned by these execus. Where do most of the labor troubles t? Precisely at the point where some ager, superintendent, foreman, workman abor leader takes a position from which pride will not let him recede even if his ment favors a retreat. He must either ender or fight, and if he fights, hundreds thers may have to pay an awful price—ly to sustain one man's personal pride. a little temper, not much, a few hot ls, not many, a few "damn you's" and the and the only bridge between both parties peace is down. If only a little tact and on had been used during the early stages e trouble, the final position that could not compromised might easily have been led.

ese executives should learn that it never to call one employee down in the pre- of another. It may be all right—at it may even be advantageous—to speak s of praise for other ears, but this is r true of words of criticism. Sharp, cutwords of criticism may sear and burn nployee's brain for months, and if spoken e presence of another embitter him, per- for life.

rhaps you have heard the advice an old nd superintendent gave to his son—it omething like this: "Son, you will some- have to discipline men, but you can do



Uncle Sam's Mail Carriers

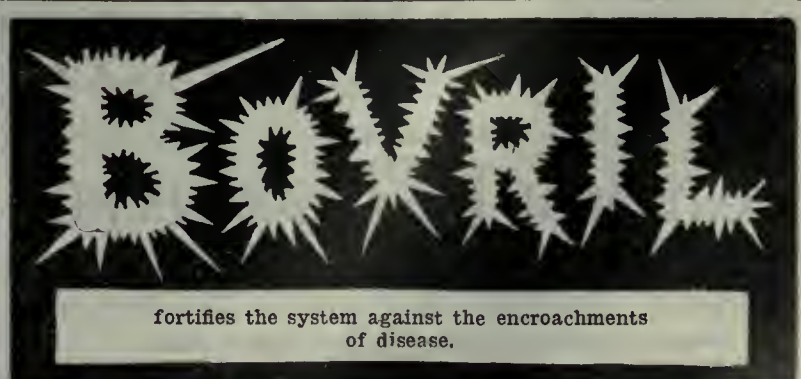
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that without parting company with good manners. It won't lift you up in the estimation of your men to tell a man in the presence of others how many kinds of a d—— fool he is. No, no, that good old word discipline comes from the same root as the word disciple, and the definition of the word disciple is follower."

When the boss cultivates a spirit of grouch he can decide at once that it is going to produce one kind of fruit and one only—it will produce "after its own kind." And, although the boss may be just one grouch, from that seed there may grow forty grouches all 'round the shop and the odds will be against him.

It's the man with the smile who usually wins out in business, as well as in other walks of life, for that matter.

Our business executives must be taught that the man who attempts to do everything himself usually fails. Nothing is more pitiful than the sight of a man of skill falling down on a job requiring something besides skill simply because he will not provide himself with suitable assistance and then delegate some of the work to the assistants. The man who succeeds is the man who has the help of a team. The lack of team work is the explanation of many a failure.

Since we are discussing ways of working with men to better advantage, we must naturally give some thought to so-called (and too often miscalled) scientific management. There is apparently a growing tendency to ignore the human element in industry, and many would connect this with the interest in scientific management. This tendency runs toward the creation of the means for the production of goods at maximum capacities and minimum costs without much regard for the human element involved.

The result is a mechanical spirit, a spirit which produces minds of mechanical qualities and withers up ordinary human feelings. We should never agree to acquiring commercial effectiveness at the expense of the richer spiritual qualities. If we are going to allow our pursuit of the scientific to make slaves of materialism of us, we had best call a halt to-day, before we have gone too far, for real progress will come only from making the scientific serve the human element.

As long as we remember that making our business effective really amounts to applying common sense to ordinary commonplace affairs we shall be safer. There is nothing miraculous about that, and we shall not get beyond our depths. There is no doubt that the new profession called "efficiency engineering" and other names has made considerable progress in some directions, but that should not be made the excuse for placing either ourselves or it in a false position by turning everything that is troubling us in business over to it. When it comes to this question, some of us who were not born yesterday transpose the words on the signs at the railroad crossings and look, listen—and stop.

A friend of mine went to hear a leading efficiency man, who has done splendid work, speak about efficiency in the household. The argument was advanced that even in the purchase of lamb chops there were chances for improvements through greater efficiency.

The next morning my friend undertook to teach his wife what he had learned from this speech. His wife listened patiently for a time, and then asked. "Do you love me?"

"Certainly I do," he answered.

"Do you love your happy home?" she then asked.

"Sure!" was his answer.

Next she shot at him: "Then shut up."

So-called scientific management has as its object the elimination of waste. The most important waste in business is not of materials but of time. Now to make the most attractive reductions in the wastage of time, you must have co-operation from your employees. In other words, the knack of working with men is vital.

Hence any system of management, whether it is called scientific or not, which disregards this factor of team work or co-operation from the help is most dangerous. It will defeat its own ends.

It is fairly easy to list a number of types of management in use by men responsible for the work accomplished by important concerns. For instance, some business men think

the knack of handling men amounts to nagging at more or less regular intervals. Personally I do not think much of this method.

Others prefer to make working with men largely a money matter. They offer a man twice the amount any one else will give him, tell him they expect him to make good twice as spectacularly as any one else and then leave him completely alone. If he makes good, they readily give him enough more to keep him pushing; if he falls down, they replace him. This method may be all right if you can afford expensive blunders.

A third plan is to work with men by arousing a spirit of team play among them and making them feel that they are members of an industrial family. This, I believe, is the best way. You must have team work for the finest success.

One of the important detailed questions involved in working with men is, of course, when and how to handle raises. Here again we encounter fifty-seven varieties of specific conditions. The case of each man is different. With some men a raise will act as a spur; with others it will put them to sleep. The question of salary rewards should never be disregarded, of course, because the man who most deserves an increase may be one who will not ask for it and will cast about for new connections after a noticeably long period passes without a raise. Most business men with a number of highly paid men under them have stated periods, I presume, for going over the names of these men. Only by following some such schedule can the risk of overlooking a good man be avoided. More important still is the advisability of mapping out the line of advance best suited to each man and showing him that it is ahead. Then, too, men should be shifted until they are in position for advancement along the lines at which they work best. The reward of planning of this sort, if coupled with the right type of management, should be team work and an unusually low labor cost in place of the always expensive hiring and firing policy.

The Heart's Desire of Rumania

Sketches From the History of a County Distinguished in Poetry and Agriculture.

THE Rumania of to-day is as large as England, with a population equal to that of England a century and a quarter ago. The present war seeks to add to it Rumanian lands and Rumanian peoples equal to Scotland, and, like Scotland a region of pine-clad hills. But in many things it is to Ireland rather than England that comparisons point. There is intense nationalism, as in Ireland, and a land question bitterly fought between two parties. Quoting briefly from the *Outlook* we have the following notes from the history of this interesting country:

Of cultivated land—as rich as any in the world, so that this small kingdom stands fifth among the nations for wheat and fifth for wine—Rumania has twenty million acres. Some ten million acres are divided into little peasant holdings of less than ten acres each; some ten millions into great estates averaging over two thousand acres, worked by laborers not far from serfdom, while the owners, absentees like the Irish landlords of the past, spend their money lavishly in Bucharest or Paris. So it comes that in no other country in Europe is the chasm so wide between the few very wealthy landowners—less than five thousand families—and the great bulk of the people who till the soil.

Yet another comparison with Ireland. The first ruler of modern Rumania, besides being a great nationalist, was the leader in a nation-wide land agitation which had for its aim just the aim Parnell had in view in Ire-



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land—to turn a nation of laborers into a nation of peasant owners; and, like Parnell, the Rumanian leader was ruined through a tragedy of passion, and left his work undone. So it comes that the land question is, after nationalism, the greatest and gravest question in Rumanian politicis. For the present it is in abeyance; but it will assuredly come up again after the war.

This passion for the land and for the things that grow upon it has deeply colored Rumanian poetry. Just as among Irish popular ballads there is a class called "Come all ye's," from their first words, so, in Rumania, whole groups of poems begin with the names of plants or fruits: "Leaf of the violet! Leaf of red clover! Leaf of the mulberry! Leaf of the bramble! Leaf of the acacia! Leaf of marjoram! Leaf of arbutus!" Here is a long song that is representative of many:

"Green leaf of the hawthorn! nothing any longer touches my thought. Since longing came upon me, it has taken prisoner my heart; since longing seized me, my soul is on fire. I climb the hill, I go down into the valley, and my day is wasted by the roadside. I pass my life in longing. My little sweetheart, whose lips are like a flower, when I see thee, I forget the plow in the furrow, the pickax struck into the earth; I let my oxen graze, my plow rust, my pickax rot. Alas, little sweetheart! if thou wert willing, I would drive four plows and till the whole land! But thou are not willing. my woe, and I die for longing!"

In these folk poems one finds wonderful phrases: A wanderer went to the world's end, "where things that are mingle with things that are not;" there is an old widow, "old as Time, and so poor that even the flies had deserted her hut;" there are sheep that whiten the hillside "like a carpet of opened flowers." And some of the songs end with a graceful touch of humor: "My hero is still living—unless he has died!" "The wedding feast is still going on, unless it ended—like my song!"

One of the best of these poems is in praise of poetry itself, of the national Rumanian poem, the "Doina:" "Oh, doina, doina, sweet song, when I hear thee I halt in the way. Oh, doina, doina, song full of fire, when thou echoest I stand still. Spring winds blow, and I sing the doina in the open air, amid the flowers and the nightingales. When winter comes, laden with tempests, I sing, in my cottage, the doina, to guard my days and nights. When the birth of the leaves in the forests comes again, I sing the doina of the brigands. The leaf falls to the earth, and then I sing the doina of lamentations. I speak the doina, I breathe the doina, I live only through the doina!"

One may sum up in the words of the late King Carol, who made himself a true Rumanian: "Our popular poety in a marvelous way mirrors the painful times of a past full of fear and suffering. While science and politics lay dormant, poetry was profoundly alive in the Rumanian heart."

If poetry be the soul of the Rumanian people, the tillage of the soil is its body. The wide plains of the Danube and its affluents—the Sereth, which flows south from Bukowina; the Yalomitsa, which rises in the Carpathian foothills; the Aluta, which comes southward through the mountains from Transylvania—are among the richest farm lands in the world; lands on which the fawn-colored oxen and buffaloes of bygone days are yielding to modern tractors and steam plows, just as, alas! the national costume of the peasants, splendid with colored needlework, is in danger of absorption into the drab monotony of "civilized" clothes. These rich lands the Rumanian peasants tilled as serfs, for masters who for centuries were little better than serfs of the Turks.

Rumania was for generations the battlefield of the Turks from the south, fighting against the Russians from the north; the Russians who, after long and abject helotry to the Moslem Tartars—of the hordes of the great Genghiz Khan—had slowly and through much suffering shaken off the Tartar yoke, at last driving their conquerors back to the shores of the Black Sea, on the fringe of the Sultan's Empire. Something over a century ago one of these interminable wars raged between Russian and Turks; and Suvaroff,

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the wild genius who led Empress Catherine's armies, inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Turks in a region largely peopled by Rumanians, at Ismailia, just north of the mouths of the Danube. The peace, made in 1812, gave Russia as spoils of victory the region between the Dniester and the Pruth, which bears the name of Bessarabia, from the old Rumanian princely family of Bessarab. There was hardly even a stirring of Rumanian nationality then; the name, even, of Rumanian had hardly come into being. The whole of the future Kingdom was still divided into two Turkish provinces: Moldavia, to the north, between the Pruth and the Carpathians; and Wallachia, to the south, between the Transylvanian Alps and the Danube. Their administration, which consisted largely in plundering their populations, was for the most part carried on by Greek traders from Stamboul, who bought their offices at auction from the Sultan, and counted on organized robbery to get back the price.

A word concerning the faith of the Rumanians. All eastern Europe, from the line of the Balkans northward, owes its Christianity to two Slav apostles, Cyril and Methodius, who, drawing their inspiration from the ancient Church of Constantinople, carried the Scriptures and Prayer-Book, in the old Slav tongue, to the northern half of the Balkan Peninsula and to what was to be the Russian Empire. So old Slavonic became the Church tongue of Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, and Russia, to whose living tongues it stands in the same relation as the Latin of the Western Church does to Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French. It also became the ecclesiastical language of the Rumanian region, where it has always been an alien speech. So that in working toward national consciousness and life Rumania had gradually to turn its Church tradition and services into the national tongue, as in the domain of law it threw off the shackles of the Phanariote Greeks, with the jargon they brought with them from Stamboul. For, while the best writing of modern Greece is close to the beautiful old tongue of Hellas—no living tongue has changed less in two millenniums—the daily speech of the peasants and the Constantinople traders is no better than a jargon. And this was still more true a century ago, when the fight for the Rumanian tongue began.

While they were thus winning a language for their nascent nation, which was coming up out of the throes of centuries of suffering and subjection, the Rumanians were at the same time reconquering, by slow and painful stages, the power and right to govern themselves, though still under Turkish suzerainty. The people of Wallachia now elected their own prince, as did the Moldavians to the north. By a happy inspiration, they effected a union in 1859 by electing the same man to both offices, and Alexander John Cuza, whom we have likened to the great Irish Nationalist Charles Stewart Parnell, became the first Prince of United Rumania, whose administration was completely unified in 1861. But five years later a strong party in Rumania brought about his downfall: in part because of elements in his private life, but more, perhaps, because of his land policy, which meant the emancipation and enrichment of the peasant millions at the expense of the few great landed families.

Then came the suggestion, made first, it is said, in France, that a prince of the old Roman Catholic line of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen should be called to govern Rumania; Prince Carol of that ancient house, was unanimously accepted by a Constituent Assembly, which in the summer of 1866 formed also a Parliament of two houses, to govern constitutionally in union with the Prince. The Sultan of Turkey was still suzerain over Rumania; but Prince Carol, who was a trained soldier, throwing himself heart and soul into the national life of Rumania, organized and trained an excellent army, and began a network of strategic railways leading up to the mountain passes and down to the Danube, and later connected with the Black Sea by the line to Constanza, which crosses the Danube by the magnificent bridge at Cherna Voda, the "black water." These were happy days for the Rumanians. Wealth and well-being increased; new writers, full of the spirit of Rumania nationalism, mul-



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tiplied poems and histories, dramas and romances, of Rumanian life; and Carol's consort, who had been Princess Elizabeth of Wied, became, as "Carmen Sylva," the enthusiastic prophetess of the Rumanian tongue and its ancient, beautiful traditions. The closeness of that tongue to French made easy a rich interchange between the two languages; Rumania's memories and aspirations were told in French, and the best French writers became the models of the young Rumanians.

In 1854, a dozen years before the coming of Prince Carol and "Carmen Sylva," and five years before the two Danubian principalities were first united, Russia and Turkey had once more gone to war. Turkey, with the support of Napoleon III. and Viscount Palmerston, was able, when the war closed, to get back a part of Bessarabia, which had then been a part of the Russian Empire for nearly half a century. In 1877, eleven years after Carol had come to rule Rumania, the Turkish persecution of the Slavonic Serbs and Bulgars led Russia once more to intervene in the Balkans. On May 17 a Russian army began a southward march through Rumania and across the Danube; and, after a first serious check at Plevna, Rumanian troops under Prince Carol were invited to join the Russins and fought splendidly through the remainder of the campaign. But the distribution of fruits of victory brought discord. Russia claimed and received western Bessarabia, which had been Russian territory from 1812 to 1856, but which had been embodied in Turkish Rumania from 1856 to 1877. As compensation Russia compelled Turkey to cede to Rumania the Dobrudja plateau, which turns the Danube northward at Silistria. But the compensation was felt to be inadequate; the alienation of Bessarabia, with its million Rumanian inhabitants, was one of the causes which led Rumania, six years after the war, to throw in her lot with the Central Empires.

Against the Central Powers, however, Rumania had a deeper and more lasting grievance. In the Bukowina, in Transylvania, and the Banat, there are four million Rumanians, and this whole region is saturated with the most ancient Ruman traditions. The city now called Karlsburg, in southwestern Transylvania, was Apulum, the headquarters of the legionaries of the Rumanian region; Sucheava, on a tribuary of the Sereth, in Bukowina, the Beechland, was the ancient Moldavian capital; and in the Putna monastery, hard by, the old Moldavian princes were buried.

It is curious, and far from creditable, that the Rumanians of Transylvania and the Banat, subject to Hungary and governed from Budapest, have been far more harshly treated than their brothers in the Bukowina, directly under the Austrian crown. At the very time when the Magyars, under Louis Kossuth's fiery leadership, were fighting for their liberty and their national ideal these same Magyars were planning to disfranchise the Rumanians of Transylvania and reduce them to helotry. Transylvania was to be represented at Budapest by sixty-nine Deputies; but these were all to be Magyars or Germans, although the Rumanians were two-thirds of the whole population, while the Magyars were but a quarter and the Germans less than a tenth. This was in 1848, the "year of liberty." In 1863 the Emperor Franz Josef, bringing Transylvania more directly under his rule, dealt more generously with the Rumanian population; but three years later the Prussian victory at Sadowa broke the Austrian power. Hungary asserted herself, recovered Transylvania, and has been bullying and maltreating the Rumanians ever since, as she has bullied the Slovaks and other Slav peoples within the Kingdom. Under the Magyar election law, of more than four hundred representative elected to the Diet, only one was a Rumanian. A tyrannous Magyarization went on at the same time, for there is a false nationalism as well as a true. And now the cup of injustice has flowed over; the armies from the Rumanian Kingdom lately poured through the Carpathian passes in an effort to liberate their western brothers, to reunite the old Rumanian land. And so rich, so fertile, so full of promise, is the Rumanian genius that the whole world stands to gain through a fuller expression of Rumanian nationalism. We have come to learn, through long centuries of pain and struggle, that the fruit of a nation's work is of sterling and universal value, of genuine worth in the world, only when that nation is living and breathing in the free spirit of its own genius; and this Ruman nation, young and strong and vigorous and of uncorrupted life, for all its centuries of tradition, has, we are confident, rich treasures in its heart, to be brought forth for the enrichment of the world.

Dante's Appeal to the Nations

The Seer of Six Hundred Years Ago Has a Message for Europe To-day.

TO-DAY, perhaps owing to the pressure of great practical anxieties, we would welcome the man of action more than the man of vision; it is natural, when the hour has come that we should look for the man who can act, but the world could not do without the man of vision. At any rate the man of vision has often inspired the man of action. When, however, we turn to Dante and ask what message he has for us, we may be sure we shall not listen to the vapourings of a visionary, but to the carefully devised schemes and well-weighed words of a man who had imagination enough to understand the great things of the world, and good sense enough to remember the little things which are also great. This is true in spite of the fact that we must regard him chiefly as an idealist, and so judge the appeal which comes to us across the stretch of six hundred years. Quoting briefly from *The Nineteenth Century Magazine*:

We are to-day spectators of a conflict which will alter the map of Europe and revolutionize the conditions of social and political life. The children who are born to-day will grow up in a new world. Things and institutions which we and our fathers have known may vanish, a new earth may be born, better or worse than the one we have known and lived in. From the spectacle of the convulsed Europe we know we turn to Dante, who in his day also looked out upon a Europe seething with unrest—in which theories seemingly irreconcilable fought for the mastery, and self-seeking men and unprincipled opportunists waited warily upon events, in which thousands of the combatants fought for principles which they did not understand, and shouted rallying cries which had lost their meaning, in which few had any real guiding principle of judgment, and many exercised a prudent caution of concealment. He lived in a Europe, in fact, which, though wholly different from the Europe we know, was filled with men like the men we know—men brave but ignorant, men astute but cowardly, men patriotic and self sacrificing, and men who measured everything by self-interest. Human nature with its greatness and littleness is the same to-day as it was 600 years ago. We may, therefore, hear from Dante an appeal which has its message for our own age. I call it an appeal, and I hope that I can justify the word. For the present I only ask what message Dante has for the nations and men of to-day. One great Italian of last century, speaking in a time of Continental unrest, said "The secret of Dante is the secret of our own epoch." If so, it is not unreasonable to believe that he has some message for us.

To this end let us look at some of Dante's political principles. Dante set out his views in a formal fashion in his work *De Monarchia*. He saw that the times were times of war and confusion. Rivalries, dynastic, municipal, religious, were complicating the problem of how to live. He felt that the hour needed some strong, wise and honorable man who might restore harmony and establish upon some permanent basis a better order of things. In the chaos of the times unity of Government seemed to be the most pressing necessity, and so with great earnestness, with the use of the verbal logic which was fashionable, with delightful dexterity and simple-minded sincerity, allied with a simplicity which is astonishing, he pleaded that a great State Ruler was needful for civil affairs, just as a great Ecclesiastical Ruler was recognized as necessary in religious matters. The world needed a monarch for things of the State and a Pope for things of the Church, both deriving their authority from Heaven. Now when we read his earnest pleadings for unity of Government, his reiterated arguments leading to the monotonous conclusion that a single ruler is needed for the peace of the world, we may be tempted to think that Dante must be counted among those who would welcome the establishment of an Empire which would put into the hands of one sovereign the destinies of Europe. In this case we may ask whether his ideas are not more in harmony with the programme of Germany to-day than with those of ourselves and of our Allies?

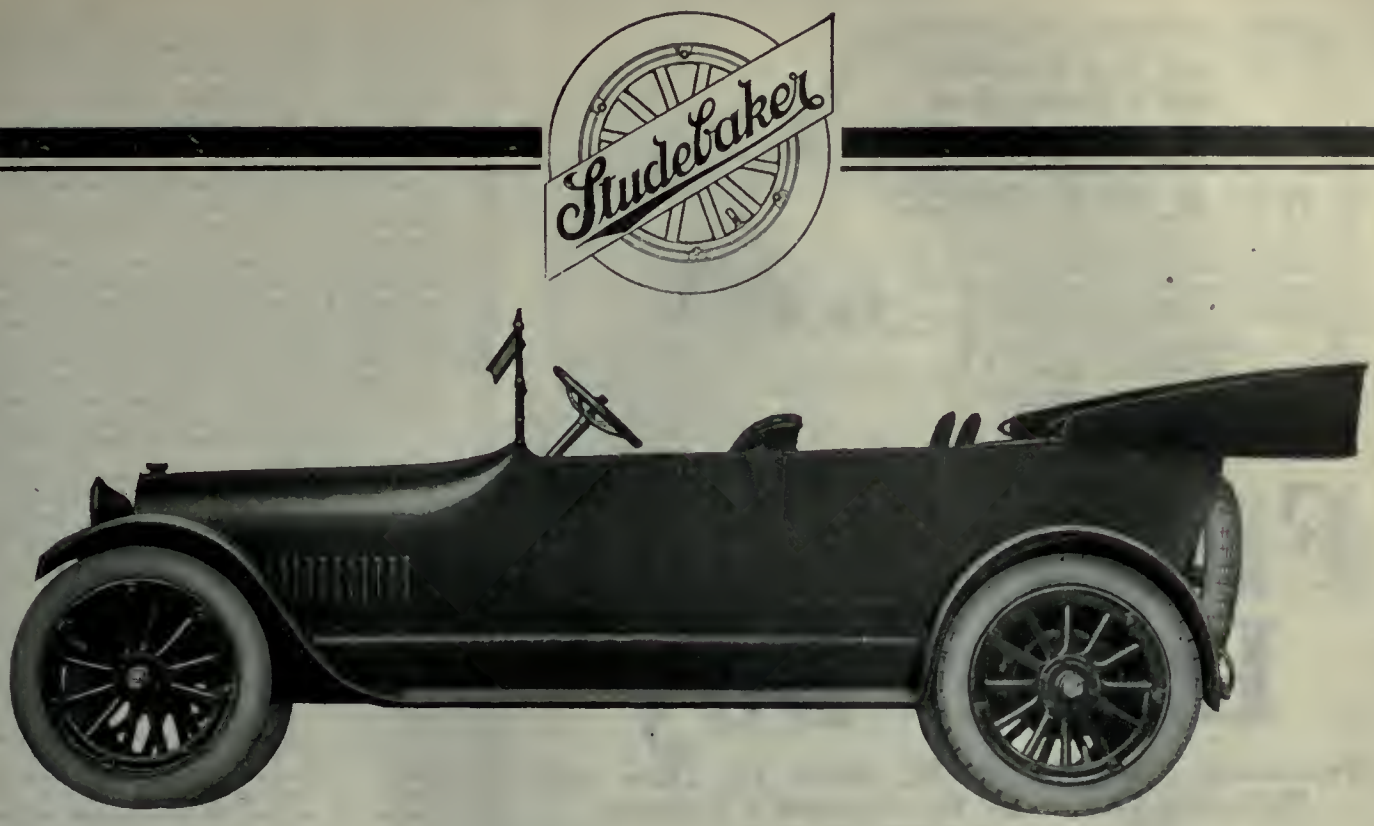
What is the root and ground of this Imperial majesty? It arises, Dante says, from man's social state, "which is ordained for a single end—namely, a life of happiness." It is because man cannot reach happiness alone, but only with comradeship, because he is a companionable animal, that this central ruler is needed. Man needs help in social, in political affairs, and in the long run his happiness cannot be secured unless there is some final authority to determine disputes and do justice. Thus it is not empire for the sake of empire which Dante advocates, but empire for the sake of human happiness. The form of his remedy from existing evils is only adopted because he desires the end—human happiness. To him the method is less than the end: the form less than the purpose. His deepest interest is not with the form of central government, but with happiness of the race.

What Dante desires is a consensus in regard to fundamental principles of right and freedom in practical life. He could only see security for such a consensus in some supreme ruler. "Not only is this possible to one, but it must of necessity flow from one that all confusion concerning universal principles may be removed." But in the application of principles freedom was to be allowed. Dante advocates a supreme ruler, because he wishes to secure to all men freedom and peace; these were the great objects which he had in view. He only valued his theory as it promoted or seemed to promote these objects. His theory was subordinate to his purpose, and not his purpose to his theory. He would have been the first to refuse power which did not secure to man the happiness in peace and freedom which man had a right to claim.

This freedom is the greatest gift conferred by God on human nature; for through it we have our felicity here as men, through it we have our felicity elsewhere as deities. He tells us clearly that the value of rulers is that they can promote happiness by preserving freedom.

Citizens, he says, are not there for the sake of Consuls, nor the nation for the sake of the King, but conversely, the Consuls for the sake of the citizens, and the King for the sake of the nation. For just as the body politic is not established for the benefit of the laws, but the laws for the benefit of the body politic, so too they who live under the law are not ordained for the benefit of the legislator, but rather he for theirs. . . . hence it is clear that, albeit the Consul or King be masters of the rest as regards the way, yet as regards the end they are servants; the monarch most of all for he must assuredly be regarded as the servant of all.

If Dante then has a message for us in the present conflict, it is not a mesage to encourage the northern barbarians on their errand of vindictive and ambitious conquest. It is a message of hope to the gallant little nations fighting for their right to live according to their own judgment of what is fitting: it is the message of faith that nations



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are, by the order of Providence, to be allowed to develop to their fullest the special gifts and qualities which nature has bestowed upon them. The duty of the strong is to secure to the weak the opportunity and liberty for such development. Such a message is not a message for the Central Powers but for the Allies, who seek to restore to Serbia, Montenegro, and Belgium national life, social well-being, and political peace.

Such is Dante's message to the nations of to-day.

But Dante's message goes deeper than this. He realizes—what political theorists fail to realize—that the secret of human happiness lies in man himself. The key which was needed to liberate Christian from the Castle of Despair was in his own bosom. All true thinkers are at one in this, that the root of evil lies not in things external but in man himself. "Happiness," said a modern Italian, "is not in things: it lies in moral healthfulness."

"No created being," Dante writes, "is a final goal in the intention of the Creator; but is rather the proper function for the achieving that goal." We are made not as ends in ourselves, but as powers to accomplish some end. We are not here for self but for service.

But how to fit ourselves for service? Dante's answer would be, I think, by achieving freedom. Freedom is our when our capacities and powers are made available under our own direction for the fulfilment of our function, duty or destiny.

The first principle of freedom is freedom of choice. But Dante is not so foolish as to include the idea that every man's freedom consists in choosing what he likes. I can imagine Dante's scornful denunciations of the man who was led by his likes or dislikes. Men, he says, get as far as saying that free choice is free judgment, and herein he admits that they say truth; but he urges that they should go further and understand the significance and value of what they say and what he admits is true.

For if freedom of choice is free judgment, we need to understand what we mean by judgment. Judgment clearly means a decision between two litigants or competitors. There is no judgment where there is no weighing of rival claims. In human experience we are often called to exercise our judgment between the counsels of mind or thought and the pleadings of desire. Hence Dante calls judgment the link (ought we not to say the judge or umpire?) between apprehension and appetite.

"If the judgment sets the appetite in motion, then it is free; but if the judgment is moved by the appetite, it cannot be free, for it does not move of itself, but is drawn captive by another." In other words, if we are swayed by desire, our judgment has really not acted in the case: it is only when our judgment, having weighed and considered the question, after having understood or apprehended it in all its bearings has come to a decision, that we can be said to be acting as free men. Briefly, we may be slaves of appetite or desire or likes or dislikes; and it is the part of wise men to realize that in the order of God we are called to develop harmoniously all our powers, and, therefore, to give its fitting place to thought and its true throne to judgment. "Brutes," Dante says, "cannot have free judgment because their judgments are always anticipated by their appetites." Your little dog takes greedily whatever dainty is given to it. You may talk to it and give it the sagest and soundest advice: you may point out with vivid exactness the evil effects of greediness indulged; but its little eyes are fixed with determined desire on the dainty morsel in your hand: he will ignore your wise counsels and swallow the morsel with avidity and turn innocent and expectant eyes to you, waiting for more. Truly, Dante is right: appetite anticipates judgment in such a case. Your freedom as a human being is only true freedom when desire is subordinate to judgment.

This power of judgment to set passion or appetite in its proper place must inevitably contribute to the building up of character in its true proportion. In this true proportion freedom is found; for then only we are at liberty when all our members, powers, and passions are contributing in harmonious co-

operation their share to the main end and work of life. Freedom is ability to use power as need or duty may require. In this happy proportion of duly subordinated and co-operating powers there will be found what Dante would call nobility.

Nobility is a fine word if we understand its full significance. Nobility, according to Dante, is perfection according to nature: it is a perfection which is reached in the full and free development of all our powers and qualities within the limits of our nature. His illustration is simple: the circle is a noble circle if it is a perfect circle; but the circle which is egg-shaped loses the quality of its nature: it is not a true circle: it is not "noble" of its kind, but a perfect circle possesses a kind of "nobility" because it is true to itself: it is complete and also true: there is no deviation from its type or pattern form.

This nobility is a greater thing—larger in thought—than virtue. Nobility is like the heavens in which virtues like stars may shine. "For truly it is a heaven wherein many stars do shine; there shine the intellectual and moral virtues: there shine the good dispositions bestowed by nature—that is, piety and religion and the laudable passions, such as shame and compassion and many others: there shine the good gifts of the body—that is, beauty, strength, and almost perpetual health." Nobility is thus a perfection of nature and according to nature. It is not a quality inherent in a race. A man may be proud of his race, but this pride of race does not make him noble: the inheritance of a noble name does not confer of itself true nobility. "Let not the Uberti of Florence or the Visconti of Milan say: 'Because I am of such a family I am noble'"; for the divine seed does not fall upon a family, that is a *race*, but upon individuals, and (as shall be proved hereafter) the race does not ennoble the individual but the individuals ennoble the race. Dante would subscribe to the verdict of the late Duke of Argyll, when in his poem of *Guido and Lita* he said:

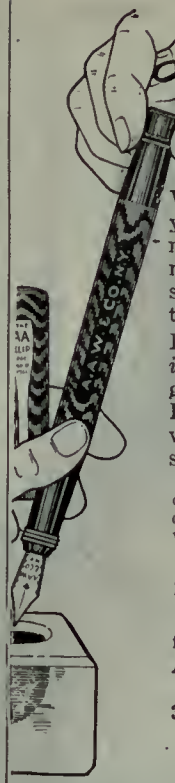
"Noble names, if nobly worn,
Live within a nation's heart."

The truth is that in the great heroic souls—in Drake and Nelson—in Wellington, and Lawrence and Outram, and in the lonely, unheeded Prophet Warrior of our own day, Lord Roberts—we read the fine features of character, courage, self-restraint and self-sacrifice which are possible to all of us; we all feel called and lifted to a higher level of aspiration and life by them: we are ennobled in them. Names like these give the patent of nobility to the race that bore them. They call out in us the longing for qualities in which we may resemble them: their nobility consisted in the fulness with which they used and actualized the powers of nature. Their lives are a perpetual challenge to us.

But in Dante's view it is more than such a human challenge. He, after his fashion, sees God in all things, and realizes that every good and perfect gift is from above: in the gift of this good and admirable seed to men he sees man, though lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor, yes, in the possession of these powers he sees man touching ranges of life and being which are not open to angels. And then, with that practical wisdom which meets us so often in Dante's works, he presses home the conclusion of the matter, and urges the duty of cultivating the habits which may serve to establish and invigorate the yearnings and capacities from which the noble perfection of life may spring. God the giver sows the seed of good; it rests with man to prepare the ground and to cultivate the seed.

Therefore St. Augustine holds (and also Aristotle in the Second Book of the Ethics) that man should accustom himself to do good, and to control his passions, in order that the shoot may be produced by good habit and strengthened in its uprightness, so that it may bear fruit, and from its fruit may issue the sweetness of human happiness.

Thus, according to Dante, God Himself is, as it were, challenging men to rise to the full power and dignity of their nature. The Golden Age will not dawn upon men who are living by their passions, tyrannized over by their pride or ambitions, still less upon those insolent members who scoff at morality and set at nought the laws of righteousness. Man is



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here to grow up to true perfection of body, mind, and spirit: nothing exists in this world except for some purpose, and it is man's high duty to make himself fit for the fulfilment of the high purpose of righteousness; but the highest fulfilment of the Divine purpose is that which can be achieved not by any individual, nor even by any small group of men, but only by the human race as a whole, working together with co-operative zeal towards one great end, and animated by one ennobling spirit.

It is the intention of God that every created thing should present the divine likeness in so far as its proper nature is capable of receiving it. Wherefore it is said, "Let us make man after our image and likeness. . . ."

But the full divine resemblance is to be found rather on the race than in the individual.

The human race is the Son of Heaven . . and best disposed when it follows the track of heaven in so far as its proper nature allows.

Dante dreamed that an earthly prince, the garden of whose government should be Italy and not Germany, and the centre of whose rule should be Rome and certainly not Berlin, might be found under whose rule high ideals might prevail, and of which love might be the animating spirit; but neither in this mountain nor in any earthly city will such a spotless and successful government be found. The unity of the race in happy co-operative service will never come by external pressure nor by any organization, whether political or ecclesiastical: the unity must be one of the spirit, springing up within and enabling mankind to find those secret, sweet and strong bonds of union which are independent of outward form.

Great Britain has come nearer the realization of Dante's dream than any Roman or Continental Europe ever reached; for she, without external pressure, by modest claims, by the promotion of common interests and, above all, by the inspiration of a common love, has welded together an Empire greater and more complex than any Cæsar ruled. And in the great contest which is now going forward there will be put to the test the rival methods of stern discipline and of ready and willing patriotism, of institutions governed by authority and of those free institutions which have grown from the heart of the people. It is a conflict between authority from without and loyalty from within. Law makes nothing perfect, but love fulfils the law. I have no doubt that the strength which comes from love will outlast the strength which comes from disciplinary laws; and I think that Dante, whose mind looked for the outworking of hidden principles, who saw that "will" was God's greatest gift to man, and liberty his his prerogative, would see hope for the world not in the hard imperialism of Germany, but in the freedom-loving imperialism of the British Empire; and would rejoice to see his Italy fighting in the cause of freedom against the barbarian tyranny of Berlin.



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Diamonds in South West Africa

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WHEN General Botha conquered German South West Africa last year, he gained for the Union of South Africa in addition to a huge territory of more or less valuable pastoral and agricultural possibilities, two very important assets in the valuable copper and diamond mining industries, both in a fairly well organized condition. According to *Chambers's Journal* the copper mines alone yielded in 1913 an export of the value of one hundred and fifty-six thousand, one hundred and six pounds, a marked increase on the one hundred and eighteen thousand, two



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hundred and twenty-eight pounds of 1912. Of the wealth in the diamond area the *Journal* says:—

But the richest and by far the most important mineral discovery so far made in South-West Africa is that of diamonds. Until the year 1908, although there had been rumors of these precious stones in various parts of the territory, and desultory explorations had been carried on, no actual discovery had been made. The first find was not quite so romantic in character as that of the first Cape diamond, which was picked out in the year 1867 by a wandering trader and hunter named O'Reilly from among a handful of pretty colored pebbles spread on the rough table of a Boer farmhouse. These pebbles had once been the playthings of a bushman's child on the Orange River, and had been taken over as toys by the Dutchman's children.

The northern parts of the field have hitherto not been so successful as those farther south, and under German rule the heavy Government taxation—one-third per cent. of the proceeds of sale, plus *regie* and other profits—proved an almost impossible handicap. On the other hand, water is somewhat more abundant, and under the rule of the Union Government of South Africa it will probably be found that these fields may be made payable to the companies or individuals owning them. The water-supply of the southern fields may be described as originally *nil*, for the country is sheer desert, with almost no rainfall. Wells have been sunk, which here and there provide a brackish liquid unfit for human consumption, but just drinkable by animals. For drinking purposes water is produced from condensers on the coast; and this is carried in carts and small tanks borne by pack-animals to the localities where it is required. At the Kolmanskop field, where twenty million pounds' worth of diamonds are believed to be now "in sight," seawater is obtained from Elizabeth Bay, seventeen miles away; and here a big pumping-station has been set up for the purpose. Electricity for lighting and power purposes is supplied from Luderitzbucht, or was before the war, to various mining companies.

The diamonds thus far have been chiefly found in a deposit of sand and gravel, varying in depth from six inches to fifteen feet. The raging trade-winds which blow periodically in this region have carried the smaller and lighter gems to the sand-dunes, characteristic of Great Namaqualand; but the heavier stones and a layer of other particles are often left in rich pockets, where many of the gems may be found together. As a rule the stones are much smaller than those found at the Kimberley and Vaal River diggings, going some six or eight to the carat; but some large stones are occasionally found, the heaviest yet discovered attaining thirty-four and seventeen carats respectively. They run in all colors—pure white, yellow, lemon, pale pink, dark red, and even in bluish, greenish, and blackish tints. Of a parcel of one thousand five hundred and fifty-eight diamonds, however, no fewer than eight hundred and nineteen were clear white, or had only a trifling yellowish tinge. It will be remembered that very many of the Cape diamonds are characterized by this pale-yellow tint. These precious gems are found among sand and gravel, including minute fragments of banded agate, red garnet, milky quartz, yellow chalcedony, red jasper, white felspar, epidote, magnetite, and specular iron, often accompanied by particles of granite and gneiss.

The diamonds of South-West Africa have a character of their own. They are said to resemble Brazilian stones, and can readily be distinguished by experts from the Kimberley and Vaal River gems. Not long since some natives produced in Cape Colony certain small diamonds which they pretended to have found in the Vaal River alluvial diggings. But the experts detected them at once. They were not Vaal River stones, but had been stolen in German South-West Africa. The puzzle to all geologists and diamond and other experts—a puzzle at present completely lacking solution—is how these diamonds of South-West Africa got into the torrid, waterless and forbidding sand deserts in which they are found. Dr. Wagner, author of The Diamond-Mines of Southern Africa, after discussing

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and dismissing various theories, states his belief that they are derived from a primary deposit or primary deposits which now lie buried in the sea somewhere off Pomona, one of the principal fields, where the heaviest stones are found. Dr. Marloth states that among the prospectors "the belief is quite common that Pomona diamonds came from some volcanic fissures that occurred there." Another authority, Dr. Versfeld, believes that the diamond-bearing gravel is not of marine origin, but debrls from diamond "pipes," which has been concentrated by strong winds, and that the stones may have been thus transported hundreds of miles. He is of opinion that the discovery of diamond-bearing pipes "much nearer to the Luderitzbucht deposits than those at present known seems well within the bounds of probability." It is worth stating that "pipes" and dikes resembling the Kimberley formations have been discovered in the Keetmanshoop, Gibeon, and Bethany districts, much farther east of the new fields; but these, singularly enough, contain no diamonds.

How valuable the diamond industry of South-West Africa is to the Union of South Africa may be gauged by the following figures:

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	Carats.	Value.	Value per carat.
1908	39,762	£ 53,842	27s. 1d.
1909	519,190	704,123	29s. 0.5d.
1910	792,642	1,015,779	25s. 7d.
1911	766,465	968,418	25s. 3.1d.
1912	992,380	1,408,738	28s. 4.7d.
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These figures are from Dr. Wagner's The Diamond-Mines of Southern Africa, and they are worth pondering.

In 1911 the total value of the diamond output in the Union of South African territories was eight million seven hundred and forty-six thousand seven hundred and twenty-four pounds; in 1912, ten million sixty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-nine pounds; and in 1913, eleven million three hundred and eighty-nine thousand eight hundred and seven pounds. These mines have been established and at work some forty years; and the output of South-West Africa for 1913, close on three million pounds, after a mining life of five brief years only, makes by comparison quite a formidable showing. Some very wonderful dividends have been paid by German mining companies on these fields. Thus in 1912 the Koloniale Bergbaugeselleschaft paid its shareholders 3800 per cent.; in 1911 the dividend was 2500 per cent. In 1913 the Pomona Company paid a dividend of 175 per cent. The German Government, by taxation, *diamant regie*, and in other ways, derived very large profits from this industry; and it may be expected, therefore, that as the mines develop the Union of South Africa will prove to have done a magnificent stroke of business in the acquisition of these fields alone, as a result of General Botha's remarkable conquest.

In Next Month's MACLEAN'S

will be found the story of a Canadian boy who went down to New York and became the business manager of one of the largest publishing houses in the world. His story is a real "business romance."

The Re-discovery of Persons

Are We Recovering a Forgotten Standard of Human Values?

IN these months of shock and upheaval, we find ourselves groping among the primitive instincts, the elemental passions and loyalties that go down to the roots of man's being. We are recovering a forgotten standard of human values so that we judge and discriminate afresh between what is of small account and what seriously matters in the end. Says the *British Weekly*:—

From one point of view we may describe the change by saying that we have begun to realize once more the supremacy of persons over things. Through our sleek, prosperous years that supremacy was lost sight of. In a world where faith is waning we always have to confess that "things are in the saddle and ride mankind." But now amid carnage and ruin a new dawn of faith kindles along the sky, and in its sunrise such a dreadful inversion becomes possible no longer. The result may indeed appear paradoxical: for in some respects things have grown more dominant and despotic than ever. We have bent our necks to the yoke of organized State control in a fashion none of us ever dreamed of before. We are being governed by a Committee of Public Safety. England is fighting for her existence in a war wherein machinery and munitions seem all-important, a war whose latest product is such monstrous engines as "tanks." And yet we have entered upon a new freedom, because our spirits are being redeemed from the tyranny of mere things.

Most of us, for example, are worse off today than we were before the war, and we expect to grow still poorer. But we are learning afresh that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of those things which he possesseth—things which, as they multiply generally end by taking possession of him. We can endure the spoiling of our goods, not perhaps joyfully, but without flinching, if thereby we attain man's chief good—which is that his spirit shall be quickened so that he becomes more abundantly and vitally and intensely alive. For generations we have been attending to economic results and leaving human results to take care of themselves. But to-day we realize that, if the choice must be made, we ought to do the exact opposite. For we are beginning to understand at last the burden of that eloquent prophet whom God sent to rebuke England for her worldliness and secularity: "There is no wealth but Life—Life including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings." Civilization, said Baron Liebig, half a century ago, is economy of power, and English power is coal. Civilization, retorted Ruskin, is the making of civil persons. "And English power is by no means coal, but, indeed, of that which

When the whole world turns to coal
Then chiefly lives."

The same principle has its application to ethics as well as to economics. Nay, it enters into the substance and fibre of ethics, which can never be reduced to a subject of abstract speculation. Germany may admonish us on this point:—"In no country is psychology more studied, and in no country is human nature less understood." To-day we have begun to revolt against the tyranny of abstractions and to take refuge once more among the children who are partakers of flesh and blood. Three years ago people used to argue in an abstract way about the British navy; to-day we all talk fondly and proudly of "our men at the front." That change is the symbol of a spiritual conversion. For it is the one grand characteristic of Christianity that it translates into personalities. After all is said, good and evil are only names unless they stand for personal qualities. Right and wrong have no proper moral meaning except when they describe the relations between persons. And the essence of immorality lies



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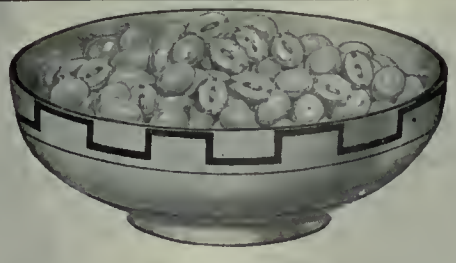
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in treating a living person as if he were no better than a thing. Slavery is hateful because it involves dealing with human beings as though they were chattels. We do despite to God when we take a fellow-creature, made in God's image, and turn that fellow-creature into the mere instrument of our own profit or our own self-indulgence. It is a deadly sin thus to despise the least of Christ's little ones. The doom of Dives turned on the fact that he treated Lazarus as beneath his notice, he habitually trampled on the personal claim of one poor, hungry wretch who lay at his door.

To a Christian, things are of no account compared with persons, they have worth only as they subserve persons. Our religious organizations and institutions are all means to an end; they become useless, they may even become harmful and poisonous, unless they minister to the spirits of living men. Our theology grows vital when it turns away from abstractions and goes back into partnership with flesh and blood. It may also be said that a man's Christianity is tested by the way in which he regards faces in the street. Browning's biographer has described how the poet looked at the fellow creatures he met. To him each one of them wore some expression, some blend of eternal joy and eternal sorrow, not to be found in any other countenance. He was hungrily interested in all human beings, but it would have been quite impossible to say of Browning that he loved humanity. He did not love humanity, but men. His sense of the difference between one man and another would have made the idea of melting them all into a lump called humanity simply loathsome and prosaic. For Browning "believed that to every man that ever lived on this earth has been given a definite and peculiar confidence of God." Surely the first lesson in Christian service is to learn this inexpressible value and sacredness of separate souls. A true saint, who enters into Christ's mind and heart, comes to look upon men with Christ's eyes and to think about them with Christ's thoughts, and to feel for them with something of Christ's own passion, and to estimate them according to Christ's judgment. Under the baseness and cruelty and corruption of human nature he discerns in each individual sinner the object of the Divine solicitude, the Divine sacrifice. The love of Christ constrains him to recognise something unspeakably lovely and precious in every single person, however mean or marred. And this constraining, consuming sense of the infinite beauty and value of human souls is the secret which can sustain the loneliest missionary and inspire the humblest preacher of the Gospel. Throughout the history of the Church those Christians who had power to seek and to save the lost have been alike in this: though they differed in methods and in doctrines, they have all been baptised into the love of souls for Christ's sake.

The Nation and the Individual

A Protest Against the Sacrifice of Modern Warfare.

"THE willingness of men to die in struggles that effect no permanent good, and leave no contribution to civilization makes the tragedy of individual life pathetic. The crime of the nation against the individual is: not that it demands his sacrifices against his will, but that it claims a life of eternal significance for ends that have no eternal value." This is the theme of a rather stirring article by Reinhold Niebuhr in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which we quote in part as follows:

The incurable optimists who feel called upon to find a saving virtue in every evil and in every loss a compensation have been comforting the world since the outbreak of the great war with the assurance that the nations of Europe would arise purified and ennobled

from the ashes of the war's destruction. It is not difficult to share this hope, but it gives us little comfort if we have any sense of proportion and are able to see what the individual is paying for a possible ultimate gain to the nations. We cannot help but think of the thousands of graves on the countryside of Europe that are mute testimonies to the tragedy of individual life as revealed in this war, when we are asked to accept these optimistic assurances. The heroes and victims will not arise from their graves, though Europe may rise from its destruction.

This war presents a tragic climax to a pathetic history of individual life in its relation to the nation. This history is a pathetic one because the individual has held a pitiful place in society from the very beginning. The race has never had an adequate appreciation of his unique worth, and has always been too ready to claim his loyalty for petty ends. In primitive society the individual owned no property that the tribe could not claim, and he dared no action that its customs did not sanction. His life was valuable only in so far as it could be used to realize tribal and national ambitions. Since primitive society lacked the direction of public opinion, these ambitions were dictated by the caprice of the rulers. Whether the ruler was a tribal chieftain, racial king, builder of empires, or feudal lord, he sacrificed the individual's life in any venture or adventure to which he was prompted by his jealousy or avarice, his pride or passion. No cause was too petty to be advanced by blood; no price in human values too high to be paid for its advancement. History is not lacking in national ventures that can be morally justified, but on the whole it presents a dismal succession of petty jealousies, often more personal than national, of cheap ambition and unrighteous pride, all of which claimed the individual as a victim.

To this history of individual life this war is a tragic climax, because it convinces us that the forces of history have not favored individual life as much as we thought. Before the war there was a general tendency to regard the moral weaknesses and injustices of nationalism as relics of primitive days which the forces of modern civilization were gradually overcoming and eliminating. But the war has taught us that the nationalism of today is distinctly modern in some of its aspects, in its faults as well as in its virtues.

To begin with, the nation has never been so powerful as it is now. Two forces have contributed to its power. One is the rise of racial self-consciousness which began with the fall of the Roman Empire, or, to be more exact, with the disintegration of the Empire of Charlemagne. The development of nations upon the basis of racial unity proceeded slowly during the Middle Ages, hampered as it was by the power of feudal lords and by the custom of dividing a kingdom among all the heirs of the king. Nevertheless, racial solidarity gradually became the basis of political power. Among the nations of to-day Germany is perhaps the best example of national power based on racial solidarity. It is not an empire of peoples, and, popular opinion notwithstanding, it seems not to cherish the imperial deal; it feels that its power is derived from the intense self-consciousness of a single race. That is more or less true of all modern nations, although most of them control several minor races without absorbing them.

The other, and even more potent, cause of modern nationalism is the advance of democracy. There is a peculiar irony in this fact. Democracy, we rejoiced to believe, favored the individual. It is indeed based upon a greater appreciation of personal and individual values, and has resulted in their development. But, although it may have espoused the cause of the individual, it has strengthened the power of the race with even greater success. The democratic tendencies of modern history have done more to free the race from the tyranny and caprice of its rulers than to free the individual from exploitation by the face. They have taken the supreme power of history out of the hands of the few and lodged it with the many, but they have done less to secure the liberty of the one against the power of the many. Democracy has trodden in the paths of constitutionalism, and constitutionalism gives stability to the state. A government



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established upon law and deriving its power from the people is naturally more stable than were the governments that lived by the power and fell with the weakness of individual rulers. Its power to exploit the individual is correspondingly enhanced.

The accumulation of national debts is a striking example of this development. Primitive states would not have dared to make unborn generations responsible for stupendous national debts in the making of which they had no part. They refrained from this policy of modern states, not because they possessed less power. They lacked the credit to amass large debts. When constitutions did not fix the order and mode of succession, kings could not guarantee the payment of debts by their successors and, therefore, quit fighting when their exchequer was empty. The enormous national debts of to-day are obviously by-products of constitutionalism. The stability of modern governments is making the nation more powerful than it has ever been in history. There was a time when other communities disputed the nation's claim to the loyalty of the individual. In the Middle Ages the church, the empire, and the fief competed with the nation for supremacy; and in more recent times the class tried to establish itself as the ultimate community. But when this war broke out, class consciousness, so carefully nurtured before the war, was impotent before the passion of patriotism and the superior organization of the nation. The ruthless manner in which the belligerent nations have been able to suppress opinions that differed from the national policy, arouses the suspicion that the latter is a more potent factor in modern nationalism than the former.

The possession of power does not necessarily imply its unrighteous or oppressive use, although it generally awakes suspicion. We have no right to assume, therefore, that the nation is oppressing the individual because it is powerful enough to do so. However, if a strong nationalism is not in itself oppressive of individual life, certain conditions of contemporary civilization seem to have conspired to make it so. One of these is the development of individual life and personal values. The individual soul stands for more than it once did, both in its own eyes and in the esteem of its fellows. The German scientist Haeckel contended in a recent article on the war that his nation was bringing greater sacrifices than any other belligerent because the personal life-value of the German soldier was higher than that of the black and yellow fighters in the ranks of the Allies. This claim is based upon a significant truth, though Haeckel's partisan application of it is rather far-fetched. Civilization has increased the value of the individual soul. More and more man emerges from the mass and takes a distinctive place among his fellows. Education has given him the independence of his own opinions. His Christian faith has made his happiness the very goal of history and his destiny independent of the future of his race. Science has tamed the hostility of his bitterest enemy, nature. Nature has always favored the race against the individual.

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.

But the ingenuity of man has bent many of her forces to his own uses. All of these factors have given the single life a higher value and a more unique worth. When a nation demands these lives it is asking for greater sacrifices and is inflicting more acute pains and agonies than did the primitive state when it summoned its men. The artisans and professional men, the business men and thinkers who are manning the trenches of Europe and whose blood is drenching its battlefields, mean more or meant more to their friends, stood for more in their communities, and added more to the sum total of human values than the soldiers of ancient armies who could follow the standards of their leaders and espouse their country's cause without forsaking any particular task or abandoning any distinctive place in their community. Were modern nationalism no stronger than of old, this development of personal values would make its demands upon them more cruel and painful.

The methods of modern warfare serve to aggravate the pain of sacrificing individual values for racial ends. In the face of the development of individual life modern warfare

demands an unprecedented suppression of individuality and sacrifice of personal values. Modern armies still need men, more than ever before, bnt the very qualities that make their lives worth while in civic life and endow their personalities with a unique distinction are least needed in the modern army. Both the ascendancy of the machine, of modern artillery, in warfare, and the machine-like character of the army itself have caused this state of affairs.

So impersonal is the modern machinery of war that not even the individuality of its manipulators stands out distinctly. The greatest war of all history has produced very few heroes and great personalities. Courage is still an asset in the army of to-day, but not that romantic valor, so celebrated in ancient histories, in which the qualities of personal prowess and initiative predominated. The courage that is needed to-day is the submissive courage that executes strategical plans without understanding them and obeys commands without fathoming their purpose. Thus grimness is overshadowing the romance of war, and machine-like precision has become more necessary than spectacular heroism. This is the reason why modern warfare is so fruitful of mental agony as well as of physical pain. The individual, never more eager for a unique distinction among his fellows, has never been more completely lost in the mass than in the modern army.

But the final indictment of modern nationalism is not that it demands such great sacrifices. If modern warfare did nothing more than demand greater sacrifices and inflict more cruel pain than before, it might be endured. Mankind has not outgrown its capacity for sacrifice or outlived its need of it. This war has taught us that prosperity has not made men as flabby and complacent as we thought it had. We see the individual wronged by the nations, not because they demand so much of him, but because they demand so much to so little purpose. We are grieved, not because democracy has given the nation so much power, but because it has endowed it with too little conscience. Though democracy may have freed us of the capricious adventures of tyrants, it does not seem to have delivered us from the unrighteous pride and avarice of the race. This does not mean that the moral character of the race has not developed as well as that of the individual, but the former does not seem to have held pace with the latter. At any rate, too many of the purposes involved in national ambitions and of the issues involved in national struggles are of a kind that will not and should not appeal to the conscience of the individual, if he is permitted to regard them sanely and is not blinded by the chauvinistic passion that national crises so easily unloose. Man is not unwilling to make sacrifices, but he has never longed for issues that will hallow his sacrifices and make them worth while.

The nations of to-day are hard pressed to meet this demand. Perhaps this is true, not so much because they lack conscience, but because conditions over which they have no control have robbed their issues of their ultimate character. There was a time when the nation was man's ultimate community and he had no higher obligation than to serve its interests. But he no longer lives in his country alone. He is a citizen of the world. He draws his spiritual sustenance from all the races. Their geniuses instruct him in their wisdom and their moral struggles enrich his spiritual life. All humanity serves the modern man and puts him under obligations by that service. He does violence to his conscience if he presses the interests of his race against the interests of the wider spiritual community in which he lives.

It is unnecessary to establish here that the principal cause of modern warfare is commercial rivalry. Economic issues underlie practically all national animosities. Nations have other and worthier ambitions than the one to be prosperous; but only their economic ambitions seem to call for physical combat with their nenghbors. The others they can realize in peace. There may be exceptions, but to enumerate them would lead us too far astray. We are speaking generally, and in that sense it is true that commercial supremacy—or, to put it more broadly, prosperity—is the end for which the modern nation de-







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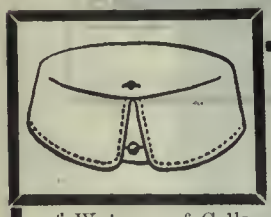
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mands the sacrifices of its citizens. This, then, is the stuff that modern nationalism is made of, at least in so far as it is manifested in modern warfare. What a pitiful thing it is that the Pomeranian peasant or the miner of Wales is asked to sacrifice his life in a struggle that is to determine whether future generations of Hamburg or Liverpool merchants shall wax rich from overseas commerce, and the exploitation of undeveloped countries! That is the tragedy of modern nationalism—if offers the modern man, with all his idealism and sensitive moral instincts, no better cause to hallow his sacrifices than the selfish and material one of securing his nation's prosperity.

It is, by the way, a sad commentary on contemporary civilization that commercial competition is so strongly national. We try to be international in our spiritual interests, and send missionaries to other lands to bestow our spiritual possessions on other nations; but we build tariff walls and develop national commerce at the risk of bloodshed, in order to keep our material possessions strictly for ourselves and if possible develop a prosperity beyond that which other nations enjoy.

If the purposes for which the nation claims the sacrifices of its citizens are not worthy ones, the question arises why these sacrifices are still so successfully demanded and so readily made. One answer is that the nation is still powerful enough to claim, though its purposes are not always great enough to deserve, the individual's sacrifices. Another answer is that the average man is not able to fathom the real motives that underlie national policies and cause national struggles. But the principal reason for the satisfaction which the modern soldier is still able to find in the sacrifices he makes, is that in times of war loyalty and courage are made ultimate virtues for which men are honored without regard to the ends which these virtues may serve. But by peculiar irony, history applies other standards to the actions of men than those of the tribunals of contemporary opinion. It sees many men as fools who were heroes in their own time. For its loyalty is not an end in itself. It looks to the ends that this virtue may serve. That is the reason posterity often honors men for their non-conformity, while contemporary opinion respects them for their conformity; that is why there are as many rebels as patriots on the honor rolls of history. The state owes man issues that will hallow his sacrifices, not only in his own eyes and in those of contemporaries, but in the estimation of history; it owes him issues that have a value for civilization and through which he may perpetuate his life in history.

The individual of to-day feels that the nations are not fulfilling this obligation and that he is being wronged by them. But the cause of the nation is no more righteous if he does not feel this and is duped by pretexts that hide the real issues.

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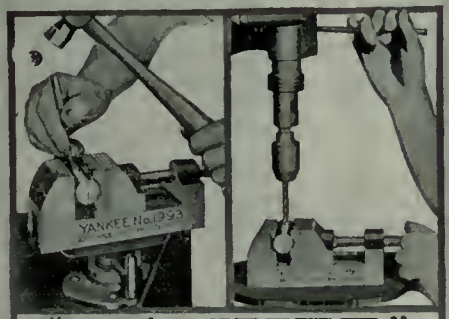
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of sport and tenacity. In an interesting sketch in the *Contemporary Review*, Cuthbert Spurling sums up some of the puzzling traits of the British characters as follows:—

Our critics on the hearth in the daily press roundly abuse us for "not taking the war seriously." Our Allies are reluctantly compelled to admit that there is a curious air of detachment and frivolity in the presence of imminent national danger. Our enemies foam at us because we refuse to treat them with the solemnity they consider their due. Reading the German press, one would draw the conclusion that if the English people would only cease to jeer at the "German wireless news," would give up talking of the war in terms of sport, would frankly confess to Germany "you are a very formidable nation and have done great things," all our wickedness and hypocrisy would be forgiven. Germany feels herself like Thor in the hall of the giants. She strains her muscles and performs prodigious feats, but we stand round laughing. "All the giants laughed, and the noise of their "laughing was loud as the breaking of great waves on the shore."

Frenchmen, whose whole soul is in the war, come over here and find us eagerly discussing Charlie Chaplin and the bubble blown by Professor Dewar. Our rulers find it necessary to correct these impressions by importing small bodies of delegates from the Allied nations. These representative men are personally conducted on a tour of inspection. "A visit to the Grand Fleet" has superseded "A tour round the Trossachs." We show them our munition factories instead of our cathedrals.

All through our history, the tale has been the same. Apparent indifference, disregard of consequences, absence of forethought and organization—yet grim determination in the hours of trial. "A degenerate people, unable to retain what was won by its gallant ancestors!" Such has been the cry from age to age, and yet it has retained and has increased its conquests. "We seem to have conquered half of the world in a fit of absence of mind," says Professor Seeley.

Hence our reputation for hypocrisy. John Bull, the next door neighbor of Herr Hans, is always lamenting the weakness of his defence against burglars. He has lost, he says, "that alacrity of spirit that he was wont to have," his limbs are feeble, his eye is dim. His house is decaying; it is open to every bold invader. Meanwhile his quarrels with his wife and his sons are audible to every ear. "Ho! Ho!" thinks Hans. "He says that, does he; and indeed I can tell the signs myself. But how rich he is, how undeservedly rich and clothed with the spoils of half the world! I will fall upon him suddenly and slay him and take from him all that he has. 'England has everything and deserves nothing, Germany has nothing and deserves everything'." But Hans gets no further than the threshold. John Bull exhibits an unexpected vigour. His wife and sons fly to his assistance. Quarrels in the household are forgotten in the presence of the common enemy. So, when Hans is thrown out at length and retreats growling and discomfited, he proclaims his grievance to the world. "They are hypocrites, these British; they tempted me on to my ruin. Perfidious Albion—to pretend to be so weak and prove to be so strong!"

Yet there is a very simple solution to the apparent inconsistencies of the English character. England is the Peter Pan of the nations, the country which never grew up. It was once termed "the weary Titan," a gross misnomer. Rather, it is a great, sprawling, overgrown schoolboy, half unconscious of his strength. There is a strong strain of boyishness in every normal mature Englishman. Combined in the race, this marks the character of the nation. With this clue at hand, let us see if we cannot explain much that is apparently contradictory. Lately we were taken to task by the *Times* because we showed more joy over one Zeppelin that did not return than over the capture of Erzeroum. But what schoolboy would not have exhibited the same discrimination? A shot in the gross belly of a swanking, bullying Zeppelin—and down comes the monster, oozing gas at every pore. Are we to blame that we all cheered?

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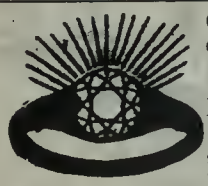
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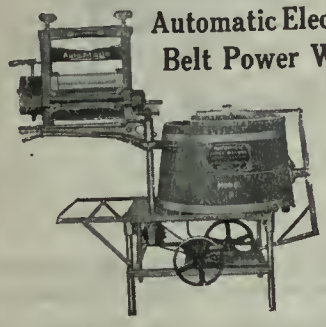
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No flags were flown in London for the victory of the Marne. A battle on so vast a scale has not the touch of the human personal element which appeals to youth. But thousands of citizens thronged the bridges, to cheer the plucky little *Wandle* on its triumphal progress up the river. Nelson, not Wellington, is the national hero. Was not Nelson the ideal hero for a nation of boys? His empty sleeve, his telescope to his blind eye his signal to the Fleet at Trafalgar, his glorious death in the hour of victory!

The Englishman's weakness is his lack of foresight; his strength lies in his invincible optimism. Both defect and virtue are due to his boyish character. If a boy fights, will he fight solemnly with a great sense of responsibility, or will he fight joyously, gaily, as if fighting were a jest? We know the answer. Let us wonder then at the humor of the trenches, at the soldier's apparent lightness of heart, at his grim jokes in the very beard of Goodman Death.

Sir Thomas More was a great Englishman, but we have all read of his jokes on the scaffold. "Scandalous levity," is the cry of the unthinking. Be sure it was not so. More was typical of his nation. An Englishman finds it difficult to put into words the deeper thoughts of man. They become banal and pompous in the expression. So he fell back on his panoply of boyhood, that God-given boon bestowed on nearly every Englishman, and met his death with a jest on his lips.

All "human boys" are collectors. That great boy, John Bull, has colleced colonies. It is his hobby, and circumstances beyond his control are always adding to his collection. The love of exploration and the search for hidden treasure is inherent in the young. The Englishman, *fortune natus*, retains the taste to an age when he has the means to indulge in his propensity.

"Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone;
But over the sand and the palm tree the English flag was flown,"

says Kipling. And again in the same poem:—

"The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long Arctic night,
The musk ox knows the standard that flouts the Northern light."

The ubiquity of the Britain is one of his chief offences to a certain class of foreigner. Throughout the German novel, "His English Wife," we detect an undercurrent of bitterness due to this cause. The German feels himself a provincial in the presence of a nation of globe-trotters. As a man grows old, he develops a cat-like affection for the locality in which he has resided for some years. If he can be induced to leave at all, it will be to remove to some other district where the same conditions prevail, and where he may expect to be equally comfortable. He will not give up a settled for an unsettled habitation. A boy has no such prejudices. He prefers a tent in the garden to the most luxurious of sitting-rooms. He is ready at any moment to abandon the known and the secure in favor of adventure. The prospect of roughing it has no terrors for him. The emigrant from Germany and the emigrant from Great Britain exhibit the same differences of temperament. The German cannot be induced to seek his fortune in the immature German colonies; he will rather go to the United States, to the United Kingdom, or to some well-established British Colony. He will hunt for quarters of the world where the conventions of his home life do not apply. The English soldier whose prayer was 'to be put somewhere's east of Suez, where there ain't no Ten Commandments," was not really desirous of breaking the rules of the Decalogue. His sentiment was the same as that of the small boy who, to escape the constant "don'ts" of his elders, flees him to some deserted waste ground where he is monarch of all he surveys. Many things have gone to the foundation of the British Empire. The blood of innumerable sailors and soldiers, the wise forethought and sage diplomacy of statesmen, the energy of traders in search of new markets, the enterprise and vigour of youth. But the spirit of youth, above all.

The Englishman in love exhibits all the characteristics of the hobbledehoy. Just as the Scotchman, according to popular belief, "jokes wi' deeficulty,' so the Englishman is

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not glib in his love-making. The yokel lovers walk solemnly along the country lanes, arms around waists, with never a word between them. Lovers of a different class are depicted in Du Maurier's dialogue between the young couple on the seat in the park. "Darling!" "Yes, darling?" "Nothing, darling; only darling, darling." The recipe for a successful farce in this country is not a drama of intrigue, every man neighing after his neighbor's wife, but a play like "Charley's Aunt," based on the practical joke of an undergraduate. We may push the argument too far if we claim that English humor is that of the schoolroom—it is too rich and varied for that—but some forms of it, and those the most peculiar and characteristic, have the freshnes and originality of youth. The humor of Lewis Carroll and W. S. Gilbert is so racy of the soil that special words, "Carrollian, Gilbertian," must needs be coined to describe it. "I played cricket once only," observed Lewis Carroll in the Senior Common Room at Christ Church, "I bowled. The impire said "that if the ball had gone for enough, it would have been a wide." Most Englishmen appreciated the savor of that remark, but I doubt whether it would bear translation. Would "vice-versa" have gained its enormous success had it been first published in any other country but this?

A foreign observer is reputed to have said that the English take their pleasures sadly. Possibly "sadly" is a mistranslation for "seriously." If so, the statement is illuminating. Englishmen take nothing seriously except their pleasures. Mark that bank manager of the grizzling locks; why sits he so mumchance at his menls? Whence comes the portentous gloom that overcasts his countenance? Has some enterprise of great pith and moment turned awry? Are the pillars of Commerce rocking at their foundation? No; the city stands where it did, but the banker has not done himself justice in the spring handicap of his golf club. The Cabinet, we are told, keeps no minute book; but every club in this country dealing with any form of sport, however humble, has its minute book, its secretary, its rules, its general meeting, its committees, and its sub-committees. If complaint is sometimes justly made against the House of Commons for its frivolity, no such charge can be brought against our meetings for purposes of sport. The solemnity and deadly seriousness of the croquet tournament must be experienced to be believed.

Now for the practical application of the thesis. You cannot put old heads on young shoulders. A nation of boys can never be drilled into Wiseacres. Every day a portion of the press scolds us because we will not imitate the Germans we are fighting. But, with that sure national instinct which has saved England in every past crisis of her history, the average Englishman holds on his way deaf-eared to these appeals. He will fight in his own way, or not at all. He covets nothing of the German, nor his *Gott* nor his *Kaiser*, his soldier nor his sailor, his *Kultur* nor anything that is his.

If we have the defects of boys, have we not some of their notives—their uncanny swiftness in detecting insincerity, their hatred of the boaster? The charlatan in politics has rarely attained to supreme office in this country. The type of statesman most successful has ever been the man who sticks sturdily to his own opinions, refuses to flatter his fellow-countrymen, and pursues his duty regardless of abuse. We are rather suspicious of "brilliant men." Our distaste for brag and coasting amounts to an obsession; it has even an effect on our words of encomium. Our greatest praise for an achievement is the expression "not half bad," corrupted by the vulgar into "not 'alf." If we say of a man that his conduct has been "pretty decent," we feel that we have erred on the side of exaggeration. This habit of mind is one of the chief stumbling-blocks to the foreign observer. A nation, like an individual, is generally taken at his own (apparent) estimation. We have, in reality, an enormous pride in our race and our country, but because our pride is so great we are careful to conceal it. "He is the Gadarene swine," muttered in disgust the boys in Kipling's "Stalky and Co.," when the flamboyant Member of Parliament unfurled the British flag on the platform, and waved it before their eyes to excite their enthusiasm.



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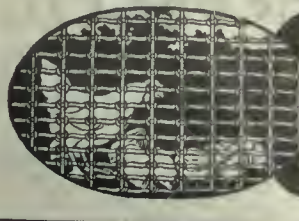
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To them that flag "was a matter shut up, sacred and apart." Stalky's name for its would-be exploiter was "a jelly-bellied flag-flapper."

Our reticence misleads both friend and foe. The great German plot of 1914 was complete in every detail to meet every event the German intelligence thought likely to occur. But it made no allowance for energy and enterprise on the part of the British Empire. That Great Britain would raise a huge army and manufacture enormous supplies of munitions; that hosts of armed men from the oversea dominions of the Crown would flock to take part in the defence of European liberties—these were possibilities not foreseen. That such things could occur would have been laughed at as the wildest of improbabilities. A study of our past history might have suggested caution. But every generation forgets the lessons of its predecessors. Now, in the midst of the great war, we find the German people still hoping to frighten us by Zeppelins and submarines, still buoyed up to expectations that we shall tire of the struggle. It is rather pathetic. One pictures to oneself "a fat old man of forty" (to quote from a recent speech in the House of Commons) engaged in a strenuous race with a youth of eighteen, uttering guttural threats of vengeance as he runs, and fondly imagining that he will last out the better.

Canada, United States and the Future

Continued from page 32.

vestors not to buy "unsecured" foreign loans. It may be remarked that none of the Allied loans have gone down on the market below 95 and 98. German exchange to-day is at a discount of almost 40%—which perhaps explains why the Kaiser has turned his attention to finance. It may be added that the Federal Reserve Board has several members avowedly and notoriously pro-German in sympathy. There was nothing for the Morgans to do but withdraw the last loan. The effect will soon be seen in the slackening of export trade from these shores.

From all of which it is apparent that the Kaiser's chess board shows a skilfully manipulated game under Uncle Sam's nose. Up to the present, what has been accomplished towards Germany's ends—loss of life, infamy, the defeat of Hughes!

Let it *not* be inferred for one moment that Mr. Hughes was party to the German machinations that went on behind his the impudent self-styled leader of the American Truth Society—"a blind pig" for the German-Irish Alliance — Mr. Hughes prided himself on knowing nothing of a man, who for three years has made the welkin ring with demands for Irish freedom and opposition to Allied loans. Mr. Hughes evidently thought to play safe and win. He that saveth his life shall lose it; and the Republicans played so safe that they lost.

That is why the date and the personnel of the entertainment to Canada's Premier were so significant. The elections were just past. At both the luncheons given by the Lawyers' Club and the dinner later at the Plaza, all American speakers carefully refrained from violating the President's request for neutrality; but when Sir Robert Borden skating over as thin ice as a speaker could referred to the War as a fight for world freedom—"a battle

for you as well as for us that shall never cease till the cause of another such war is made impossible"—the hearers shouted wildest approval.

The honors paid Premier Borden represent the first concrete specific efforts of the United States to cultivate friendship with the British Empire as a counterfoil to German propaganda. Much will depend on how Canada returns not the honor, but the overtures. German propaganda has been tireless and sleepless in the United States for ten years. It was called Pan-Germanism. British propaganada has been *nil*. Yet both Canada and the Mother Country must be financed to some extent in the United States. No matter when or how the war ends, the nations of the world will offer a new alignment after the war. *Where the British Empire and the United States stand will largely result from the part Canada plays or does not play as the golden link of friendship between the two great democracies of the world.*

Danton of the Fleet

Continued from page 26.

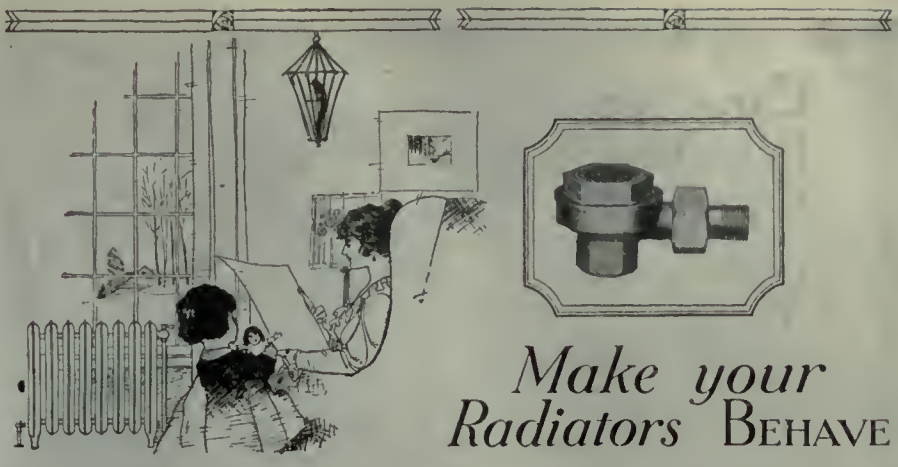
and in company with her, the colors of the great daughter, Canada, receiving their baptism of fire. The stout little ship under him was alive.

Answering her helm as if she knew what was wanted of her, the *Albatross* escaped most of the hail that crashed round her, and the thick, shifting mist was her friend. The burdens of the years rolled from Cranswick in the glory of the crowded hour. His heart danced and sang in the grey dawning of his new life. It seemed sheer impossibility that the little craft could live through the unequal battle, but to-night the man in command never doubted his star. Fortune had in the supreme crisis returned, and was sweeping him in flood tide back to victory. Down came the thick fog again. He swerved the destroyer out of the zone of concentrated fire. Circling about, he swept back dogged, implacable as Fate. From every part of the cruiser guns crackled and roared as the venomous, shrouded foe tore in. Cranswick leaned forward, a song—for the first time in years—on his lips. His moment was coming fast. Suddenly in the midst of all the darting and circling of the antagonists, the chance came, the instant when the skilled boxer sees the opening for the knock-out blow. Cranswick thundered his order and under the water a torpedo slipped away. He leaned forward, tense and breathless. There was an instant's lull in the bedlam din and then the cruiser's guns thundered again, as if conscious of deadly peril. A dull roar shook the heavy atmosphere. The doomed ship shuddered and reeled. Then came a second explosion, as the destroyer, a thing of life, fired another bolt.

The cruiser, a moment before a thing of terrible might, lay a helpless, shattered, sinking wreck. Silence again fell over the sea and the destroyer's lights streamed out alone into the mists.

VII.

A FEW days after the big duel, Captain Barnsley, with his sister, arrived in Vancouver. He had just returned from England. The news of the destruction



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of the *Koenigsfeldt* came to him shortly after he went aboard the train. He was anxious to meet the much talked of man, of whom everyone knew so little except the achievement that had made his name ring through the land. No sooner had he arrived at his hotel than the hospital chaplain called to see him with a message from the captain of the destroyed German ship, who was severely injured, that he would like to see the English officer. Barnsley knew that the wounded man was Max Barsdorf.

"I'll come with you at once," replied Angus gravely. "He was an old-time schoolmate of mine. Is he dangerously hit?"

"The doctors say he will not live through the night," replied the chaplain. "He is in full possession of his mental faculties and has been very eager to see you ever since he learned, in response to his enquiries, that you were coming west."

He found Barsdorf anxiously expecting him. The German was mortally hurt, but bore himself with the cheerful courage of a gallant man.

"So we brought off the meeting after all, Angus," he greeted his old-time friend. "Twenty-five years ago we did not dream this would be the manner of it. Never mind! I have had my day, and it has been a pretty good one, on the whole, and, now that the paying time has come, I do not grudge footing the bill. The Japanese penalty for failure is right and just—to the uttermost farthing. I could scarcely find it in me to thank my rescuers for fishing me out of the sea. Far better to have died in her motherly arms, and have been laid in her grand temple sepulchre. It was my vanquisher, Cranswick, who picked me up. Have you congratulated him yet?"

"I have only just come down. Your message reached me as I arrived at the hotel, so I came at once," replied Barnsley.

"It was good of you to come," smiled the German. "But about this conqueror of mine. When he lifted me from the sea I suppose I was nearly gone, but he was anxious for some reason to save me if I should happen to be among the wreckage. I had been hit pretty badly. It seemed to me that I was already dead, the mists rolling in the light's glare a kind of Valkyrie setting to the finish. When they lifted me into the boat I fancied the good spirits of the long ago were taking me from the dark river. It was strange, terrible, good. Out there in the fog and the rain and the blackness broken by the streaming lights I saw a ghost." He closed his eyes and rested.

"There were three of us at Rheinwied, brothers inseparable." He stretched out his hand and Barnsley took it. "I am a combatant no longer, Angus. To-night—it is my weakness—I am very weary of the warring Jevovah of battle, the relentless, ruthless, blood-reeking. The old Norse gods are the gods of life, vigor, strength. They mean nothing to such as I am now. I am back again to-night at the old place with the white Christ of the old Moravian Chapel. One has gone far from it in the years, but the child spirit comes again, on the verge of the kingdom they say one must enter as a little child—and the desire for the things that belong to it. It was a good, clean, fair world, the simple folk with their Herrnhut, their faith and prayers." His eyes closed, and Barnsley

eard him murmur words he had not istened to for more than five and twenty- ears.

"From self-complacency; from untimely projects;. from the unhappy desire of becoming great; from the murdering spirit and devices of Satan; deliver us, Most Gracious Lord and God."

THE WORDS were from the quaintly beautiful Litany of the Moravian hurch they had listened to, often weariomely, as careless lads, every Sunday, n the old School Chapel above the Rhine.

"Think of aspirations like those in the orld to-day!" said Barsdorf musingly. There were three of us. You—Frank—."

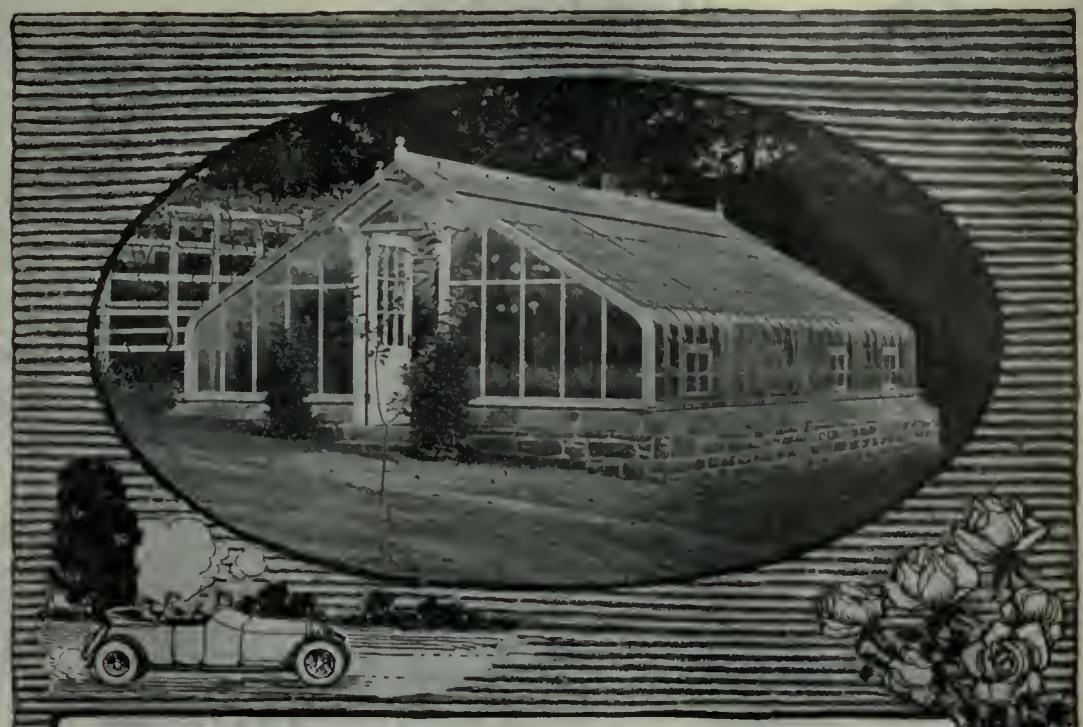
Barnsley nodded.

"Angus! it was Frank who sank me hat black morning. You remember how e used to bore in, playing, working, fighting. You could not hold him off. I hought of it that night on the bridge of ıy ship, but it seemed too absurd. The ıan I had known, the sport of the vindicive gods, come back to his own again, ith the shield of Omnipotence covering im. It seemed that the gun had not been orged that could penetrate his armor that ight. Cranswick, the conqueror, is rank Danton, the man you broke and ailed for betraying his country to us."

Neither spoke for some moments.

"My people war as did the Chosen of he Lord, when He brought them up from ondage, and set them to make their desiny," spoke the dying man. "We destroy hat we may build a world-wide Empire. o weapon is neglected as you know. The plendor of the purpose overrides halting onsiderations as to the means. We are ur own law. We make or break as we ill it. We regarded Danton as one of he most dangerous of your captains, as e regard Britain as the foe of foes, in omparison with whom other nations are nsignificant. Danton was German in cience, modernity, thoroughness. My eople went after him and saw to it that ou broke him," The tired voice rested, nd Barnsley waited eagerly.

"Perhaps I am wrong. The individual as no rights when the good of the State s concerned, but I cannot leave the world ith this evil in it. I had no part in it, nd, Angus, I hated it with all the trength of my soul. It has been my crucifixion no less, in some sense, than rank's. He was brother to me, but he as sold, and I had to stand by. It was a reater sacrifice for my country than dyng for it. It is easy to give one's strength, lood, life, but I had to slay my honor, to ake myself, in my own eyes, of no repuation, to lay all that I prized in the dust. rank was tricked into the hotel, druged, skilfully handled, the incriminating vidence placed upon him, in the very esk at his home at which he wrote, in his ip, as you know. The work took years o complete, and, when all was ready, our people were put on the track. He as caught, as it was believed, red-handed, with all the clues for the big unraveling placed for you to find them. There as been no better piece of work, not ven among the cocksure Yankees, done y the department than that. Five years n prison for Danton's spirit! The fearul humiliation for the man to whom toral cleanness was a passion! It has aunted me day and night. I am a Gerıan, body and soul, but no assassin, no ight-stabber. I have left a sufficient



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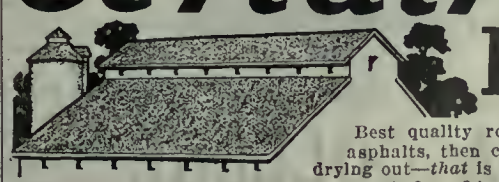
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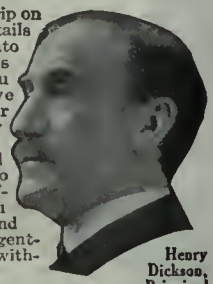


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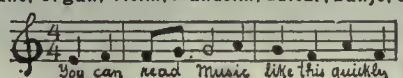
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statement, I think, with the Chaplain—it was possible you might not come in time—it will enable them to find the way to the real truth. More I cannot say in loyalty to my own people, less I may not say, and meet my God as a clean man. You have my word, also, on the verge of the grave, that Frank Danton had no part in the treachery of which he was accused and convicted. I have already seen him since I came here, and we are friends, brothers still. He is coming. He is here now."

THE DOOR opened and Danton entered. Words were few, for time was short. Across the bed of the German the two Englishmen clasped hands. Over them Barsdorf placed his.

"The Dreibund!" he whispered.

When they looked down, he was dead.

VIII.

FROM this time events moved rapidly. Within a few hours of Barnsley's cabling to the Admiralty came a summons calling Danton home. Ellen Barnsley and her brother travelled by the same ship. The fame of the unknown man's exploit and his sudden call to headquarters had roused the excited interest of a Continent, and, in some way known only to the fertile mind of the newspaper reporter who brought off the wonderful scoop, the discovery was made. When Danton was half way across the Atlantic the news was flashing round the world that Cranswick of the *Albatross* was none other than the brilliant Danton of the fleet whose tragic downfall, nearly nine years before, had been a universal sensation. Moreover, he had gone home with triumphant proof of innocence, and there was to be a re-investigation of the case and a review of the conviction. Of this publicity the three aboard the liner knew nothing. Off the Lizard a cruiser passed them, and a ringing cheer went up from a cluster of jackies thronging the fighter's rail. Even the officers on the bridge waved greeting. Such demonstrations from an unemotional patrol crew excited some comment. Perhaps there had been some victory that the wireless had not communicated.

Passing in through the Needles and up Southampton Water from the scurrying war ships came the same greeting. It was not until, passing near to a destroyer, that the three passengers understood the meaning of it.

"There he is!" shouted a lusty A. B. "I served under him. Welcome home, Captain Danton." And there followed a roar of cheering that drove the three below until the vessel docked.

HURRYING up to London there was no delay in reopening the case. The evidence was again sifted, facts were examined in the light of the new information, and the completest vindication, with instant reinstatement came to Danton. Later followed the honors for his achievemen aboard the *Albatross*.

As soon as the decision was given, Barnsley hurried away to carry the news to his sister. She had already heard, for the streets were ringing with the news of the triumph. One might have thought some great victory had been won. Together brother and sister talked over the details of the case. Later Danton himself would come when the excitement had subsided. The mob would have carried him

shoulder high through the streets could they have laid hands on him.

"And what about the man of the tea-room, the Quebec spy, Schwartz?" asked Ellen, when her brother had almost finished his recital.

"Schwartz," answered Angus, "is a well-known German spy, who became too public a character this side the Atlantic to serve his employers' ends so he was transferred to the United States and Canada. He has had quite a number of names and sustained several roles in the course of his activities. When he first came to England he was the half starving son of a poverty-stricken pastor in Germany, his name then was Weiss and he was an out-at-elbows usher in a cheap boarding school. He had qualities and gifts and Frank Danton's father took pity on him, gave him a well-paid position as tutor and secretary in his household. He was treated almost as one of the family, more like a relative than employe. This gave him the opportunity of meeting with persons of more or less importance in the services, and opened the way for him to enter upon the still more lucrative business as a spy. As you know now, the east coast particularly was infested with these crawlers, the abjects of a Fatherland that had starved them. It was Weiss, or Schwartz, as he more appropriately named himself, who planted all the incriminating papers on Frank, in his private rooms, in the cabin of the ship itself. The home authorities presently had their attention directed to his suspicious activities, though the Dantons themselves were utterly in the dark, and a hint reaching the man, he made himself scarce. It was a telegram from him speciously worded that took Frank across the Channel to Ostend, led to the happenings there, and the discovery, and arrest of Frank as soon as he reached England again.

"Thereafter, the ruin of his benefactors being compassed, Weiss became Schwartz of New York, and the mining districts of Eastern Canada—the hospitable, opulent mining magnate.

"But now, my dearest girl, let us drop the reptile, and talk of wholesomer things until Frank comes. Suppose we discuss designs in which the parts of a cut shilling may be reunited and suitably mounted as a wedding gift?"

So they laughed and talked until the bell rang and a quick step was heard in the hall. Ellen rose, her face white and tender. Then the glow of perfect happiness swept over it. Her brother slipped away by another door; and the two entered into the full clear sunshine of cloudless day.

Keeping Them in Line

Continued from page 30.

Tarte spoke at many picnics, blossomed with the flowers of summer and ended, alas, with them. He was a great hand at sentiment, touching the human chord and all that sort of thing. He spoke of the National Policy in a way to bring tears to the eyes. It certainly did to mine. An onion could not have done more. I gathered that he had a brief from the manufacturers and that his object was to make high tariff stir us like a trumpet or a

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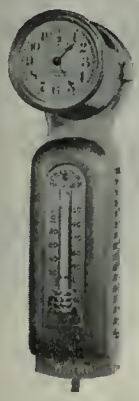
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THREE RIVERS QUEBEC

noble passage from the poets. It was some job and Mr. Tarte had not finished it when Sir Wilfrid got back home. Biff! After that it was silence.

Silence till 1904, when the Hon. A. G. Blair contracted the opinion that, as Minister of Railways, he ought to be told more about the railway policy of the Government than he was being allowed to hear at that moment. Mr. Blair threatened to resign and was taken at his word. Mr. Blair was accustomed to swinging New Brunswick by the tail and he had made the mistake of thinking that he could do the same thing with Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Mr. Blair broke out in another spot later on, talked of revelations, but failed when it came to a show down. There is an old story that it was J. Weslev Allison, of fuse contract fame, who came forward with the fatal knowledge that put the clamps on Mr. Blair.

IN 1905 the Hon. Clifford Sifton had a difference of opinion with Sir Wilfred Laurier over separate school clauses of the Autonomy Bill. He went away for a rest and to think it over. When he came back he found that the clauses had been slipped in. He blamed Sir Charles Fitzpatrick for it and Sir Wilfrid took up the challenge. Mr. Sifton resigned. The current gossip was that he was looking just at that time for a soft spot to fall on, but that did not prevent people with sharp ears hearing him hit every step as he went down. For this little incident Mr. Sifton naturally cherished revenge and, when his chance came in 1911 to organize his vendetta, he did it with great skill. He paid special attention to the Laurier cabinet ministers, most of whom were defeated by his clever tactics. It took Sir Clifford six years to get even, but he made a fairly good job of it.

After Mr. Hyman passed out in 1905 and Mr. Emmerson in 1907, Sir Wilfrid had no more trouble in that direction. He was monarch of all he surveyed, and his right there was none to dispute until the reciprocity election came along and took his monarchy, but not his absolute leadership, away. Sir Wilfrid is still the master of his own party and when his party wants him to be anything less they can get another leader. In short, Sir Wilfrid is in good practice for cabinet control if ever again he has a cabinet to control.

SIR ROBERT BORDEN'S feat of derring-do in asking for Sir Sam's resignation is almost too recent for comment. The facts are not all known yet. Sir Robert can be stern enough when he pleases—he has excommunicated members of Parliament before now—but he has a reputation for long suffering on which some persons might presume. One never saw Premier Borden and Sir Sam together without thinking of that old wheeze about the immovable body and the irresistible force. What would happen if the irresistible force met the immovable body? Well, my guess is that at the end, say, of two years, the immovable body would get tired of the irresistible force and just roll over and crush him.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*In an early issue Mr. Gadsby will deal with the control of policies; how party policies are formed or changed and the part that premiers and cabinet ministers have borne in recent political developments.*



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G. J. DESBARATS,
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Into the Abyss

Continued from page 15.

ere purple; but its skin, which hung osely upon it, even as clothes might do, as a phosphorescent grey. And it stood ere, blinded by the light.

At last this unknown creature of the yss blinked its eyes open, and, shading em with its disengaged hand, opened mouth and gave vent to a shouting ise, articulate almost as speech might , that penetrated even the steel case d padded jacket of the sphere. How a outing may be accomplished without gs Elstead does not profess to explain. then moved sideways out of the glare o the mystery of shadow that bordered on either side, and Elstead felt rather an saw that it was coming towards n. Fancying the light had attracted it, turned the switch that cut off the cur- t. In another moment something soft bbled upon the steel, and the globe ayed.

Then the shouting was repeated, and it med to him that a distant echo answer- it. The dabbing recurred, and the globe ayed and ground against the spindle r which the wire was rolled. He stood the blackness, and peered out into the rlasting night of the abyss. And pre- tly he saw, very faint and remote, er phosporescent quasi-human forms rrying towards him.

HARDLY knowing what he did, he felt about in his swaying prison for the d of the exterior electric light, and ne by accident against his own small w lamp in its padded recess. The ere twisted, and then threw him down; heard shouts like shouts of surprise, when he rose to his feet he saw two rs of stary eyes peering into the lower ndow and reflecting his light.

n another moment hands were dabbing orously at his steel casing, and there s a sound, horrible enough in his posi- n, of the metal protection of the clock- k being vigorously hammered. That, eed, sent his heart into his mouth, for these strange creatures succeeded in pping that his release would never oc- . Scarcely had he thought as much en he felt the sphere sway violently, the floor of it press hard against his t. He turned off the glow lamp that the interior, and sent the ray of the e light in the separate compartment into the water. The sea floor and the n-like creatures had disappeared, and ouple of fish chasing each other drop- suddenly by the window.

He thought at once that these strange izens of the deep sea had broken the e rope, and that he had escaped. He ve up faster and faster, and then pped with a jerk that sent him flying inst the padded roof of his prison. half a minute perhaps he was too nished to think.

hen he felt that the sphere was spin- g slowly, and rocking, and it seemed to that it was also being drawn through water. By crouching close to the dow he managed to make his weight ctive and roll that part of the sphere nward, but he could see nothing save pale ray of his light striking down fectively into the darknes. It occur- to him that he would see more if he

Continued on page 79.



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The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance

A Year of Prosperity

THE OUTSTANDING feature of the business situation at the present time is the prospect of a larger volume of war orders for Canada. The peace proposals of the war-weary despot of Potsdam brought about the sudden scurrying of stock speculators to cover, which created such havoc on Wall Street; but back of the peace talk was a very tangible fact. John Bull had cancelled extensive orders placed in the United States for war supplies. This might mean either that Britain anticipated early peace or that it had been possible to so extend the munition manufacturing facilities of Great Britain and Canada that the bulk of British war needs could be supplied. Either explanation spelled confusion to the war-bred prosperity of Wall Street.

The latter explanation is the correct one. Great Britain does not anticipate an early cessation of hostilities. On the contrary John Bull is preparing to wage greater, grimmer war than ever before. But the organization of industrial resources has been improved to such an extent that an almost adequate supply of shells can be secured now from the workshops of Britain and Canada.

This presages a period of greater activity and prosperity even than has been seen during the past year. "For instance," says *The Financial Post*, "it has been learned that an order for shells larger than the biggest contract placed in the United States last year has been awarded to the Montreal Locomotive Co., Ltd., the Canadian branch of the American Locomotive Co. As the Bethlehem Steel Corporation last year received an order amounting to $150,000,000, the Canadian order is probably between $175,000,000 and $200,000,000." If these figures are accurate, even approximately, the coming year will surely usher in a period of colossal industrial effort, of strenuous activity, of unprecedented prosperity.



—Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

Help yourself.

The prospect is not one to regard with elation. The more shells we turn out the more men must we send to follow in the pitted path of the missile storm. The prosperity that is coming to Canada this year as the result of the focussing of the wealth of an Empire on military needs, we must accept, not with personal complacency and smug realization of individual benefit, but purely with an eye to its later use in the more uncertain times following the declaration of peace. In this connection it must be noted in an admonitory mood that despite a million dollar increase in our exports for the year ending November over the year ending September, Canada's favorable balance of trade has fallen from $367,647,000 to $306,437,516 due, of course, to the increase in imports. This tendency began in October when a new upward movement in imports began and the favorable balance fell to about $335,000,000. This is in marked contrast with the advance in the favorable balance a year ago though, of course, this year the favorable balance is much higher than it was at that time. A point worth noting is that while exports of merchandise were only $109,588,950 for the month of November, 1916, against $94,436,093 in 1915, imports were $72,690,791 against only $45,217,559 a year ago. In one year imports have almost doubled and the advance has been very steady indeed.

	1915	
Mdse. only.	Sept.	Nov.
Exports	$517,982,000	$559,152,052
Imports	417,183,000	435,249,966
Balance ...	$100,799,000	$123,902,086

	1916	
Mdse. only.	Sept.	Nov.
Exports ..	$1,052,925,000	$1,053,840,861
Imports ..	685,278,000	744,403,345
	$ 367,647,000	$ 306,437,516

The situation, from a purely business standpoint, is unusually bright. It is not within the range of possibilities that Canada can be anything but highly, nay exuberantly, feverishly prosperous during 1917. We have a big task to do: To turn out a larger share of the munitions needed to drive the Teutons over the Rhine



Brinkerhoff in New York Evening Mail

Why will she bring that disagreeable child?

and to do so with fewer men. The increased activity in the war industries will unquestionably be reflected in all other branches. Huge wages are being paid to munition workers and no amount of earnest admonition on the subject of thrift can prevent a larger share of the increased wages from passing into the usual channels of circulation. At present writing it is one hundred per cent. certain that 1917 will be a year of busy factories, crowded stores and general activity. The only thing that could unsettle the outlook would be a sudden weakening in the Wilhelmstrasse. After peace would come—what? Perhaps a continuance of prosperity. Men are less skeptical on the score of the future than they were. Industry has been preparing for peace.

INVESTMENTS

Three Per Cent Enough For Money?

By R. J. MILLER

THE SAVINGS deposits in Canadian banks on October 1, 1916, reached the huge total of $816,374,171, an increase in twelve months of $123,034,320. Satisfactory as this increase is, illustrating as it does the wonderful prosperity of Canada during a year of world-wide disturbance due to an unparalleled war, it is remarkable that so vast a sum should yield so small a return to its owners.

If the owners of these deposits had had their money invested at 5 per cent., instead of 3 per cent., they would receive for interest in one year $40,818,707, instead of $24,491,225. In other words, $16,327,485 is lost to them, that could have been as safely and as easily earned, had they only known how.

The rate of interest allowed on savings deposits is nominally 3 per cent., but actually it works out at less, being about 2⅞ per cent. This is due to the fact that interest is not paid for the full time the money is deposited, but only for complete calendar months.

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The chief reason that the owners of these vast savings realize so little for their money is lack of experience in the investment of money. The fluctuations of the stock markets frighten them, while the worry and expense of mortgages on land or property to those not familiar with this class of security, are wisely avoided by the inexperienced investor.

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QUESTIONS

BRAZILIAN INVESTMENT.

4.—Toronto, Jan. 6.—"A client of mine is thinking of investing quite extensively in Brazilian Traction and has requested me to write and ask you for your opinion as to this investment, either for speculation or investment purposes."

Answer.—This stock has been low since the outbreak of war, and, for the reason that it can be bought cheaply, should make a good investment. The earnings have shown healthy increases during the year, but, owing to the adverse exchange situation, there has been a serious loss in the returns to Canadian investors. There is some talk now of a cut in the dividend, owing largely to the exchange rate. It is said by those who know that the idea is to build up a reserve to be paid to investors when exchange has been restored to normal. This would be in the stockholders' interests in the long run, but in the meantime a cut in dividend would seriously affect the stock from a speculative standpoint and also as an investment.

A WIDOW'S INVESTMENT.

5.—St. Catharines, Jan. 3.—"I am looking for an investment for the funds of a widow who requires the maximum possible annual income, consistent with safety of principal and perfect regularity in payment of interest. I have already bought some of the Anglo-French external loan for her, but want to get some longer term investments, and would like your advice as to whether or not any of the following bonds would be a safe investment for her.

"Attached is list of bonds."

Answer.—The list you have attached is a good sound one, and you could not go wrong in selecting any of them. Of the industrial securities, the pick on your list are Penmans, Ltd., 5% bonds, with a yield of 5.88, and Ogilvie Flour Co. 6% bonds, with a yield of 5.82. Both companies are in extremely sound position, and the yields in both cases are large. The fact that the Province of Alberta guarantees the bonds of the Edmonton, Dunvegan and B.C. Ry. makes this a safe venture, and the yield again is good—5.44. The same degree of security attaches to the Town of Le Pas telephone bonds, guaranteed by the Province of Manitoba, but the yield of 5.25 is the lowest on your list.



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Jordan is a Hard Road

Continued from page 35.

of life which the Lord has called you to. I want to be just *where* I've always been, while not being *as* I've always been. If I'm goin' to do any good with my religion, which I got while the lowly lamp still held out to 'luminate, I mus'n't shake my shanks away from the passin' show. What's the good o' my livin' among believers! What I've got to do is to live among the damned. Being familiar with them, I get a better chance of gettin' my hand on to them, and coaxin' them out of the broad path into the neat and narrow way, where the light of love lingers long as life lasts."

In his "soul to soul" talks, as he called them, he never could resist this alliteration. His preachings, his prayers, and his exhortations were filled with striking phrases; it was a unique gift.

"No, the tavern's the place for me, and a tavern it shall be," he added. "I'm of the passin' world, prepared to penetrate the pilgrim's impenitent soul. To the tavern door comes the young yearlin' of the herd and the old buck of the bad lands. A word in season, a whisper in the night, a warnin' in the mornin' an' you never know but you've snatched a soul out of the cinders."

IT WAS a good argument, still the prayer-people felt it incongruous that their new leader, their profligate prodigal, now a tower of strength in the Lord's house, should still remain in the house of Rimmon, where scenes of drunkenness occurred; where even a migratory strumpet might now and again be seen. What discontent might have developed till the fresh convert was disciplined at quarterly meeting would never be known, because on a certain inspired day Minden found the way out. One night he had not slept at all thinking of his "little gal," and in the morning, soon after sunrise, sitting on the stoop of the hotel, he saw passing down the street another victim of insomnia—John Warner, the real estate agent. Only the day before he had heard of Warner's impending bankruptcy. The poor man had built a hotel and could not pay for it, and the mortgagees and the banks were crowding to crush him; to get out of his mangled remains financial profit while yet it would not fail them. As Minden watched Warner passing with haggard face and downcast look, there flashed into his mind the solution of his own problem. He rose hurriedly from the verandah and strode down the street after the broken man.

"Say, wait a minute, Mr. Warner," he said.

Apathetically, the other turned, but he did not speak.

"Tell me, what did your hotel cost you?" Minden asked. "What did it cost you according to the bills and the auditors?"

"Seventeen thousand dollars—all I had, and six thousand more than I had," answered the other.

"I'll give eighteen thousand for it," said Minden, 'if you can show me straight it cost you that."

"It's worth twenty-five thousand," responded Warner with a new, tremulous look of hope in his face.

"Well, then, I'll give twenty thousand,



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DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

if you're givin' it t' me straight," returned Minden.

In vain the other tried to conquer himself, but he had eaten nothing for a couple of days, and he had not slept at all for three whole nights. He opened his lips once or twice to speak, then a great convulsion shook him, and he burst into tears. Sobs shook him as Minden hurried him across the street into the Sunbright Hotel, and upstairs into his own room.

When Warner could control himself sufficiently he said "My God, but you're a Christian, Mr. Minden!"

WHY DID Minden buy a hotel at a cost of twenty thousand dollars? At first glance it seemed bad enough to live in an hotel when you were a professing Christian, but to buy a hotel deliberately, which would be licensed to sell, "Wine, beer and other spirituous and fermented liquors," seemed flying in the face of a newly got reputation for grace. Bill saw the full significance of the situation he had created, but he had staked all on his inspired hazard, and he would see it through. The news of his purchase traveled swiftly through the town, and many a sour-tempered sinner essayed to run across him during the day with the dark purpose of "showing him up," as they put it. For one of the "saved" to buy a hotel, was, as Jonas Bilings said, enough to make a cat laugh. The unregenerate laughed consumedly, and Billings announced that Minden hadn't learned yet how to be a Christian. He guessed that as Bill had been taking things without paying for them all his life, the new habit of paying for what he wanted, 'sort of intoxicated him; an' he'll want to buy a race-course next, an' a brass band to go with it."

Good humor marked the sardonic criticism of nearly every unregenerate; but Patsy Kernaghan, who had become Bill's most ferocious and unassuaged critic since his conversion, fairly danced in triumph to the Young Doctor's office, bursting in upon his medical friend as he was cleaning instruments after an operation. On this unconventional entrance the Young Doctor thrust a long knife out at Patsy medodramatically.

"I'll cut your face away from that ugly nose of yours, Kernaghan," he said, "if you enter my office again without knocking."

"Aw, Doctor dear," rejoined the other excitedly—"aw, put it away. It doesn't matter cutting away me face—it's never been anny use to me: but have you heard what's happened? Did ye get the news? Did ye hear the thunderbolt drop?"

"You mean about Minden and Warner's hotel?" answered the other lazily.

"Tare an' 'ouns, isn't that a thunderbolt? Isn't that a fine scrape? In to-day an' out to-morrow, like a landleaguer an' Limerick Gaol! Here to-day and away to-morrow, like the clods of the valley! In the arms of the Methodies last week, and back again to Beelzeboob this week. Shure, I think he was mad—just struck down by a gurl's voice in a crowded tint, an' all the people shouting round him 'Glory be'! He hadn't been used to it, and him gettin' old—that's what's the matter with him."

"Ah, you had hopes he would join the Catholics, Patsy." remarked the Young Doctor, with a careful edge to his voice.

"Shure, I thought there was that much sense left till him. There was hopes he'd get the balance of his mind in this good air, but, annyhow, glory be, he didn't stay long among thim Methhodies. He breaks out like a young bull, an' buys a hotel, an' begorra, he's goin' to run it himself, too!"

"So there's hope for him yet, eh?"

"There's no hypokrasy in the Cat'lic Church. Shure, a man can keep a hotel or be a doctor!—it doesn't matter how bad he is. The Church just says, Do your dooty where y'are placed; whether it's tradin' with good whiskey or dosin' with bad poisin. If 'tis so, Doctor dear, thin there y'are. The Church saves you in spite of it. That's not the way with the Methodies. Niver mind where y'are placed, come out of it they say. Come out of it, an' be a baker or a tinsmith or a storekeeper or an insurance agent, or an undertaker; an' there y'are! Thim's the Hevenly trades that's pursooed in the mansions in the skies. Aw, Doctor dear, I was afeared Bill Minden was losin' his mind; but I shouldn't wonder but some good angel with a bottle of Hinnisy's brandy stepped up till him last night, as he was getting into bed an' whispered in his ear what was good for him. So he woke up in the marnin' with an empty bottle in his hand an' a new mind; an' seein' Warner's hotel yander he observed his duty an' done it, an' was saved from the grave of the hypocrik an' the hell of the lunatic."

"Well, I'm not so sure of that," answered the Young Doctor. "I'd like to

hear what Minden says to the class-leaders to-night. They're getting thumb-screws ready for him, I hear. There were never any inquisitors in Spain like these, Patsy. The Spanish crowd said, 'Be of good cheer, for by this you shall be saved'; while the Askatoon inquisitors say, 'Put out his eyes, cut off his tongue, and let him be damned.' Kernaghan, my lad, I'm not at all sure there isn't a nigger in William Minden's fence. He'll roast them, I'm thinking."

The Young Doctor was quite right. There was to be a class-meeting in the evening, and at it the prayer-people would sit in judgment on Minden, the converted one. It was a difficult position. Minden had greatly increased the church membership; he had been an "instrument of grace," the rescuer of the lost. Also he had been a rich source of financial profit, and their hearts were sick that this hotel-business might force them to expel him from their communion. In any one else the matter would have called for reproach and discipline only, but in Minden's case, it was a degrading return to the husks the swine did eat, and it was too notorious not to notice it in a large way.

Minden knew it all. He depended on one thing, and he went to find it at the house of Mrs. Finley. It was five o'clock in the afternoon and to his joy, Mrs. Finley was absent and Cora was at home. He entered on her at a moment when she was making for supper what are called biscuits in the West. In her white apron and flour-covered hands, with eyes alight and cheeks abloom, with an air of genteel business about her, she was a very picture of domesticity. Minden's heart grew big with pride.

"Peace be to this house," he said with Oriental quaintness and an Occidental smile.

"And unto you, friend, also," she re-replied, with a joyous naturalness.

Presently she added, "I can't quite make out why it is, Mr. Minden, that the first time we met, your eyes seemed familiar to me, and just now when you came in, it seemed as if I knew you ages ago somewhere."

A flush stole slowly over Minden's face. She had startled him. It was almost as though she had called him father.

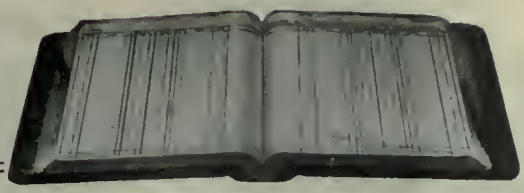
"Well, it must ha' been all right between us ages ago," he answered, "for you surely are kind to me now. You don't stand me off as though I ought to be breakin' stones."

"You have been breaking stones," she answered. "You have broken the stone of many a hard heart; you've made people happy that were unhappy before. That's the thing about religion which I understand," she added. "I don't think I ever had any grace, as mother understands it; but helping someone that needs help is my religion."

"You don't just think all the time about saving your own soul, then?" asked her visitor.

"I think that's selfish," she answered. "You've got to be thinking of others or you don't have happiness." Then while wiping the flour from her fingers, she continued:

"That's why you bought John Warner's hotel, isn't it? You weren't thinking of yourself, but of him. Some of the class-leaders are mad at you, but you know why you did it, and you're going to explain to the meeting to-night, aren't you?"



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FOR A moment Minden was silent, then as though with an effort, he replied: "No. I guess I was selfish after all."

"I don't believe it," she replied stoutly.

He shook his head perplexedly. "I'll tell you why I bought that hotel, an' I'm telling you first of all. I'm hopin' too you're not goin' to fly out an' say shame on me when I've told you. I bought that tavern, not to run it as a place where anybody can get drunk if he likes or play cards, and shoot off his mouth. I bought it for the town's good. I'm goin' to run it as a temperance hotel. Lots of people know me in the West, an' lots who don't know me want to see me, as if I was a hyena in a circus; an' I'll draw. That tavern 'll be a home for the weary, for the traveller comin' or goin'. I can do more good in a temperance hotel like that than ten churches can, for there'll be a word in season for them that never enter a church—not a word of religion, but just good tidin's, just a sort of sense of bein' all right."

She clapped her hands. "There, I was sure you meant something good by it, but I see now how a big mind thinks."

"Say, don't talk like that," Minden answered with blinking eyes, while longing to kiss the spot on the top of her head where the light burnished her hair. "I'll tell you what my plans are, because you're the only person that can help me carry 'em out. If you say yes, then both of us together can make your mother say yes. She can be made to say it," he continued almost introspectively. "You don't know what I want? Well, listen. Your mother told me a week ago that this house has been sold by her landlord, and she has to give up and get out. Well, I want her to come and help me make that temperance hotel go—the first ever started out here in a big way, an' I want you and her to come and live there. We can prove a hotel can be made like a home; we can make it a real reef-me-in rest-house. Not a drop of liquor 'll ever enter it, if I can help it; but I can't do it alone. There's not one in a million has got the sense of home your mother has. She can make that place seem a home. We can kill two or three of the small taverns, and give the men that's running them work in our place; for half the men that run taverns are sober and hate drink; they see too much of it. Don't you take what I'm driving at? Will you do it?"

She certainly did not see all that he was driving at. What he wanted was this daughter of his and her reputed mother under his own roof, where he could see them every day, in the many hours of every day, and share with this wonderful girl the life of a home. As he awaited her reply his eyes grew bigger with intense scrutiny and suspense.

HER EYES like his were expanding, she too saw a vision; it was the vision of a man's work and constructive power, brought within the range of her own co-operation.

"Splendid — it's splendid!" she exclaimed. "Of course I'll do it, if mother will; and she must. She certainly must do it. Isn't it a great, big, magnificent plan! That's religion," she continued. "It isn't getting at a lot of people at Church on a Sunday, and a few at class-meetings in the week; but it's getting at people coming and going, and going and coming, and sitting and resting in a place where things are taught without words. Oh, dear, I wish mother would come—but here she is!" she added, as the gate clicked.

A moment later Mrs. Finley was inside the room, quickly perceiving an atmosphere of excitement.

"What is it?" she asked with a look of suspicion and reproof in her face, for she had heard of Minden's new adventure with alarm and pain.

"Now don't you offer to shake hands till I've told you everything," Minden said. "I've been telling *her* because instinct would tell her what to do, but it would be good, full-grown common sense with you. I was more afraid of her than you, because you'd make up your mind on the merits and she'd make up her's on her feelings."

THOUGH Mrs. Finley was distressed and provoked at what she had heard about the tavern, there was a feeling for this man she could not conquer. He was a link with her old happy past. He had given her joy through this child of his. In spite of everything she believed in him.

"Well, I'd like a cup of tea first," she answered. "Maybe you'll get it, Cora, while we talk," she added to the girl.

Cora nodded, but before she left the room, she said, "Please remember I want you to do what he wants you to do."

When she reurned ten minutes later, she saw what she had seen but a few times in her life, tears in Mrs. Finley's eyes.

"We've got to do it, Cora; it's a clear message from on high," Mrs. Finley said.

Almost with an air of benevolence Cora watched the two drink their tea. It seemed to herself that she was removed to a height above them both. In the man there was a great human passion working; in the woman's mind there was a conviction of a message from on high; in the girl's there was a romance of doing good, of helping her fellow-creatures, a view of something splendid, a sweet indefinite promise of the future. It was something bigger than herself, and there was in it neither spiritual fanaticism nor human vanity; only the jealous wisdom and aspiration of youth.

CHAPTER V.

SANCTUARY.

SO FAR Minden had had his way in everything in Askatoon. He had gone from sensation to sensation like the great adventurer he had always been. First the bogey man with a bad reputation, moving like a threatening cloud among them all; then the open-handed philanthropist who never turned a marble heart to anyone in misery or any good cause; then school-trustee; later the repentant sinner from whom there had been more joy than over the ninety-and-nine who needed no repentance; then Mayor; and after that the greatest sensation of all: the transportation of Mrs. Finley and her daughter to the Rest Awhile Hotel. There the capable, pious widow-woman with the cameo-brooch and the mediæval head became the organizer of a larger domestic scheme than she had ever known. Fifty-five years old she was, the management of this large and various business did not prove too great for her capacity.

It had been a moment of great heart searching on the part of the Methodist

community when, in the sacred enclosure of the class-meeting, Minden unfolded his plan, and Mrs. Finley made a decisive little speech in which she declared that she was called to do this thing; that the spirit had spoken to her; and that as the work had to be done she was calmly sure that she could do it as well, even a little better, than anybody else. Two or three women present sniffed at this self-confidence, but on the whole she was taken at her own valuation. That she, however, who had been the converted ex-criminal's most austere critic, should leave her little home and become the housekeeper of his big tavern was a large mouthful for these finicking religious feeders to swallow. There were two or three women present who, if they had dared, would have said, "Why don't you marry him at once and have done with it!"

Good people as they were, it was natural they should be anxious that Mrs. Finley should not be a hypocrite; that the situation should be outwardly what it really was inwardly; for Mrs. Finley had no more idea of a closer association with Minden than he had, and it was as distant from his mind as Gehenna from Guadalupe. Minden was obsessed by one idea only—the home where his "little gal" would be.

It was not a home such as he would have liked; that is, a kind of stockade which should shut out the whole savage world. With the constant coming and going through its doorways of hundreds of travellers, the Rest Awhile Tavern was only a home like the Arab's tent or the Gipsy's van; though there were two secluded sets of rooms at either end of the capacious hostel, where the peace of home had its habitat. Also there was a little dining room common to the three, where they met at least three times a day; and by Minden's careful ingenuity, there were many incidental meetings with the girl who was the apple of his eye. Askatoon watched the career of the Rest Awhile Hotel with abnormal scrutiny. Scores of wayfarers, attracted by the unique character of the place, hoped to find a bottle behind a door somewhere, or a secret panel which shielded some stimulant; but it was not long before the public became aware that the Rest Awhile Hotel was in fact, as in name, a temperance hotel, where sarsaparilla, lemonade, ginger-beer, ginger-ale, and Adam's ale (pure cold water), were the only drinks to be had, besides tea, coffee or cocoa. No drunken man ever kept a foot within the Rest Awhile, and at last it came to be understood that Minden's scheme was working well. Then the religious community began to imagine it was they who had devised this wonderful social reform, wherein the comforts of home were united with the adventurous excitement of a pious summer picnic.

AS MAYOR, Minden did his work well and wisely, and the business of the town was run economically. Only in the stationery department was there extravagance. His large way of doing things, his open-handedness, were expressed in the hand-writing which enabled him, by crowding, to put as many as fifty words on a sheet of foolscap; and if his fluency in writing had been like his spasmodic fluency in speech the Mayor's archives would have cost the town much money.



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OXO CUBES

As Patsy Kernaghan said to the Young Doctor:

"If he's goin' on being Mayor we'll have to build a paper-mill, or he'll have to get a sicretairy."

"Well, there is Miss Finley," remarked the Young Doctor, with a queer look.

Kernaghan nodded and jerked an approving hand. "Aw, yis, longhand an' shorthand an' anny hand, she knows, that gurl. She winds Bill Minden round her little finger. Shure, she's always bin the same since the first day he come an' she smiled a soft word till him, walking out of the gate of the Central School. Don't you remember that, Doctor dear? Didn't I tell it till ye?"

"Yes," answered the Young Doctor, "I remember it well enough. He's that fond of her, she might be his own daughter."

"His own daughter! Do ye mean that peach blossom from the wild tree in the garden of Eden — that peach blossom belong to the wicked old lupus tree with the Dead Sea fruit on it? Aw, Doctor dear, is there anny lunacy in y'r family?"

The Young Doctor had never whispered his suspicions to a human being. As the West says, he never *butted* in. It was the soul of his business, the etiquette of his life that he should be *called* in. So, until the time came, until he should be called in, if that ever was to be, no one should guess what he thought Minden's story was, or what was the secret of the firm of Minden, Finley and Finley.

HE WAS quite right. There was approaching the Rest Awhile Hotel an event, the one hand of which held happiness, while from the other streamed the black end of the midnight road.

Minden had treasured up all the late newspaper reports which told of his conversion, vividly set forth against his past umbrageous career. Some sneered at his getting religion, some hinted at the habit of the pig returning to its wallow, calling him a natural-born criminal.

To be Continued.

In Merry Mexico

Continued from page 18.

The clerk turned to an assistant at a desk in a corner of the room.

"Where's Frank working this morning?" he asked.

"Over down in the gulch," said the other, turning round for a moment. "There's an attack of American cavalry this morning."

"Oh, yes, I forgot," said the chief clerk. "I thought it was the Indian Massacre, but I guess that's for to-morrow. Go straight to the end of the street and turn left about a half a mile and you'll find the boys down there."

We thanked him and withdrew.

WE PASSED across the open plaza, and went down a narrow side road, bordered here and there with adobe houses, and so out into the open country. Here the hills rose again and the road that we followed wound sharply round a turn into a deep gorge, bordered with rocks and sage brush. We had no sooner turned the curve of the road than we came upon a scene of great activity. Men in Mexican costume were running to and fro apparently arranging a sort of barricade at the side of the road. Others seemed to be climbing the rocks on the further side of the gorge, as if seeking points of advantage. I noticed that all were armed with rifles and machetes and presented a formidable appearance. Of Villa himself I could see nothing. But there was a grim reality about the glittering knives, the rifles and the maxim guns that I saw concealed in the sage brush beside the road.

"What is it?" I asked of a man who was standing idle, watching the scene from the same side of the road as ourselves.

"Attack of American cavalary," he said nonchalantly.

"Here!" I gasped.

"Yep, in about ten minutes: soon as they are ready."

"Where's Villa?"

"It's him they're attacking. They chase him here, see! This is an ambush. Villa rounds on them right here, and they fight to a finish!"

"Great Heavens!" I exclaimed. "How do you know that?"

"Know it? Why, because I *seen* it. Ain't they been trying it out for three days? Why, I'd be in it myself only I'm off work —got a sore toe yesterday—horse stepped on it."

All this was, of course, quite unintelligible to me.

"But it's right here where they're going to fight?" I asked.

"Sure," said the American, as he moved carelessly aside "as soon as the boss gets it all ready."

I NOW noticed for the first time a heavy-looking man in an American tweed suit and a white plug hat, moving to and fro calling out directions with an air of authority.

"Here!" he shouted, "what in h——l are you doing with that machine gun! You've got it clean out of focus. Here, José, come in closer—that's right—steady there now, and don't forget, at the second whistle you and Pete are dead. Here, you, Pete, how in thunder do you think you can die there? You're all out of the picture hidden by that there sage bush. That's no place to die. And, boys, remember one thing, now, *die slow*. Ed."—he turned and called apparently to some one invisible behind the rocks—"when them two boys is killed, turn her round on them, slew her round good and get them centre focus. Now then, are you all set? Ready?"

At this moment the speaker turned and saw Raymon and myself. "Here, youse," he shouted, "get further back; you're in the picture. Or, say, no, stay right where you are. You," he said, pointing to me, "stay right where you are and I'll give you a dollar to just hold that horror; you understand; just keep on registering it. Don't do another thing; just register that face."

His words were meaningless to me. I had never known before that it was possible to make money by merely registering my face.

"No, no," cried out Raymon, "my friend here is not wanting work. He has a message, a message of great importance for General Villa."

"Well," called back the boss, "he'll have to wait. We can't stop now. All ready, boys? One—two—now!"

AND WITH that he put a whistle to his lips and blew a long shrill blast.

Then in a moment the whole scene was transformed. Rifle shots rang out from every crag and bush that bordered the gully.

A wild scamper of horses' hoofs was heard and in a moment there came tearing down the road a whole troop of mounted Mexicans, evidently in flight, for they turned and fired from their saddles as they rode. The horses that carried them were wild with excitement and flecked with foam. The Mexican cavalry men shouted and yelled, brandishing their machetes and firing their revolvers. Here and there a horse and rider fell to the ground in a great whirl of sand and dust. In the thick of the press, a leader of ferocious aspect, mounted upon a gigantic black horse, waved his sombrero about his head.

"Villa — it is Villa!" cried Raymon, tense with excitement; "is he not *magnifico?* But look! Look—the *Americanos!* They are coming!"

IT WAS a glorious sight to see them as they rode madly on the heels of the Mexicans—a whole company of American cavalry, their horses shoulder to shoulder, the men bent low in their saddles, their carbines gripped in their hands. They rode in squadrons and in line, not like the shouting, confused mass of the Mexicans—but steady, disciplined, irresistible.

On the right flank in front a grey-haired officer steadied the charging line.

The excitement of it was maddening.

"Go it," I shouted in uncontrollable emotion. "Your Mexicans are licked, Raymon, they're no good!"

"But look!" said Raymon; "see—the ambush, the ambuscade!"

For as they reached the centre of the gorge in front of us the Mexicans suddenly checked their horses, bringing them plunging on their haunches in the dust, and then swung round upon their pursuers, while from every crag and bush at the side of the gorge the concealed riflemen sprang into view—and the sputtering of the machine guns swept the advancing column with a volley.

We could see the American line checked as with the buffet of a great wave, men and horses rolling in the road. Through the smoke one saw the grey-haired leader, dismounted, his uniform torn, his hat gone, but still brandishing his sword and calling his orders to his men, his face as one caught in a flash of sunlight, steady and fearless. His words I could not hear, but one saw the American cavalry, still unbroken, dismount, thrown themselves behind their horses, and fire with steady aim into the mass of Mexicans. We could see the Mexicans in front of where we stood falling thick and fast, in little huddled bundles of color, kicking the sand. The man Pete had gone down right in the

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A. 65



foreground and was breathing out his soul before our eyes.

"Well done," I shouted. "Go to it, boys! You can lick 'em yet! Hurrah for the United States. Look Raymon, look! They've shot down the crew of the machine guns. See, see—the Mexicans are turning to run—at' em, boys!—they're waving the American flag! There it is in all the thick of the smoke! Hark! There's the bugle call to mount again! They're going to charge again! Here they come!"

As the American cavalry came tearing forward, the Mexicans leaped from their places with gestures of mingled rage and terror as if about to break and run.

The battle, had it continued, could have but one end.

But at this moment we heard from the town behind us the long sustained note of a steam whistle blowing the hour of noon.

In an instant the firing ceased.

THE BATTLE stopped. The Mexicans picked themselves up off the ground and began brushing off the dust from their black velvet jackets. The American cavalry reined in their horses. Dead Pete came to life. General Villa and the American leader and a number of others strolled over towards the boss, who stood beside the fence vociferating his comments.

"That won't do!" he was shouting. "That won't do! Where in blazes was that infernal Sister of Mercy? Miss Jenkinson!" and he called to a tall girl, whom I now noticed for the first time among the crowd, wearing a sort of khaki costume and a short skirt and carrying a water bottle in a strap. "You never got into the picture at all. I want you right in there among the horses, under their feet."

"Land sakes!" said the Sister of Mercy. "You ain't got no right to ask me to go in there among them horses and be trampled."

"Ain't you *paid* to be trampled?" said the manager angrily. Then as he caught sight of Villa he broke off and said: "Frank, you boys done fine. It's going to be a good act, all right. But it ain't just got the right amount of ginger in it yet. We'll try her over again, anyway."

"Now, boys," he continued, calling out to the crowd with a voice like a megaphone, "this afternoon at three-thirty—Hospital scene. I only want the wounded, the doctors and the Sisters of Mercy. All the rest of youse is free till ten to-morrow—for the Indian Massacre. Everybody up for that."

* * * *

IT WAS an hour or two later that I had my interview with Villa in a back room of the little *posada*, or inn, of the town. The General had removed his ferocious wig of straight black hair, and substituted a check suit for his war-like costume. He had washed the darker part of the paint off his face — in fact, he looked once again the same Frank Villa that I used to know when he kept his Mexican cigar store in Montreal.

"Well, Frank," I said, "I'm afraid I came down here under a misunderstanding."

"Looks like it," said the General, as he rolled a cigarette.

"And you wouldn't care to go back even for the offer that I am commissioned to

ke—your old job back again, and half profits on a new cigar to be called Francesco Villa?"
The General shook his head.
"It sounds good, all right," he said, "but s moving picture business is better."
"I see," I said. "I hadn't understood. thought there really was a revolution re in Mexico."
"No," said Villa, shaking his head, een no revolution down here for years not since Diaz. The picture companies me in and took the whole thing over: ey made us a fair offer—so much a reel raight out, and a royalty, and let us ide up the territory as we liked. The st film we done was the bombardment Vera Cruz—say, that was a dandy—l you see it?"
"No," I said.
"They had us all in that," he continued. done an American Marine. Lots of ople think it all real when they see it."
"Why," I said, "nearly everybody does. en the President——"
"Oh, I guess he knows," said Villa, "but, u see, there's tons of money in it and s good for business, and he's too decent man to give it away. Say, I heard the ys saying there's a war in Europe. I nder what company got that up, eh? it I don't believe it'll draw. There ain't e scenery for it that we have in Mexico."
"Alas!" murmured Raymon. "Our autiful Mexico. To what is she fallen! eeding only water, air, light and soil to ke her——"
"Come on, Raymon," I said, "let's go me."

Into the Abyss

Continued from page 67.

rned the lamp off and allowed his eyes grow accustomed to the profound ob-urity.

N THIS he was wise. After some min-utes the velvety blackness became a nsluscent blackness, and then far away, d as faint as the zodiacal light of an nglish summer evening, he saw shapes oving below. He judged these crea-res had detached his cable and were wing him along the sea bottom.
And then he saw something faint and mote across the undulations of the sub-rine plain, a broad horizon of pale minosity that extended this way and at way as far as the range of his little ndow permitted him to see. To this he s being towed, as a ballon might be wed by men out of the open country to a town. He approached it very slow-. and very slowly the dim irradiation s gathered together into more definite apes.
It was nearly five o'clock before he came er this luminous area, and by that time could make out an arrangement sug-stive of streets and houses grouped out as a vast roofless erection that was otesquely suggestive of a ruined abbey. was spread out like a map below him. e houses were all roofless inclosures of alls, and their substance being, as he terwards saw, of phosphorescent bones, ve the place an appearance as if it ere built of drowned moonshine.
Among the inner caves of the place aving trees of crinoid stretched their entacles, and tall, slender, glassy sponges



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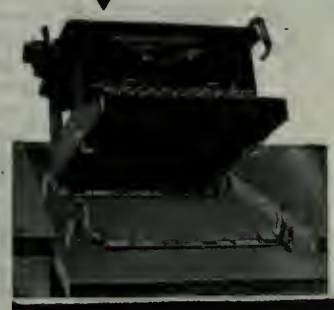
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shot like shining minarets and lilies of filmy light out of the general glow of the city. In the open spaces of the place he could see a stirring movement as of crowds of people, but he was too many fathoms above them to distinguish the individuals in those crowds.

THEN slowly they pulled him down, and as they did so the details of the place crept slowly upon his apprehension. He saw that the courses of the cloudy buildings were marked out with beaded lines of round objects, and then he perceived that at several points below him in broad open spaces were forms like the encrusted shapes of ships.

Slowly and surely he was drawn down, and the forms below him became brighter, clearer and more distinct. He was being pulled down, he perceived, towards the large building in the centre of the town, and he could catch a glimpse ever and again of the multitudinous forms that were lugging at his cord. He was astonished to see that the rigging of one of the ships, which formed such a prominent feature of the place, was crowded with a host of gesticulating figures regarding him, and then the walls of the great building rose about him silently, and hid the city from his eyes.

And such walls they were, of waterlogged wood, and twisted wire rope and iron spars, and copper, and the bones and skulls of dead men.

The skulls ran in curious zig-zag lines and spirals and fantastic curves over the building; and in and out of their eye-sockets, and over the whole surface of the place, lurked and played a multitude of silvery little fishes.

And now he was at such a level that he could see these strange people of the abyss plainly once more. To his astonishment, he perceived that they were prostrating themselves before him, all save one, dressed as it seemed in a robe of placoid scales, and crowned with a luminous diadem, who stood with his reptilian mouth opening and shutting as though he led the chanting of the worshippers.

They continued worshipping him, without rest or intermission, for the space of three hours.

MOST circumstantial was Elstead's account of this astounding city and its people, these people of perpetual night, who have never seen sun or moon or stars, green vegetation, nor any living air-breathing creatures, who know nothing of fire, nor any light but the phosphorescent light of living things.

Startling as is his story, it is yet more startling to find that scientific men, of such eminence as Adams and Jenkins, find nothing incredible in it. They tell me they see no reason why intelligent, water-breathing, vertebrated creatures inured to a low temperature and enormous pressure, and of such a heavy structure, that neither alive nor dead would they float, might not live upon the bottom of the deep sea, and quite unsuspected by us, descendants like ourselves of the great Theriomorpha of the New Red Sandstone age.

We should be known to them, however, as strange meteoric creatures wont to fall catastrophically dead out of the mysterious blackness of their watery sky. And not only we ourselves, but our ships, our metals, our appliances, would come

raining down out of the night. Sometimes sinking things would smite down and crush them, as if it were the judgment of some unseen power above, and sometimes would come things of the utmost rarity or utility or shapes of inspiring suggestion. One can understand, perhaps, something of their behaviour at the descent of a living man, of the things a barbaric people might do, to whom an enhaloed shining creature came suddenly out of the sky.

AT ONE time or another Elstead probably told the officers of the *Ptarmigan* every detail of his strange twelve hours in the abyss. That he also intended to write them down is certain, but he never did, and so unhappily we have to piece together the discrepant fragments of his story from the reminiscences of Commander Simmons, Weybridge, Steevens, Lindley and the others.

We see the thing darkly in fragmentary glimpses—the huge ghostly building, the bowing, chanting people, with their dark, chameleon-like heads and faintly luminous forms, and Elstead, with his light turned on again, vainly trying to convey to their minds that the cord by which the sphere was held was to be severed. Minute after minute slipped away, and Elstead, looking at his watch, was horrified to find that he had oxygen only for four hours more. But the chant in his honor kept on as remorselessly as if it was the marching song of his approaching death.

The manner of his release he does not understand, but to judge by the end of cord that hung from the sphere, it had been cut through by rubbing against the edge of the altar. Abruptly the sphere rolled over, and he swept up, out of their world, as an ethereal creature, clothed in a vacuum, would sweep through our own atmosphere back to its native ether again. He must have torn out of their sight as a hydrogen bubble hastens upwards from our air. A strange ascension it must have seemed to them.

The sphere rushed up with even greater velocity than, when weighted with the lead sinkers, it had rushed down. It became exceedingly hot. It drove up with the windows uppermost, and he remembers the torrent of bubbles frothing against the glass. Every moment he expected this to fly. Then suddenly something like a huge wheel seemed to be released in his head, the padded compartment began spinning about him, and he fainted. His next recollection was of his cabin, and of the doctor's voice.

But that is the substance of the extraordinary story that Elstead related in fragments to the officers of the *Ptarmigan*.. He promised to write it all down at a later date. His mind was chiefly occupied with the improvement of his apparatus, which was effected at Rio.

It remains only to tell that on February 2nd, 1896, he made his second descent into the ocean abyss, with the improvements his first experience suggested. What happened we shall probably never know. He never returned. The *Ptarmigan* beat about the point of his submersion, seeking him in vain for thirteen days. Then she returned to Rio, and the news was telegraphed to his friends. So the matter remains for the present. But it is hardly probable that any further attempt will be made to verify his strange story of these hitherto unsuspected cities of the deep sea.

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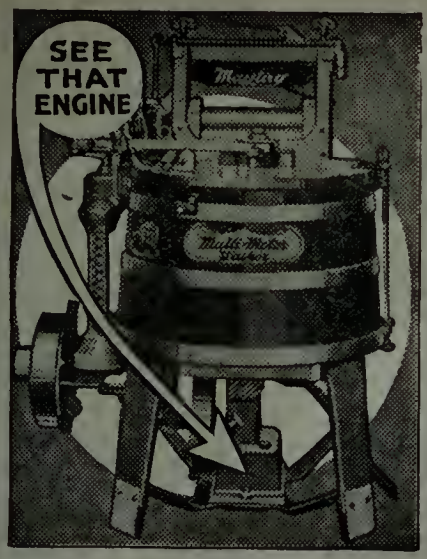
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Vol. XXX. MARCH, 1917 No. 5

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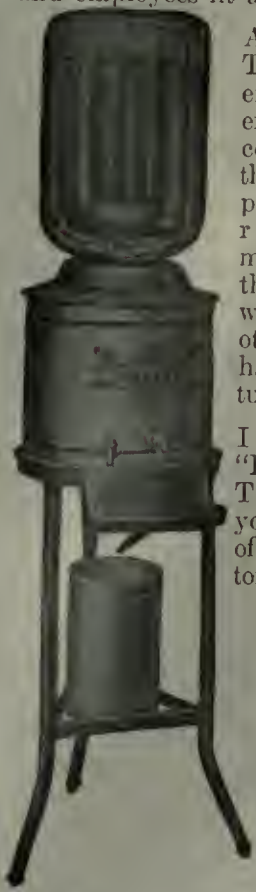
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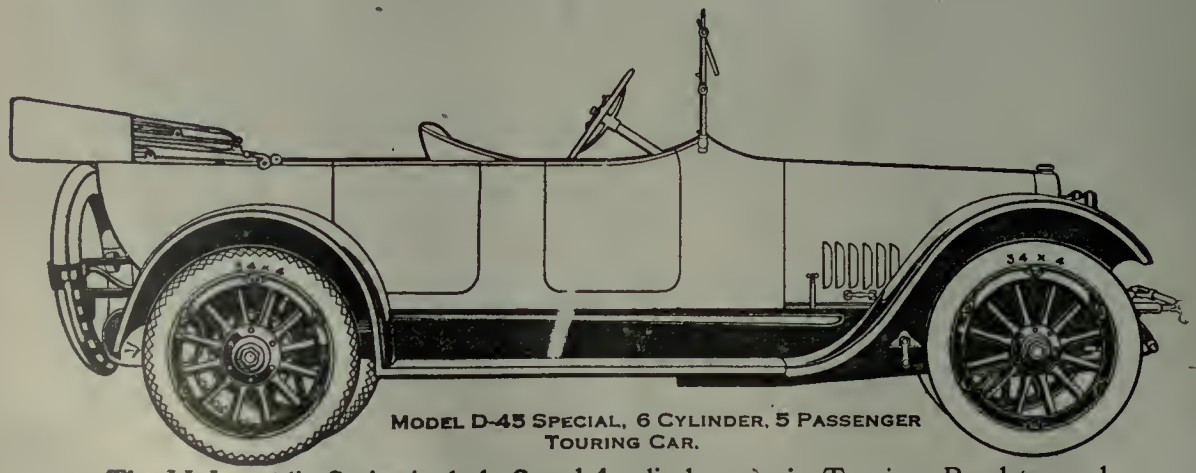
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Volume XXX MARCH, 1917 Number 5

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Ten Million Dollars for the Asking

An Offer to the Government of Canada

By Stephen Leacock

Who wrote "In Dry Toronto," "In Merry Mexico," etc.

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

IT IS a well known fact that throughout his later life Mark Twain was constantly harassed and distressed by the fact that people refused to take him in earnest. Like all persons of a so-called humorous temperament, his true interest lay in the underlying realities of life, and not in the lights and shadows that flicked across its surface. Hence from time to time he was moved to violent outbursts of feeling, to fierce denunciations of wrong and to expressions of passionate sympathy with the oppressed. All of these the public, who thought of him only as the author of *Tom Sawyer* and the *Innocents Abroad*, insisted on treating as first class jokes. When he said that he sympathized with the Filipinos, the remark was regarded as screamingly funny. When, in a passion of indignation at European cruelty in China, at the time of the "Boxer" troubles, Twain exclaimed, "*I* am a Boxer," everybody roared. Men repeated to one another over their newspapers, "I see Mark says he's a Boxer!" and then held their sides to prevent bursting. When he wrote a beautiful and sympathetic account of the Marytrdom of Joan of Arc, people shook their heads—"Mark's going a little too far," they said; they admitted that it was funny, gloriously funny, but doubted whether any man had a right to poke fun at religion. Mark Twain lived and died misunderstood, regretting wistfully that he had not been born a Presbyterian minister or something real.

What happens to a great man in any line of activity, may well happen to the small ones.

IN ANY degree, I have found it so. I have so often been fortunate in pleasing the humorous fancy of an indulgent public as a writer of mere meaningless foolishness, that it is becoming difficult for me to persuade any readers that I am capable of trying to think seriously.

This I found to be the case when, a month or two ago, I submitted to the Government of Canada an offer to make ten million dollars for them as a Christmas present, by calling in our silver currency and substituting nickel for it. I embodied the proposal in a memorandum that in point of language was as serious as political economy and as sober as Toronto on Saturday night.

But the thing went wrong.

The answer that I received from the members of the Government, courteous and friendly as they were, showed me that somehow they had taken it up wrongly.

"Sir Robert Borden"—so wrote the secretary of the Premier—"has been immensely amused by your delightful burlesque on the theory of silver money. He expressly desires me to state that he read the first page of your memorandum with such pleasure that he afterwards read it aloud to his cabinet, who greeted it with bursts of uncontrollable laughter. They even propose, at a later opportunity, to read the rest of it."



Crooked kings made crooked money by taking out more of the silver in the shillings.

THESE may not have been the exact words of the letter. But they reproduce the substance of it as far as one dare violate the confidence of an official communication.

In the same way a letter from the Finance Department informed me that Sir Thomas White had no sooner read my proposal for coining nickel money in place of silver, than he fell into a paroxysm of laughter that threatened to pass into hysteria. He was only saved from an actual syncope by reaching for the public accounts and adding up figures three columns at a time — his one form of mental relaxation.

My memorandum, I suppose, might easily have passed into political oblivion but for the singular acumen of the editor of this magazine. The editor—like all other successful men in Canada—is partly Scotch.* (The other parts, in these cases, are a mere hindrance. It is the Scotch that counts.) Being Scotch, the editor is accustomed to consider nothing amusing until it is proved so. The presumption is always against it. It is thought better, in Scotland, that a hundred jokes should go unrecognized rather than that a man should be betrayed into hasty and indecor-

*An error. The editor is a Manxman. Colonel MacLean, however, is all Highlander.



"Sir Robert Borden read the first page of your memorandum with such pleasure that he afterwards read it aloud to his cabinet, who greeted it with bursts of uncontrollable laughter."

ous laughter which he afterwards bitterly regrets.

The Editor, therefore, had no sooner read my memorandum over six times than he said, "I believe there is something in this."

HE HAS, therefore, invited me to reproduce the substance of the memorandum for this magazine. To my regret he tells me that he cannot reproduce the document in its original form. It was, he said, too full. In fact he feared that it was so full that his readers would not stand for it. This, in Toronto, is quite natural.

I am, therefore, compelled to omit all the first part—some fifty pages—called, "A Brief Disquisition on the Origins and Development of the Use of Certain Articles, or Commodities, as *Media* or Medii, of Exchange." I regret very much the necessity of suppressing this. It went back to ancient times and came down, slowly and reluctantly as every scholarly history does, to our own day. It began with the words: "The earliest form of money known in ancient times was the goat." I fear that this sentence may have been what misled Sir Robert Borden. Perhaps he read no further. Yet it only states a well known economic fact. Goats and cattle, the flocks and herds of the pastoral days of Abraham and Isaac, were the earliest form of money. Even to-day when we talk of a man's *capital* the word really means, in its origin, his head of cattle. And when we speak of a doctor's *fee*, the word recalls to those who know its meaning the goat, or cow, that the grateful patient (an institution older than history) paid to the "medicine man" of the tribe.

But I admit I should have done better to leave out the goat altogether. And I only made things worse by going on—"The goat was at best indifferent money. Lacking, as he was, in divisibility, in homogeneity and in durability, incapable of receiving and retaining a stamp or punch on both the upper and the reverse side, the goat, as money, failed to command esteem."

On looking that over, I think I can see just how it was that my memorandum lacked conviction. It would have been better, like most other state documents, without the introduction.

Yet the suggestion that I should confine myself to the essential substance or gist of my proposal comes with a peculiar cruelty. The gist of it, and indeed of anything, if stated truthfully, appears so pitiably small. Consider, for example, what would be the gist of a sermon, or the gist of a speech from the throne, or the gist of Woodrow Wilson's notes to Germany. The whole lot of them would go nicely inside a walnut.

But if gist it has to be, here it is, written at as great length as I dare put it.

* * * *

MY PROPOSAL itself, to state it in all seriousness, is a very simple matter. What is suggested is that the government of Canada should call in all its existing silver coins—fifty cent, twenty-five cent, ten cent and five cent pieces—and substitute nickel coins in place of them. The point of it lies in the enormous profit that could be made on this transaction without inconvenience or loss to anybody.

Our use of silver coins is a purely historic matter. It comes down from the time when a silver shilling or a silver dollar circulated on its own value. That is to say, when the actual silver metal that it contained, if sold in the bullion market as metal, would be worth in gold the twentieth part of a gold sovereign, or the full value of a gold dollar. This is no longer the case. At the present time silver is worth about 75 cents for an ounce troy (480 grains). The American silver dollar, which contains 371¼ grains of pure silver, with 41¼ grains of copper added as an alloy, is worth to-day as metal a trifle more than 58 cents. A Canadian dollar in silver—two fifty cent pieces or four quarters—is worth rather less—about 52 cents.

Anybody can prove for himself that silver money is not intrinsically worth its face value by melting it down and trying to sell it as sliver.

The silver coin circulates only as a token. It is a mere representative of the gold coin for which it can be exchanged and of which it is only a humble substitute. As far as its value goes it might as well be made of tin, or rubber, or celluloid or of anything that would carry writing on it, and act as a token. In fact it is on exactly the same footing economically as the paper dollar. Were it not for the obvious inconvenience of trying to handle it in small sums, the whole of our currency might be made of paper with no disturbance of its circulating power. A silver coin is a mere promise to pay, inscribed, with quite unnecessary wastefulness, upon a bit of silver.

The absurdity of using silver for such a purpose would be perfectly apparent if it were being introduced as a new thing and judged upon its merits. But it is not. It belongs among a whole cupboardful of absurdities—such as the House of Lords, and the Canadian Senate and William Jennings Bryan—which are difficult to get rid of, because they are a legacy of the past.

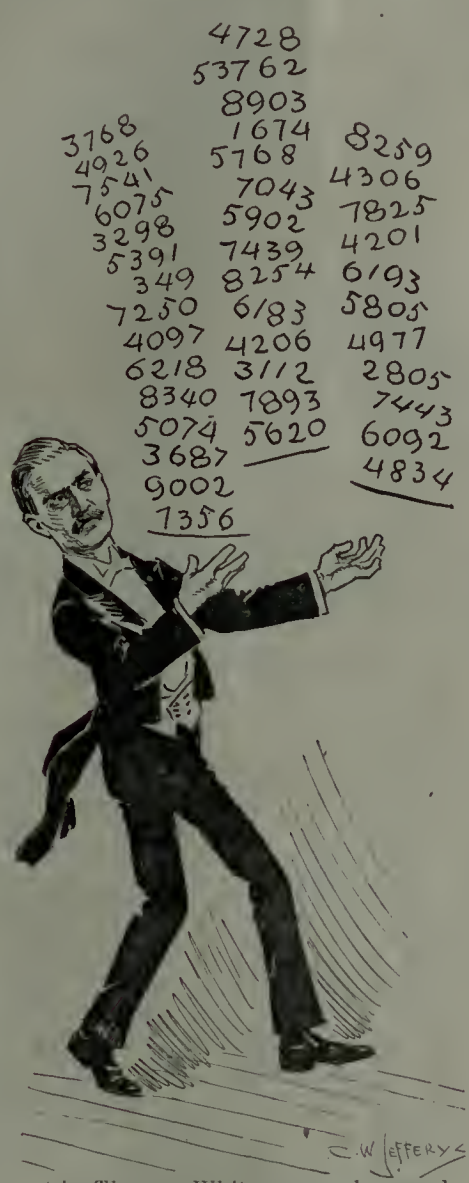
TIME was when silver money was not only real money, but was practically the only money of Western Europe. All through the dark and middle ages this was the case. Our English pound meant originally a pound weight of silver coined up into 240 silver pennies, and later, into 20 silver shillings. These circulated on their own value, dependent like every other economic object, on the difficulty and cost of producing them. In the time of William the Conqueror a bushel of wheat sold for two and a quarter silver pennies; a cow was worth about seventy pennies, while eggs, in those bright days, sold at one penny for two dozen, or thereabouts. These prices represented the real value of the silver in terms of other products. There was no gold. Not until the reign of Henry the Third were a few gold coins

made, their value being expressed in terms of silver money.

This remained the case for centuries. Silver was the standard. True, it was not coined up at the original rate of twenty shillings to the pound. Crooked kings made crooked money by taking out more of the silver in the shillings and putting in more and more alloy. Wiser kings in fits of repentance straightened the money out again. But with all its ups and downs silver was the standard. It circulated on its own value—such as it was. By the end of the reign of Elizabeth the mint was making sixty shillings out of a pound weight troy of silver. With the new cheap silver from America and with coins containing less silver per shilling, prices had risen enormously. But silver, such as it was, remained the standard of English money till the reign of Charles the Second. After that for over a hundred years—till well into the reign of George the Third—the standard was double. Both gold and silver could be brought to the mint, by whosoever would, and coined into silver shillings or into gold sovereigns.

AND THEN a rather peculiar thing happened, fateful as it proved for the financial greatness of England. By a series of lucky accidents England, a century before the other industrial countries, blundered into the monometallic gold standard, which proved in the sequel to be the only possible basis of the world commerce of our time. But the thing, like so much else in our history, was a lucky accident. The silver coins of the eighteenth century contained too much metal. They were worth more as bullion than as coin. They would not circulate. People melted them or exported them. Only the bad silver coins—clipped, punched, or sweated—could stay in circualtion. This did well enough for small change. For large payments it would not do. To save perpetual quarrelling over the money the government, in 1778, removed from silver its legal tender quality. It was to be henceforth, and has remained, valid in law only for payment of forty shillings. At the same time the mint was closed to the coinage of silver by and for the government. This made no apparent difference to anybody. Silver was, in any case, too valuable to coin at the existing ratio. Finally in 1816, in order to be sure of having a proper supply of small change, the government, since full weight good silver coins would not circulate, deliberately coined bad ones. Sixty-six shillings were made, as they still are, out of a pound troy. These new coins circulated admirably. They could not do anything else. Melt them or export them and they lost about ten per cent. of their value. They stayed in circulation. They are there still. Quite unconsciously a great monetary invention—that of token money—had been made.

ALL THE other great nations followed, some of them with reluctance, the same path. The United States for nearly a hundred years (1792-1873) attempted to use a double standard, with unlimited coinage of both metals. It failed. First one metal and then the other ran away from the coinage. As the value of silver in terms of gold—or gold in terms of silver (it is the same thing)—rose and fell, either the gold dollar was too valuable to stay in the coinage, or the silver dollar was. There was no peace. In 1853, in order to ensure the circulation of small change, the American government coined underweight silver—dimes, quarters and halves—made, like the English coins, with less silver than their face value, and limited in their legal tender. Many Congressmen sneered at the proposal. "If these coins can circulate," they said, "then we have discovered the Philosopher's Stone." But the coins *did* circulate. The silver dollar, too valuable to coin or to use as



Sir Thomas White was only saved from an actual syncope by reaching for the public accounts and adding up figures three columns at a time—his one form of mental relaxation.

money (these were the days before the fall of silver) dropped out. The bad coins had nowhere to go. They stayed. Presently (in 1873) the law cut out the coinage of the silver dollar. The United States, like England, stood and has remained on the basis of a gold standard with silver only as token money.

France, Italy, Germany, Austria, Russia, Japan—all the industrial countries—have had the same experience.

Yet the situation has been such that silver has left behind it a sort of lingering regret. Silver states, mine owners, populists, inflationists and cheap-money-men of all stamps and degrees had shed tears over its fate. "This country," said Mr. Bryan, as the boy orator of the Chicago Convention of 1896, "is being crucified upon a cross of gold."

Very naturally there has been a general hesitation to give silver its *coup de grace* by refusing it even its present status as the material of token coins.

Yet for any nation that will undertake the change, the profit is enormous. Take our own case in Canada.

IF WE were to call in our silver money and if it all actually came back, we could sell the metal in the market today for about $12,000,000. No doubt it would not all come back. A part of it is presumably lost. But the great bulk of it is still with us—circulating from hand to hand and in the vaults of the banks. The mechanism of calling it in offers no difficulty. The government need only pass a law terminating the legal tender power of silver, and making it exchangeable at all banks and post offices for the new coins and it would practically all come back in a week. Silver is worth at present 76 cents a Troy ounce and nickel is worth 55 cents a pound avoirdupois. A dollar in Canadian silver uses up 52 cents worth of silver. Nickel would cost about 3 cents. Thus in 1914 Canada coined half dimes to the value of $210,108. If these had been made of nickel there would have been a profit, on this one year's coinage of one kind of coin of about $92,400.

IGNORANT people might fear that the whole plan would be upset by the danger of counterfeiting, This is not so. The profit on counterfeiting, even now would be enormous. Successful counterfeiting would turn 52 cents into a dollar even at the present price of silver. A few years ago when silver was worth less than 50 cents an ounce, the process would have turned 35 cents into a dollar. But successful counterfeiting, under modern conditions, is not possible. It requires a plant and premises that cannot long be concealed. This is what hinders it—not the value of the silver. Let those who fear it as an objection consider the case of the paper dollar and be silent.

But it is needless to speculate on whether nickel money can exist and circulate. It is doing so already. France and Italy each have nickel pieces of 25, 10 and 5 centimes; Switzerland a 20 centime piece; Austria has coins of 20 and 10 hellers; Hungary of 20 and 10 hellers; Siam coins ten-satang pieces of pure nickel and Turkey goes so far as to coin pieces of 40 paras. If there is any reader so ignorant as not to know what a satang or a para is, he may appreciate at least the fact that Hayti, as bold as it is black, coins fifty-cent pieces out of nickel.

Cheaper, dark money—made of bronze or copper—one dare not use for fear of confusion with the cents and pennies. But many countries use an amalgam of nickel and copper that is still bright enough to avoid mistake. The familiar "nickel" of the United States is 75 per cent. copper. Germany has for years coined 10 pfennig pieces of nickel mixed with an alloy. Jamaica and many other British dependencies are using money of the same sort.

* * * *

BUT THERE is no need to cumulate examples. The thing is easy and obvious. The question is, will our government do it? Of course not—or not now.



The goat was, at best, indifferent money, . . . incapable of receiving and retaining a stamp or punch on both the upper and reverse side.

A few years hence when England has thrown its meaningless silver coins on the scrap heap, and when France has sold its silver and the United States is about to follow, then we shall no doubt witness a quite lively agitation on the subject.

Meantime, the whole topic is only fit for a professor. It should not be treated seriously. In any case, I note, as I look over the proofs of this article, that the Editor after all has classed it as humor; he has set my good friend Mr. Jefferys, as usual, to make for it his inimitable pictures.

So my last chance of being heard is gone.

Moreover, the awful thought has occurred to me that the Editor might pay me for this article in nickel money. Let it be understood, here and now, that that would be carrying the thing too far.

The War Situation in the United States

By Agnes C. Laut

NEW YORK,
Feb. 13.

EVENTS are following with such incredible rapidity in the United States that what is news to-day may be stale to-morrow.

Only in November the country was divided into just two great parties—He-kept-us-out-of-the-war and He-ought-to-have-fought-for-freedom-and-right. Pacifism stood shrieking hysterically at Preparedness. America was an island of smug buttered prosperity in a sea of blood. To-day there are no longer two great parties. There is only one; and though it has no name and hardly knows whether it is going to line up with the Allies or fight alone, it is a solid phalanx behind the President against Germany. Pacifism has been swept off the map. Henry Ford has offered his entire fortune and all his plants to equip the United States for *aggressive defence* — please note the words. School boys are drilling. Army and navy are girding up their loins. There is not a State in the Union which is not contemplating universal training, which is a soft way of breaking the public's mind into the idea of universal conscription. Instead of being an island of smug cowardly safety in a weltering sea of blood, it looks as if the whole nation would presently plunge in the universal struggle for world freedom.

SIX MONTHS ago you could not get action against pro-German plotters who blew up munition factories and terminals. To-day, men in khaki uniform are strung in line guarding water works, bridges, terminals railroads, and ships. Wire netting is being stretched across Atlantic harbors to keep submarines out; and cement foundations are being laid to mount long-range guns to defend every city on the Atlantic Coast. Appropriations are being rushed through Congress for fleets of fast cruisers, of submarines, of aeroplanes; and practically every factory in the United States has offered its services to the Government for defence and equipment. One concern has been asked to provide 500,000 shoes for soldiers; another explosives; another nitrates; and so down the line from Maine to the Rio Grande. Six months ago men pooh-poohed stories of German plots. To-day public subscriptions are being taken up to spread knowledge of the actual facts as to the underground danger. As late as January German-Americans drank to the Fatherland. Within one week in one city 1,450,000 Germans have applied for naturalization papers; and the President's condemnation of Germany's submarine warfare was hardly off his lips before every German house, restaurant, factory, shop, brokerage office and bank had hoisted the Stars and Stripes and shouted to high heaven eager desire to shoulder a Lewis gun (60 shots a minute) and to fight for Uncle Sam. And the German-American Alliance which boasted three million votes, and the twenty million Germans of whose loyalty the Kaiser bragged, and the 600,000 German army reservists of whom the Kaiser had twitted Ambassador Gerard—where, oh, where were they? Singing small, very small, my friends, not visible to the naked eye, on the run for naturalization papers, Vereich of the blatant *Fatherland Weekly* leading the race in a sudden change of his sheet's name and purpose.

AS TO the American public if you know this mercurial, highly emotional, almost childishly optimistic people well, you will not need to be told, they are too quiet, very much too quiet, too ominously quiet for the health of any treasonous plotter, if the things break from cover which have been burning and smouldering in secret for two years.

Now review the facts!

As early as November 10 authorities on this side have known that certain submarines left Kiel for American waters, they have suspected submarine bases on this side within range of Panama. They have known that some oil company here or in Mexico must have been supplying these submarines with fuel. It was thought at first these submarines were designed to intercept oil supply for the British navy moving out from Mexico, and Uncle Sam shrugged his shoulders. Now men are asking themselves whether the big merchant submarines that first came to Baltimore and New London, which were welcomed so vociferously, were not scouts for a war fleet of hidden destroyers.

Whether delayed by the November elections, Wilson's peace note or what, is not known, but the anticipated crisis did not come. Men began to quizz their own judgment for having believed there were submarines on this side. Two or three facts should be emphasized here. They are significant. One week before Bernstorff handed the American State Department Germany's declaration of a return to ruthless submarine warfare, the machinery of the big fleet of German liners tied up at American docks was secretly utterly destroyed. The destruction was as

frenzied and bootless a piece of madness as all Germany's other acts; for the United States, governed by the law of civilized nations, has declared, in case of war with Germany, German property in the United States would be left inviolate, though treason on the part of Germans in the United States would be visited by death. Also, German gold on deposit in American banks began surreptitiously moving to South America. Also, just before the news broke, cargoes for the big merchant submarines in the docks at New London were fired and burned by their owners. Lastly, a big fleet of German cargo vessels ostensibly owned by American capital, were frantically offered for sale. Without a doubt German agents on this side knew what was coming. It is now said that Ambassador Bernstorff received his instructions just before President Wilson announced his peace message, and that on his own authority the German Ambassador withheld the submarine declaration till the effects of Wilson's peace outlines could be observed.

To the outside the question at once occurs: Why this sudden paralysis of shipping? What brought the tension to a crisis? What is Germany able to do now any more than she has been able to do with her submarines from the first? Didn't she announce a ruthless submarine warfare before? Didn't she push her warfare while she parleyed with America, till Great Britain had destroyed her submarines, then tacitly consent to a mitigated warfare? Isn't she doing the same thing again? While she is trying it out, won't she count on bluffing Wilson off with explanations? Why the sudden crisis now?

The answer is in two words—the Pocket Nerve. Wilson was counting on Germany not meaning her wild threats. Germany was counting on President Wilson not meaning his mild protests, and each was in deadly earnest and unwittingly called the other's bluff.

This time the German submarines are to be on *this* side. This country's foreign commerce has leaped to billions and her gold imports to $800,000,000, solely owing to the fact that the British navy was keeping the sea lanes open and clear; but if the submarines come to this side, can Uncle Sam expect John Bull to patrol American shores? Consider the length of America's shore line—3,000 miles as the crow flies, 8,000 miles as the zig-zag line runs. John Bull could not patrol these shores, nor half these shores, nor one short strip of them. Submarines and raiders were sighted down Hayti way, down Yucatan, in the Caribbean, off Brazil.

Suddenly, marine insurance rates shot skyward. Something suddenly stabbed the Pocket Nerve of a thoughtless people. The quiver ran from shipside to bank, from bank to factory, from factory to farm labor. When a small freighter ties up at her berth, it costs the owner $5,000 a day. Cotton can't move out. Wheat is embargoed. Cotton fell nearly $45 a bale in a week, wheat 30 to 40 cents. Even steel, the king-pin of prosperity, slumped 14 points a share. Factories laid off hands. Farm labor came back on the job. Last year you could not hire farm labor for love or money. This week I had forty applicants for one job.

I do not mean to imply that it was *only*

Continued on page 80.

Facts Behind the Peace Proposals

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The foregoing has been received from Miss Laut as we go to press. The article which follows was written four weeks ago and was in type before the "break" in diplomatic relations. It dealt with the reasons behind President Wilson's peace proposals; and the accuracy of the writer's inside information has been strikingly demonstrated by subsequent developments. In order to make room for the above information it has been necessary to break this page and grop the introductory part of the following article in which she outlined the situation created by Wilson's Peace Crusade.

THE War Lord has failed as a War Lord—the most colossal failure in all history. Could he still "save his face," or, to use more diplomatic language, could he save some of his prestige by coming out as the Great Lord of Peace? Roumania gave him the psychological opporunity.

But, before the Roumanian campaign, Wilson had been re-elected president, and no thanks to the Germans. For two-and-a-half years, Wilson's ambition has been to act as mediator in the war. He tried it by writing notes, multitudinous notes that have made him ridiculous.

He has tried it by being "too proud to fight," which has become his own epitaph. He has tried it by letting Germany kick him in the face, and drown American citizens, and plot murders and arson within the boundaries of the United States; and Germany's response has been to intervene in American elections and to conspire to defeat Wilson in his own country.

Gerard came home from Germany.

House came home from Europe. *Labor* in return for the eight-hour law *turned State's evidence and cards up on the table gave Wilson all the proof he needed that Germany had bribed many of the* 1915-16 *strikes in the United States.* Doubtless there was "a trade" with labor for this evidence; for the prosecutions against certain political labor leaders of the Middle West in connection with German plots are to be dropped; and, in consequence, Mr. Marshall and Roger Wood, the federal attorneys of New York, who were conducting the prosecutions, have resigned. They are both too loyal to the Democratic party to say *why* they resigned; but one does not need to guess hard to know.

The fact remains that Wilson got all Labor's evidence against Germany. And this evidence was of a damning nature that is almost incredible.

Here are two or three pieces of the evidence: *The German Secret Service had listed and card indexed every soldier in the U.S. regular army.* I saw one of these cards. It details where the man was born; was he American or foreign born; was he loyal to America or the land of his birth; what were his vices, what his weak point; how much was he paid, how much would he have to be paid?

Do you take in what that means?

Whether a similar card index exists in the German Secret Service on the American Navy, I do not know; but I have seen evidence that it does exist on the American Army.

Said the Kaiser to a certain American representative in Berlin:

"Are you aware, Sir, that we have 600,000 German Reservists in the United States, loyal to Germany, trained soldiers?"



Said the American representative: "Your Majesty, are you aware that we have 600,000 *lamp posts in our country?"*

Said an American labor leader on this episode: "Well, at the end of the war, Canada will have 600,000 *trained fighters, who will hate Germany and everything German. I guess instead of the Monro Doctrine protecting Canada, it will be a case of Canada protecting this country."*

A FEW more of the facts given by Labor to Wilson: The plot for the destruction of the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa was revealed; and, still more astounding, the order reversing those orders to destroy the buildings because—so it read: "When we capture the country (Canada) we may need those buildings."

The facts of the massing the German Reservists along the Canadian border in 1915 were brought out.

And these are only a few of the facts revealed by Labor. I may add that I obtained these facts from a Labor investigator, myself.

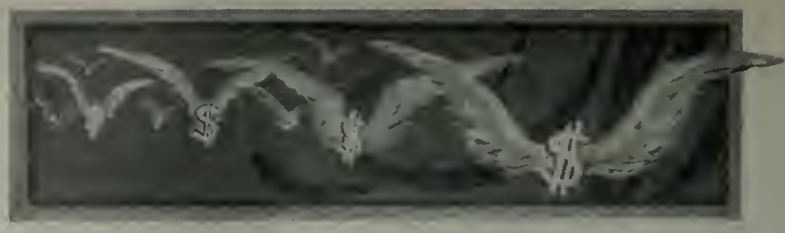
Wilson may be didactic. He may be professorial. He may be lethargic. He was not lethargic after he got these facts.

REMEMBER another important fact. It was known in November, 1916, that a fleet of German submarines had left Kiel for American waters.

It was guessed, is guessed yet, that they have a submarine base in the West Indies or in Mexican waters.

It is not even a guess *who* is supplying Villa, the Mexican bandit, with funds and ammunition to revive the border disorders.

NOW, as Canadians, will you please digress a moment and forget your fury that the greatest democracy on earth has failed in this world struggle for freedom, has lain stewing in the grease and fat of its own wealth, while all the rest of the world has bled for freedom—*will*



you please contemplate some facts as cold and hard and pitiless as steel, the steel of a bayonet?

Of what does the regular army of the United States consist?

It is supposed to consist of 100,000 men. Deduct skulkers, physically unfit, officers deserters, pygmies, who enlist because they can't earn bread in any other vocation, *it is not* 50,000 *fighting strong.* Burn those facts into your consciousness!

After you have deducted the officers and the pygmies, if you place 50 men to patrol each mile of the boundary, the American regulars could not patrol the Rio Grande, let alone the Atlantic and Pacific.

How about the Volunteer Forces, or as we call them in this country, the National Guard, of whom so much was made when the last Congress placed the defence of the country squarely and fairly on the shoulders of that "citizen soldiery" which Bryan said would spring to arms over night? I quote the War Department Report. It shows that *"of the* 128,000 *militiamen finally mustered in for duty on the Mexican border, only* 37% *were enlisted on the date of the call in the regiments as they turned out.* Of the total number on the rolls on the date of the call, 47,657 *were lost for various reasons, including physical disability. Sixty thousand of the militiamen who went to the border had had no military training* at all, and nearly as many, *or* 56,813 *had never fired a military rifle.* The indictment of the militia system furnished by these figures is supplemented by the charges made by the returning guardsmen themselves that *they got no instruction in divisional manoeuvres and next to no target work while doing police detail on the Rio Grande.* The country has not profited as it should have even through the training of these men in return for the loss of their time from their business and the expenditure of millions of Federal cash. *Nor have the recruiting officers,* with the stimulus of the border trouble to help them, *been able to bring enlistments in the regular army and the National Guard to within many thousands of the minimum figures set by the Hay bill.* The militia system has had a fair trial and has failed. Americans must either discard it and adopt universal training on the Swiss or Australian plan or accept the consequences of inadequate defensive power."

This War Department Report does not set forth the facts—there were cavalry regiments without horses; there were rifles without cartridges; there were whole battalions without regimentals; there were field guns that jammed and would not fire; there were "elected by vote" officers who knew no more about drill than a child in a nursery and could no more take a twenty-mile "hike" without becoming winded and "done up" than a fat stall-fed society woman could run a Marathon race and come out a winner.

How about the Navy?

Of about 30,000 men needed *the Navy is* 18,000 *short.*

There are battleships laid up without crews to man them.

For one year the recruiting officers have used every means in their power to gain recruits. This year is shorter of recruits than last.

Of Uncle Sam's boasted Navy, *at least* 48 *vessels of the first line will have to be scrapped;* and many of the rest of the vessels are inferior in range and projectile power to Japan, to Germany, to Great Britain.

But projectiles and battleships are no more the sole arbiter of war.

What has bottled the English fleet up, what has bottled the German fleet up, is the stealthy lurking danger under the sea, and the invisible lurking danger in the sky —the submarine and the airship, whether aeroplane or Zeppelin.

HOW about Uncle Sam as to these invisible protectors or enemies?

Uncle Sam has invented both submarine and aeroplane; but he has armed his enemies with these instruments of destruction against himself. For himself, he has not 100 submarines, nor 100 war aeroplanes. The Wright-Martin-Hispanio-Sueza aeroplane engine is probably the most marvellous air engine in the world with a weight of 363 pounds, a speed of 75 miles an hour and a horse power of 150. This company has sent 7,000 of its engines to Europe. It has supplied less than 100 for American defence.

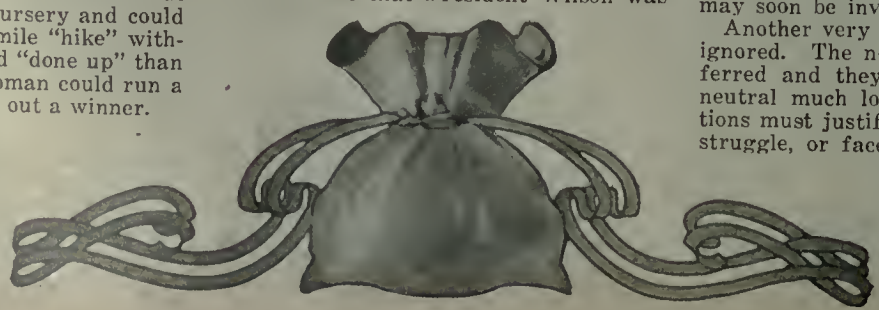
As to the big Naval programme of Uncle Sam for the next few years—good, it is excellent! It entails expenditure of $300,000,000 a year and will place Uncle Sam fourth in the Naval Power of the world; *but not a single ship can be constructed and completed before* 1920.

Roosevelt once said that China was a huge inert fat cheese waiting to be eaten by maggots. He did not dare add that the United States is a huge fat tub of golden butter honeycombed by maggots.

Please look at all these facts. They are not opinions. They are not pleasant. They are facts financed by the Pacifists made-and-paid-in-Germany. And there is a financial and voting influence in this country twenty million strong.

Do you wonder that Wilson had a bad attack of "jumps?" He is a complacent and supremely and serenely self-satisfied man; but even a complacent and supremely and serenely self-satisfied man can not sit on bombs with a sense of safety.

BUT TO proceed further with the facts of the case. Preceding Germany's peace overtures, it was well known in inside circles that President Wilson was about to issue a prounciamento *of* peace. Not exactly a pronunciamento *for* peace, but a sort of "Stand back you fighters — both sides — say what you are fighting for — get the atmosphere clear—see if we can't clean this thing up."



It was well known Germany has her secret agents on "the inside" and knew of the message being prepared by President Wilson.

The Federal Reserve Board action had been traced down to the simple fact that bankers could not dispose of their European securities.

All at once, the Kaiser's peace overtures were sprung. They preceded Wilson intentionally. The Ward Lord became a Peace Lord. It may be mentioned incidentally that food in Berlin had mounted to $1 for a small cut of beef, 12 cents for long range telescope glimpse of an egg, with hunger thrown in as a seasoning.

Of course, the hunger had nothing to do with the War Lord becoming a Peace Lord.

The Kaiser trumped President Wilson's ace.

I DON'T know whether President Wilson was plain, common "mad" or not; but I do know—and I know from the inside — that when Bernstorff began to claim Wilson's peace overtures as proof that America was with Germany, Wilson was mad. He was mad all through — through and through — he was mad enough to attempt to stop the war by stopping exports to Europe and to go the length of punishing German plots in the United States.

So the second declaration followed signed by Lansing—*unless the belligerents stopped, the States would be involved in the war.* It need scarcely be added *this did not mean a war with the Allies.*

Wall Street went mad. The bottom fell out. I had friends call me up to know if that meant war with England? Smile! No; but it did mean a break of diplomatic relations with Germany — the first definite indication of red blood and righteousness in Wilson.

I also know that Gerard has gone back to Germany with a plain warning, something to this effect: "no more notes—more outrages and we shall go into the war."

It was to be expected that Mr. Lansing's warning of "verging near war" should be heralded by Germany as a threat of a break with the Allies; but this was quickly explained by Mr. Lansing's second statement. The break forewarned was with Germany.

IF THIS were all the notes implied, why did the bottom fall out of Wall Street?

Because if Germany goes on with her policy of frightfulness, the United States may soon be involved.

Another very vital point should not be ignored. The neutral nations have conferred and they are not going to stay neutral much longer. The warring nations must justify the continuance of the struggle, or face an alliance among the neutral. That the Allies can justify their fight no one doubts. Then, where would an alliance among the neutral nations put Germany?

Continued on p. 78.

The Bigger They Are, the Harder They Fall

An Amusing Story of Ranching Life in the Canadian West

By H. M. Tandy

Who wrote "A Fourth for Bridge," "Strawstack Strategy," etc.

IF YOU, friend reader, care to secrete yourself behind that shaving stick, I will get behind this candle and tell you briefly and concisely the history of the three figures asleep in the iron beds and, in passing, how they come to be here.

The burly one in the pink striped pyjamas is named Archibald McLoud, ex-bank clerk, strong like an ox. Notice the wrist and fore arm, thick as a piano leg? That is his style of architecture throughout. Archie holds to a strong belief in system and efficiency as applied to agriculture; has a fair bass voice; plays the piano by "Hunt System"; favorite tune, "If I had a cow and she gave milk." Disposition kind and gentle, will stand without hitching. Is slightly tinged with socialism however, believing that farmers are entitled to bank loans on the same interest and security basis as stockholders, real-estaters, etc. Age rising 30.

Next bed, Samuel F. Featherstone, ex-police-and-hotel reporter on *Daily Bleat*. College graduate but convalescent on this point. Was able, before becoming slightly touched in the wind, to run a hundred yards in ten seconds. Author of revolutionary but as yet unpublished MS., "The failure of the Newspapers to Educate and Refine the Masses." Hobby, Shorthorn Cattle. Temper variable but sound at base. Age 27 years.

Bed near window; Frederick Creighton Smith, son of the well-known John Smith. Previous to moving to farm Fred was hat salesman or drummer, or according to British phraseology, "traveler in hats and caps." Has traveled extensively in certain districts of North America and Quebec. Persistent *raconteur*, also critic and cogitatist. Temper average. Hobby: "An egg per hen per day and strafe the mortgage." Possessor of pleasing but somewhat throaty bathroom tenor voice. Age rising 29 years.

THAT must suffice, friend reader, because that "click" you heard portends that the alarm clock is about to shatter the silence and, chances are, awake at least one of the sleepers.

But first it is desirable to explain, which perhaps can be done without too great elaboration of detail, how came these three to be here. The credit goes to Archibald. During his employment in the bank he irked, if one may be permitted the expression. He was a mountainous boy, you will remember, and often blushed with embarrassment at the thought of carving his career in the world with a pen. And further, the ends of his fingers were so large that he found it next to impossible to press the keys of the adding machines, one at a time, in other than a slow and irksome manner.

So the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa came by request to forward to his address highly specialized literature on such subjects as The Eradication of Noxious Weeds, Hog Diseases, Their Causes and Cures, Seasonable Hints on Diversified Farming, and many others dealing with the vexed questions of growing *flora* and *fuma*.

Archie found little difficulty in persuading Fred to join the venture. Traveling in hats and caps had few charms for him that farming could not match. He would go—willingly—especially as he would then get an opportunity of proving what he had always maintained, viz, "the domestic hen is misunderstood by nine out of ten farmers and as a result her average *per diem* yield is low."

It was different with Sam. He presented a serious obstacle. There was a certain girl, accomplished and beautiful of course, in whose violet eyes Sam had found favor. She occupied one pan of the scale and, though the whole world was in the other, yet did she outweigh it. No, Sam would not go farming. He would buy a little paper one of these days and start out on a journalistic career of such brilliance and power that no girl, be her eyes ever so violet, could resist for long the chance of sharing his fortune and basking in the reflected light of his fame.

But one day Sam arrived at Archie's quarters and announced his willingness to go farming. The girl, it appears, in addition to her violet eyes had a soul dyed in the deep purple of inconstancy, for while Sam was busy on the work of carving his career, she had promised herself to another. This breach of faith, Sam averred, convinced him of the soundness of his belief that women, all women, went about clothed in the garments of deceit; in consequence of which he from that time had decided to cultivate the germ of hate for the sex.

The following day at lunch the three agreed to resign their respective positions and at the earliest possible moment move West. As a stipulation Sam exacted from the other two the most solemn declaration that for a period of three years at least neither of them would cast covetous eyes at any girl and stifle in infancy any thoughts of matrimony.

So, in effect, the ringing slogan of Dumas' Three Guardsmen, "One for All and All for One," as proposed by Sam, was accepted by the others; and under this flaming banner we now behold them recumbent in the upper chamber of the shack at Slough View Farm.

THE farm had prospered reasonably. The problems of husbandry and cultivation that arose went down beneath the onslaught of enthusiasm and effort, for skill comes with doing, in farming as in most things.

Socially they made many discoveries. It was just as diverting, they found, to discuss the relative merits of Clyde and Percheron as the state of the hat and cap market or the possible distribution of Christmas bonuses by the bank.

And they discovered Mary.

It came about in this wise: Their immediate neighbor to the north had decided to invest some of the season's crop in a new barn—a large, imposing building on a cement foundation, that loomed against the sky-line like a huge red mountain—for it's treason in the neighborhood to own other than a *red* barn.

The building completed, Mr. Dawson with his hands thrust deep in his overall pockets surveyed it, and, finding that it was good, informed "central" in town that on the following Friday night all and sundry were expected to turn up prepared to chase the hours with flying feet to the accompaniment of an orchestra imported at considerable cost from a distant city. And Central, delighted, from the middle of her web spun a blanket invitation that covered the countryside.

MARY was Mr. Dawson's daughter, and it is only the truth to say that many a good man and true in that particular locality had tied his team in the old man's stable to the accompaniment of a wildly beating and covetous heart. For Mary had a manner of putting her blond head on one side and flooding a fellow with thoughts that perhaps after all—well, one never can tell—and anything worth having was worth asking for. Mary's smile, in short, had the Circean effect of making faint hearts brave, and as the dance progressed Sam, to his utter surprise, found himself thinking that perhaps, after all, there were other attractive shades in eyes than violet.

The dance was over. A pleasant time was had. We have the editor's printed word for that. On the road home the three from Slough View Farm beguiled the time by a more or less free discussion of those they had met there, but Sam, reluctant to betray the fact that the spell of two fair but faithless violet eyes was dissolving, contributed little to the symposium but grunts.

There was small question of the deepness of Sam's wound. He railed at woman. "Women," he would say if given an opening, "are a failure. They are going to bring civilization tottering down about our ears. Once, in our mother's time, they had a place in the scheme of things but they've gone wild—wild and irresponsible and undependable, I tell you. And as for me, I'm through with them."

"We shall see," Fred would answer on such occasions. "We shall see. I am not one given to many words, but I bet I live to see you strung up on the matrimonial tree. I know YOUR kind. I believe that Fitzsimmons was right—'the bigger they are the harder they fall.'"

AND this was the morning after the dance. The sun was a mere slit of glowing orange on the horizon. Archie was already kicking into his overalls. "Get up fellows, get up! Do you want to sleep all day? It's a quarter past five now."

Sam partly opened one eye. "I was brought up not to consider one either a

dullard or a sloth who is found in bed at 5.15," he announced from a rift in the pillow. "And I wanta tell you chaps that in the city after a dance. . . ."

"You can tell anything that happens to be on your mind to the cows as you milk 'em," Archie cut in. "There's a lot to do to-day. There's the chores, and that piece of pig fence to build. And By Jove! We've got to brand those calves. So get a hump on, you twin mountains of sleep."

Archie, now fully dressed, started for the stairs. On the way past their beds he deftly flipped the covers off each, thereby releasing all the animal heat they had so assiduously been generating during the night. This is perhaps the least tactful, even if the most efficacious, of all ways to induce a fellow man to stand erect and greet the smiling morn, and probably accounts for the sullied dispositions that Sam and Fred brought to the breakfast table.

"That breakfast," said Archie some time later, pushing aside the dishes and refilling his coffee cup, "meets every dietic necessity—appetizing, sustaining, perfectly balanced. The hen that laid those eggs is an ornament to her sex. The cow that er—er—relinquished that cream is the soul of honor. Now to business. What says the schedule for to-day?"

Reaching to a small desk behind him he produced a card index file. "Here we are, 'June 27th. Brand Calves. Build pig fence. Balance of time clear brush in south field.' See how simple it is? The entire day's work already planned—I tell you fellows that this farm is going to glide to success and prosperity on the wings of system."

"On the wings of your grandmother," floated in disgusted tones from the kitchen where Fred was noisily attempting to sort the dishes preparatory to washing them. "You up-end and come dry these dishes. System! You make me sick, Archie."

IT IS not the intention, friend reader, to mislead you as to the difficulty and labor involved in branding half a dozen yearling calves. This undertaking is no harder for an amateur than playing "The Rustle of Spring" on a squiffer; or performing a dental operation on a wild cat; or, say, shelling peas with a pair of boxing gloves. Don't misunderstand us; these things are ALL more or less difficult.

Branding calves, in theory, is simplicity itself. Corral your cattle. Snub them one at a time to a post or posts with stout ropes or, if preferred, throw and hog-tie them. Heat your irons, and apply.

You are no doubt familiar with that sterling old English recipe for rabbit pie, which starts off with this useful phrase, "First catch your rabbit—" There is reason and logic in that phrase, in fact it contains the germ of a sermon on preparedness applicable in varying forms to many situations that occur in a day's work.

Our dumb friends possess in great keenness the power of sensing impending trouble which countless generations of domesticity has not been able to deaden, dull or diminish. It's the chicken you need to round out the menu that sulks under the barn. It's the one pig you particularly desire to point out to the butcher which refuses to approach the trough. If there is a horse in the pasture you set your heart upon, it is he and he alone, who refuses to fall for the "oat gag." Even ducks, stupid and dull in most things, know, without benefit of calendar, when the season opens.

The cattle of Slough View Farm did not furnish the exception that proves this rule. They discerned at once that the trio descending upon them had hidden, sinister motives, which motives they determined to oppose at each and every point.

Several times the herd was urged towards the yawning gates of the barnyard. An equal number of times did they refuse to enter. Led by Mrs. Pankhurst, a roan cow of rakish cut, they slewed from the very portals of the gate to the right or left and back once more to the pasture, there deploying in extended order.

A word regarding Mrs. Pankhurst. Sam named her. It happened in this wise. She was a hard cow on fences. There was no fence made of smooth, barb or woven wire that would keep this bovine in, or out, as the case might be. She was always in the crop. So they arrested her one day and incarcerated her in the barn. But she wouldn't eat. So, to save her life, they released her. The next day she horned the door off the granary, calling to the balance of the herd (so Sam averred). "Come on girls. Oats for women." So Sam named her Mrs. Pankhurst.

"There is only one thing to do, boys—and that's to rope Mrs. Pankhurst," opined Archie.

THERE'S another thing that requires finesse—roping a cow of the temperament of Mrs. Pankhurst. It calls for low cunning combined with speed and endurance. Sam, being the quickest on his feet, was elected roper. His time for the ensuing hour was taken up with prowlings, shadow boxing and laborious slow circumnavigations.

In this, as in most things, persistence wins and, with a glad cry of triumph, Sam finally dropped his rope over a bush and about the horns of Mrs. Pankhurst.

From this point such action sets in as to raise this simple tale out of the realm of prose, for what transpired was of that stuff of which moving picture scenarios are made. First, from behind a clump of willows, came Mrs. Pankhurst: Followed a long taut length of rope: Then followed Sam.

Such tremendous acceleration did Mrs. Pankhurst possess that before long, Sam was but skimming the bosom of Mother Earth, swaying and yawning like a captive balloon.

As he reached the spot from which Fred and Archie had been issuing tactical advice he traveled in a series of long strides or hops, and from the movement of his lips it was evident he spoke, though the rush of wind carried his words back over his shoulder too quickly for comprehension. But, knowing that assistance would not come amiss to him, they too fastened themselves to the rope.

At slightly diminished speed, Mrs. Pankhurst held her course for a distance, for the combined opposition of three men was no more to this determined bovine than the opposition of one. But physically she weakened. She tired in limb, and her wind, if we may be permitted the expression, came in short pants.

She towed the group to the centre of a small pool or puddle and stopped, turning upon them a cold and dauntless eye. This eye, the trio observed, was suffused by the light of a new idea. "Give them the bayonet," she decided. "The cold horn does it!" And since with her to decide was to act, she sprang to the attack with long, clean leaps and lowered head.

What did they do? What could they do? They had a rope on her 'tis true but it is not possible to apply push-pressure on a rope. They gave ground.

NOW the retreat of one side is not necessarily a victory for the other. Troops have been lured to defeat in the thought that they were carrying all before them. But Mrs. Pankhurst was no ordinary foe. Observing that the enemy was preparing to carry out a strategic retreat, she charged, horse, foot and artillery as it were. This brought about something in the nature of a rout, with the enemy clearing scrub and silver willow, brier patches and small bodies of water in an effort to maintain their margin of safety, while bayonets, not less to be feared because they were shaped like the handles of a bicycle, sought to engage their rear guard in action.

Mrs. Pankhurst, like a wise and forehanded general, decided not to venture too far from her base. Turning, she made slowly for the pasture, grazing as she went, but not forgetting ever and anon to sweep the horizon with a glance to make sure no further raids were impending.

The herd, deprived of Mrs. Pankhurst's splendid leadership and courage, was easier to capture. One by one the calves were caught, roped and branded, if not with neatness and dispatch, at least eventually. As the last struggled to its feet the tyros seated themselves on a wagon-pole and wiped each his perspiring face.

"Well," remarked Archie. "That chore's chored."

"And rather a neat job of stencil work too, if I do say so who shouldn't," added Sam who had applied the branding irons.

"It must sting the little beggars some," observed Fred. "I remember the time I put my leg up against a hot stove in a little station south of—Goderich——!"

THEN it was that Archie jumped to his feet and gave tongue. He made a strange and unusual sound, recalling the days when Lo The Poor Indian was wont to raise his victim's hair with fright preparatory to raising his scalp with a knife.

"Wow!" he yelled. "Look. See. See what you've done! How do you propose to fix that, you ivory tip."

"How do you mean? Fix what?" asked Sam in a tone of questioning alarm, allowing his gaze to follow the direction indicated by Archie's stiffly extended finger until it rested on a red bull calf, slowly and painfully picking his way to the gate.

"See what you've done!" Archie continued to yell "You must have got those irons mixed. Our marks are S. A. S., aint' they? Well then, read that calf. Read him. What does it say on him? A.S.S., don't it? You've put your own personal signature on him, that's what you've done."

It was most alarmingly true. Sam had mixed the branding irons and, as he watched the calf disappear, the sickening

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Then the president rolled up his sleeves and began.

The Rabbit Revolution

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Arthur William Brown, the famous illustrator, is a Canadian. He has a younger brother living in Toronto, who is establishing himself as a writer of clever short stories. They are herewith presented together, for the first time.*

By Adam Barnhart Brown

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

THE SUN fell, like a golden orange, into the maw of the white-toothed Cordilleras. A night-mist, flat and sinuous as a snake, crept along the low and alluvial shore-line. The sea, churned by the screw of the coaster, showed phosphorescent in the steamer's wake. Away to the south-west a few lights glimmered at the water's edge.

"Never thought they'd keep so close to these shores at night," said the yellow-faced civil engineer.

"You never know how they're going to do things, in the Banana Belt!" scoffed the fat man in the steamer chair, as he lifted his feet to the rail-top. "Look at their elections! Instead of having elections, they have pin-wheel revolutions. Look at their presidents! Instead of being statesmen, they're play-actors! Look at Vinacosta! Look at Media himself!"

"Who's Media?" languidly inquired the engineer.

"He's the main squeeze of Vinacosta. I got to know him some when I was coffee-buying in that tin-horn republic of his. I also got to know the Canadian consul up there. And I've got to tell you about that.

"HIS name was Hoke Button. He hailed from the West and thought Winnipeg the very finest place on the map. He wasn't far wrong; you realize that when you get down in the tropics.

"When Hoke left home for the torrid zone, his sister made him a farewell present of a chafing-dish. She said you could never tell how things were cooked in those foreign places. Wanted him to promise to cook all his food on it; but Hoke found it easier to mix cocktails. Besides, Felipe, his half-caste *hombre*, preferred a wood fire on a baked clay hearthstone. Sometimes of an evening, however, Hoke'd bring out the chafing dish to make a Welsh rarebit. We'd sandwich it between a couple o' cocktails, and it'd go very well.

"One day—Hoke told me himself—the President, riding back from inspecting a new fort or something, dropped in at the consulate to return the last official visit of Mr. Button. Hoke did the honors and mixed cocktails for him and his aides. The President was pleased as punch to see the inside of one of those queer *Americano habitaciones*. Hoke says he rubbered round like a rube from the corn belt, watching the white lights for the first time.

"Then, to give him an extra treat, Hoke trots out the nickel-plated chafing-dish, and lights the alcohol. He had a lot of ready-to-cook stuff lying handy, so he puts it over the flame. Soon he ladles out to those surprised Vinacostians a plateful each of first-class made-while-you-wait Welsh rarebit.

"Say, were the President and his aides pleased? Were they? Well, they let out about twenty carambas of joy, and said it was the most beautiful thing they had ever tasted.

"All except one of the aides—Baron von Smerk—a fellow that'd been kicked out of the German army. He seemed quite satisfied with the consul's whiskey.

"But the President fell on Hoke's neck, and wanted to kiss him.

"'What is it that you call it?' he asks, taking another forkful.

"'Welsh rarebit,' says Hoke. 'D'ye like it, President?'



The president and his aides said it was the most beautiful thing they had ever tasted.

"'Magnificent!' gurgles the President. 'It is a fine rabbit!'

"'Rarebit,' repeats Hoke. 'Welsh-rarebit.'

"'Rabbit, of course,' says the President. 'It is one of your funny Americanisms. You say *Mock-duck*, *Mock-turtle*, and now *Mock-rabbit!* Ha, ha! The joke is good.'

"And Hoke couldn't get him to think anything different.

"But, say, if the Welsh business pleased the President's palate, the chafing-dish fitted in on his want-list. He took to it like a country cousin does a free ticket to a first-night performance.

"In fact, he got so tickled with it, that he ordered another on the spot—C.O.D. Though, when he found it'd take a couple of weeks to bring one from New York, his jaw fell. Hoke said he felt real sorry for the old chap. So he puts on his coat, makes a neat little speech, and presents the chief executive with his own chafing-dish.

"Did the President refuse with dignity? Well, Hoke says he acted like a suburbanite at a bargain sale.

"THAT was the way the game began that early smashed up the noble-hearted Government of a trustful republic. The President became so interested in his little *onwe*-killer that he let the official business slide. It was a regular figure-8 to him. He bought cook-books, subscribed to a Spanish household magazine, and laid in gallons of wood-alcohol.

"First he tried his hand on the Cabinet at a midnight council meeting. They daren't refuse what he handed out, and next morning they looked like plaster busts dug out of Pompeii. The second time he invited them to supper, they resigned in a bunch. But he wouldn't accept their resignations, so they had to resume office.

"The next time I mixed in with this funny business was when I strolled up to the palace to get some concession papers signed. The chocolate-colored sentry on guard woke up, and after I'd tipped him two centavos, passed me in. I found the President in the reception room fussing over a piled-up table. The double-doors leading on to the front balcony were open and the noise from the plaza reminded me of Coney Island on a quiet July day.

"But the noise didn't seem to worry the President any. Just then he was too busy to hear it. He had a ladies' pocket-knife in his fist, and was digging it into an ochre-maroon cheese. I'm not sure if it was Roquefort; It might have been Dutch; but I think it was Dago. I didn't like to go to near.

"'Umm!' says the President. 'This is pleasant cheese, but not just the flavor for a rabbit. Greetings, senor,' he chirps to me. 'You are opportunely come. Do you like cheese?'

"'Why yes, President,' I says; 'I certainly do. But let that pass. I'm a vegetarian to-day.'

"BUT the old boy wasn't listening. He digs a hole in the cheese and pours in a lot of white wine—to improve the flavor, I guess. Coal oil would have done as well! I saw the chafing-dish, set on one of those Louis-Quinze tables, like a German-Ohio antique on a teak fruit-stand.

"The reception room in the Palace at Vinacosta couldn't look the Waldorf-Astoria in the face, but it was all there with the Fifth Avenue fixings, so far as those gimcrack places go. The high pillars at each corner used to be white, but at that time they were burnt-orange, and two of them had been cracked by careless revolutionists. I thought the blue and green festoons over the windows and door looked quite artistic. But I didn't like to see a sliced melon dripping over an elegant purple plush sofa.

"Just as I got my business finished, the door swings open and in marches General Anastasio Casandra, the President's chief adjutant.

"'Your Excellency,' says he, bowing, 'as were your orders, the *Charlatan*-quack doctor has been arrested. He awaits below.'

"'Eh, what!' says the President, waking up. 'Quack? What has he done?'

"'Your Excellency will remember,' goes on the General, 'that the German consul requested his deportation.'

"'Oh, yes,' says the President, wearily, 'I remember. I would like to have his opinion on a little dish. But I suppose it can't be.'

"'What will we do with him, Excellency?'

"'Oh—er—let me see,' wiggles the Old Man. 'Oh, send him to Porto Cruz and put him on board that ship in the harbor bound for New York. They like quacks. I read in *Blanco y Negro* that in the New York cafés alone they devour immense numbers of canvas-backed quacks. What cannibals *Americanos* are?'

"'Your orders shall be carried out,' says the adjutant-bird. 'But also I have sequestered the doctor's medicine-chest. What do you wish done with it?'

"'Do with it?' repeats the President. 'Can't you see I am busy, General? Bring it in here, and I'll look over it when I have time. By the way,' he calls, as Casandra backs out, 'when the vegetable-man comes with the onions, show him up.'

"Just then one of his aides hurried in. He was only a colonel, but he made it up in his uniform.

"'Your Excellency,' says he, 'I have to report that last night the garrison of San Jupe mutinied and in the courtyard burnt Your Excellency in effigy.'

"'Tut, tut,' says the President. 'Where did you say they burnt me, Colonel?'

"'Right in the centre of the courtyard, your Excellency!'



Whenever he'd see a particularly pretty one he'd twirl his moustache.

"THEY were interrupted by Casandra bringing in a little black leather case, fixed up with rows of labeled bottles. You know the kind; about the size of a kid's dress-suit case. He put it down by the table, and we went out, leaving the President to his carnivorous thoughts.

"In the hallway the General dropped a few tears on my shoulder.

"'Ah, senor,' says he, 'you have seen! Is it not sad? Our President gives so little time to affairs of state; his mind is

occupied with foolish vanities! And even now, Don Esteban, the Liberal leader, makes speeches against the Government, and no one arrests him! I believe it eats lettuce and blades of grass.'

"'What does?' I asks, startled, 'the Liberal leader?'

"'No, senor, the rabbit,' says the General, weeping some more.

"I felt so sorry for the poor old man that I took him over to the nearest bar, American style, and gave him a drink.



He sank back dreamily on the purple plush sofa.

"Going back, as I passed the old Spanish Cathedral, I met Baron von Smerk, one of the President's aides. The baron was standing at one side, watching the women come from mass. Whenever he'd see a particularly pretty one he'd twirl his mustache and puff out the new uniform that he'd stolen from a German band conductor.

"He was glad to see me; quite affable, in fact. I heard later that the President had just given him ten per cent. of the customs dues.

"After we'd passed a few cheerful remarks, I mentioned being up at the Palace.

"'Yes, it is unfortunate,' says the baron. 'The President wastes his time on fool things. And he burns alcohol—actually sets it on fire—alcohol! Ach Himmel! Can men be so crazy? I hear the Liberals are organizing an army in the north. There will be a revolution! What will be the outcome? I do not know.'

"THE next day I dropped in at the consulate to get a taste of home. Hoke met me wearing a smile, wide as the lakefront back in old Toronto.

"'It's awful funny,' says he, beginning to mix the cocktails. 'The fact is, this dear old President has went and gone and invited the Cabinet Ministers and all his favorite Generals to a special midnight supper at the Palace.' Hoke burst out laughing, and nearly upset the olives. 'He won't take any refusal, so the poor beggars have to go or be arrested! I'm to go too, he says. Sort o' delicate compliment to the Dominion! And the whole show is simply for us to taste one of the President's——.'

"'Can it!' I yells. 'I see them in my dreams!'

"'Well, anyway, that's what it's for,' finishes Hoke, handing me a glass. 'That's better than the stuff we'll get to-night!'

"The rest of the story I got partly from what I picked up, but mostly from my friend, the consul.

"Hoke hustled into his party ducks and made the Palace in time to help the President with his nickel indigestion plant.

"After awhile the other guests straggled in by twos and threes. There were about ten little, greasy-faced, frock-coated men, and a dozen Generals. Talk about gorgeousness! Say, as far as decorations go, the military bugs of Vinacosta have the Russian Grand Dukes breaking stone at Sing Sing! Champagne and sandwiches were served out—to give 'em an appetite, Hoke said. It made them look more cheerful, anyway.

"Then the President rolled up his sleeves and began. First he poured a bottle of English beer into the saucepan and started it to simmering. Then he unwrapped the cheese.

"Just then General Casandra hurried in.

"'Your Excellency,' says he, 'the telegraph operator reports the revolutionary army has captured the town of *San Blanco*, fifty miles away.'

"'Well,' says the President, sweetly, 'is not San Blanco still fifty miles away?'

"The General didn't have the answer. 'But—but—' he says.

"'Another interruption,' says the President. 'I suppose I must do something! How many troops are at our disposal?'

"'There is the garrison of San Jupe,' answers the General, 'but they have a disloyalty; and there are 125 soldiers at the St. Patro barracks. The main part of the army, Excellency, is stationed at Porto Cruz.'

"'In that case,' says the President, 'we may be thankful that there is a brewery at San Blanco.'

"And after that he cut up an onion, while the guests nervously ate sandwiches.

"IT WAS getting dark, Hoke said, when suddenly Baron von Smerk slams in with his clothes all dusty.

"'President!' he shouts, 'the garrison of San Jupe have arisen and are marching on the Palace! I only escaped by the skin of my teeth!'

"The President looked put out.

"But one of the guests, General Esteban Castillo y Urbina, who always spoke of home as 'th' owld sod,' stepped before the dictator.

"'President, dear,' says he. 'Sure an' I'll not stand by an' see ye devoured like a timid gazelle by thim' black-faced, decayed sardines! Be jabbers, I will not! I think me regiment at the St. Patro barracks is loyal, so come wid me, President, dear, an' we'll swape the white-faced hyenas into the sea entirely!'

"'General mio,' says the President, with a sad, sweet smile, 'would you, who are a soldier and a man of honor, expect me to desert a half-cooked rabbit?'

"Most of the Cabinet had slipped out the back way, and the Generals weren't wasting any time, either. The baron stepped out on the balcony; in a minute he called back that the rebels were entering the square. Hoke went over to have a look. He didn't feel particularly happy, and wondered if they'd remember he was the Canadian consul.

"WELL, the troops marched into the plaza, while behind them romped a crowd of half-caste citizens and riff-raff of the outskirts. Hoke says the torches threw a lurid glare over the set faces of the sullen soldiery. I don't quite believe this, but it sounds good. At one side stood a committee of three 'Liberal' members of Congress.

"The bare-footed army drew up in a line about 150 strong, with the officers in front, and a *generalissimo* to harangue them.

"'My brave men,' Hoke heard the lead-

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Face Up

A Story of the Earlier Days in British Columbia

By Hopkins Moorhouse

Illustrated by J. W. Beatty

IN THE little mountain town general excitement broke loose and ran down the Cairo-like street to meet Sheriff Bob Wallace and his *posse* of miners and mule-skinners. It was plain to be seen that they had had a hard ride of it. They were covered with dust; their horses were fagged out and the men themselves were saddle weary. But they had made a capture. The prisoner was riding in the centre, hands bound behind, his bare curly head drooped forward in utter dejection and fatigue.

The worthy citizens of Sanderson whooped their welcome. The fact that the prisoner was a mere boy, probably the novice of the gang, in no way affected them. That one member of Dutch McGee's crowd had been caught, even the most harmless of the road-agents, was a good start towards running the whole gang out of the country. Sanderson was too jealous of its reputation to risk any further depredations. Boom mining camp it might be, flushed with money and liquor, littered with playing-cards, its nights noisy with incessant pianos and loud songs; but robbery at the point of a gun was a breach of etiquette that must not be permitted. It was not conducive to general prosperity.

Hence the excitement at the prospect of proving to the world that Sanderson was one camp where a man could part with his "poke" in a perfect genteel manner, surrounded by his friends, with plenty of rye to drink, cigars to smoke, music and dancing to make the occasion altogether enjoyable. Assuredly this Kid Carter was going to furnish a convincing example of the folly of robbery on dark and lonesome trails before a man had a chance to reach camp!

JIM FARGEY sat in front of the "Blue Light" saloon, quietly smoking, his chair tilted back comfortably on two legs. With languid interest he watched the little cavalcade climbing the street. The thing was no concern of his, of course. Anyway, before the night was very old he would be quite tired listening to repetition of the details. He was a gambler, a wanderer, not a permanent citizen of Sanderson. He dealt faro in the "Blue Light" by night and, when he wasn't sleeping, he smoked quietly by day; whenever the splits came and the boom burst, as he had seen all the other booms burst, he would drift off with the tide and somewhere else by day smoke quietly and by night deal faro.

For Jim Fargey had been a gambler for twenty-five years or more; Montana, the Mississippi, New Orleans—he had worked them all. One by one the years had climbed slowly up on his straight back to a seat on the breadth of his shoulders—more than fifty of them; somewhere in the pack was the Joker that had whitened his hair, that had sifted the melancholy into the depths of his dark, inscrutable eyes and mingled reserve with the courtesy that gave him manner. But he was still in the game and always he had managed to rise above the yellow of his environment; so that with Fargey behind the case the camp knew it would get a straight run for its money.

Above all else was he a quiet man. He waved languid acknowledgment of the sheriff's friendly greeting as the *posse* rode by. Then his gaze returned to the distant peaks, behind which the sun was already dipping, and for a long time he sat where he was, smoking thoughtfully, while the shadows in the gulch deepened rapidly and one by one the lights of the rough little mining camp glowed out upon the gathering darkness.

ON THE evening preceding the day set for young Carter's trial, the prisoner sat despondently in the little stone jail, watching the last ray of sunlight disappear from the heavy iron bars of the cell window. The mountain shadows crowded in and the hours of gloomier foreboding were upon him with their heavy blanket of useless regrets. The Kid knew that he was in a bad fix; his chances for leniency were too slight for consideration at all. He was lucky that this was Canada where Judge Lynch was frowned upon or by now he might be swaying in the wind from the limb of some tree.

Or was it lucky after all? Better, perhaps, short shrift than a living death in the penitentiary. What an unalloyed young fool he had been to start out on a trail which could end in no other way! Why had he tried to ape the toughs of his home town? Why had he fooled himself into the belief that therein lay fame? After that drunken brawl at Pap's Place why had he run away and left 'Lissa—? The Kid choked and buried his head in his arms. He dare not think of Melissa now if he hoped to bear up for what was coming.

He ought to have known that fellows of Dutch McGee's calibre were concerned only about saving their own skin. They were over the border by this time probably and damning him for a young fool who deserved all he was going to get. His wild idea that perhaps they would ride in and shoot up the town and rescue him was born of Jesse James' stories. He realized that now. Jesse would have done that and thought nothing of it. Or Buchanan—that notorious outlaw would have shot down a hundred men to release a pal. As for Dutch——

The Kid was startled to see something white come skimming in between the bars of the tiny window and drop at his feet. He picked it up and saw that it was a piece of paper, folded into a dart such as he had been wont to send sailing across the schoolroom when the teacher was not looking.

FEVERISHLY he spread it out on his knee and peered close at the clumsy scrawl in the failing light. The note stated briefly certain directions he was to follow along about midnight. He would find his cell door unlocked. If he travelled a certain course up the gulch he would find a cayuse tethered in a cedar grove back amongst the rocks. He was to speak to no man, but make all haste to the old shack at Jackass Mine. The note was signed with three peculiar marks.

At sight of those three little marks Kid Carter stood up and sucked in a great breath, his eyes alight, his jaw set. He had wronged "the boys," after all; they were going to stand by him, although it might mean death or capture if a hitch occurred. They were going to stand by him just as the notorious Brad Buchanan would have done. He should have remembered that Dutch was the sole survivor of the old Buchanan gang. He should have shown a little more faith in good old Dutch, who was Buchanan trained. Dutch was standing by him—would get him away without a shot being fired if everything went as they planned. It was great!

THE NIGHT was hot. The air seemed pocketed in the gulch and the heat reflected from the rocks which had baked in the sun all day offset the shortness of the twilight and the early in-closing of the mountain shadows. The bit of moon that had hung above the towering Western peaks dropped over on the other side and left the valley to the dim light of the stars.

About two hours' ride back into the hills and well away from all accustomed trails was Jackass Mine. Here in days gone by some wandering prospectors had burrowed into the mountain-side in search of silver. They had gone so far as to erect a couple of buildings at the place and had sunk considerable money in the mine itself only to find its promise unfulfilled. The holes were still there, the timbers rotting in the shafts. The old cabins were still erect; but the place was frequented only by the wild creatures that roamed in the night.

Approaching it eagerly, not long after midnight, the Kid was none the less cautious. Rounding a rocky spur, he dismounted and, with the utmost care as to where he stepped, climbed forward and upward until he was peering over the edge of the *arroyo*. On the opposite side he could make out the darker shadow of the shacks. There was not a spark of light in the place nor any outward sign of life.

Placing his hands on either side of his mouth, the lad emitted a low, tremulous hoot and listened anxiously. An owl answered from the other side, the quavers trembling away in weird melancholy. Hurrying back to the cayuse, it took the Kid but a few minutes to ride down and

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around to the mouth of the ravine. There he left his horse and excitedly ascended the steep path to the deserted mine.

As he approached he noted the shadowy figure of a man standing in the nearest doorway. It looked like Chic Yerex. He stepped back as the Kid entered, growling something about a candle on the table and they might as well have a light for a minute—till they mapped out the trail they would take to join the others.

Wondering somewhat at the brusqueness of his reception, young Carter felt for the matches, struck one and touched it to the candle. As he did so he was conscious of the door being shut behind him; but it was the soft thud of the heavy wooden bolt that made him whirl like lightning. The candlelight was shinning along the barrel of a six-shooter which covered him where he stood and behind it was a man whom he did not remember having seen before in his life—a man who smiled with quiet amusement.

A FRIGHTENED oath broke from the Kid's lips as he stood there, staring in amazement. It flashed across him that even if he had been armed the fellow had the drop on him completely. The Kid swore again and the other continued to smile good-humoredly.

"I aint a-goin' to hurt you, kid," he chuckled. "A feller don't generally help a prisoner to make a getaway so 't he kin put a bullet in him. If you do git hurt, son, it'll be your own fault, remember. Sit down an' make yourself comfortable. We're goin' to have a little chat, all to ourselves out here, you an' me, where it's nice an' quiet, no interruptions an' all that. Sit down, I said."

The Kid sat down. There was nothing else to do.

"Who are you?" he gasped.

The other had lowered the weapon and was eyeing him speculatively. The Kid continued to watch him closely with growing wonder.

"Thought you'd find Dutch here, eh?" chuckled the stranger. "Or was it that wall-eyed son of Satan, Chic Yerex? Or mebbe you was expectin' to see Bat Olsen or shake hands with the Preacher. Eh, son? Wonderful strong on shakin' hands, the Preacher, aint he?—rollin' his gun while he's doin' it an' partin' with a bit of lead all at one an' the same time to demonstrate kind feelin' for enemies! Clever trick, that, eh?"

"Who—who—?" began the Kid weakly.

"On'y it aint the Preacher's own trick, that," the other went on with the same amused smile. "Dutch McGee taught it to him an' Dutch got it years ago from Buchanan—Ah, so you've heard tell of Buchanan! Well, it was from him Dutch likewise got the three little marks for signin' to notes afore shootin' same into jails an' such like—sit down!"



Jim Fargey sat in front of the Blue Light. . . . With languid interest he watched the little cavalcade.

The Kid sank back, nervously drawing his shirt-sleeve across his forehead.

"But this is wastin' time, son," said the stranger with sudden briskness. "We've got to make our little talk much shorter'n what I'd like, for you've got to be a long ways from here by sun-up an' I've got to git back to where I come from."

AS HE spoke he deliberately laid his six-shooter on the deal table beside the candle, turned his back and walked across the little room to the shelves in the corner.

"'Mebbe the kid'll need a drink,' I told myself. So I just brought along a scoot or two," explained the man pleasantly as he went to get it.

Carter stared after him as if he could scarcely believe his eyes. Then he sprang for the gun. He uttered an exultant cry as his fingers closed on the grip of it. Turning slowly, the stranger gazed at him with a flicker of amusement. He laughed outright.

A flash of flame that seemed to come from nowhere at all! When the smoke had thinned, the gun was lying on the far side of the cabin and the amazed young man was nursing an arm which was benumber by a thousand needle-prickings.

"You young fool!' the man cried angrily as he came towards him. "Want to let everybody within range know where they kin find you? Sit down. Now, don't try that again!"

He crossed over, picked up the gun, laid it again upon the table. Then without a look he went over coolly to the shelves

once more and came back with a bottle and a tin cup.

"You look as if you needed a bracer. Down with it, son. There aint no 'casion to git scared."

The Kid's hand shook in spite of himself as he raised the cup and when he had put it back on the table, he sat inert, staring and breathing hard.

"Bu—Buchanan!" he muttered. "They tol' me Buchanan was shot—years ago, they said—somewhere in the Kentucky hills!"

"Sure. Third day o' September it was, 'long about evenin', twenty-five years ago. What's matter with you?"

"That gun-play — where'd you learn that gun-play?" demanded the Kid hoarsely. "Who are you that knows so many secrets? An' what d'you want with me?"

"Softly, son. I'll tell you. Yes, I rather reckon you're due to be told a few things," and the stranger's manner altered swiftly with his words. He drew the candle across the table so that the light fell full upon the young, unlined face of the man opposite.

"I'LL have to cut the story short, for time's gettin' everlastin' precious. It's about Buchanan. I knew him. There was a woman——. He went wrong because of a woman. But she was a good woman an' didn't know she drove him to it. He loved her—how he loved her! She wasn't for the likes o' him, though. He was nacherally a wild sort, I reckin, an' she wouldn't have anythin' to do with him. He was drinkin' his share afore she turned him down an' after that he took on worse'n ever.

"They was both livin' in a little town down in Kaintucky. There was a garden in front o' her place an' it was full o' hollyhocks an' petuniers an' she used to wear a pretty pink dress an' an ol' sunbonnet with the strings flappin' down on each side o' her curls—brown curls, they were. For she was pretty!

"One day there come along a slick-dressed feller from the city an' he seen her in the garden an' took a fancy to her. She took to him, too, an' after awhile they goes an' gits married an' starts livin' in a little place with roses creepin' over the front. An' all the time this here Buchanan was drinkin' himself to death, y'understand.

"By an' by the folks begun to take notice that Mis' Porter warn't quite like she used to be—color all gone out o' the cheeks o' her an' she was gitting' powerful thin an' worrit-lookin' an' went around with a scared look in her eyes almost. She'd been so all-fired happy afore that—singin' an' spry as a kitten—folks couldn't help noticin' the diff'rence. There'd been a baby girl come an' she'd been happy as the day was long up till the little one was nigh on to a year old.

"Then the change come over her, as I've told you, an' the neighbors begun to talk about him. Used to go 'way an' leave her fer months at a time, an' whenever he was home he used to be quarrellin' all day till I reckon life was scarce worth livin' for her.

"Well, 'course Buchanan heard 'bout the way things was goin' an' he took it on himself to hang around. He talked to the feller that had married the girl from him an' he talked all-fired straight. But it didn't seem to do no good an' things on'y got worse after that.

"Then one day Buchanan was passin' their place an' he heard screams comin' from back of the house an' he just vaults over the pickets alongside the road an' goes around back to see what's up. What he seen was the feller beatin' his wife. So Buchanan just nacherally pulls out a gun an' fires it off.

"He had to skip out o' the country mighty quick after that took place, certain parties bein' hot on his trail; the dead man's relatives an' friends had lots o' money an' they sure meant business. Now, that's how Buchanan come to run from the law—just like I'm tellin' you. He saw the way things was shapin' for him an' he come to the conclusion he might's well play the game through to the finish. So he made for the hills an' took to buckin' the law as a reg'lar business.

"P'RAPS you know some o' the things he done. He went bad complete an' it warn't long afore they had a price on his head an' men was huntin' him everywheres. He got to be pretty cute at dodgin' around an' he got a gang about him that kep' the whole blame country in hot water for goin' on two years.

"But you can't keep that kind o' game up indefinite, son. One day, back in the hills, they cornered the gang an' wiped 'em out—all but a couple that got away. No, son, you can't keep that kind o' game up forever."

"An' Buchanan?" whispered the Kid breathlessly at last as the other sat silent. "Buchanan was shot?"

"Buchanan was shot," repeated the other slowly. "Twenty-five years ago, it was, third day o' September, 'long about evenin'. That's the story—all o' it, 'cept that Mis' Porter on'y lived about a year after Buchanan was wiped out — just about a year."

The Kid wiped the moisture from his forehead.

"An' the kid—the little kid girl?" he ventured.

"Grew up into a pretty young woman, just like her mother used to be afore her. She was adopted by a maiden lady with a kind heart, God bless her, an' come by an' by to call her 'Auntie' an' never knew no diff'rent. An' she used to tend to a garden, just like her mother done afore her."

THE MAN leaned forward suddenly. The candlelight fell on a face so full of menace that the younger man shrank before the look that had leapt into the eyes which searched his own.

"She used to tend a garden like her mother done. Hear that? An' one day there come along a young feller as fell in love with her, like her father done with her mother. They got married an' went to live in a little home with a garden o' their own. An' the girl was happy enough till her fool husband got shiftless an' took to chummin' in with a bad crowd down to Pap's Place — got some crazy notion into his empty head that it was a smart thing to get drunk and sass the law, to carry a gun an' shoot same off promisc'ous and frequent.

"An' the time come when this young fool got tanked up too tight, got mixed up in a fight an' skipped out, leavin' one o' the best little women that ever walked God's earth to shift for herself, 'stead o' stayin' by her an' backin' her up as he'd sworn to do. Are you listenin'?" cried the man fiercely.

"Who are you?" gasped the Kid in terror.

"Never mind that!" snapped the man. "You listen to me. That aint here nor it aint there. You've asked me that afore an' you've been wonderin' why'n blue blazes I got you out o' the hole you were in back there to-night an' brought you out here to talk to you.

"I'll tell you why. You're goin' back—back to that little woman as is waitin' for you—back home to be a man 'stead o' a blitherin' young fool. You're goin' back because you owe it to her an' because if you don't do it by Heaven! I'll know the reason!

"You're nothin' but a kid, Carter—yes, I know all about you! I've made that my business. I was a kid once myself—made a wreck o' my own life an' I aint aimin' to let you do the same with yours. I'm tellin' you straight a man can't buck the law anywheres—an' up here in Canader in partic'lar. It can't be played that way to anythin' but a cold finish. You've got to go back and live straight for the little girl's sake if not for your own. An' that goes! If you ever play her dirt like her father done her mother I'll find you out an' by G-d! I'll put a bullet in you same as I——"

"Buchanan!" breathed the Kid, cringing away.

"Buchanan was shot, I tell you!" cried the man savagely. "Twenty-five years ago in the Kentucky hills. Buchanan's dead. An' it's on'y a question o' a short while afore Dutch McGee an' his pals will all pass in their checks the same way. You can't play that game to any other finish. If it hadn't been for me, you'd be in the discard now. As 'tis, I'm givin' you one more chance an' it's up to you to cinch it mighty quick.

"You'll find my horse picketed down below. He's the best hereabout an' I'm givin' him to you here an' now. He'll carry you out safely, Carter, if you mind yourself. Keep to the old trail that runs around back of Toad Mountain an' stop for nothin'. Come, we'll find the horse."

SILENTLY the Kid stood up and followed the other outside. The two men scrambled down the steep declivity to the bottom of the ravine without exchanging another word. The Kid was in the saddle before he could find his tongue, and even then he could do no more than lean down to grasp the other's hand, blurting his thanks. The stranger was peering up at him in the shadow, his hand on the candle.

"Remember, Carter, what I said," he admonished slowly. "She's worth the very best of you an' you're goin' to quit makin' a fool of yourself."

"Yes," promised the Kid fervently. "She's—worth it," he echoed and there was a break in the voice that brought a satisfied smile to the stranger's face that was lost in the darkness. Abruptly he caught the young man's hand and squeezed it hard. "I forgot to say that there's a little curly-headed boy waitin' for his daddy, too, Carter."

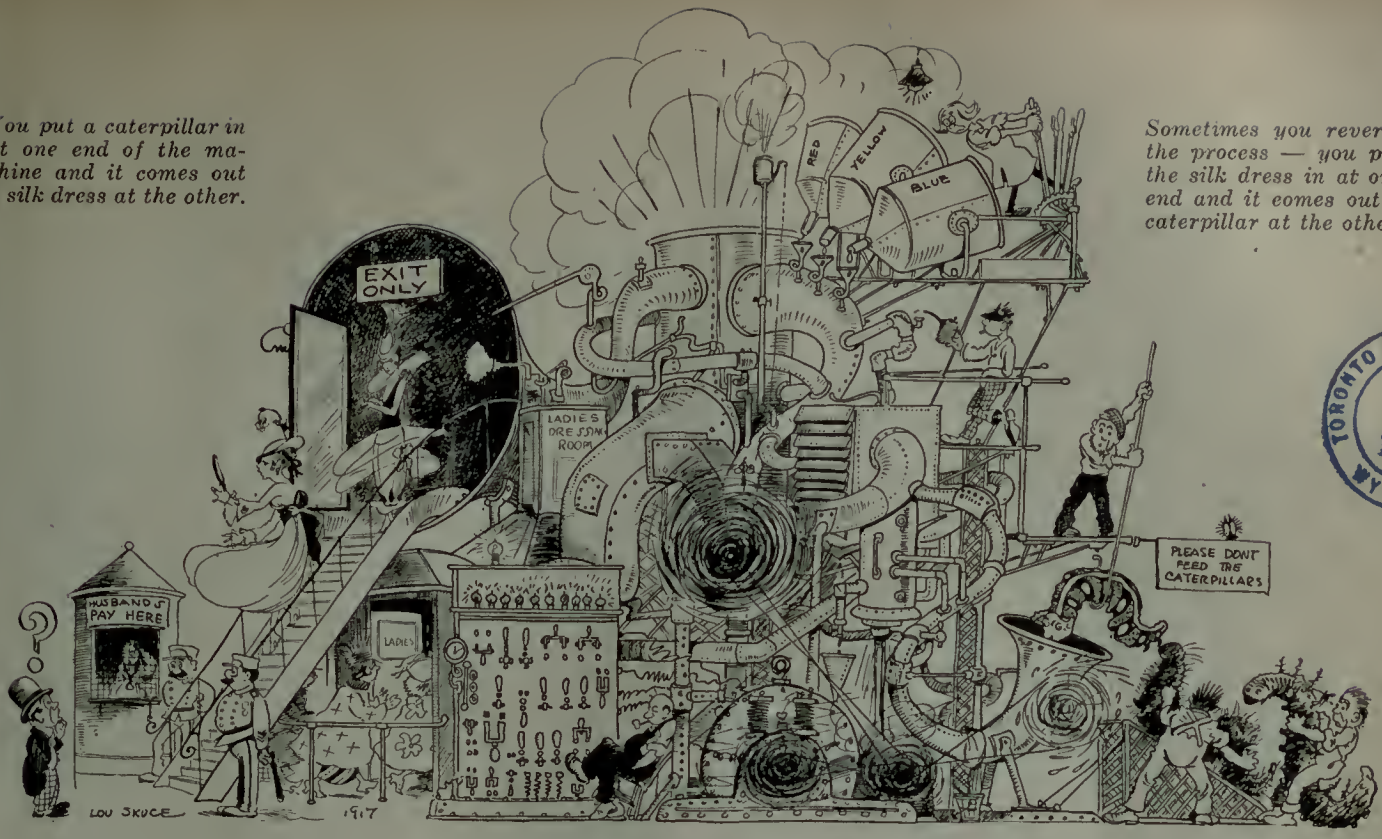
"Great Pelican!" breathed the Kid. He slapped the flank of the horse and with a rattle of gravel the darkness swallowed him. "S'long, old man!" came back brokenly.

The stranger smiled again. He stood there, listening until all sound of the hoof-beats had died away. It did not take

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Sometimes you reverse the process — you put the silk dress in at one end and it comes out a caterpillar at the other.



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As the Twig is Bent

How National Policies are Being Shaped—Recruiting, Munition Making, etc.

By H. F. Gadsby

Illustrated by Lou Skuce

I HAD not been in the Press Gallery very long before I came to realize the truth of the old saw that, as the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined. It may almost be laid down as an axiom that no policy comes out of Parliament the same policy as it went in. In other words, the raw material is quite different from the finished product. You put a caterpillar in at one end of the machine and it comes out a silk dress at the other. Sometimes you reverse the process—you put the silk dress in at one end and it comes out a caterpillar at the other end.

The most recent and startling example of twig bending includes those changes in military policy which resulted in the retirement of Lieutenant-General Sir Sam Hughes from the position of Minister of Militia for Canada. It goes without saying that these changes were not accomplished painlessly. There were violent quarrels at the council board which it does not behoove me to discuss here. Broadly speaking, Sir Sam wanted to live up to his certificate of character by Lord Roberts as the greatest Driving Force in history, but there were others who didn't want to drive his way, nor, perhaps, quite as hard. That, stripped of detail, was the chief difficulty.

The changes in policy had regard to four main subjects—recruiting, purchasing of supplies, the manufacture of munitions, and the control and management of the Canadian troops overseas.

THE FIRST recruiting was a rush order. The usual routine of sending telegrams to the various battalion officers through the D.O.C.'s was brushed aside as being too slow, and instead telegrams were sent direct from the Adjutant-General's office to every officer in Canada, the D.O.C.'s being notified at the same time. The officers were instructed to enrol the men and rally at the nearest military centre, after which they were to proceed as soon as possible to Valcartier Camp. The senior officer took charge of his unit as it came aboard the train. This system of recruiting was free and easy, almost chaotic, but it turned out highly successful. It was responsible for the first Canadian division. It raised thereby thirty-three thousand men in six weeks—a record-breaking performance.

The next outfit was raised at leisure in the large centres of Canada during the fall and winter of 1914-1915. This plan was slow. When it was seen that the war was serious and was going to last a long time a big push was made for men in the summer of 1915. This was plan No. 3. It was Sir Sam's plan *par excellence*. Briefly is was to get men wherever they could be got—to go to the men instead of waiting for the men to come to us. Officers were sent to the various towns and villages throughout Canada and the men were enrolled and trained in their own home districts.

This was the most effective plan of all. Each population group of forty thousand was expected to raise a battalion, and the expectation was in every case realized. Some centres raised many more than the battalion asked for.

Plan No. 4 was a modification of plan No. 3, the difference being that a battalion was now asked from population groups of from eighty to one hundred thousand. This was the plan that was in operation in the spring of 1916 when recruiting was to a certain extent called off for the purpose of helping out the munition factories. Recruiting figures dropped from 32,000 a month to 6,000 a month and less.

THE NEXT subject of controversy more or less heated in the cabinet was the purchase of supplies. It has undergone four changes. The first plan was to purchase supplies through the Militia Department direct, without the formality of Orders-in-Council, but on an understanding with the Premier. Sir Sam contends that no better purchasing has been done during the war than under this system. It broke down in only one spot, and this was not the fault of the system

but of those who couldn't resist the temptation to make a rake off.

The next plan was purchase by a sub-committee of the Privy Council who would prepare data for an Order-in-Council, on which the purchases would be based. To this plan Sir Sam objected and had it changed so that the Order-in-Council was prepared on the report of his officers and then transmitted to the Privy Council.

This plan was carried out for a while, but was eventually succeded by a third plan by which the Minister of Militia, on the report of his officers, prepared an Order-in-Council to submit to the Privy Council, which in turn submitted it to the purchasing sub-committee. Both this plan and the former indicate that the Militia Department as a department was losing control of the purchase of supplies. The tendency was to get it out of the Minister's hands—to relieve him of that part of his work by letting four of his colleagues do it instead.

The fourth plan was a War Purchase Commission, which largely follows the lines recommended by Sir Sam Hughes at the beginning of the war. His plan, which was not carried out, differed from the present plan in this respect—a committee of capable business men was to do the purchasing in co-operation with the Director of Contracts.

FOR THE making of munitions Sir Sam appointed a Shell Committee, whose history, methods and results are too well known to need stating here. The Shell Committee, as Sir Sam says, met with the hostility of certain persons who failed to get contracts and was supplanted after severe throes, by the Imperial Munitions Board, which was appointed by the British War Office.

It is not generally known that the Duke of Connaught, by nature of his office of Governor-General, which makes him commander of the forces in British North America, claimed control of the Canadian troops for the British Government, even while the Canadian troops were in Canada. But this and other similar claims were not sustained by the Canadian authorities, and this led to his withdrawal; though as W. F. Maclean hinted in the *World* he wanted to remain. From the beginning of the war up to the present moment the control of Canadian troops while in Canada has remained in the hands of the Canadian Government.

DURING the first year of the war, the entire control of the Canadian troops in England and at the front was, as Lord Kitchener explained to Sir Sam, in the hands of the British Government. During the second year of the war, certain concessions were made to Canada—that is, to Sir Sam, who fought tooth and nail for them. But the British War Office still controls the inspection of equipment, transport, and many other matters, and seeks to prune away Canadian management as much as possible. Whether this is the best policy or not is a moot question.

In 1916, with the influence of Lloyd-George, Bonar Law, and Sir Max Aitken, Sir Sam was able to score several points on the British War Office, which recognized the absolute right of Canada to control in every sense her own forces—that is to say, to carry out the British and Canadian law on this subject. Among other things, the British War Office recognized Canada's right to appoint the Canadian divisional commanders. This was the zenith of Canadian control overseas. Since Sir Sam stepped out, Canadian control has been slipping back and now the British War Office does about what it likes in regard to appointments, promotions, decorations, and other matters, against which Sir Sam struggled gallantly.

AND now, to further consider the subject of twig-bending politics. In their progress through Cabinet and Parliament, policies are subject for the most part to violent changes, quick decay, or abnormal growth. Some policies contract, others expand. The Grand Trunk Pacific policy belongs to the latter class. It entered Parliament the Grand Trunk Pacific and came out the National Transcontinental. It made its bow as a modest, sensible business proposition and its exit as a high-sounding patriotic enterprise. It was the caterpillar going in and the silk dress coming out. Almost fourteen years have gone by since then and the silk dress is on a fair way to shrink back to the caterpillar again, now that the Grand Trunk Pacific end is not paying interest charges and the National Transcontinental end is being operated feebly and unprofitably by a reluctant Government.

Just here I want to say that I have always been very fond of the Grand Trunk Pacific or the National Transcontinental, whichever you choose to call it, and I am sorry to see it go wrong. I saw it born. I watched it from the cradle up to the present, when it has one foot and half of the other in the grave, and I am tender of its faults. It is still the most expensive, the best built railway in the world, with the least curves and the smallest grades, and I am filled with regret to think that they won't let it stay put, but are tearing parts of it up and shipping it to France.

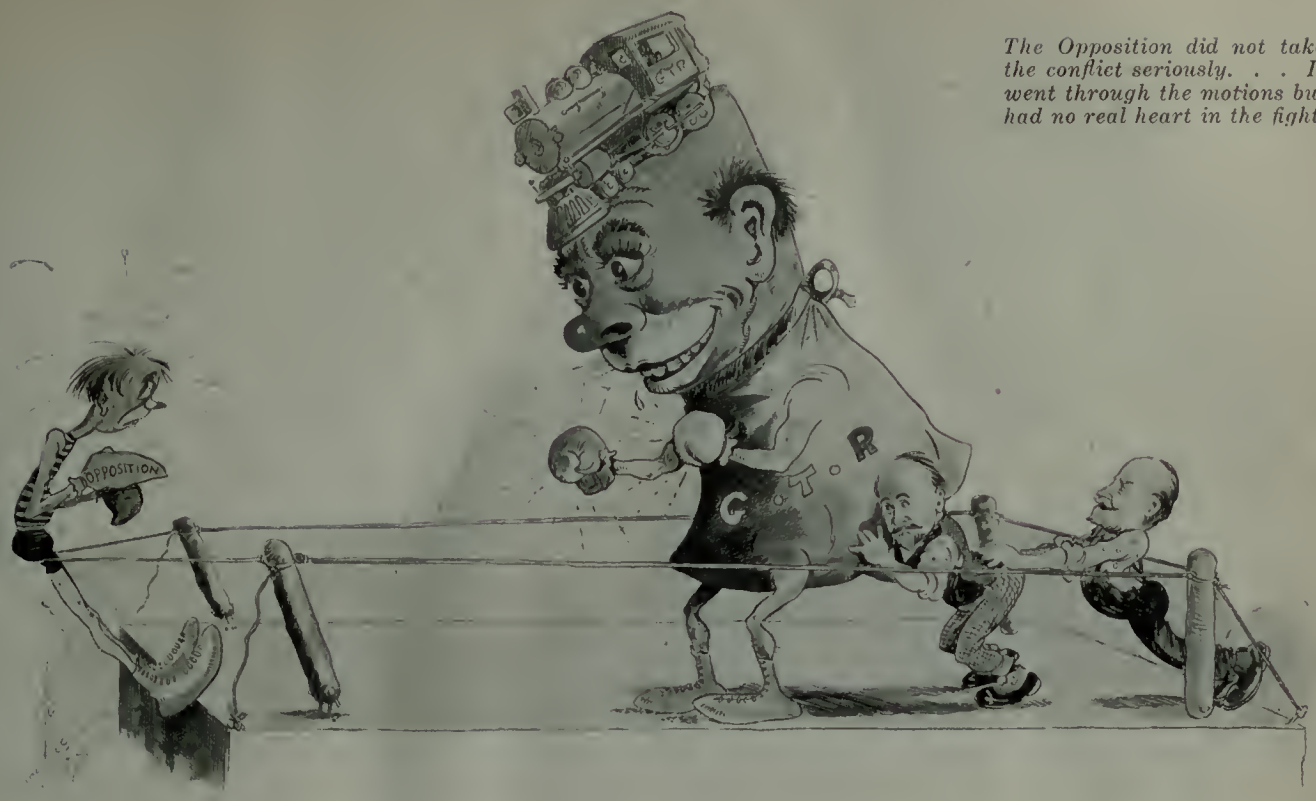
At the same time, I am free to admit that I always suspected the joker clause by which the G.T.R. engineers were to approve of N.T.R. construction before taking the Government-built eastern end of the road over. The patriots who tacked the National Transcontinental on the Grand Trunk Pacific may deem it worth noting that in the long run the G.T.R. got what it originally planned—the alleged fat prairie end of the railway from Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast, leaving the lean Winnipeg-Moncton end to the Government. It may be retribution, but the prairie end didn't prove as fat as was expected and that the G.T.R. would like to unload this on the Government, too, but the point I am making is that the politicians might just as well have saved their breath. The G.T.R. did not take over the National Transcontinental end of the railway, and never intended to.

WHEN the scheme first reached Parliament Hill it was in the hands of level-headed business men like the late Chas. M. Hays, Wm. Wainwright and Senator Cox. They knew what they wanted—a road from North Bay west to the Pacific to link up with the G.T.R.'s eastern lines and make use of the Atlantic terminals already provided. As these terminals were in the United States, the patriots had a good handle when they said such a railway was not loyal enough and clamored for an all-red line from ocean to ocean. But the scheme as presented by Messrs. Hay, Wainwright and Cox was, as I said before, simply to aid the Grand Trunk to build a railway from North Bay to the Pacific, on the terms and conditions usually granted to such enterprises. It was cold business and it was only when they saw danger of their plan failing if they did not yield to the politicians that they consented to burden it with the Quebec to Moncton addition. As Andrew G. Blair put it at the time, Cox couldn't wait, and because Senator Cox and his partners couldn't afford to wait for fear of losing out, they took on a bit of bad business.

When it was bruited about that the reasonable commercial venture with which Messrs. Hays, Wainwright and Cox had identified their names was on the brink of blossoming out into a national institution that would make the C.P.R. look like thirty cents, the Opposition of the day at once became prolifically practical. They had, as I remember, an alternative policy for every day in the week. Monday's policy was to extend the Intercolonial Railway to Georgian Bay, and thence to Winnipeg. Tuesday's policy was to give assistance to the Grand Trunk Pacific. Wednesday's policy was to control rates in return for reasonable public aid; also to extend the Intercolonial and free it from Government control. Thursday's policy was to extend the Intercolonial clear across the continent and let the people own and control it. Friday's policy was to aid the Grand Trunk to build from North Bay to the Pacific as it wished. Saturday's policy was to buy or build link railways which would bring the Intercolonial to Fort William and to assist the C.N.R., C.P.R., and G.T.R, to build lines or improve grades from there on to Edmonton, with colonization roads from Edmonton to the Pacific and from Quebec to Winnipeg, as a prospect of the near future. Sunday's policy was to utilize the water routes, lake, canal and river.

Still another plan was to buy out the C.N.R., but Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann could not see it in that light. Instead, they were inspired to have a transcontinental railway of their own and then and there began that policy of shreds and patches, buying and building, a link here and a link there, subsidies and loans, which has since run into a lot of money. Even at that, the C.N.R. was conceived in common sense and built economically. It did business as soon as the rails were down and comes nearer paying its way right now than the more ambitions project which had its birth at the same time. But then, Mackenzie and Mann were in the business to make money. They didn't load their railway up with fifteen hundred miles of patriotism running mostly through a wilderness of rock and muskeg, whose only traffic-producing business was pure air and Christmas trees. It was objected at the time that nobody knew anything about this northern fringe between Winnipeg and Quebec, but the old reports of the Geological Survey were dug up and were cited as a "mountain of information."

THE trouble was that the Opposition had too many alternative policies. They worked a different one, sometimes two different ones, every day. They would have done better to settle on one policy and stick to it. As it turned out, almost any policy would have been better than the one the Liberal Government adopted. But



The Opposition did not take the conflict seriously. . . . It went through the motions but had no real heart in the fight.

who could have told it? It was 1903, the threshold of Canada's century, and there was optimism in the air. There were millions hovering around and there were also men hovering around who were willing to make the millions while the making was good. Almost everything and everybody about the G.T.P. did well, the promoters, the townsite operators, all the side lines, in fact—everything except the railway. It bit off more than it could chew.

To make a metaphor of it, Sindbad might have got along all right if it hadn't been for his Old Man of the Sea. In other words, the Maritime Province members of Parliament got hold of the G.T.P. and loaded it up with the Winnipeg to Moncton extension. "Us, too!" they howled, and if they hadn't got what they were howling for, the G.T.P. would probably have died then and there. They were prepared to hold it up until they got what they wanted. But this, as it happened, fell in with the megalomania of the Government, which was keen to make the Laurier regime famous for a transcontinental railway, as the C.P.R. had made Sir John Macdonald. I may have got this twisted. Perhaps it was Sir John Macdonald made the C.P.R. famous—let it go at that.

At all events, what had entered Parliament in 1903 as a neat little business proposition, came out in 1904 as a national project all blown up with politics and hot air. Did I say national? Well, semi-national—the fat end for the capitalists, the lean end for the people. All the nation ever got out of the National Transcontinental was the privilege of footing the deficits. Thus and so did the people go half and half with the capitalists in this great enterprise—the capitalists to take all the profits and the people to take all the losses. They called this plan—that is to say, handing over to the capitalists the prairie section from Winnipeg west, and to the people the muskeg section from Winnipeg east—giving the people control of the funnel. To me it always looked more like letting the people hold the bag. The funnel has a poor job—it doesn't keep anything—the riches are at either end.

IN spite of criticism the scheme went through with comparatively little opposition considering its vast ramifications. The Opposition, though fruitful in suggestions, did not take the conflict seriously. It went through the motions, but had no real heart in the fight, the newspapers on both side of politics being agreed that Canada couldn't have too many railways. When it came to action, Parliament was dumb, as it always is, in the presence of such high finance. Two Washington correspondents who visited Ottawa when the battle was supposed to be at its height, were surprised to find things running so smoothly. They suspected lubrication and asked if a barrel had been opened. When a negative answer was given they expressed more surprise and asked how the reporters could show so much enthusiasm for which they had not been paid. It was explained that the capitalists had a strangle hold on the newspapers, anyway, but the Washington friends still could not see why they didn't pay for a little warmth lower down. All of which goes to throw a certain amount of light on the Washington practice.

The public was surprised that an application for a railway charter by a private company should come out such a tremendous thing as it did, and that surprise has since cost us something like two hundred million dollars and the end is not yet. Even the most sanguine had not expected anything like public ownership, including the newspaper I worked for at the time, which expected it so little and believed it so much less that it kept my "scoop" on ice for four days before publishing it. In spite of which I contend that the man on the spot often knows more about a subject than the wise guy three hundred miles away.

The surprise of the public was followed by something like disappointment when they saw what a striped article of public ownership it was—public ownership of liabilities and private ownership of the possible dividends. And the disappointment has gradually become pain at the amount of money this piebald public ownership is costing us. Even at that, the public doesn't quite understand what the Laurier contract with the G.T.P. let them in for any more than I do to this day. I have only the vaguest idea of its horrors—I would no more look them in the face than I would make a visit to Dante's Seventh Circle. At the time the bill was passed, Clifford Sifton delivered a speech which made it clear, as they said, to the Man on the Street, including myself. But since then I have forgotten the speech and the explanation along with it. All I remember is that it was perfectly satisfactory. I understood it from A to Z, but when, years afterwards, the G.T.R. sprang a new meaning on a certain clause which let Canada in for ten million dollars more, I felt that I had slipped a cog somewhere.

Among those who were surprised at the final disguise the Grand Trunk Pacific bill assumed was Andrew G. Blair, then Minister of Railways. He was not only surprised, but hostile. At the very beginning, Sir Wilfrid Laurier took charge of the matter—just as Sir Robert Borden took charge of the Dreadnaught policy—and proceeded to handle it for himself. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick did a good deal of preliminary work. The Minister of Railways was the last man to be consulted. Mr. Blair naturally felt that the Minister of Railways should get a look in when a two hundred million dollar railway was being discussed, and was much peeved when he was brushed aside.

Blair's chief grievance was that the

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Jordan is a Hard Road

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Author of "The Weavers," The Right of Way," "The Money Master," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

SYNOPSIS—*Bill Minden, ex-train robber, comes to Askatoon to live, creating lively discussion among the townspeople as to his motives. He stays at the Sunbright Hotel, and lives an exemplary life, reading his Bible on Sundays on the hotel porch in full view of everyone. Minden shows special interest in the school taught by Cora Finley, a pretty and popular young woman, and Mrs. Finley, the mother, displays animosity toward him. He calls on Mrs. Finley one evening and in the course of the conversation it develops that Cora is Minden's daughter, given to Mrs. Finley to raise by Minden on his wife's death. Minden avows his intention of winning his way to power in Askatoon. Many successful revival meetings are held at Mayo, Nolon Doyle's ranch, and at one of these camp meetings Minden is converted, which fact causes much comment and criticism by the newspapers of the West. Minden longs to be under the same roof as his daughter, and yet does not dare risk letting the truth become known. One day, hearing of the impending bankruptcy of John Warner, a real estate agent, who had built a hotel and could not pay for it, he decides to buy the place. Minden then explains to Mrs. Finley and Cora that he intends to run it as a temperance hotel and persuades them to come and help him make the venture a success.*

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

THEY said that he would yet return to the enticing dangers of crime, as a red man educated at Harvard or Oxford returned at last to the Sun Dance and the greasy-haired women of his tribe. But others again pointed to the fact that in his most criminal days he always carried and read his Bible, while never pretending to be anything but what he really was.

"There is no reason," said one of the articles, "why the scandalous sinner, damned a hundred times, over, should not admire and long for the quiet courts of the Lord, the happiness to which he had no claim."

It was further said that Minden had the characteristics of a dual personality, loving the good things humanly and truly, but doing the bad things wilfully and voluntarily. Minden read this particular article many times, and it seemed to him to be true. Ever since a child he had been susceptible to all these things which were the possession of the prayer-people, while something drove him into acts which, never personally cruel, or malignant, were still criminal. While he had risked his life in breaking the law many times, he had also risked it in support of the law.

ONE DAY, as he sat reading this article, which greatly fascinated him, he said to himself at last:

"It's funny, but the one thing seemed just as natural to me as the other. It was always like that. I liked good company better than bad, but I couldn't keep from doing the bad things, an' I didn't want to keep from doing them—not till now; not till I got my eyes on my little gal. By gracious, when I saw her the first time after all them years, I felt as if I could say to my right foot, 'You walked me into the broad path, and off you've got to come with a knife an' a saw'; an' to my left hand, 'You held my gun, while the other took the oof, an' off you've got to come with a knife an' a saw.' That's your dooal personality, I s'p'ose. I ain't never been one personality till now. Since I come to Askatoon I feel, I truly feel, grace in me. When my little gal looks at me I feel as if I'd like to be burnt at the stake, jest to show her what I'd do to be the same as her. . . . I wonder how long it'll last!"

Trouble came into his eyes suddenly. "I wonder how long it'll last," he repeated. "I wonder how long it'll go on like this—just us three in the only home I've ever had since I was a little boy. If it does go on, my, won't it be too good for tastin'! It can't though, I feel it; an' I've got to make the most of it. Cora's got to get married, an' she's got to marry an all-righter, a one-in-a-million, twenty-two carat fella, so as when I go, I'll know she's all right. She ain't goin' to marry a man like me. I looked all right, an' I spoke all right to her mother—the angel that she was, an' I deceived her as to what I reely was. Cora's got Amandy's beauty (an' mind), an' she'll break her heart if she don't marry the right kind o' man. She ought to marry a President or a young Ceecil Rhodes—that's the kind of man she oughter marry, high bred and high steppin'."

He laughed a little to himself. "I wonder what they'd think of that at prayer-meetin'! Their idea 'd be she oughter marry in her own station, down among the druggists, an' the undertakers; but I've traveled a lot, an' I've seen the pearl-necklace ladies, the finger-bowl ladies, an' rigged out like them she'd look fifty times as good."

Suddenly a cloud passed over his face. "There's the dool personality again. Here am I converted and saved, and belongin' to the Methodists, bein' the revivalist that held the fort when the garrison fell sick of a fever—here am I talkin' as if I was a slave to the high-muggery of this here world. But wait; ain't there as good men among the blue-veined high-muggers as down here 'mongst the narrow-minded children of the Lord? I ain't as humble as I ought to be, for I feel as good as any of 'em, an' I don't like their tastes. They want hell-fire preachin', an' praise God for the elect; they want to live humble before the Lord, yet they're graspin' after riches all the time. But I want to be like Solomon—sit on a throne, with a cornucopeey in each hand, pourin' out beautiful gold five-dollar pieces for humanity. I want to be good like him, an' write the Song o' Solomon, an' the Book o' Ruth an' the Proverbs; but I want to do it from the steps of a palace. That's Bill Minden, an' I guess I ain't a Christian in the sense it's understood. I guess I belong to the old order—them that lived a thousand years before Matthew begun to write. . . . But she's got to marry, an' I don't like the lot that surrounds her now, my little gal."

He was still brooding and talking to himself, with the newspaper in his hand, when Cora entered, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks showing nothing of the fatigue of the six hours in the schoolroom.

"Now I wish you wouldn't do that, Mr. Minden," she said. "You're always so polite, though you're old enough to be my father."

A flush stole slowly over his face. "I shouldn't mind being your father; I'd be good to you," he answered.

She nodded. "I know that, but my own father was kind to me—yes, beautifully kind. He always seemed sorry when I went out and always glad when I came in. Tell me," she added, "were you ever married?"

MINDEN looked her straight in the eyes as he answered, "Yes, I was married, but my wife died a year after."

"And you had no children?" she asked, but as though it were a fact.

"Yes, I had a child."

"Oh! . . . she isn't living?"

"I lost her," he answered. "I lost her soon after her mother died."

"How long ago was that?" she asked with a deep curiosity in her face.

"Why, years and years ago—more'n twenty years ago, I guess."

"And you never have had any real home since?" she inquired softly.

"Not till I come here to Askatoon, an' you and your mother come and made a home for me here. Now I feel like a family-man—as if I had my own family under my own roof."

"And you still remember your little girl that died?" she asked with sympathetic eyes.

"Whenever I look at you I remember her," he answered slowly.

"So, I'm a kind of adopted daughter to you, am I not?" she returned.

"Well it's almost like the real thing," he said, his face aflush, but holding himself sternly quiet.

She laughed very prettily, and yet there was a touch of sadness in her eyes, a lurking something which was always behind

the mirth of her face; and it was in his eyes also.

"Shut your eyes," she said softly.

He did so. She went up to him and touched his cheek with her lips. "I'm your lost girl," she said sweetly, little knowing the truth.

It required all his will to prevent him pouring out a father's accumulated love of twenty-two years upon her; but he mastered himself in time.

"Lord love us, but that was good!" he said, without any excess of motion, and they both smiled as though it was but a trifling matter between them.

"I'm not going to do it again," she said however. "I know you're fond of me, but the world wouldn't understand. I don't believe mother would understand, though kissing you is different from kissing any other man."

"Do men kiss you?" he asked, frowning slightly in anxiety.

"Men don't kiss me, but a man did kiss me, and I hated it," she answered. A shadow crossed her face. "I don't like to remember it," she continued. "I liked him in a way, and then all at once I didn't like him, because he took hold of me and kissed me. I wanted to strike him in the face, I hated him so. I don't know what it was, but first he seemed respectful to me, the same as most other men, and then he acted like some wild animal, and it made me sick."

"Was it here in this house?" he asked, almost trembling with anger, yet hiding it from her.

"No, not here," she replied.

"I'm glad o' that—I'm glad it didn't happen here," he declared. "I'm glad it didn't happen while you was here with me."

"Men don't bother me since I came to live here," she remarked. "It was when I was alone with mother they did it. Oh, there are men—but no, I won't tell you. Bygones are bygones."

"Did you never care for any man?" he asked. "Did you never love any man at all?"

"No, never," she answered. "I never loved any one except my own father, and then I am very fond of you."

A great light shone in his eyes. "It may happen a man'll come some day. Wouldn't you like to love a man and get married?" he asked.

She looked him frankly in the face, and her eyes softened. "When the right man comes along I'll marry him just as quick as he wants me to—or almost," she answered.

About ten o'clock that night, Minden was sitting in his office which had a big door opening on the garden behind the hotel. From it a few steps led down to the grassy level. With foresight, not to say cunning, he had placed his office where he could not be reached by the casual passer-by; by the loafer, the book agent, or the bore. It was some distance from the rooms occupied by Mrs. Finley and Cora, and it was also some yards away from the central hall where visitors were received and names registered. He had greatly enjoyed the seclusion, and there were times when he worked for hours with his accounts and at the detailed business of the hotel. These details and calculations gave him much trouble at first, because he had always been indifferent to money in the small pieces and hated detail—the small items of life, as it were. His whole scheme of existence had been too large, too episodical and incidental, to admit of precision and finesse; but now when he felt he could tear accounts, books and letters to pieces, and scatter them to the four winds of heaven, one thought held him steady, kept him smiling at his desk. It was Cora. It was worth any amount of drudgery to be near her, and something of a conventional sense of duty, belonging to the Christian life, worked through all he



"The riders came down on us. . . .
. . . The MacMahons got away."

did. Perhaps it was as much habit as anything else, but there it was: the pious system with its etiquette, rules and discipline worked upon him.

He had sat in his office till nearly an hour past closing-time, absorbed, puzzled, stubbornly determined to work out his business problems without calling in an accountant's assistance. A pipe rested by his hand untouched, the clock ticked on unnoticed. Presently he was disturbed by a noise in the garden. Then he heard his own name called, and someone stumbled on the steps. He went to the door quickly, opened it and looked out into the night. It was very dark. He stepped back quickly and turned the gas low, then he went to the open door again. Now he could make out a stooping figure at the bottom of the steps.

"Help, Mr. Minden, help! I'm hurt!" a voice whispered to him.

An instant later Minden had the stranger in his office lying on a sofa. A little trickle of blood showed on the floor, and there was another spot on the lower step of the stair at the doorway. Minden asked no questions at once, but with the instinct of one who had used firearms much, he found a wound in the man's arm and the flesh of the side. Stripping the victim of his coat and waistcoat and tearing open his shirt, he proceeded with a frontiersman's skill to dress the wounds, cutting up with a pair of scissors a towel, which hung by the little washstand, and using his big red handkerchiefs to bind the bandages.

Instinct told him that here was a mystery, a story not for the open day.

"What did you come to my back door for?" he asked of the haggard-looking young man with the handsome face and the round, soldier-like head.

The blue eyes, troubled by physical pain, looked straight into his own. "I might have been seen—the police!" the wounded man said.

"What you been doing?" Minden asked, still at work with the bandages.

"I knew I'd be safe with you," was the reply. "You've been in trouble yourself for what you did and meant to do. I'm in trouble now for what I did and didn't mean to do."

"That's a fool's game," remarked Minden. "It's bad enough to get into trouble with the law for what you mean to do, but the other makes me sick. You must have been an idjit."

"Perhaps not so much as you think," was the weary reply.

"Well, anyway, what did you come to me for?" Minden asked authoritatively.

"I know you belong to the Methodists, now, Mr. Minden," was the quick answer; "but you've been through such a lot yourself, if the papers say what's right, and I was sure you'd help a fellow who only made one mistake. I didn't know what the MacMahons were when I joined up with them a few weeks ago, dead broke, with a mine worth millions behind me!"

Minden stopped his first-aid surgical work suddenly, put his hands on his hips and looked down at the young face made so old with suffering.

"You—you joined up with the MacMahons. That gang's the worst lot of horse thieves above the 49th parallel. You got into traces with them—that lot!"

The young man made a protesting gesture. "I didn't know this part of the country. I've been mining for the last two years. I'm an Englishman from Norfolk—my family's all right. They belong"—but as though to stop himself from bragging, he paused.

Minden went on with the bandaging again. "Of course you were English, or you couldn't ha' been such a fool. You belong to the way-up people, eh? To the ten thousand-acre lot, eh? Up among the dukes and earls and lords?"

THE young man nodded mournfully. He did not seem very proud of it. "I came out over two years ago with a man who had been here before, and knew about the mine. First we tried one place in the claim, then another, then we struck it, but not so awful rich. We got capital and used it, then we wanted more capital, and we couldn't get it. The mine wasn't rich enough to bring money in. We were three partners, one being a native of the West here. They left the mine at last and came down to Rowney City to have a last try for money. I had a lot of faith in that mine. I offered to buy the others' shares. I had five thousand dollars which I hadn't touched—not in my worst days. I found I could buy that whole mine—their share of it—for fifteen thousand dollars; so I gave them my last five thousand dollars, and my note for the rest, and a mortgage on the machinery. After they went away I struck a reef, a drift that was twice as good as what we'd had, and I believe it's three times as good further on. I left a man in charge of the mine and struck south, where my horse died at the MacMahons' ranch. I bought one from them and offered to work it out. That's why I stayed there on the ranch—just a few days it was. I didn't see anything wrong in the outfit. They told me day before yesterday they were going after a bunch of horses they'd bought, and I was to go with them. I went."

"An' you found out that the bunch of horses wasn't their own, an' the Riders come down on you?"

"That's it," answered the young man, drawing himself up to a sitting posture. "I only found out the truth at the last minute, and then I went hoofing it to get away. The MacMahons got away safe, and so did I except for this bullet wound and my horse shot under me as I rode away hell-for-leather."

Minden's eyes were alight; the old virus was working in his veins. "It was a MacMahon horse you rode, eh! It was branded with an M?"

The young man nodded.

"Say, that's real good," answered Minden. "The police'll likely think it was another MacMahon moke. There used to be four MacMahons, but there's only three now. Phil, the best of them, vamoosed South. They'll think you was him p'raps. How did you get here?"

"I got the trail and stumbled along somehow, bleeding till my boots were half full."

"What made you steer for me?" asked Minden.

"Because of what you'd done yourself, as I said. I believed you'd hide me, for I didn't mean to do wrong. I didn't realize the situation. I saw you once on the Fraser River. I saw you give fifty dollars to a poor tramp of a fellow who'd been shot dead by bad luck. I hadn't anywhere to go that seemed safe, except to you."

"But I'm a Christian, now," remarked Minden dryly and with a glimmer of irony.

"You were a Christian then on the Fraser River when you gave a man a chance to begin life again. You'll stand by me, won't you? I don't believe the Riders have traced me here. You'll hide me, and get the doctor to look after me, and see me through, won't you? I'll give you a share of my mine. . . . Oh, it's all right!" he added, when he saw a smile, half cynical, half compassionate, come upon Minden's face. "You know all about mines, and you must take three or four days off, and go and look at it. Make your own investigtions, and you'll see!"

"Say, that mine doesn't cut any ice with me," Minden responded. "I don't sell my private hospitality. That's not the trouble. I do it because the spirit moves me, an' you can't buy that, no more'n you could bite into a piece of iron with your ivory teeth. Who's your father, and what's your name?" he asked brusquely.

"I call myself Mark Hayling out here, but my real name is Mark Sheldon, and my father is Lord William Sheldon."

"Who was your grandfather?"

"He—he was the Duke of Bolton."

Minden whistled. "Well, a man has got to be good to a duke's son just the same as to the son of a tinsmith," he remarked dryly. "You can stay here, although it's against the Christian religion to shelter a man from the law. If what you say is true though—an' I believe it is—an' you was trapped into that MacMahon scrape, I'll help you out. I'll hide you, an' give you my wine and milk without money and without price."

"If you looked at the mine you'd——"

"Pshaw, the mine can wait!" interjected Minden. "I'll have a look at it all right, but there's no hurry. There's a hurry, though, about gettin' a doctor here, for fear your wounds git poisoned, an' I've got to find a room to put you to bed in. Then about that doctor. I've got to tell him everything. He's all right, he's as good as gold; he's been here ever since the place started almost. I'd let him see the inside of my mind an' it's safe deposit, an' that's sayin' a lot."

He paused reflectively, and then after a minute added: "Tell me now, do you think the police got a glimpse o' your face?"

"I'm certain they didn't," was the reply. "Bill MacMahon opened fire from behind the trees—it was dusk; and then we made tracks. I don't think they saw me even when they hit me. It must have been a chance bullet."

"That's all O.K. It makes things easy. Son, we'll save you, if it can be done. Have you got a mother?"

"Yes, I have a mother," was the slow reply, "the best that ever was."

Minden nodded sagely. "There's lot of good mothers in this world; there's one in this house; and I've got to rout her out now, an' have her make a bed for you on the next floor up. If you can't walk I can carry you. You've got to have somethin' to eat an' drink. The three of us can look after you all right—anyhow two of us can. That's no reason Miss Finley shouldn't get you some hot milk, while her mother is getting your bed ready. Think you'll be all right for a few minutes son?"

"I'll be right enough. This is good enough for me. I don't mind about the doctor; tell him everything."

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The Village of Voiceless Men

Something About the Strangest Industry in Canada

By Robson Black



COME with me to the uncommonest habitation within the bounds of Canada, the Village of Voiceless Men. There is that other marvellous product of faith, the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, but the Monastery at La Trappe has for most of us a significance a good deal *cheerier*, a good deal less ethereal, taken in its everyday dress. The pilgrim town beyond Quebec with its dolorous prayer-making, its terrible concourse of crippled bodies and crying souls is never cheery. It may be majestic, but there cannot be a sadder acre this side of Death and Judgment.

Then, too, the Monastery represents to magazine readers a new phase of religious experience in Canada, an alliance of shrewd business management with self-consecration. La Trappe, indeed, may be unique in the history of monasteries in that it earns its own living without large endowment or special tax on parishes. The many years of what may be called its administrative and commercial success have not faded the original religious purpose of its founders. A glimpse into the life of La Trappe, such as these lines desire to give, misses the real heart of the institution if it fails to recognize the religious passion which plays incessantly on the lives of its hundred and twenty members.

Into this strange eddy of Canadian life I made my way—a ferry-ride from Como, a waggon-drive through an exquisite land of white-walled homesteads, past thickly-laden orchards confessing already the contagion of the monks' example in horticulture, and here we swing toward the glistening river between Lombardy poplars and budding plum trees until a new brick college building comes to sight. This building is the first evidence we have of the handshake between the fourteenth and twentieth centuries, between the religion of personal piety and the idea of public service. The college building has already

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Since the accompanying article was written, fire has visited the La Trappe Monastery and destroyed part of the old building where the Fathers lived. The work of the institution is going on as before, however, and the fire has created but small change in the daily routine of the men of silence.*

drawn to itself scores of young French-Canadians, there to be instructed in practical agriculture. The expansion of functions, however, does not seem to affect the asceticism which gave the order its birth. Whatever the pressure from outside, there can be no complete modernizing of La Trappe. It is a large estate, 2,000 acres, and however many farm lads troop along to the new institution, the monastery proper is many yards separate from the class rooms and shrouds itself jealously behind heavy forest and drooping acres of orchard. A few monks must go out daily to demonstrate and to teach, but the greater part continue their routine of self-abnegation and Christ-worship, seemingly unaffected by the influx of unascetic students.

TO THE great talkative, talked-at world that swings by the gates at La Trappe, the rigors of the Trappist vow surpass toleration in one gravely picturesque respect; the members of the order are not permitted to speak. The oath of perpetual dumbness applies to boy and patriarch, whoever, indeed, invites the mantle of the Order. Only a few members whose contact with the public, in schools, commercial transactions, etc., makes the voice necessary, are permitted to enjoy speech. For the others, *one sentence alone*: "Remember, Brother, the time cometh when all of us must die."

And with that admonition of the nearness of eternity, the Trappist satisfies himself.

One must believe it, to see these Trappists about their business, that the privilege of speaking is not, after all, an absolute requisite to usefulness, or happiness, or health. The monks form a strikingly healthy company. Men of seventy and seventy-five may be seen climbing a hill at midday with such agility as awakens a visitor's amazement. As for the younger men, they fill in a brimming programme from 2 a.m. to 8 p.m. with hard physical labor, and prayer, and rest on unfeathered beds without sign of discontent or exhaustion. As we shall see from the incessant activities at La Trappe, one may well believe that these disciples of silence have precious little time to talk even should the Father Abbot restore them to their luxuries.

THE "business side" of La Trappe is a phrase which, I fear, the good abbot would not countenance. Yet the Order *has* its business side. Two thousand barrels of apples have been taken in a single season from the orchards and sold to the highest advantage in Montreal for home consumption and export. A cheese factory in which experts spend their days without a dollar's pay transforms ten tons of milk into a cheese that flicks the appetite of fancy hotels all over America. Thousands of pounds of honey go to market in the fall months fetching prices to make an ordinary apiarist groan. The Monastery has its own bookkeepers, its own system of cost accounting. Bills are rendered promptly and paid promptly. On this great farm of two thousand acres where only the occasional auxiliary laborer is paid wages it is not difficult to see that the average net income runs into a very large total. Much of this money goes into improvements, new buildings, more up-to-date machinery, the development of the agricultural colleges. Taxes, of course, do not afflict this or any other religious institution, but it will be borne in mind that the developments at La Trappe have conferred inestimable compensations on the county and province through serving as a demonstration farm.

Who comprise this strange company? What secret accompanies the tireless and successful recruiting of the ranks? As French is the official language of the place, so one soon realizes the unmistakable French-Canadian characteristics in face and manner. Quebec supplies most of the members, and there are a few Belgians. They come because of the same religious impulse that leads a woman to a nun's veil or a hermit to forsake his house for a cave. "Here is Brother "X." About twenty-four years old, I would say. In a family of four sons he was early marked for Holy Orders. It is the prayer of many Quebec Catholic families that one son or daughter at least may wear the mantle of religious service. Brother "X" found his education and inclination synonymous. From college he passed to an office with the Trappists, which corresponds roughly to that of an acolyte or junior. Upon such youths, no doubt, the compulsion of silence must fall severely. But, generation after generation, they do measure up to these standards of dis-

cipline, and, the apprenticeship of the young French-Canadian successfully terminated, "X" became a Brother. With the consent of the Father Abbot, this may be a stepping stone in after years to the "Upper House" of Fathers. The division is one largely of spiritual advancement, for many of the Fathers are younger in years than some Brothers.



Trappist Fathers and their students at the Agricultural School

MORE striking, however, than the young recruit who evolves into the Order by family encouragement and careful coaching is the considerable group who become Trappists near middle life. The personal records of the monastery are obviously matters of leaden secrecy. When a man assumes the robe, his previous identity as a citizen ceases. This is not an imaginary dividing line; it becomes through mental and spiritual concentration as real as if the first thirty or forty years of life in the world were just an unhappy fancy. The old name is taken away. No longer are there Misters or Doctors or Barristers. One is called André or Albert and accepts instructions with the docility of a trooper and the enthusiasm of a disciple. Here are men who at middle life have sickened of the world and what they have known of its aimless strivings and paltry successes. They hunger for a life of meditation and spiritual reconstruction. The passion becomes overpowering, all-absorbing. To many such, the gates of La Trappe have opened wide. Whatever their previous social class, they are received on one democratic footing. Each must subscribe to all the long and searching formulae of initiation. At the conclusion, the members of the Order with their Father Abbot accept the new brother, invest his shoulders with the dour brown garments, and from that moment the last link with his previous civil existence is looked upon as broken. I believe there is not an instance on record of rebellion, or recanting of vows.

I have watched the voiceless band to whom the wondrous renunciation of speech must fasten all the days of their lives, working at earliest dawn and latest dusk. Here is an old man in the fields, his heavy robes the color of walnut, following the endless rows of corn hour after hour. His shaven crown is bare to the sun and sweat rises from his forehead and cheeks. His hands are large, as becomes a tiller, and the bending back seldom straightens for a rest. What thoughts pass through his brain? What backward looks, what sudden sharp checking of vagrant fancies inhabit that greyed head?

Who shall say? And who shall not surmise? We do know for sure he is a dynamo of industry, that he seeks and finds no earthly reward, that his life is harshly masculine, wholly uncommunicative, and stripped, as we outsiders view it, of every tethering pin *but work.*

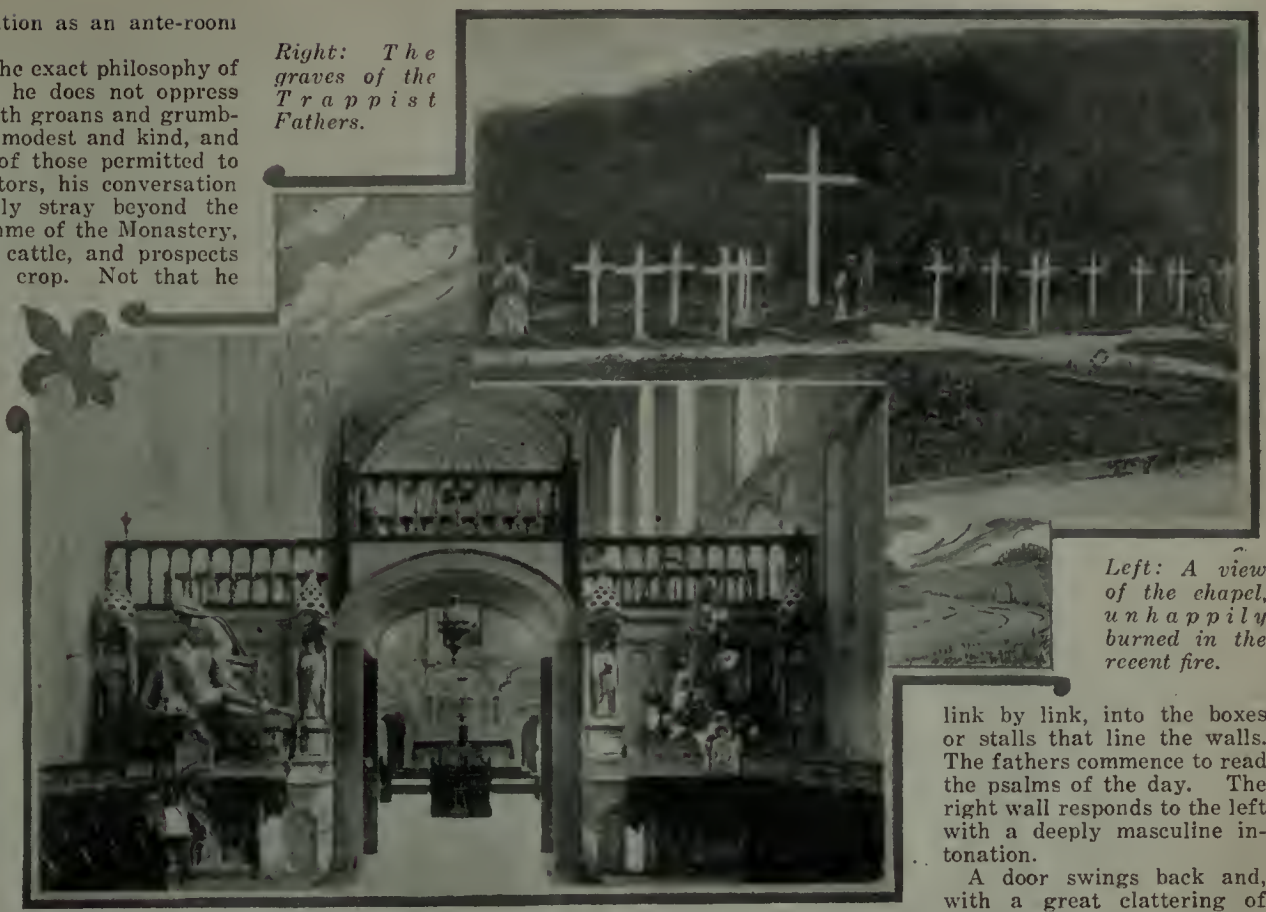
IF LA TRAPPE is built upon the idea of religious reclusiveness its chief corner stone is diligence. Where laziness could find a hiding place within those walls, I cannot guess. The astonishing results from poultry yard and stables and orchards are one continuous testimony to the power of human patience and energy in wringing profits from third-rate land. It is not so much intensive farming as intelligent farming. If a piece of pasture will not pay for itself, what reason? Well, the Holstein and Jersey cattle will not flourish on the particular vegetation. Then away with the Holsteins and Jerseys and bring along the common French-Canadian milker. That is an instance of what the Trappists did. Strongly forsworn to pure-bred stock as they are, the pasture land on their domain gave back more money from unpedigreed "reds," and the high-brow connoisseurs were sold. "Is our present way the best way?" rises like a sign board in every department of their labor. If you saw the farming structure built across those two thousand acres to-day, you might envy the Order their original inheritance. Actually, it was about the poorest stretch of land in Quebec, stony, gravelly soil for the greater part, better adapted to bush than to field crops. But the stones built them their towering monastery; the trees pass through their sawmill and are employed as lumber. In such a neighborhood, stock raising and dairying flourish best, so the Order pinned its chariot to three hundred cows, and wonderful barns were built to house them, with mechanical milkers. When you see the name of Oka cheese, you will recognize it as the workmanship of the monks of La Trappe. As much as 20,000 pounds of milk go into a day's production. One hundred horses and hundreds of pigs, a hundred hives of bees and myriads flocks of poultry, tended, fed, according to searching modern standards, many of which standards, by the way, have their origin with the devoted monks, occupy the attention of the bands of Brothers who in the course of time have become specialists. Father Leopold, for instance, has gained a wide reputation as a horticulturist and is a welcome guest at many conventions of fruit growers where his tested knowledge and perfect command of languages are of value. I have walked through the apple orchards with Father Leopold where magnificent acres of laden trees stretch beyond sight of the eye and have listened to his sparkling comments as one tree after another brought fresh points to his mind.

Here under a canvas canopy rattled and roared a mechanical apple-sorter, the second of its kind in Canada, which automatically receives the apples in a hopper and separates them according to sizes and values. Beside the machine stood two boyish-looking brothers and some hired laborers packing the beauties into paper-lined boxes for shipment overseas. A few words to them, a cheery instruction, and he was again striding with vibrant step across the browned grass to where lay a pile of culls beneath a glorious roof of reddening Spies. It was a joy to hear his exclamations as, plucking a handy apple, he surveyed its flawless coat with the sense of a master. Before we finished with that orchard I verily believed that Father Leopold could have taken a contract to produce heliotrope apples with pink sashes had I but expressed such a wish.

Five hundred dollars was paid for a solitary cockerel a while ago as an aid to improving the laying strain. That payment was but a picturesque emphasis of the policy of the institution as a whole.

IN THESE varied occupations of a mixed farm, almost the entire personnel of the Order finds employment. You may see the oddly-dressed figures passing and repassing about the fields and yards, the brothers in solid brown, the fathers relieved with white. It is a cumbersome-looking uniform, the heavy loose robe reaching to the feet and caught up by cords at the sides, the wooden-soled unlaced shoes, the bared head above the woolen cowl. These robes are worn day and night, at work and in chapel, and fresh supplies are distributed once a week. With slight variation it serves for winter and summer alike.

Coarse clothes, exhausting labor, without a penny of remuneration; a pledge to life-long silence—and yet I have yet to see a miserable looking Trappist. Work has given him physical health, he knows nothing of nervous waste; constant prayer and obedience render him immune to the petty worries that harass worldlings. Earth seems good, and serves well



Right: The graves of the Trappist Fathers.

Left: A view of the chapel, unhappily burned in the recent fire.

its main function as an ante-room to Paradise.

Whatever the exact philosophy of the Trappist, he does not oppress his fellows with groans and grumblings. He is modest and kind, and if he is one of those permitted to speak to visitors, his conversation will not likely stray beyond the daily programme of the Monastery, its breeds of cattle, and prospects of the honey crop. Not that he is personally immersed in these things, but he knows that most visitors are. Your ear will hear nothing of wars, of battle cruisers, and violated treaties more than would be current on the streets of Heaven.

Meal time comes. The brothers and white fathers file solemnly into the long refectory where on one long board table are laid the few essentials of a meal. The men are provided with a stool, a wooden fork and spoon and bowl. The menu is austerely frugal—vegetables and bread and milk and butter. In summer, two meals are permitted, in winter but one, with a "snack" of something before going to bed. On this restricted and mostly vegetarian diet, are developed many of the best physical specimens in Canada. When the men are seated, a brother takes his place at a reading desk and until the finish of the meal his voice alone may be heard asserting phrases of prayer and exhortation.

Night is here and from the fields come in the heavy-mantled workmen, with hoe and rake across their shoulders. The milk is pumped in tons to the cheese vats, the horses are fed, the poultry gathered to their gable-roofed shelters. One day's work has been added to the great impersonal record of the Monastery.

A bell tinkles at a very great distance and its echo runs through the long, plastered halls. It is the signal for chapel service. We follow the guest-master up flight after flight of steps and through a narrow door to a gallery. Before our eyes opens a bewildering picture. The glow of evening penetrates the window panes in shafts of changing light. Flickering candles burn their way to brighter and brighter yellow as the chain of white robes swings up the aisle and separates, link by link, into the boxes or stalls that line the walls. The fathers commence to read the psalms of the day. The right wall responds to the left with a deeply masculine intonation.

A door swings back and, with a great clattering of wooden shoes, in come the brown brothers. They range themselves before the fathers and take up the first of many Gregorian chants. Then they sing a hymn and the service closes. Now rings out the first stroke of the Angelus; every head is bowed, every tongue repeats a prayer.

The Trappist's sleep is probably a dreamless one, as befits his outdoor life, but even in his sleeping the rigor of his sacrifice is not relaxed. His bed is a hard, thin mattress thrust into a doorless cubicle. Even when that day comes when, as portended in his frequent saying, "all of us must die," his comrades lower his body into the deep earth, clad only in the simple working clothes, with not so much as the box casket accorded a village pauper.

A Remarkable Story of the Canadian North

"The Gun-Brand," by James B. Hendryx, will start as a serial in the April issue. The plot of this virile and romantic tale is laid in the far north Peace River country. It deals with voyageurs, fur traders, gun-runners and Indians—and, above all else, a most remarkable girl. James B. Hendryx is the author of many stirring stories of the North, which he knows from many years of residence there—notably "The Promise," "The One Big Thing," "Marquard the Silent." "The Gun-Brand" is the best story he has ever written.

The Guile of Ulysses

By Peter McArthur

Who wrote "The Witch of Atlas," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Peter McArthur is one of the latest additions to MacLean's all-star list of contributors. No Canadian writer has a larger following of readers in Canada than Peter McArthur, and he is acknowledged to know the agricultural life of the Dominion better than any other interpreter. For MacLean's he is telling of farm life in story form—stories that have the convincing force of absolute adherence to conditions as they are. This is the second of the series.*

DEACON PULLEN was mad; in fact, he was mad clean through. As he drove up the broad driveway that circled in front of John Dalrymple's cottage, he was muttering to himself and his red whiskers seemed to be bristling with rage. He found old John sitting in an easy chair on the verandah and was so full of his grievance that he hardly took the trouble to be polite to the fine-looking old gentleman who rose somewhat stiffly to welcome him and invite him into the house.

"No," said the Deacon, "I'm not going in to-day. I just drove over to tell you that you got to do something about the way folks are listening at their telephones whenever anyone tries to talk business."

John Dalrymple had walked down the steps to the buggy where the Deacon was sitting and had insisted on shaking hands with him in a way that was almost pathetically friendly. When the angry man stopped for breath, John looked up at him with a smile of kindly inquiry and remarked softly:

"Yes! What is the trouble now, Deacon?"

"The trouble is that that telephone has cost me a hundred dollars, and maybe more, and I wish to goodness you never got us to have telephones if they can't be managed better."

"Yes?" John commented, enquiringly.

"You see I was going to buy and ship a carload of steers in partnership with my brother Bob, who lives out on the Eltham town line, and yesterday morning when I got a telegram from Toronto telling what the prices would be, I called up Bob to tell him so that he could go out buying in one direction while I would go in the other. I told him that the highest price we could afford to pay would be $6.40 a hundredweight, and that we ought to be able to pick up a lot of bargains at about six dollars or six and a quarter. Then we both started out and, do you know, everywhere we went the folks stood out for six-forty a hundred and we couldn't buy a hoof under that price; so that we had to ship the car to-day with hardly any profit on it. And I never would have known what was the matter if it hadn't been that Mrs. Pullen happened to go to the phone to call up the grocery store. She noticed that the line was busy and listened for a minute to see who was using it and if there wasn't Ezra Drake calling up Sam Black to tell him that Brother Bob and I were out buying steers and that if he held on he could get six-forty a hundred out of us."

Old John whistled softly.

"You see someone listened in on that dashed telephone when I was talking to Bob about the price we ought to pay. Then he telephoned it to someone else, and in half an hour the news was all over three townships. As I figure it out, we could have bought that carload of steers a couple of hundred dollars cheaper if everyone didn't know just what price we were willing to pay, and I'm so mad about it that I feel like tearing the contraption out of the house and throwing it in the ditch."

"Oh, you mustn't do that," said John, softly. "I have been hearing a lot of complaints lately and have been thinking about the matter quite a lot. If you will just let things rest for a week or so I may be able to fix things up."

"Well, I think you'd better. With folks listening in on the telephone and wimmin gossiping when they ought to be at their work, and young people makin' dates with one another, the telephone is getting to be the curse of the country. Giddap, Dolly."

AFTER Deacon Pullen had driven away John Dalrymple returned to his easy chair on the verandah and, in spite of the tale of woe he had listened to, there was a smile on his face. Moreover, it was a shrewd smile and by no means the kind that you would expect to find on the face of a man sitting on the verandah of a quiet little cottage in the country. That was because John Dalrymple was not in his natural environment. Although spending his old age in the country there was nothing about him to suggest the countryman. His neighbors called him "Ulysses" but very few of them understood why the Rev. Peregrine Low had bestowed this outlandish nickname on the kindly old man who was so pathetically eager to be friendly with everyone, and who gave so lavishly to all good works and public enterprises. To explain why the Rev. Peregrine applied the name it will be necessary to tell briefly all that the country people knew of the story of John Dalrymple.

One day some years before he had come to the town in a high-powered car and had made careful enquiries for a number of people who were either dead or had long since moved away. In talking to the town clerk he mentioned that the first six years of his life had been spent on a farm in the neighborhood. His father had wearied of pioneer farming and had moved away to a city where John Dalrymple had spent the rest of his life. He had succeeded in business but had always been homesick for the farm on which he had spent his boyhood years. But it was sixty years after, when his family had scattered and his wife had died, that he first came back to see if any of the boys with whom he had played were still living. Finding no one who remembered him he quietly bought the farm—at that time used for pasture—on which he had played as a child. From the American city where he lived and had made his wealth he sent landscape gardeners and architects who quickly changed the old farm into an ideal country home.

Then he came back to live among people who knew nothing about him and to whom he was an unceasing mystery. He did all he could to help the country and the town, and gradually came to be accepted as a sort of public institution. When the Rev. Peregrine Low came to know him and to learn something of his past he quoted with a chuckle, but not without awe:

"Much have I seen and known, cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers."

To have such a man settle down to end his days among them reminded the clergyman of Ulysses and he talked of the likeness until people gave John Dalrymple the nickname. But mostly he was known as "Old John."

AMONG his other benefactions he organized the rural telephone company and, being a man of business, allowed them to make him president of the company. As he filled the position and attended to its not too exacting demands, the Rev. Perry chuckled again and quoted:

"I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me."

Just how this man, skilled in the business of the outer world, meted the law is the purpose of this little tale.

A FEW days after Deacon Pullen's visit Ulysses began to bestir himself. First he hired the only public hall in the town and, when mysterious boxes began to arrive at the station, he employed the local drayman to cart them to the hall. Then he had out his big touring car and spent a day whirling along the country roads. Before taking this trip he had secured from Minnie Addison, the telephone operator, the names and addresses of the subscribers who were on the ends of all the party lines. He paid a mysterious visit to each of them and, as he got home, he telephoned to all of them. Then he went to bed and slept as placidly as an innocent child.

About noon on the following day it began to look as if even more than war-time prosperity were coming back to the old town. People began to pour in from every point of the compass. Some came afoot, some in buggies, some in lumber waggons and some in automobiles. There hadn't been such a crowd of people on the streets since the fall fairs. In some cases the whole family had come out. But still the stores did no business. The people

simply stood around and talked, as if waiting for something.

Not only the thrifty and enterprising farmers turned out, but even those whose shiftless methods were a by-word in the country. For instance:

The Nagles were out in full force. They were the people of whom it was said that they ploughed their land and put in their crops, but if they had drained their fields they might have had something at harvest time. Of course, it was wicked to say such things, but the saying gave a fairly accurate character sketch of the Nagles.

Then there were the MacAinshs. They were also out in force. People who knew their methods of farming—of selling their hay and then letting their cattle starve—used to say that their money came in to them twice a year—for hay in the fall and for hides in the spring. Apparently they still had some money left from the last sale of hides and had come out to look for bargains.

The MacNabs had come out in a lumber waggon, a whole load of them. They were called the Fussy MacNabs, because they were so neat about their work that they seldom got much done. They had been sized up by their neighbors in the saying that "they wasted sheaves while picking up heads."

But it is needless to give a complete catalogue of all the people who came to town and of their distinguishing habits. Everybody in the country was out with a few exceptions—exceptions whose absence will be explained later on.

AT HALF past one Old John appeared in his big touring car and stopped in front of the hall which he had hired and to which the mysterious boxes had been conveyed. He spoke cheerfully to the assembled multitude and shook hands cordially with many old friends. At last he went to the door of the hall and the caretaker opened it for him. When he entered the crowd followed until the place was full. Not only the country people, but the people of the town who were curious to know what was about to happen, crowded in as long as they could get standing room. The hall had never known a larger crowd—even at a political rally.

NO ONE seemed to know just what was going to happen, but presently Old John got up on the platform and, after fumbling in his pocket a while, brought out a piece of paper on which he had written a number of names. Everybody was silent with expectation. Old John cleared his throat.

"Is John Gillies here?"

A dozen voices answered at once. "No. He isn't in town."

"Is Henry Wadell here?"

"No, no, no," came from various parts of the hall.

"Arthur Young?"

"Not here."

"Jim Bain?"

"He went to the city this morning."

Old John pretended to look bewildered.

"This is very strange," he said with a shake of his head. "Are Albert Luce or Bill Atkinson or Bert Eaton here?"

A whole storm of "Nos" replied to this lot of questions.

OLD JOHN looked at his audience in a grieved sort of way, folded his paper and put it back in his pocket.

"It is really very strange," he commented sadly, "but the men whose names I called were the only ones I invited to come here to-day and they are the only ones who are not here."

"Isn't the sale to be open to everybody?" asked Deacon Pullen in a blustery tone.

"Ah," said Old John. "Now that you mention the sale I feel that I should make a little explanation and then perhaps some of you will make a little explanation to me. Last night I called up the men whom I asked for a few minutes ago and told them over the telephone that I had bought a lot of bankrupt stock that I was going to sell at a bargain to-day. If you remember the names I called you will notice that they are subscribers at the ends of the different telephone lines. I had called on them in my automobile yesterday afternoon and had told them that I was going to send them this fake message just to find out how many people are in the habit of listening at the telephones when other people are talking. I don't think I have missed many, and now, as president of the telephone company, I declare this a meeting of the subscribers for the purpose of discussing the evil practice of eavesdropping."

THERE was a howl of laughter from the townspeople who were at the meeting and they began pounding their friends on the back to express their joy. But presently the voice of Deacon Pullen was heard bellowing above the tumult.

"I was just calling up the farrier about a sick horse when you were on the wire, and that was how I heard you."

"Quite so," said Old John. "And don't you think it was perhaps in the same way that you were overheard when you were telling your brother about the prices you could pay for steers the day you were going out buying?"

It is not known what reply the Deacon would have made, for before he could open his mouth Doc. Neelands, the veterinary surgeon, asked in surprise:

"Why, which one of your horses is sick, Deacon? You didn't call me up about it."

"You shut up and mind your own business," roared the Deacon as he elbowed his way to the door.

While this was going on Mrs. Baxter was thinking fast. With the instincts of a great general she realized that the victory often goes to the person making the attack, so she began a shrill assault.

"You listen to me, John Dalrymple," she shouted.

"Very well, Mrs. Baxter," said Old John mildly.

"Isn't there a law against swearing over the telephone?"

"There is, and also a law against listening when other people are speaking."

"Well, there ought to be a law against lying over the telephone. Lying is worse than swearing."

"I'd be glad to have such a law passed," he assented cheerfully. "It would put a stop to so much gossiping."

"But you were lying when you sent that message that fooled everybody?"

"I suppose, if you got awfully strict all at once, you might call it lying."

"Yes, and lying is worse than stealing. They say we can protect ourselves against a thief, but not against a liar."

"Oh, yes we can. We don't need to listen to other people when they are lying over the telephone."

"There. You admit you were lying. You were lying. You were lying." And she kept it up till she got to the door.

Amelia Blossom tried to explain that she never listened except to hear if it was anyone calling for the doctor so that if it was she could carry broth to them and help with the nursing.

OF COURSE everybody wanted to explain just how it was they happened to hear things over the telephone, but it was hard with Old John and all the townspeople laughing at them. And it was no use trying to bring the gathering together as a meeting of the telephone company. The people who had been caught were too much worked up and the townspeople were too full of boisterous laughter.

Just as the crowd was about to disperse one of the McAinsh's, who had an eye to business and had not lost sight of the boxes on the platform sidled up and asked Old John:

"What have you got in the boxes?"

"Oh I forgot to have them opened. They are all filled with hay."

"With hay? What was that for?"

"To feed goats. I think I got the goat of almost everybody in the district and I'd like to feed them right."

"Then there ain't going to be a sale?"

"Well, it strikes me that a lot of people who are in the habit of listening at the telephone have been rather badly sold. I think we have had a fairly successful sale."

While the trick that was played on them may not have stopped people entirely from listening at the 'phone, it has made them very careful about repeating what they overhear and that is a help.

"The Great Mogul" Delayed

It was intended to start a new serial, "The Great Mogul," by Arthur E. McFarlane, in this issue. Owing to sudden illness, however, Mr. McFarlane has been unable to complete his revision of the last chapters, and a delay in publication is rendered necessary. It is hoped to be able to start "The Great Mogul" in the April issue.

Records of Success

A department given over to sketches of interesting Canadian men and women

The Business-man Premier of B.C.

By Norman Lambert

HONORABLE Harlan Carey Brewster is Premier of British Columbia to-day for two reasons. First, he has lived in British Columbia for twenty years, and has made a success of business. Secondly, he is known to be a straight man. Both Liberals and Conservatives at the Pacific Coast know those two things about Premier Brewster, and he knows, too, that he was not elected to the leadership of his province by one party or the other, but by the combined strength of an electorate which wanted its affairs placed in the hands of a shrewd, clean business man.

Accordingly, this man when he visited Toronto the other day told a member of the press that the present Government of British Columbia realized pretty well that it was not in power primarily for the benefit of the Liberal party. And furthermore, like a sound man of business who might be expected to say what the party politician hasn't the sense to say, he stated the policy of his Government in these words: "We are simply the directors of a big company, and our interests are those of our shareholders who in this case happen to be the taxpayers of the Province."

It may be concluded, therefore, that the new Premier from the far West is rather a unique type in the political life of this country. Politics in the past in Canada has favored the lawyer who could talk. Few men have been sought out by the people for Parliamentary honors on account of any proved ability in business or farming. It has been the glib-tongued party man and patronage seeker who has loomed large on the country's political horizon during the past generation. Indications, however, point to a new era. For one thing, Canadians are beginning to see what party politics has cost them, and as a timely change they would like to see the country managed in a business-like manner for a few years. What is a statesman? Would not a good definition be, so far as Canada is concerned: a successful business man handling the affairs of state as efficiently as he has conducted his own in private life. That is simply what H. C. Brewster has set forth to do. Time will tell whether or not he has been a statesman.

Is it possible to run a Government these days as a strictly business proposition? In other words, is it possible to raise the administration of the state above the hampering influence of party patronage? For the first time in the history of responsible government in Canada, a man has gone into the premiership of one of the provinces, saying this can be done. Brewster of British Columbia went into power pledging himself to abolish the patronage system as a factor in the management of provincial affairs. He had never used patronage in running his excellent fish canning business. Competition was the rule there. Why not let the same principle apply in the Parliament Buildings at Victoria? He has started already to try and justify this question. Some influential "friends of the party," remonstrating with the new Premier of British Columbia at a private meeting, over his pledge to abolish patronage, exclaimed: "But it will drive us out of power inside of four years."

"Well, then, let us go out of power," was the firm reply.

IT HAS been the custom of the age to congratulate men upon their success whenever they have been elected to a seat in Parliament, or to the headship of a government or party. The congratulations very often are unwisely premature. Such felicitations are offered before the member or the leader has really done anything. It is time enough to shake hands when men are returned to office. The most a new man can do is to give promise. He may be judged pretty accurately beforehand by his record in business and by the pledges he makes to his electors, but his public career can only be a matter of promise. That is the light in which one views H. C. Brewster at the present time.



The Honorable Harlan Carey Brewster.

The first Minister of British Columbia is only forty-six years old. With spectacles which he wears all the time, and a head as bald as ivory, he looks older than forty-six at first glance. But a little fringe of reddish hair adorning the temples and extending behind the ears may be seen at a second and closer glance. It is entirely free of silver, and combined with clear, blue eyes and ruddy complexion suggests much of the vigor and energy of youthfulness. Physical strength is apparent in the stout, stocky figure with its breadth of shoulder and depth of chest, and the resolute lines of mouth and chin denote force of mind and character. Speaking in public, H. C. Brewster reveals a certain spirit of self-confidence, almost approaching belligerence at times. It is not difficult to understand that he means what he says. Directness, fluency, forcefulness are the outstanding qualities of this Premier's style of address. In private conversation, he is quiet, serious, and always to the point. Without being unapproachable in the least, his manner has a quality of aloofness which does not suggest the sharing of confidence, or the seeking of popular favor.

THE CAREER of Premier Brewster up to this time has been uncommonly interesting and successful. He was born in New Brunswick, in the seaport town of Harvey, where his father, Gilbert Brewster, was for many years collector of customs, as well as a shipbuilder and ship owner. His mother was a member of the Wells family of Toronto, one of her brothers being the late Professor James E. Wells, of McMaster University. From one side of his family H. C. Brewster inherited a love of the sea and of boats and ships, and from the other side an inclination to study and write. Boyhood days were spent at school in the little seaport town, and later, further scholastic training was received in Boston. For a time he served as a reporter on the Boston *Herald*. Before this he had qualified as a practical sailor for master's papers entitling him to the standing of a deep-sea and coasting navigator. As a youth he had absorbed much useful knowledge in his father's office and shipyards about the shipping industry and the business of directing marine transportation. An older brother, however, had gone to British Columbia in the early nineties, and the

stories of that far western coast returning east, finally induced the young reporter to leave his job on the Boston *Herald* and go West.

At the age of twenty-six, the present Premier of British Columbia arrived at Vancouver. His first position was taken in the employ of the old Canadian Pacific Navigation Company. As purser on a line of boats which ran north to Alaska, he became well known along the coast, gaining the respect of the company for which he worked, as well as the affection of his fellow-officers. Shipping gave him his introduction to the Pacific Coast with its abundance of fish, timber and minerals. The late Thomas Earle, M.P., of Victoria, who had extensive trading interests on the North Pacific Coast, finally secured H. C. Brewster to inject new life into a badly disorganized business. A series of Earle's trading posts along the coast had got out of hand. It was necessary to inspect them, audit their accounts, and practically place the whole enterprise on a new basis. In this task of reorganizing Thomas Earle's business, young Brewster was eminently successful and gained a great deal of credit for his work. After that he went north to the Skeena River to take charge of a salmon cannery, where his management speedily made itself felt. He had much to do there as well as in other parts of the province, in stimulating new development in the fishing industry.

OUT ON the wild, stormy west coast of Vancouver Island, H. C. Brewster finally got control of a cannery of his own. He became one of the owners and the manager of the Clayoquot Sound Canning Company, whose plant is situated near the mouth of the Kennedy River. There he built up a commercial institution which is regarded as a model by every canner on the coast. Mr. Brewster was the first man in the canning industry in British Columbia to eliminate Oriental labor completely from his operations. He stood and fought for a long time for white labor, and finally got what he wanted. He was also the first canner on the coast to introduce into his plant what is known as the "sanitary system," by which cans of salmon were soldered by machinery instead of by hand as in the old days.

The result of these achievements first in the shipping and trading business, and next in the canning industry, was that when he entered politics in 1907, H. C. Brewster was known as a young man of marked ability, reliable and competent. He was elected to the provincial legislature in that year, and with the exception of the period from 1912 to 1915 in which the McBride and Bowser governments held undisputed sway, he has retained a prominent seat since that time. And now after a residence of twenty years in British Columbia, H. C. Brewster has been elected as the first citizen to his adopted province. His record has been good. In private business he revealed a capacity for organization and construction which brought success. As Premier of the wealthiest and most undeveloped province of the Dominion, he has to meet a tremendous demand upon those abilities. There is the unparalleled opportunity at this time to crown business achievement with statesmanship. Premier Brewster's future seems brim full of bright promise.

Mrs. Hayter Reed, "Tenth Vice-President of the C.P.R."

By Madge MacBeth

DIM indeed must be the artistic eye of the visitor who can enter any of the larger C.P.R. hotels and fail to appreciate the beautiful decorations and appointments of the interior—features which cause them to rank as the equal of any and the superior to most, similar hostelries on the continent.

Deadened indeed must be the spark of feminism which does not glow with the thought that this royally artistic achievement was accomplished by a woman, for the designing, the entire furnishing and the interior appointments in at least three of the Canadian Pacific hotels—the Frontenac, the Empress and the Royal Alexandra—came under Mrs. Hayter Reed's personal supervision.

There are several successful women decorators throughout Canada; Toronto boasts of three or four, one of whom, I think, achieved a notable reputation for her work in one of the Niagara hotels: Montreal could lay her finger on a few more; Winnipeg is said to have had the first decorator (and a woman) in Canada to introduce black walls and carpets into the Dominion. But their work differs radically from that of Mrs. Reed, in spite of many stories to the contrary.

"Did you ever hear what salary Mrs. Reed receives from the C.P.R.?" I asked the Old Resident, who knows everything about everybody from the Adams family down.

"Ten thousand dollars a year," she answered promptly.

"I hear that Mrs. Hayter Reed gets a salary of ten thousand dollars a year from the C.P.R.," I said to the very up-to-date Gossip, who also knows everything there is to know about people.

"Heavens, my poor dear," she said. "You are only about ten years behind the times. I know for a fact that to-day she is paid twenty-five thousand dollars a year, for decorating and furnishing the hotels."

"Fifteen thousand dollars is quite a substantial increase, and might possibly have been exaggerated, so I tried a gentleman of my acquaintance.

"Well, I have heard," he told me, guardedly, "that she gets about thirty thousand dollars, besides all sorts of perquisites.

THE TRUTH IS THAT SHE RECEIVES NOTHING!

Chief Justice Armour, whose wife was Miss Eliza Clench, was the father of ten children—five sons and five daughters. The eldest of the daughters was Kate. The family lived in Coburg, Ont., where the early schooling of the children took place, and later they went to Toronto. What can one say about Miss Kate Armour which will not sound fulsome and gushing? Can one say that she was a beautiful girl, her lovely hair being one of her most notably attractive features, that her keen wit, her originality made her one of the most popular members of a group of women renowned to-day in Canadian history? She was the close friend of Mrs. Charles A. E. Harris, in turn a friend of the Baroness Macdonald, of Mrs. William Macdougall, of Madame Girouard, and hosts of others equally prominent. Can one say without being banal that her spontaneous generosity, her goodness of heart enhanced her already attractive personality; they did not cover a multitude of negligible virtues. To say that she was and is 'good hearted' is no insult!



Mrs. Hayter Reed.

The picture of the young student poring over books on art, working in a dusty attic, smeared with paints and crayons, is satisfying, no doubt, but utterly untrue. The bald truth is that she never studied art in the usual sense. It came naturally, as the salt comes from the ocean. She inherited not only a love of it, but genius for it. A near relative of the Armours was Paul Kane.

In 1880, Miss Kate Armour married Mr. Grosvenor Lowry, a prominent member of the New York bar, and a widower with three children. Upon the death of her husband, Mrs. Lowry rented her handsome New York home and came back to Ottawa, where she frequently met Mr. Reed. A romance which had been nipped in the bud came under the watchful eye of the little lad with the arrows and, finding receptivity for his barbed shafts once more, he saw the affair brought to a happy culmination by a wedding between Mrs. Lowry and Mr. Hayter Reed.

Resigning a Government billet, Mr. Reed accepted the managership of the C.P.R. hotel system, and his brilliant wife's artistic career began.

Let it not be understood, however, that her genius had lain dormant all these years. Its scope was more or less confined to her own home, which was as perfect as money and taste could make it. A characteristic story is told of Mrs. Lowry and a "vandal," who had rented her house partly furnished.

She met a real estate broker, a great friend, one morning and, rushing up to him, said:

"You can sell my house, as soon as possible, and you can take anything you

can get for it. I never want to see it again."

"But you have just finished putting such a lot of time and money in its decoration," protested the astonished friend.

"Exactly! And I have rented it to that French vandal, who has brought a car load of his old French furniture and ruined the atmosphere of my Italian room!"

Mrs. Reed was the first woman in Canada to mother the Antique Shop idea. In Quebec, through her assistance, such a place was opened a good many years ago and she was tireless in her search for the genuine antiques sold there. At first her trips were confined to the Province of Quebec, where rare treasures, both French and English, were unearthed. Then she extended her search throughout the Maritime Provinces with successful results. No benefit accrued to Mrs. Reed from this venture. It is just mentioned as another of her "good-hearted" deeds, for friendship's sake.

The decoration of the Chateau Frontenac was her first large and spectacular venture. Naturally, the C.P.R. officials would not allow such a find to rust for lack of use. One may say, she is the busiest woman in the Dominion, always flitting here and there like a brilliant meteor, and leaving a blazing trail.

"Mrs. Reed is coming to-morrow," one will be told by the clerk in the office, as though one might say: "The King is coming."

"Mrs. Reed has been here," says the chamber maid on the tenth floor, with all the pride of an intimate friend.

For, beside that rare combination of the artistic and the practical, Mrs. Reed possesses the enviable faculty of "getting on" with every one from the manager of the largest hotel to the most obscure scullery maid. "She hath all the charm of woman and all the breadth of man."

To quote Paddy, without whose sayings we would be hard pressed at times, "She is gone to-day and here to-morrow." Here, means a delightful home in St. Andrew's. Having brought the interior of that home to the highest pitch of artistic perfection, Mrs. Reed has turned her attention to the outside, and her garden is her present hobby.

The collection of china is also an outlet for her energetic spare hours, boots, china boots, being her especial concentration. I would hardly dare to say how many she has. Certainly she could outfit a tribe of centipedes without any difficulty!

Some one has said that wit is the salt of conversation. That being the case, it is extremely difficult to discover anything of Mrs. Reed's which is not soaked in brine. Her bon mots are famous; she has always an answer ready, and her love of truth and frankness detract not As often as not, her jibes are leveled at herself, as the following story will show:

She was invited to one of those crushing gatherings in which a smile is severely criticized and laughter outrageously bad form. The conversation somehow veered to so frivolous a subject as a famous palmist who was creating quite a stir in ——. A few members of the party acknowledged with frightened looks at their neighbors, that they had consulted this palmist with astounding results. He seemed to know everything.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Reed, "the man is a fraud. To prove it, I will tell you what he said to me. He said that I was a remarkably virtuous woman!"

No one enjoyed this sally, except the perpetrator of it, whose enjoyment under the circumstances was a thousand times more keen.

On another occasion, Mrs. Reed was crossing the border and had neglected to open her hand baggage for inspection.

"What is in that bag?" demanded the Authoritative Uniform.

"Just our personal effects," answered Mrs. Reed.

"Only clothing? Nothing dutiable?" insisted the officer, suspiciously.

"That is all."

He took the bag and opened it. He thrust in the mighty arm of the Customs and drew triumphantly forth, a bottle of whiskey.

"Ah—ha!" he said. "What's this?"

"That," said Mrs. Reed, calmly, "is my husband's night cap!"

Jonathan and I

By Eric A. Darling

Who wrote "For Love of Danny," etc.

SPRINGTIME is here, and the other day we, Jonathan and I, slipped away from the work-a-day world and lost ourselves from early morning until the little stars came out in a lilac and daffodil sky.

"Once again, dearie," smiled Jonathan at my gate, where the lilacs are budding and the long rows of jonquils are yellow at Cæsar's gold, "once again."

My heart fluttered faintly, as the heart of an old maid is supposed to flutter when such a man as Jonathan calls her "dearie"; and I smiled back in his scholar's face.

He opened the gate and I came through, though I had no hat on my grey-flecked hair—no, nor any sunshade, nor even a shawl. But when Jonathan calls I go, for the calling has come so late, and we both know the vague shortness of its duration. There is never a time when we come to my gate after one of our delightful, irresponsible wanderings, that I do not clutch his thin hand and look into his marvelous eyes and wonder with a presage of that anguish I know to lie sleeping within me, biding its time.

"The woods are full of lamb's tongues on every northern slope, and the Johnny-jump-ups are thick by the branch," he said, as he shut the gate—an old maid's garden must be protected—and I looked up the slope behind the town and sniffed the good smell of fresh-turned earth. Some yokel was at his farming.

"Which road of the four?" I asked, and Jonathan drew out of his pocket a battered old coin and tossed it up like a boy—he who has given his scholar's life to the great university frowning on the hill!

"Heads, east and south," he said, "tails, west and north—two tosses." How well I knew that old coin! I have handled it and looked at every worn mark upon it. It has a Latin inscription running all around and the head of a petty monarch of the long ago, dead these three hundred years, on its discolored face.

It has decided many joyous pilgrimages for us, and found us untold delights. It fell now in the dew-shaded dust heads up, and Jonathan tried again. "East," he said, and we turned our faces toward the newly risen sun.

THE EAST road is a never-ceasing source of wonder, as, in fact, are the north and the west and the south roads. Never do we go along between its little groves of trees, its fields, and over its chuckling streams, but we find some new and beautiful thing, maybe a bunch of rosy-cheeked children roystering into the village to school (and oh, then, do we, Jonathan and I, avoid each other's eyes that each may not see the longing, the regret for the life that we have missed!) maybe a pair of lovers, bright-eyed and laughing, shy and droop-headed or maybe only a new and wobbly calf, jumping at shadows in a fence corner. This day was very young, and we looked for anything to happen, any sweet picture to unfold.

Jonathan plucked me a handful of sturdy, scentless wild violets, and I hid them in my dress front. They are priceless, these offerings gleaned from the wild roadsides.

"See this tiny white velvet star—it is a——," and my poor head whirled with Jonathan's scientific syllables—but I took it, too, the wee white velvet star, and hid it with the violets.

A turn was just ahead, and we looked eagerly, craning our necks to see around it, though we knew just what was there—a little meadow on the right, running swiftly down to a tiny branch, some low wooded hills in the distance, and a pretty wood on the left with, far back up a winding road that was ankle deep in fall with leaves, a wee little house of logs, old and always poverty-stricken from one generation to another. We had known, or Jonathan had known, since he had lived so long at the frowning pile on the hill, many of those who had lived from time to time in the little house.

A young man lived there now, a big young man with a square chin and a homely, straightforward face, a young man who worked the neighboring fields on shares, and who wore a coat, clean but with many patches. I had seen the coat, and wondered what the wife of this youth was like—she who made the neat mends and kept the old coat clean.

ND AS we craned our necks to look
up the little road the young man
s coming down it—striding down it
th long, swinging steps, and his square
n set forward under the thunder-cloud
the face above.
Jonathan gasped as he leaned forward
d stopped in his tracks; and I hung onto
sleeve. It seemed as if I must hold
o him, for we were face to face with
moil, with war and anger, and, it
med to me, despair.
'Eh?" said Jonathan, astounded, as
young man met us, probing innocently
d straightly at the heart of the matter,
his gray hair and boundless gentleness
e him leave with all things, "What
this awful thing, Matthias?"
Matthias looked into his gray eyes, so
er and sweet and ealm, and the black
wn drew deeper between his eyes, from
lden pain, I knew, by the twitching
the straight lips.
'The end—for me," he flung out and
uld have passed, but Jonathan caught
arm. The wonder of our east road
d colored its gold with tragedy.
'Why, lad," said my Jonathan, "there
always the end—and the end is—*the*
l. It is such a long end. Never hasten
meet it. All good is before it—none,
ely, after. Tell me your trouble."
The young giant dropped his stormy
s and stood a moment. Then he flung
his head.
'It is family trouble," he said bluntly.
What can you know about that?"
Ah. what indeed, my Jonathan, who
s never had a family—Jonathan wait-
for me, who came too late—when the
ht of his life was flickering.
'It is my—my wife—Letitia. We've
rreled. Again. We're always at it,
d I'm tired of it. The love has gone—"
, now did the straight lips tremble
ly!—"and I'm going, too. Step out of
way, professor!"
His pain had made him forgetful of his
ntry manners, but Jonathan said
tly, still holding on to his sleeve, and
n to Jonathan's sleeve:
'Wait a bit, Matthias, the day is still
ng."
He shifted his hand very gently until
ested on the shoulder of the faded coat,
t over one of the patches.
'You are going away. For ever?"
Matthias nodded.
'And leave Letitia alone in the little
se! Granted Letitia has quarreled
h you, Matthias, there isn't time in
s world to hold spite. Hasten, lad, to
back and forgive her. See here,"
athan drew me forward, "here is my
itia, the one who should have kept a
le house for me thirty years ago, who
uld have sewed patches on my coat
h loving fingers"—the big shoulder
eed under his hand—I saw it—"but
o never came to me until my life was
h spent. We have lost thirty years,
l we will never cease to mourn their
s. You are ready to throw thirty years
ay—and love and Letitia with them.
's talk awhile, Matthias."

ONATHAN looked at me and then up
the little road, and I understood with
t quickness which would have been one
the joys lost in those thirty years.
They two stood together and I went up
ween the budding trees.
At the little house I found Letitia, and
was just as I had pictured her, a slim
et creature with shining black hair



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and blue eyes drowned in tears, and she was flung prone across the poor little table, sobbing terribly.

"Hush, dearie," said I, with my arms around her in a moment; and, if she was startled at the apparition of a bareheaded old maid whom she had never seen before, she made no motion. Instead she came naturally to my shoulder and the tale was all out in a breath.

"He's gone for good this time, Matthias! And he doesn't care any more! And he's got good reason, such a fright as I am these days! No ribbons nor any new dress this year and the old heavy shoes that weigh me down! And he says I'm awkward and not light on my feet like I was when he married me! And the meals —I can't cook when there's nothing good to cook—and I wish I was dead! And he's gone, for good!"

My eyes were wet by this time and I wished helplessly for Jonathan. Yet fifty years without him had not left me without resource, and I rocked and comforted the little wife, come to grief after only three years with her Matthias — soothed and comforted until I saw, through the door left open for the spring, Jonathan coming up the darling tree-topped road with a big young man rebelliously in tow. I waited until they stood in the portal and then I said over Letitia's shoulder:

"Jonathan, what's that bulging your two coat pockets?"

And Jonathan clapped a hand on either side, a little at random for the irrelevant question, yet following my lead with his delightful sympathy.

"Why," he said, "why—it's a little lunch for our ramble."

I knew Jonathan's pocket lunches — thin, wafery sandwiches, a tiny pot of olives, a bar of milk chocolate and a thermos bottle steaming with fragrant coffee.

"Here," I said, "give it to Matthias. He and Letitia are going out along the budding country for our aimless day of loitering, and you and I are going to keep the little house."

Jonathan's eyes were like a bit of sky suddenly flooded with sunlight.

"To keep house!" he cried, and I winced at the marvelous joy of him.

IT SEEMED for a time as if we were to lose our chance, so obstinately did Letitia cry by the table and Matthias stand twisting his big hands. But at last we thrust the bundles in his pockets and lifted Letitia to her feet, leading her to him and even putting her little work-hardened hand on his arm. And at last we saw them go, hesitant and awkward, down the road into the sunlit world of spring, thrust out and together by two meddlesome old frumps who wanted to play for a day at the housekeeping they had missed.

"Jonathan," I said, when they had passed from view, "it is poverty and the wearing strain of it that has frayed their love to frazzles. There are no more ribbons for her black hair and her shoes are worn and shapeless, so that she drags at her work and the big young simpleton thinks the longing for them, the ribbons I mean, is discontent with her lot and him for not being able to better it, and so they are on the verge of shipwreck. Oh, Jonathan! See how small a thing is likely to make *them* lose thirty years!"

Jonathan's pale face was blank with the suddenness of his understanding.

hen he rose to the top, as he does in very emergency. What a general he ould have made if the university could ave spared him!

"They won't be back till sundown," he id, the enthusiasm growing in his oice. "We have all day. Come on, earie, back to the village and the shops."

So we left the little house open to the oring and hastened back over the east oad. It was past noon when we again ood in the bare log room and a cart as rumbling down the pretty road after aving its load behind. Jonathan took ff his coat and I laid his hat on the antel, and the sun gleams touched his ray head, glorifying it.

JONATHAN has more money than he can ever spend, and in his will it is o be left to one, "my beloved compan-n"—an old maid who doesn't want it. o we had spent prodigally that day.

I tucked up my skirt and together we ell to undoing the load of things the art had left. We first moved out the ttle old table of pine wood, and rolled own upon the clean white floor a big ay rug that covered half the one room, he half where stood the bed with its atchwork quilt, the puffs between the uiltings worn quite through in places; nd then we set upon it a shining new able with curley-cued legs.

"See!" I cried, the effect already mak-ng for joy.

"And see!" cried Jonathan, setting a ittle chair with rockers between it and he window. "Sit down in it, dearie."

He stood a moment regarding me with ll his lost young dreams in his fine eyes.

Next we hung a big bright picture over he rude mantel with a vase and two iron andlesticks beneath it, and Jonathan nust needs run right out and get a bunch f green leaves from the nearest bush to o in the vase and I took out a part of my ohnny-jumps-ups, not without a pang, I onfess, and added them, and we stood ack and admired, critically. I took down he faded, dingy blue strip that hung for-ornly at the north window and Jonathan ot up on a box and fastened up a long air of scrim curtains, cheery in their oft cream and crimson stripes; and we ied them back with a crimson cord.

You see there had been so much gloom nd dinginess in the little house all hrough the winter that we were deter-nined to bedizen it in the garb of spring nd joy.

A bundle, unwrapped, disclosed two hite tablecloths and six plain napkins, ll ready-to-use, and I threw one on the hiny table. Another long glass vase vent in the centre and we stopped again o look and admire.

"You'll get me some more as we go ome?" I questioned, and Jonathan smiled t me. There were three pretty plates, hree cups and saucers, a sugar and cream ot, a bowl or two and a little platter, all icked out freshly in sprays of apple lossoms, just like the spring, and these put in place—two of them, for a late ittle supper when two should come home, eliciously hungry, from their thrust-pon-them day. Viands, cold and tempt-ng, Jonathan had foraged while I was at he shop; and these I set there, too. And hen again we stood and looked and push-d the hair back from our foreheads, for ve had worked like the youngsters we

Continued on page 62.



THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD



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The Lion of Flanders

The True History of the Slave Raids in Belgium.

THE worst outrage that can be wreaked upon mankind has at last been wreaked upon the wounded body of a country whose only crime was its scrupulous adherence both to the letter and the spirit of international law, writes Alfred Noyes, describing the slave raids in Belgium. The article which appeared in *The Outlook*, is directed especially to America, "the big brother" to whom Belgium had looked with confidence. Of Britain's responsibility the writer says:—

It took England a long time to prepare; but she is doing her utmost now. I have seen the roads of France pouring the whole might of the British Empire towards Belgium; and I have heard the continuous sound of the guns, like the sound of the Atlantic in storm against the coast of Maine, unbroken for a single moment, pounding their difficult way onward, foot by foot. I have seen our wounded coming back from the trenches, and smelled the chloroform in a score of villages. I have seen the little wooden crosses in our graveyards—not scores or hundreds, but thousands of them—close up to the trenches; and the men digging new graves by the hundred in readiness, while the shells whined above them to provide new tenants for the clay. And I think I have heard, occasionally, the big brother saying in his sleep that all the nations—including his little brother—have "sinned equally," and that we are "all war-mad."

And now comes the final outrage. Americans knew something of the meaning of slavery. Have they forgotten?

But they have never known a slavery like this, where innocent men are suddenly torn away from their families, in the heart of a highly civilized community, and set to work against the lives of their own people. It is the crowning infamy of Germany, the most damning indictment of her civilization, that she should have perpetrated this appalling horror.

But the world has supped so full on horrors that it seems impossible to convey all that this new crime means. Does the big brother realize that women and children, at this hour, throw themselves in agony before the trains that are carrying their husbands and fathers away into this new slavery; that even the destinations of the slaves are unknown; and that thousands are simply lost, probably forever, to those whom they love, for it becomes more and more difficult to trace them in their enforced wanderings?

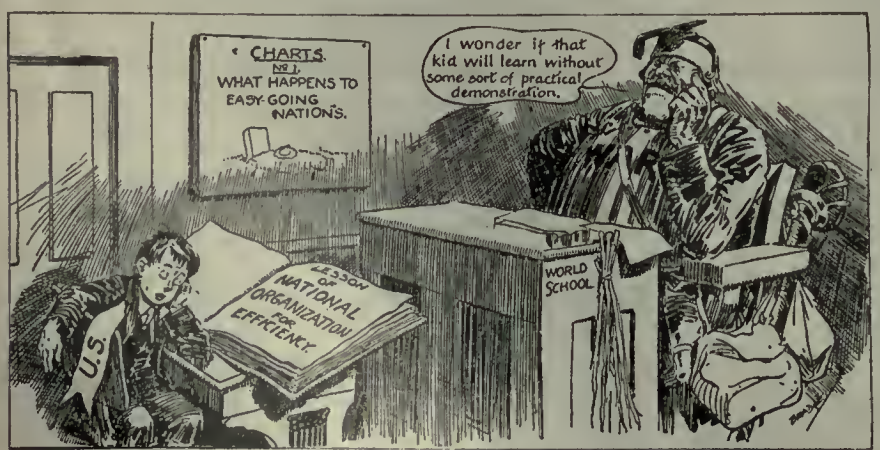
I have had exceptional opportunities for obtaining the full history of this latest German outrage from the lips of some of the most responsible Belgian citizens, including one of the most distinguished members of the University of Louvain. The evidence proves conclusively that the crime had been long premeditated, and that it is part of the general scheme of German domination. I feel that it is something like a duty to present this evidence to American readers.

Let me, first of all, destroy at once any illusion that this slave system has been forced upon the Germans. They declare that they have adopted it for humanitarian reasons in order to help the unemployed. This is perhaps the most hypocritical lie in history; and it is the only defence offered by the Germans. It is well, then, that the reader should have the complete answer before him at once, and that he should read what follows in the light of that answer. The Germans have taken a very large proportion of students, teachers, and business men who were not only engaged in comparatively well paid work, but also had money of their own. They were expressly invited by the Germans themselves to bring this money with them in the preliminary notice announcing that they were to be called up. Moreover, the Germans deliberately shut down, in many cases, the perfectly innocent business upon which these men were engaged, in order to create for Germany the excuse she needed.

The history of the whole affair can be stated briefly.

In a placard issued on the 2nd of September, 1914, Baron von der Goltz, the Acting Governor-General of Belgium, relieved the fears of the Belgians by saying: "I ask no one to renounce his patriotic sentiments; but I expect from you all a reasonable submission and an absolute obedience to the orders of the Governor-General." This placard was posted in Brussels.

In November, 1914, the Belgian refugees in Holland were actually invited to return to Belgium. The Germans pledged themselves to restore "normal conditions." An official declaration was made by Baron von Huehne, military governor of Antwerp, and read in all the parish churches of the city. "Young men," it declared, "need have no fear of being deported to Germany, either to be enrolled in the army or to be subjected to forced labor."



Bradley, in Chicago Daily News.

In His Character of Schoolmaster.

Baron von der Goltz announced that this declaration applied to the whole country, and he made his solemn promise to Cardinal Mercier, in the presence of two German staff officers and the private secretary of the Cardinal.

These promises were not kept; for they were German promises. They were followed in quick succession by the forced striking of the Belgian flag, the suppression of the Belgian colors in Brussels and in the provinces, the forbidding of the *Te Deum* on the name day of the King, of the sale of portraits of the royal family, and of the playing or singing of the national anthem. Then came the obligation to use the German language, together with the German school inspection. All this was done, of course, to destroy as far as possible not only the patriotism but the nationality, the soul, of Belgium. Large numbers tried to escape over the Dutch border. But electric wires (death-dealing to any who tried to cross them) were posted all along the frontier, and the population was entrapped completely. It became more and more difficult to obtain news of what was happening behind the death barrier.

At the end of April, 1915, facts of the utmost gravity were brought to the knowledge of the Belgian Government. Workmen had been persecuted, and even tortured, for refusing to do work of a military character for the Germans. The demand that they should have to do this, of course, was in direct defiance of international law.

The railways, which were now the most important part of the German military machine, were run by German workmen till April, 1915, when the resources of German man power were running low and the men were recalled to their military depots. Belgian workmen were called upon to take their places; but they refused to assist the enemy.

Starvation and imprisonment failed to force them into submission as completely as the former offers of payment; and one hundred and ninety workmen were then deported to Germany, where they were treated like convicts and cruelly tortured. The nineteenth report of the Belgian Commission of Inquiry gave the story of their martyrdom in full. A month later the same methods of "frightfulness" were employed at Malines. The men of the "arsenal" were taken from their houses and brought to the workshops under military escort. Still they refused to obey, and the German method of terrorization was once more applied; for not only these workmen but the whole town was sentenced to punishment. A poster signed "von Bissing," and dated May 30, 1915, stated that "*the town of Malines must be punished as long as the required number of workmen have not resumed work.*" Let American citizen in their great free Republic consider for a moment this amazing iniquity, crowning even the other iniquity. The same methods were adopted at the same time with the workmen of factories at Ghentbrugge, Jupille, Courtrai, Roulers, and many other places.

The innocent civilian population of Belgium, however, obeying every other demand of their uninvited visitors, justly and honorably refused to work for the German military machine against the lives of their own sons and husbands in the trenches. The demand was unspeakably infamous—the sort of demand that might have been made by a devil suffering from softening of the brain. But the threats with which it was accompanied were meant in grim earnest, and one by one they were carried out till the crucifixion of Belgium was completed.

Up to this time there had been no special German decree on the forced enlistment of Belgian workmen. As late as the 25th of July, 1915, Governor von Bissing issued a placard telling the people that "they should never be compelled to do anything against the interests of their country."

But this was as hypocritical as the earlier enticements of the German authorities; for they had already prepared the ground for the wholesale deportations which are now being carried out.

Von Bissing announced on August 10, 1915, that anyone dependent on public charity who refused to undertake work "without sufficient reason" should be given from fourteen days' to six months' imprisonment. "*Any one en-*



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A rush of live steam— a flood of boiling water— and the varnish wasn't harmed!

THIS is one of those astonishing Valspar stories that come in our mail almost every day.

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This water stood on the floors until we could get it mopped up, so hot you could not touch the cloths, towels, etc., which we used in soaking up the water. I thought sure our floors were ruined, but it never hurt them a particle. I would not have believed that any varnish could stand anything like that without turning white.

I saw this myself, so there is no chance for a dispute.

Taking into consideration the slight extra cost, I would advise anyone to use Valspar if they want a finish that will stand almost anything.

Yours truly,
(Signed) JOHN R. COTTER

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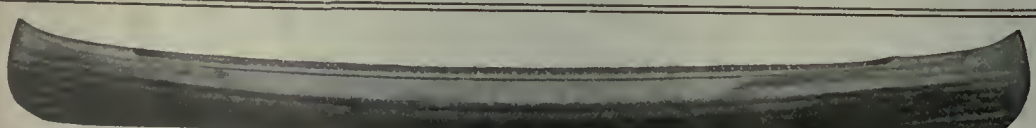
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couraging such refusal to work by granti relief would be liable to a fine of five hu dred pounds or a year's imprisonment."

I do not know what the American Rel Organization thinks of this remarkable c cree; but it certainly gives the lie to the h manitarian professions of the German aut orities, and makes their sordid purpose qu unmistakable.

This decree, however, left it to the Belgi tribunals to decide what reasons were su cient. On May 2, 1916, the decision was tak out of their hands and placed in those of t German military authorities. This meant, course, that all Belgian labor was now enti ly at the disposal of the German army. St by step the process had been completed. T machinery of the slave system was ready a waiting for the touch on the lever.

On May 13, another decree was issu whereby "the governors, military comma ders, and chiefs of districts are allowed order the unemployed to be taken by force the spots where they have to work." Hith to there had been no forced labor outsi Belgium. But now, not only were the B gians to submit to Germany's enforced vis with its accompaniment of fire and massac and midnight murder, but they themselv were to be taken out of their own country force to work as slaves for the invader, in alien land.

About the middle of last October the G man Minister Helfferich announced in t Reichstag that forced labor would now be i posed on the population of the occupied ter tory; and the General Headquarters of t German army issued a notice to all the co munes of Flanders. This notice warned those "who are fit to work that they may forced to do so, *even outside their place residence*, if they are obliged to have recou to public charity either for themselves or t those dependent on them."

Refusal to work in these circumstances punished with three months' imprisonment a fine of ten thousand marks. The slave ra had already begun at Bruges, and they we extended after October 12 to Alost, Termon Ghent, Courtrai, Mons, Nivelles, Flore nes, Antwerp, and finally Brussels, wh the first deportation was announced for N vember 18.

Let those who bow down and worship l fore the idol of efficiency take note that t method of this deviltry was—for temporal pu poses—quite efficient. The Germans had tr for some time to obtain information abo the unemployed. The National Relief Co mittee and the municipalities who kept t lists refused to hand them over, despite thre and—frequently—the use of force. Th were then subjected to blackmail. So anxio were the Germans to relieve the distress the "unemployed" that they fined the c of Bruges 200,000 marks outright, with 2 000 marks for every day's delay in produci the lists. The members of the municipal were arrested and imprisoned. Still faili to obtain the lists, however, the Germans us the *electoral lists and their own lists of m of military age, or rounded up the able-bod men in the streets.* The philosophy of t method, perhaps, was that, if they deport all those whom they could find, there mig be more work for the unemployed whom th could not find. It would not be too curious piece of reasoning for the logic of Prussia the humanitarianism of the German arm

The men were usually called together some mustering place, where they were exa ined as to their fitness for certain kinds work, lack of employment not being a fac one way or the other. In many cases, inde the unemployed were sent back to their hom Rich and poor alike were deported, and sk ed artisans—who never lacked employment were usually preferred. In some places eve able-bodied man was taken.

Only twenty-four hours were allowed l tween the calling up and the deportation, a this time had to be spent in preparing a spec outfit, particulars of which were given, gether with the announcement which I me tioned above. that "money could be take Surely a generous, a dangerously genero excess of the spirit of liberty!

The new slaves were then torn away fr their families, herded into cattle trucks, a sent off to unknown destinations. It is kno however, that large numbers are conveyed

some places behind the German lines in France, and that they are digging trenches both in France and in Belgium, helping to construct aerodromes, and doing other kinds of military work. Others were deported to Germany, as is attested by the numerous trains passing through Herbestal. But the destination of the great majority of individuals is unknown, and they are completely lost to their families, who, in turn, may be forced from their present place of residence long before they meet again. It seems doubtful whether many of these broken families will ever be reunited. But the Kaiser's "bleeding heart" will, no doubt, subdue their homelier griefs into a becoming silence. So august are the sorrows of Emperors!

At Ghent and Antwerp the men were taken to concentration camps and invited to sign agreements to work in Germany at the munificent rate of threepence a day, *part of which was to be deducted for their food.* The agreement was described as "voluntary." Then, in the decree published at Antwerp on November 2, follows the sublimely naive declaration that "those refusing to sign the voluntary agreement will be immediately deported to Germany. The point of destination will be some place in Germany. The workmen will be distributed among the German factories, where they will have to work."

Undoubtedly the German devil is suffering from a progressive softening of the brain; for his stupidity is as appalling as his brutality. The throbbings of the heavy brain can be followed by a child. There is obvious method in his deeds, however, though his thoughts contradict one another. "Every deported workman," said the Belgian bishops, "is another soldier for the German army," for the Belgians so deported release other for the front.

The Belgians refused, almost without exception, to sign "the voluntary agreement." Some of them were promptly deported. Others were starved into "voluntary" submission after they had been deprived of food for two or three days.

But those who were deported, unexhausted by starvation, showed all the sublime courage of their nation, a little nation which has leaped to the first rank among all the nations of history during these tragic years of war. For Belgium, at least, is immortal now with Greece and Rome, a beacon light of civilization. And as her sons were carried away into their temporal captivity all along the railway lines there fluttered "scraps of paper" of another sort, which had been thrown out by the deportees. They bore the legend, *Wy zullen nooit werken voor den Duitsch, noch onzen naam op papier zitten. Lang leve Konig Albert!"* (We will never work for the Germans and never sign an agreement. Long live King Albert!)

Within a week more than fifteen thousand of these men were taken from Flanders. In the Mons district twenty-five per cent. of the male population has been carried away. *And this wholesale deportation continues.* Five train-loads cross the frontier daily. The Germans say they need three hundred and fifty thousand men.

In the slave trains they are treated worse than cattle. Sixty men are crammed into a wagon for forty. The wagons are open to wind and rain, and no food, or very little, is provided. Yet as these trains of slaves (who can never be slaves while life remains to them) roll into the stranger's land the silent crowds who watch them hear the thunder of their national songs; hear a nobler music than all the art of Germany could ever produce; hear these prisoners that are kings, chanting the "Brabanconne," and "The Lion of Flanders."

"We used to think that music crude," said a Belgian to me recently, "but we cannot hear it now without tears."

And what a symphony is there, transcending anything that the imagination of Beethoven conceived! There, over the sobs and cries of the women and children, with the mutter of the redeeming guns already upon the horizon, rises that mighty chorus, as the trains move out with their triumphing loads of white slaves.



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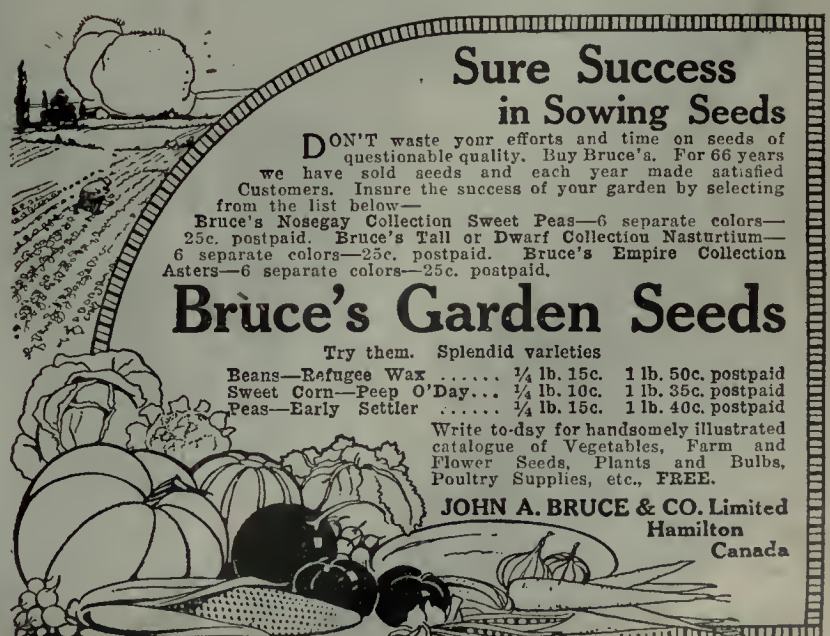
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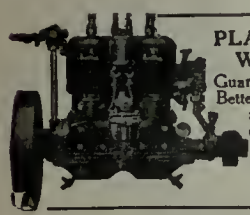
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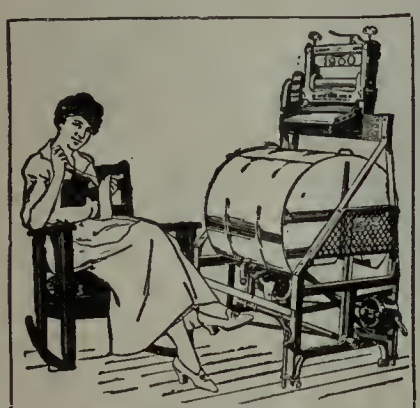
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Possibilities of a 4-hour Workday

Charles P. Steinmetz Predicts a Time When the World's Work Will be Done in Eight Hundred Hours a Year.

THE discussion concerning the eight-hour law makes of timely interest the idea of Charles P. Steinmetz, that the four-hour workday may be the final standard of labor. Mr. Steinmetz treats the subject at length in a recent article in the New York *Sun*, extracts from which are quoted herewith:

Shorter hours mean a decreased plant efficiency, and thus an increase of the fixed cost representing interest and depreciation of the factory investment, as the plant remains idle a larger part of the time, and this will have to be met by operating in several shifts, utilizing the plant by several successive sets of employees.

But what afterwards? With the eight-hour day accomplished the demand will not stop, but go toward a seven-hour day, six- hour day, etc. What is the ultimate limit at which the decrease of the hours of labor will have to stop, if our civilization shall continue? Or what readjustment in our social organization, in our standards of living, will be required to accommodate it to a greatly reduced labor supply?

One hundred years ago the average workday was ten to eleven hours. Now it is eight to nine hours. It has decreased about 20 per cent. The productivity of work in these hundred years, by the steam engine and the infinite number of inventions and improvements following it, has increased at least tenfold—probably more nearly twenty to thirty fold—but for illustration let us assume only a tenfold increase.

Thus with only an average of one hour's work during the day we could now produce as much as we did in ten hours a hundred years ago, and could live in the same manner, with the same standard of living which satisfied us a hundred years ago, by working only one hour a day. But we have realized on the increased productivity of man, not by a reduction of the hours of labor, but by an increase of consumption of commodities. In short, we are getting the benefit by receiving many more commodities—eight to ten times as much as satisfied us a hundred years ago—but not by working shorter hours.

But is this abnormal increase of consumption, which in spite of the enormous increase of productivity requires almost the same working hours, desirable, or is it even desired? Is it not to a large extent artificial and unnatural, fostered by the producers? A considerable part of the world's work of today is not production, but is advertising, selling and all those activities which essentially aim to increase the production by stimulating demand where it did not exist. By these artificial means the consumption has been increased to keep up with the production at the old rate of working hours.

Suppose now we should discontinue consumption of things we never cared for until somebody persuaded us to their use and be satisfied with only four to five times the commodities with which we got along one hundred years ago; this would give a four hour workday. But the elimination of all the work in making us use more than we have the inclination to use by advertising, selling, etc., the elimination of obvious waste and inefficiency of duplication of production, etc., would still further materially reduce the work of the world, so that, even without discounting the improvements and inventions which are continuously being made, we can see a world with a standard of living fully as satisfactory as ours, but working only four hours a day, only 200 days during the year—that is, taking a week or two for recreation at every holiday and two months vacation in summer.

This is far away, but it is no idle dream, for we only need to look across the water, toward war-torn Europe, and we can see con-



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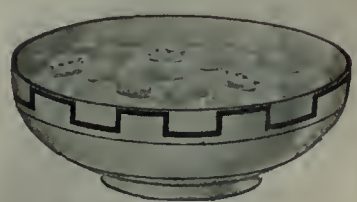
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ditions which, with the waste of war removed, would not be far different from the above.

While the entire world is called upon to feed and supply the Allies during this war the blockaded Central Powers feed and supply themselves and get along fairly successfully, as far as we can see, and what little trouble there is is due to imperfections of the new organization rather. But if we allow for the millions of producers who are kept in productive idleness in the armies, and supported by the best the nation has in food, physical and medical supervision, the other millions wasting their energy in unproductive work in making ammunition and war materials, subtract the mass of products consumed by these unproductive elements, the consumption of the peaceful part of the nation certainly amounts to materially less than four hours a day productivity. Thus under better skies the same organization of production and elimination of waste would make the above dream a reality.

If work and sleep and eating are necessities of living the efficiency of life is measured by how large a part of our life we have at disposition for ourselves, not occupied by necessities, but free to fulfil life's aim as we understand it.

In spite of the enormous advance of the human race in the last hundred years the increase of efficiency of life has been very small.

Let us look at it. One hundred years ago man worked ten hours a day, an average, for 300 days during the year. This meant:—

Total number of hours during the year 365 × 24=8,760 hours....=100%
Sleeping (8 hrs. per day) and eating (1 hr.) 365 × 9=3,285 hours....= 37.5%
Working 300 days at 10 hours, 300 × 10=3,000 hours .....= 34.4%
Leaving available as free time 2,745 hours .....= 28.1%

At present with an eight-hour workday, working 300 days during the year, it means:

Total number of hours during the year 365 × 24=8,760 hours.....=100%
Sleeping (8 hrs. per day) and eating (1 hr.) 365 × 9=3,285 hours..= 37.5%
Working 30 days at 8 hours, 300 × 8=2,400 hours .....= 27.4%
Leaving available as free time 3.085 hours ....= 35.1%

Thus, in spite of the great progress during the last hundred years, the efficiency of human life has increased only from 28.1 per cent. to 35.1 per cent., or by 7 per cent., and still is extremely small, 35.1 per cent.

If, however, we could fully realize on our advancements, with a four-hour day and 200 working days, the record would stand:

Total number of hours during the year 365 × 24=8,760 hours.....=100%
Sleeping (8 hrs. per day) and eating (1 hr.) 365 × 9=3,285 hours..= 37.5%
Working 200 days at 4 hours, 200 × 4=800 hours .....= 9.1%
Leaving available as free time 4,675 hours ....= 53.4%

This would give 53.4 per cent. as a maximum possible efficiency under the present conditions of human knowledge, nearly twice as much as 100 years ago, and would be an advancement worth while.

But with the increasing subdivision of work the character of the work has changed, and with it the attitude of the worker toward it; the creative element has gone out of the work. To the shoemaker of former days who from the leather as raw material made a complete pair of shoes, to the machinist who collaborated in building a finished machine there was a satisfaction in the creation of things which necessarily gave them an interest in their work. This satisfaction in his work the piece worker cannot feel, who makes the same seam in every one of the thousand shoes which pass before him in the shoe factory or who makes the same slash in every one of the carcases passing before him in the slaughter house, or drops the same bolt into the same kind of hole in the automobile factory.

Thus the work of the world has largely changed to labor, to drudgery, and the interest which the worker of former days found in his work he now seeks outside of the working hours. As the result the demand for shorter working hours, though existing in



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former times, has become more insistent now, with the changed character of most of the industrial work.

It is often difficult for the captain of industry, the leader, or manager to understand why the employees demand the eight hour working day while he himself is working twelve to fourteen hours without complaint; but let us distinguish between creative work and monotonous labor and the matter is clearer. Of the twelve hours of the director two hours may be uninteresting mechanical routine, drudgery; ten hours supervision, administration, direction of work—in short, creative activities; and compared with the piece worker the balance of labor stands two hours against eight hours.

Even in the United States the rapidly increasing means of production have crept up to and beyond the means of possible consumption, and the industrial problem has become urgent.

This problem had not been expected in the early days of the competitive system of society, and while to-day most people throughout the civilized world feel that there is a hitch somewhere in the working of free competition, most people do not yet clearly realize where and why competition failed to bring about that stable balance between production and consumption which was the orthodox idea of the economists of the past, in the early days of the individualistic era, and which is still the conception of many of those who, far from the work of the world under the student lamp and in the chairs of our universities, ponder over the problems of the nation.

The conception as a benevolent force in the industrial progress was based upon the theory that by competition between the producers price would be lowered down to near the cost of production, stopping just as much above the cost of production as is necessary to give a fair profit.

The fallacy involved in this reasoning is the neglect of the economic law that it is more economical to operate a business or factory at a loss than it is to have it stand idle, because to have an industry, a factory, stand idle involves the continuous loss in fixed charges.

The result is that unlimited competition as soon as the ability of producing has increased beyond the available demand for the product forces the price down not merely to the value giving a fair profit above the cost of production, as dreamed by the early economists, but the dropping of price stops only there, where it would become cheaper to stop production than to produce at a loss—that is, where the loss in production exceeds the loss of having the industry stand idle; the limitation of price, forced by free competition, is below the cost of production, and as the result the level reached by free industrial competition is an unstable condition, a condition of production at a loss, which can exist and continue for a limited time only, but finally ends in the bankruptcy of many of the producers, in serious losses to others, and in widespread destruction of values.

The natural result of this industrial law is that free competition cannot continue, but that intelligent people in charge of the industries all over the world—whether they be the milkmen or ice dealers supplying a small country town, or the presidents of rolling mills or railroads—have to come together and stop unlimited competition before the level of destruction is reached.

This led to co-operation as the industrial force which is taking the place of competition.

Many people in our country, in all walks of life, economists and statesmen, even, do not yet realize the working of this economic law and its consequence.

They see competition vanishing before co-operation or consolidation, and still dreaming of competition as the beneficient force which it was in the early days of industrial development, endeavor to restore competition. Therefore, you see all the attempts to resurrect to life a dead issue by legal enactments, by trying to break up the corporations, enforcing competition by law, etc.

Thus, not the "trusts" are killing competition, but the failure of competition is the cause of industrial consolidation of the corporations. Thus whenever outside forces did not interfere the inevitable, because natural, industrial development in the individualistic era is, from small production by numerous independent individual producers—in the days before Lincoln in our country—to a smaller number of larger industrial establishments still personally owned and managed. Then by consolidation of the stronger and elimination of the weaker ones came the formation of industrial corporations, each representating the combination of numerous individual producers.

There is, however, some excuse for the opposition against the co-operation of the corporations controlling the industry, in the danger to the public welfare which the power of such co-operative organization may involve in a nation like ours, which has no stable, permanent and therefore responsible Government, but in which the Government is still largely dominated by the principle of rotation in office for the distribution of spoils. In the control of an industry by the co-operation of the industrial corporations in controlling production and prices, it is possible to limit production below the demand and so "corner" the product, and to raise the prices beyond those giving a fair return on the legitimate investment of capital.

Then the combination becomes a national menace, especially where foreign competition does not act as a check, as in free trade England. Sometimes such exploitation of the public may be premeditated, but more often it is the result of the inefficiency of production, and the latter is the more serious side of the problem, as it is more difficult to deal with than a mere attempt at extortion.



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Dye-stuffs Made in America

Dr. Thomas H. Norton Discovers Dye Formulas Known Only to Germany.

GERMANY for many years monopolized the dye stuff markets of the world, German secrecy kept the treasured formulas from rivals, and German trade combinations stood ever ready to smash competitors by underselling, so no other country could gain a foothold in the markets. Then came the European war, and something akin to panic spread in factories which found coloring materials essential to their products. Some manufac-

turers threatened to close their mills. It seemed as though people must wear white goods requiring no dyes, or materials colored with inferior blacks and blues which could be produced in small quantities. According to the *American Magazine*, the difficulty has been solved very satisfactorily in America.

The United States Government saw the need for information. President Wilson talked it over with the Cabinet. The officials decided to asign some expert chemist to the job of nursing the industry along in America, gathering facts to lead the struggling dyemakers into the light.

The Federal rolls at first suggested no suitable chemist. The officials searched in vain for weeks. Then, they found the man. They found him, not in the numerous scientific bureaus of the Government, but attached to the State Department, an American consul at Chemnitz, Saxony.

They found Dr. Thomas H. Norton, with degrees from Hamilton and Heidelberg, and experience with great chemical industries in America and abroad. They transferred him to the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, with the title of "special agent," and gave him a desk, a stenographer, an appropriation, and mighty few instructions. Nobody knew, except in a general way, what to tell him to do.

Doctor Norton, confident, but modest and unassuming, keen-eyed and smiling, whose sixty-five years have left only a few marks of gray in his dark brown hair, lost no time in getting to work. He gathered from the government libraries all the books which had any bearing on the subject. Most of them were in German, and he translated important sections for the information of American dyemakers. He carefully recorded all the complicated formulas which he found, and furnished them to the firms interested in the industry.

Doctor Norton gathered formulas for manufacturing 23 different grades of coal-tar dyes, which were possible to make from ingredients plentiful in America. He visited some of the struggling plants; he gave advice, and he studied and wrote. With the various factories fairly well started, able in a degree to meet the immediate shortage, he set about to take an American "dyestuff census."

How could he learn what American textile and other manufacturers needed most, what colors and in what quantities? How could he get the data quickly, accurately and fully?

Doctor Norton solved the problem by examining the customs invoices of the Treasury Department for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1914, just before the outbreak of the war.

The 37,500 separate entries of dyestuffs and intermediaries that year, Doctor Norton found, came to the United States apparently as 5,674 different grades, representing the entire range of colors, shades and composition. Some of the brands, however, are identical, he knew, since the various foreign manufacturers producing the same goods made no effort to maintain uniformity in markings.

Doctor Norton estimates that there are 3,000 different grades of dyestuffs, the composition of 923 of which are known in the United States. To all intents and purposes this is sufficient to meet the ordinary needs of manufacturers. The formulas for the other 2,000 grades, chiefly modifications in composition, probably can be worked out in time.

Doctor Norton ascertained, too, that American industries consume 29,000 short tons of dyestuffs annually. The supposition generally was that the amount did not exceed 20,000 short tons.

With Doctor Norton's nursing, the American dyestuff industry, two years ago an infant in arms, now is a rapidly-growing youngster, beginning to walk. Where there were six dyestuff manufacturers in this country two years ago, now there are nearly fifty. Two years ago there were only 398 operatives in the entire American field; now 1,000 workmen are employed in a single establishment.

American coal tar is yielding now no less than three-fourths of all the artificial colors required in the manufacture of textile, paper and other materials.

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Improved Beefsteak Tomato (enormous size). Pkg. 10c, ½ oz. 35c, oz. 60c.
Copenhagen Market Cabbage (high class early). Pkg. 10c, ½ oz. 40c, oz. 75c.
Improved Breakfast Radish (crisp). Pkg. 5c, oz. 10c, 4 ozs. 30c.
Wardwell's Kidney Wax Beans (market sort). 4 oz. 15c, lb. 55c, 5 lbs. $2.40.
Best Snowball Cauliflower. Pkgs. 15c, 25c, ¼ oz. 85c, ½ oz. $1.50.
XXX Golden Self-Blanching Celery. Pkg. 25c, ¼ oz. 75c, ½ oz. $1.40.
Ringleader Sweet Table Corn (ready in 60 days). Pkg. 10c, lb. 35c, 5 lbs. $1.50.
Cool and Crisp Cucumber (bears all season). Pkg. 5c. oz. 15c, 4 ozs. 40c.
New York Lettuce (immense solid heads). Pkg. 10c, oz. 25c, 4 ozs. 70c.
Market-Maker Golden Globe Onion (big cropper). Pkg. 5c, oz. 25c, lb. $2.10.
Yellow Onion Setts (select Canadian). Lb. 35c, 5 lbs. $1.70.
XXX Earliest Table Marrow Peas. 4 ozs. 15c, lb. 40c, 5 lbs. $1.90.
Jumbo Sugar Beet (for stock feed). 4 ozs. 15c, ½ lb. 25c, lb. 45c, 5 lbs. $2.20.
Perfection Mammoth Red Mangel (very large). ½ lb. 25c, lb. 45c, 5 lbs. $2.20.
Canadian Gem Swede Turnip (good keeper). 4 ozs. 20c, ½ lb. 37c, lb. 70c, 5 lbs. $3.40.
Improved Greystone Turnip. 4 ozs. 15c, ½ lb. 27c, lb. 50c.
Thousand-Headed Kale (for green food). 4 ozs. 25c, ½ lb. 35c, lb. 60c, 5 lbs. $2.10.
High Grade Gold Nugget Yellow Flint Field Seed Corn. Bush. $3.35, 5 bush. $16.25.
High Grade Wisconsin No. 7 White Dent Seed Corn. Bush. $2.85, 5 bush. $13.75.
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To City, Town and Village Dwellers in Ontario

"A Vegetable Garden for Every Home"



IN this year of supreme effort Britain and her armies must have ample supplies of food, and Canada is the great source upon which they rely. Greater production is a vital necessity. Every one with a few square feet of ground can contribute to victory by growing vegetables.

Four Patriotic Reasons
For Growing Your Own Vegetables

1—It saves money that you would otherwise spend for vegetables, thus being an effective means of thrift, leaving your money free for purposes more directly helpful to the cause.

2—It helps to lower the "High cost of living."

3—By increasing production your vegetable garden helps to enlarge the urgently needed surplus of produce for export to the Motherland and her allies.

4—Every dollar's worth of vegetables you grow saves several hours' labor of some worker somewhere whose effort at this critical time should be expended upon producing food for export, or upon other vital war work.

Multiply your effort by the number of available garden plots in cities, towns and villages all over Ontario and the significance of vegetable production as a form of patriotic thrift becomes one of startling importance to the country!

The Department of Agriculture Will Help You

The Ontario Department of Agriculture appeals to Horticultural Societies to devote at least one evening meeting to the subject of vegetable growing. Manufacturers, labor unions, lodges, school boards, etc., are invited to actively encourage home gardening. Let the slogan for 1917 be "A Vegetable Garden for Every Home."

Organizations are invited to arrange for instructive talks by practical gardeners on the subject of vegetable growing. In cases where it is impossible to secure a local speaker the Department of Agriculture will, on request, send a suitable man.

The demand for speakers will be great. The number of available experts being limited, the Department urgently requests that arrangements for meetings be made at once; if local speakers cannot be secured, send applications promptly. Address letters to "Vegetable Campaign," Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

The Department suggests the formation of local organizations to stimulate interest by offering prizes for best vegetable gardens. It is prepared to assist in any possible way any organization that may be conducting a campaign for vegetable production on vacant lots. It will do so by sending speakers or by supplying expert advice in the field.

Send for Literature.

To every one interested in vegetable growing the Department of Agriculture will, on receipt of request, send literature giving instructions about implements necessary and methods of preparing the ground and cultivating the crop.

A plan of a vegetable garden indicating suitable crop to grow, best varieties and their arrangement in the garden will be sent free of charge to any address.

Write for Poultry Bulletin.

The waste from the average table would support a small flock of hens. They are inexpensive to keep, and you will be highly repaid in fresh eggs. Write for free bulletin which tells how to keep hens.

Ontario Department of Agriculture

W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture - - - Parliament Buildings, Toronto

When Northcliffe Bought the Times

Some Amusing Difficulties in Modernizing the System of an Old English Newspaper.

SOMEONE has suggested the following comparison of our American institutions and those of England: In America we construct our institutions; in England they are born. Our institutions are machines; those of the English are biological growths. In an American business concern the machinery functions when some man has his hand on the crank turning the wheels; in an English business concern there are no wheels, only legs and arms. With the British business enterprise men come and go, generations pass, and the business—a living thing, not a machine—goes on its way, carrying its managers with it. An interesting case bearing out this idea is found in the story of how Northcliffe took over *The Times*, as told by William Gunn Shepherd in *Every Week:*—

When Lord Northcliffe, after a terrific business fight, succeeded in getting the anciently established British family that owned the *Times* to take his money and give him a deed to the great newspaper, he discovered that he had purchased an aged oak—so aged that he was fearful to trim a branch or touch a root. When the dream of his life had come true, and he could at last step into the dusty old buildings and breathe the sacred though musty air of the old place, and know, the while, that he owned it all, puzzlement rather than pleasure is said to have been his sensation.

"Why, I can't discharge an errand-boy down there without running the risk of upsetting the whole institution," he said.

Which was true, since most of the errand-boys were white-haired men whose duties, formed during decades of service, were as important to the smooth running of the *Times* as the duties of the editor himself.

The staffs in the business office, the editorial rooms, the press room, and the library consisted, in the main, of white-haired, mysterious old gentlemen who performed regularly a set of mysterious tasks, and had been doing so for many years. In little side rooms clerks toyed with figures that seemed to mean nothing; in other rooms men wrote things that were never printed; in the library were men who appeared to spend their time in taking down books, reading them, and putting them back in place again. They were all on the pay-rolls.

"I can't find out what's done here or who does it," Northcliffe is credited in the London Press Club with having said one evening, with a hopeless sigh, as he saw his great staff depart after a day's toil.

The books showed him nothing but the names of the employees and their salaries. Most of these were ridiculously low. Though the standard of newspaper salaries had risen considerably, the *Times* had not seemed to know it.

Northcliffe attempted to have the employees called to his private office, one at a time, for conversation; but to be summoned to the office of the publisher was so upsetting to an employee and his friends that Northcliffe discontinued it; the operation was too much like settling questions of life and death.

Desperation seized upon the great British publisher. They tell in the Press Club how, for some weeks, the gloomy hallways of the *Times* were haunted by a gentle, smiling British gentleman who, with a business card in his hand reading "Lord Northcliffe," waylaid all comers with the question:

"I beg your pardon, but won't you please tell me your name?"

The conversation in the dark hallway usually went like this:

"My name is So-and-So."



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"Well, I am Lord Northcliffe. Now, won't you please tell me what your duties are here?"

"I do such-and-such a thing."

"Ah! Yes! Now, won't you tell me what your wages are?"

"I have so-and-so many shillings a week."

"Too little, my boy! Too little! You ought to have more. I want to have everybody on the *Times* happy and well paid, you know. Tell everybody so, won't you? That's a good chap. Tell them not to be afraid of me. I mean quite all right to everybody, you know."

On the card Northcliffe would write a note to the cashier telling him to increase "So-and-So's" wages by so much.

"Now take that to the cashier and give it to him. You must have more, my boy—must have more! All a little family here together, you know. Want everybody happy and comfortable. Tell all your friends in the office not to run away from me in the hallways, won't you? Want to meet 'em all. Not much of a stair-climber; when they run upstairs I simply can't catch them. That's all. Tell them not to run away, you know."

This system worked better. The informality of it did not terrify the staff, and it also reassured the old oak that it was not going to be cut down. But the change was too slow to suit Northcliffe; so one day he said to Murray Allison, an Australian, and one of his brightest young business stars:

"Go down to that *Times* office and see if you can't get the place modernized without giving it too much of a jolt."

Allison hustled over to the *Times* in an automobile, dashed in—and discovered, from the hurt and astonished gaze on the faces of the staff, that dashing wouldn't help him any. He decided that it would be best for him to select an office in the building, settle down quietly, and let his modern influence slowly ooze out into the surroundings. After several days of looking around he chose a room that appeared to be unoccupied, hunted up the custodian, and said:

"I'd like to have Room 28 for my office."

"I'm afraid you can't have it, sir."

"Can't have it? Why, whose is it?"

"Don't know whose it is, sir. He's a gentleman that comes every Saturday afternoon and occupies the room, sir."

Allison passed another dozen days without an office; but the desire for Room 28 grew into a determination to make another try for it. He went to 28 the next Saturday afternoon, seated himself in one of several big leather-covered chairs, and waited.

At last a man entered. He wore a high silk hat, side-whiskers, a frock-coat, and carried an alligator-skin bag, which he placed on the floor with considerable care. He gave Allison the "once-over" in a disinterested fashion, seated himself in a great easy chair, and began to read the morning paper, which had evidently been spread out for him on the table.

"My name is Allison," said Lord Northcliffe's representative.

"Ah, yes," answered the man politely.

"May I ask your name?"

"Jarrolds is my name."

"Been with the *Times* long.

"Oh, been coming here about twenty-five years now."

"This your room?"

"Yes. Been mine for a long time."

"What do you do here? May I ask your duties?"

"Oh, I come here every Saturday afternoon with my bag, and stay until Monday morning."

"Sleep here?"

"Yes. Can't go away to sleep very well."

"Eat here?"

"Yes. Restaurant chap near here brings up my meals."

"Well—what, exactly, do you do here? What are your duties?"

"Nothing particularly. I just come here to this room and stay here until Monday morning, and read and sleep and wait."

"Been doing that for twenty-five years?"

"Yes, about that. I took the job over from a gentleman who had filled it for forty years. He died."

"Pretty easy way to keep on the *Times* pay-roll," suggested Allison.

"I'm not on the *Times* pay-roll, bless you!" said the man.

"Well, who are you, then?" asked Allison, in exasperation.

"Why, I'm Jarrolds. Jarrolds of Scoots' Bank."

"But why do you come here to the *Times?*" persisted Allison.

"I don't know. I've been coming here for twenty-five years and the gentleman before me came here for forty years. My job is to bring my bag here and stay until Monday morning."

"What's in the bag?"

"Scoots may tell you that. I'm not at liberty to do so."

Monday morning, bright and early Allison was at Scoots' Bank, demanding to know more of Mr. Jarrolds of Room 28. It took two days for the bank officials to dig out of their two-hundred-year-old files the correspondence between the *Times* and Scoots' which gave Jarrolds and his predecessor their strange jobs.

Seventy-five years ago an editor of the *Times* who wanted to send a correspondent across to France in a hurry one Saturday night found all the money in the business office was locked up. He took a collection around the office for the correspondent, and then sat down and wrote a letter to the business manager, saying he didn't want to have such a thing occur again. On Saturday nights and over Sunday there must always be some free and loose money lying around the *Times* office somewhere.

So the business manager wrote a letter to Scoots' Bank asking them to send a man with five hundred gold sovereigns to the *Times* every Saturday afternoon and keep him there until Monday morning. The *Times*, he added, would furnish him with a couch and with his meals.

And so the arrangement had been going on for three quarters of a century. The *Times* grew and established offices in every capital in Europe; no longer were the men from the London offices sent out on mad and sudden dashes to out-of-the-way places. But nobody, in all those years, thought to tell Scoots that their man with his five hundred gold pieces was no longer needed. And all the men at Scoots' and all the men at the *Times* who had made the arrangement passed the way of mortal flesh, and the men who took their places let things go on in good old English fashion, as they had always been doing.

Allison took Room 28, and the next Sunday Jarrolds, for the first time in twenty-five years, worshipped with his family.

It's all right to talk about American business men adjusting their methods to suit the business systems of other countries. But there is a limit.

How to Pick a $25,000 a Year Man

Heads of the Only Two Billion Dollar Corporations in the World Tell What Qualities Are Most in Demand.

ELBERT L. GARY, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, and Theodore W. Vail, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and head of the Bell system, have been persuaded to tell, in the *American Magazine*, the kind of men they want for high positions. Quoting briefly from the views of these experts we have the following:

In his personal experience, Mr. Vail says: "We have always had two or three office boys around. I would notice the particularly bright one. Then I would miss one of them and on asking where he had gone I would be told 'He took up stenography and is now in the clerk's office.' Pretty soon I will send to the head of some department to get certain information. He will bring in a youth with the remark, 'This is the man who knows more about it than any one else.' And I will recognize in the expert my old friend the ex-office boy. This is happening every week. These young men are not pushed forward. They get there themselves. They win their own way." Further extracts from Mr. Vail's philosophy read:

"The man who forges ahead is not the one who does only what he is told has to be done; he is the fellow who does what he sees *should be done*—provided he doesn't imagine he is more important than he really is. Initiative counts heavily. I feel like taking off my hat to a cripple who has had push enough to devise some way to earn his own living, rather than lazily allowing himself to become a public charge.

"Common sense is one of the most important ingredients of success. It is also one of the rarest things in life. As someone aptly said: 'Common sense is the most uncommon thing in the world.'

"A corporation's employees must be the eyes and ears of its executive. I recently impressed upon our boys that initiative, originality, progress, ideas, do not come from the top down, but from the bottom up. They come first from all the people to the centre, to the chief officer, who winnows everything and tries to separate the good from the bad. The good is sent down again, to be put into operation.

"Men in an organization must be made to feel they are part of that organization—for the *esprit de corps*, to my mind, is one of the most important factors. Whatever I have to do I always find can be done easier and better by getting every man concerned in it to feel that he is doing it, too. I am only one cog in a large wheel.

"Why do employers pay a man a big salary? Because he can earn it; and he must show before he gets it that he can earn it; if he cannot earn it, after all, he cannot hold his position against one who can.

"A company or employer engages a man not only to earn his own salary and his own expenses, but to earn a margin over and above. The earnings of the employee must contribute its share to the payment of the interest on capital employed in the business, the maintenance and upkeep of the plant, and the many other expenses connected with a going enterprise, and also show a little profit for the man or concern employing him. Without this profit there would be no business.

"Some men can make a success of working for others, yet cannot make a success working for themselves. They lack the quality or temperament that assumes responsibility. They are magnificent lieutenants but not captains. The man who employs has to assume responsibility, risks—in fact the whole burden of making good is upon him.

"The European war has shown there are any number of men who make magnificent soldiers when they have officers to direct them, but who go to pieces when left without a commander."

Why do so many college-bred youths and the sons of wealthy parents fail in business life? Let Mr. Vail, out of his long experience answer:

"The young man entering life must not be impatient. He must accumulate experience, he must learn the duties of his position by the actual doing before he has any value to his employer.

"The reason so many college boys fail is that they are full of theories; they think they know it all. A college course is a good thing, an excellent thing, but it must be given to the right kind of youth. Quite a number of the highest positions are filled by men who went through college but who had no false notions as to what was required of them when they entered business. No man is worth anything until he has gone into the heat of the battle and had his theories subordinated to practice.

"The son of rich parents is handicapped in his youth. He gets no experience of doing things, and no opportunity to benefit from hard knocks."

Then Mr. Vail explains how he has accomplished so much in his seventy-one years of life.

"No one man in Gold's world can do much,"

Studebaker
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FOUR Landau Roadster	1575

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"No one man in God's world can do much,"

"But how did you succeed in doing as much as you have done?" I persisted.

"By never doing anything I could find somebody else able to do better. Many failures are caused by putting good men in the wrong places. I try to avoid that. If men could only recognize what they can do and what they cannot do, endless trouble would be avoided. Some men think that because they have risen to a certain point they are capable of doing anything; they plunge in, find themselves in difficulties, and are carried down the stream.

"Concentration, application, persistency, good judgment, imagination—and courage. These spell success. Don't be easily discouraged."

"Were you never discouraged during your heartbreaking fight in the early days of the telephone when everything and everybody went against you?" I asked.

"If I was ever discouraged," he replied, "I never let anybody know it. Yet I have never had absolute unquestioning confidence in myself. I always kept in mind that there lay ahead the possibility of failure and, therefore, I did everything possible to guard against it. There is nothing more dangerous than cocksureness."

Judge Gary, head of the world's largest industrial army, after thinking the subject over carefully, compiled the following prescription for the young man ambitious to attain success:

1. He should be honest, truthful, sincere and serious.

2. He should believe in and preach and practice the Golden Rule.

3. He should be strong and healthy, physically and morally.

4. His habits and mode of living should be temperate and clean and his companions selected with regard to their character and reputation.

5. He should possess good natural ability and a determination constantly to improve his mind and memory.

6. He should possess a good education, including particularly the fundamentals, such as mathematics, grammar, spelling, writing, geography and history; and also a technical education concerning the lines he proposes to follow.

7. He should be studious and thoughtful, keeping his mind upon a subject until it is mastered.

8. He should be conscientious, modest but courageous, energetic, persistent, even-tempered, economical, faithful and loyal to his friends and the interests he represents.

Discussing salaries, Judge Gary has said: "One man may be cheap at $100,000, another dear at $10,000 in the same position. When $100,000,000 or $500,000,000 has to be spent, the amount paid in salary to the man entrusted with the spending of it is of little importance. Capitalists are not looking for men who will accept low salaries; they are on the outlook for men worth large salaries. Whether an enterprise succeeds or fails depends largely on the man at its head. Financiers are willing to pay for success.

"Combination has led to the creation of huge concerns. The salaries paid heads of such concerns are no larger than the salaries formerly paid, when you consider the increase in the responsibilities. Greater responsibilities demand greater fitness. Increased rewards inspire increased incentive."

Quite a number of men under Judge Gary draw one hundred dollars or more *every day*. Both salaries and wages have been going up—the workmen, at the suggestion of Judge Gary, received three increases in rapid succession not long ago. He believes the laborer is worthy of his hire, no matter how humble the task performed.

As in the telephone company, most of the highest officers in the Steel Corporation have risen from lowlier places than those occupied by the average reader of this magazine.

Prizes there are. This article has outlined how to set about qualifying to win them.



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Cold March winds are hard on skin and complexion. Unless proper precautions are taken chafing and roughness are sure to result. A wrong choice of treatments and preparations will do more harm than good. For over twenty-five years the

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have been used by particular women from one end of Canada to the other. Send us ten cents and our illustrated Booklet D and generous sample of Princess White Rose Cream will be sent postpaid. This sample will give you an idea of the wonderful properties of the Princess Preparations, and the booklet will tell you of our other preparations and of our success in treating all manner of skin, complexion, hair and scalp treatments, also of how we permanently remove superfluous hair, moles, warts, etc. Any correspondence will be treated in strictest confidence, and our advice is absolutely free.

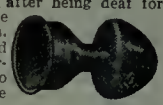
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I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Pat. Nov. 3, 1908.



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Rose Bushes with roses on them in 8 weeks from the time the seed was planted. It may not seem possible but we **Guarantee** it to be so. They will **BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS** Winter or Summer, and when 3 years old **will** have 5 or 6 hundred roses on each bush. **Will grow** in the house in the **winter** as well as in the ground in summer. **Roses All The Year Around.** Package of seed with our guarantee by mail, **only Ten Cents.**

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ANNUAL EXAMINATIONS for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

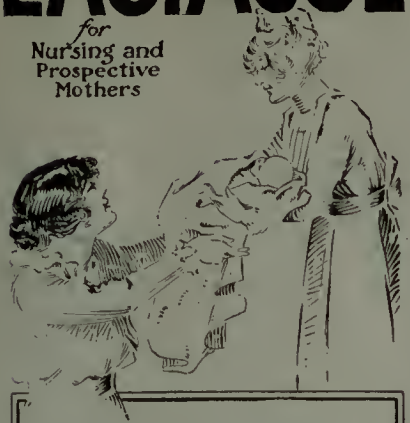
Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, November 23, 1916.

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No mother need endanger her babe with the diseases that linger in nursing bottles when LACTAGOL will naturally increase the quantity and enrich the quality of mother's milk though weeks have passed since nurse has failed.

Physicians everywhere recommend LACTAGOL. Nursing Homes use it regularly.

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R. J. OLD
Sole Agent
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E. T. Pearson & Co. Limited
Manufacturers
London, England



Jordan is a Hard Road

Continued from page 28.

A FEW minutes later Mrs. Finley was making the bed ready in a room a short distance from her own. She had already gone to bed when Minden called her, but Cora sat reading in her own room and, hearing Minden's voice, came out into the hall. Briefly Minden told her the story, and she had quickly repeated it to her mother.

Presently she herself was below stairs scalding milk, into which she poured a beaten-up egg and sherry. It is hard to tell what sort of man she expected to see in the office. Minden had said nothing about the youth, about his handsomeness and soldierly appearance, or of his name or family; and she had imagined some rough westerner with a red handkerchief round his neck, with a hard-bitten face and rough bony hands. When she entered the office, Sheldon was on his feet, leaning on Minden's shoulder, for he was six inches taller. He stood, head bent forward, with that piteous look of despair which seizes youth when checked on its course. His look of suffering softened the almost iron lines of the shapely head, and gave a touch of poetry to a determined face, which had more uprightness, persistence, courage and good humor than aught else. Her hand tightened almost spasmodically on the glass of milk she held, as her glance fell on the wounded refugee. Her eyes met his in one long look, and a wonderful smile came to his lips. She shivered, however, as she went forward and held the milk to his lips.

Half an hour later the Young Doctor had a talk with Minden in his office. "He will get well, unless there's something we can't see," remarked the Young Doctor decisively. "But I tell you frankly, I don't like playing against the law. However; all you ask is that I keep my tongue still, and I'm not supposed to know, unless you tell me, that the law is after the young fellow. I like him," he added reflectively. "He has eyes that no Ananias ever had, and he has looks too; but there's a young lady we both know in this house, Minden. Have you thought of that?"

Minden nodded and turned away his head. After a moment he said: "Yes, that's all right. She can take care of herself."

CHAPTER VI.

MINDEN TO THE RESCUE.

WEEKS went by. In spite of Minden's powers of self control he found himself at times so agitated that more than once he mounted his horse, rode ten or fifteen miles into the prairie and back again, "to work off steam." When the conviction came to him that Sheldon was to play a part in Cora's life, he began to reflect, and then to trouble himself greatly.

Here Sheldon was, a comet with a long tail of travel, adventure and life—life topped by a tuft of involuntary crime; penniless, homeless, helpless; and here was Cora, the seed and stem, the bud and flower of a community, to whom men and women pointed as one who could be both beautiful and good; was she to link her-

GO TO BERMUDA

"Forty Hours from Frost to Flowers"

Delightful Ocean Voyage Two Days Each Way

Golf, Tennis, Boating, Bathing, Cycling, Fishing

Twin Screw **S. S. "BERMUDIAN"**

Sailing from N. Y. every Wednesday

Twin Screw **S. S. "TRASOS MONTES"**

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West Indies New S. S. Guiana and other Steamers every fortnight for St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados, and Demerara.

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Sweep with Dustbane

Prevents Dust From Rising

KILLS GERMS

THIS IS IT



Makes Floors and Carpets Spick-and-Span.

Polishes Hardwood Floors

DISINFECTS

Order a Tin From Your Grocer or Hardware Dealer.

"—and please don't forget to mark all my linen with

CASH'S WOVEN NAMES

THE IDEAL METHOD OF MARKING LINEN

Also woolen and knitted garments which cannot be marked with marking ink.

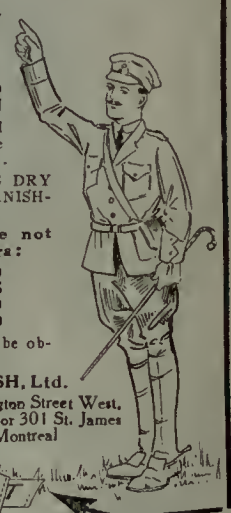
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"MACEY" WILL SOLVE THE PROBLEM

MADE IN DIFFERENT STYLES DIFFERENT WOODS DIFFERENT FINISHES DIFFERENT SIZES

WE MAKE JUST WHAT YOU NEED AT THE PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD

PROVIDE A HOME FOR YOUR BOOKS

You have probably often had to hunt all over the house for a book you wanted just because there is no regular place provided to keep them in, and they are left lying all over wherever last used, becoming torn, soiled, and in a condition that makes you feel ashamed when your friends see them.

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You don't have to provide for future needs—all you do is buy what you need *now*—you can enlarge your case at any time to take care of additional books you may acquire. Let us send you our *Macey Style Book*, which tells you all about these famous cases, besides giving you a lot of information every booklover should have. Just send us your address, and we will mail you the book free of charge.

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The "Midget" is one of the "Acme Line" Stapling Machines, is strong and durable—a real worker. Just what you need for all kinds of stapling and binding of legal documents, policy vouchers, plans, folders, etc. Used to advantage by manufacturers and importers for price ticketing, samples, etc. This machine will effect a substantial saving in any modern office. Try one.

Descriptive Catalogue "A" shows the "Midget" and other Acme Stapling Machines. You may find here just what you have been looking for. Write for one to-day.



The Midget

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The Acme Staple Co., Limited - - - - - - - Camden, N.J., U.S.A.
Process Typewriter Supply Co., Limited - - - - - - - London, Eng.

self with such a man of mystery and misdemeanor, with no future except a problematical scoop out of a problematical gold mine? If Sheldon had spoken the whole truth then the solution of the problem might not be so hard, seeing Mrs. Finley's attitude towards him. Like many a woman who has had a man in her home and has lost him, so losing also the opportunity for mothering, the opportunity afforded Mrs. Finley by Sheldon's arrival was like a gift from Heaven. Yet she remained watchful and concerned; for no matter how reputable the young man—Minden had not told her all—he certainly had not "got religion," and she did her best to keep Cora from intimacy with him. When he was able to leave his bedroom, however, and use Mrs. Finley's sitting-room, watching on her part became onerous, with her many exacting daily duties; while, at the same time, Cora's gravitation towards Sheldon was natural and frequent.

THE PUBLIC only knew of his presence in the Rest Awhile Hotel after the Riders of the Plains had reported to the Commissioner an encounter with unidentified horse thieves, though they had good reason to suspect that they were the MacMahons. As evidence there was the dead horse ridden by Sheldon, branded with the letter M. The MacMahons, however, were found asleep in their beds when the Riders raided their ranch soon after the encounter. Bill MacMahon said that the horse had been stolen from their paddock and this was borne out by the evidence of hired hands. The MacMahons knew what had happened to Sheldon, and where he was, but they knew well also that he would remain silent. Before ten days had gone interest in it was replaced by other sensational events demanding the attention of the Riders.

Concerning his relations with the MacMahons, Minden believed that Sheldon spoke the truth; but there was the question of his origin. A previous Mayor of the town had been an Englishman, and he had fortified himself for his office by a useful reference library. One or two volumes like Kelly's "County Families," and "Debrett," were found useful by subsequent Mayors when travelling members of "the best families" of Great Britain visited Askatoon. With a pleasurable yet anxious excitement, and with a little awe, Minden approached these books for a history of Sheldon's family.

His fingers had never trembled on the trigger, or had had a tremor in time of danger, but they shook a little now—perhaps it was age creeping on—as he turned over the page to the index letter "S." After a few moments of attentive search they suddenly halted on a page.

YES, THERE it was. There was the celebrated genealogy and history of the Dukes of Bolton; there was the name of Reginald Sheldon, grandson of the sixth Duke, sometime of the Household Cavalry, now a fugitive from justice, impounded in the Rest Awhile Hotel of Askatoon. There he was, the grandson of a Duke in Bill Minden's house talking to Bill Minden and his daughter and her reputed mother just as though they had been brought up together! But that was due to a kind of manner Sheldon had, a manner Minden had seen among Indians, Chinese and mountaineers. The idea of

Cora taking to the grandson of a Duke and he taking to her pleased him, but it also startled him. A kind of panic took possession of him. What might have been a splendid prospect for an ambitious eye suddenly became a moor of blackened gorse and heather to Minden's vision. Then it was he lunged up and down his office talking aloud to himself, tempted to objurgation and even blasphemy, yet not yielding. If the class-leaders of Grace Methodist Church could have seen him in such a state, they would have declared him imperfectly saved. They would have said it was his duty to take the whole matter to the Throne of Grace. No doubt they were right, for the old Adam was still much alive in Minden.

No repose came to him; none could come until he had tested the last and most important statement made by Sheldon concerning the mine and its imprisoned fortunes. It seemed mean to suspect him of untruth. In his heart of hearts he believed, but a great anxiety concerning the welfare of his daughter forced him to be cautious. Had he not thrown the young man in her way by harboring him? If what Sheldon said about the mine was true, why not visit it, and find out the facts beyond peradventure? He could not bring himself to do it. however, until fully three weeks after the patient's removal from Mrs. Finley's end of the house to his own, where Sheldon showed himself in the public rooms of the hotel. On the first day he made his appearance in the public dining-room, who should appear but one of his sometime partners of the Sink-or-Swim mine!

Straightway Sheldon sent for Minden and introduced the two. Sheldon's late partner was on his way East. It could be seen he was cynical concerning the prospects of the mine, but the main truth of Sheldon's story was established, and the erstwhile partner left with mingled admiration for Sheldon's courage and compassion for his fatuity.

It was otherwise with Minden. Within twenty-four hours he was on his way North to investigate the mine, taking with him an expert assayist. Something of the the old zeal of the coach-road and the switch-man's red light filled the mind of William Minden, Esq., Mayor, school-trustee, class-leader and revivalist, as he neared his destination. He arrived, he explored, he found; he saw, and saw enough.

Thirty-six hours later, in his office at Askatoon, he sat closeted with his unpaying guest. Neither Sheldon, Mrs. Finley, nor Cora had known the cause of his absence during the preceding four days.

"What are you going to do about that mine?" he said to Sheldon. "And what are you going to do anyhow?"

"I am waiting for two hundred pounds —a thousand dollars," was Sheldon's answer. "It's coming from Montreal. It was sent there on deposit for me from my father. That will pay my bill here, won't it?"

Minden made a wide, generous gesture. "You ain't got any bill here, son," he said, "'cept the doctor's bill. He's got to be paid, of course, but your name ain't on my books. I was once nursed myself when I was shot by a constable. I was five weeks in the house where two women and a man tended me, an' they wouldn't take anything from me; but they never

Big Ben

A *Westclox* Alarm



7 a.m.—

For the Rising Generation

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knew how the mortgage was lifted from their farm. That I done in return for goods received. They never made any charge on me—none at all, and I ain't makin' any charge on you, I guess."

Sheldon smiled. It was an ashen and restrained smile. "I'll remember that, and I'll lift a mortgage for you when the Sink-or-Swim is making five thousand dollars a day," he remarked.

Minden nodded. "That's what I want to know. What about your mine? Is it movin'?"

A SHADOW crossed the young man's face but he looked straight into Minden's eyes. "I haven't the least idea how I'm going to get the cash to make that mine move, but I believe in it, as I believe I have got two hands and two eyes and a mouth that never lost a tooth. I haven't begun to stir yet, but there is going to be stirring; the mine must move on. I want twenty thousand dollars to put that money-machine in motion again and give me a chance to show a steady output for awhile. Just as soon as I can pay for more stamps, just as soon as I can pay wages, I'm going to pull the beginning of a fortune out of her. There's a good many million dollars in this country, and there's a lot of men who have got money and want to make more; well, I will give them their chance. But mind you, Mr. Minden, I am going to have and keep three-quarters of the stock of the Sink-or-Swim, and I would rather see it shut up for ever than not own fifty per cent. of its stock. If it proved a success — and it will — and I didn't have half of it, I'd go grousing all the rest of my life. I'm not going to grouse; I'm going to have all that's in that mine up to seventy-five per cent.; I haven't the least idea how it is to be done, but that's my policy."

"I got idea plenty how it can be done," answered Minden. "How would you like to give me a mortgage on the mine, and take your twenty thousand dollars with you?"

The young man stared hard at Minden, his hands resting on his knees seemed to clinch spasmodically. He doubted what he had heard.

"Don't make fun of a man that's down," he said. "It's one thing I can't joke about—that mine. If you were to swear on the Bible what you've said just now, I'd ask you to swear it again."

Minden got up, opened a desk, and took out a little black Bible having that greasy look which the wax of time gives. He laid it on the table between them, sat down and placed his hand on it.

"Once and then twice, and then as many times as you like, Mr. Sheldon," he said in a quiet voice.

Sheldon got to his feet, placed his hands on the table and leaned over towards Minden with a devouring look. "You mean it? Why, you've never seen the place. I might be lying to you."

"Yes, you might, you naturally might, but you naturally ain't, because you ain't built that way," answered Minden. "I know all about that mine. I've been there. I took the best assayist in the country with me. I know what I'm doing. You can have the twenty thousand dollars, with a mortgage on the whole mine; but I'd ruther buy straight out a quarter of the mine, if you'd take me on as a quiet, sleepin' partner."

The young man sank down in his chair and dropped his head into his hands. "This takes the starch out of me," he said brokenly. "I apologize; it's everything to me. I was just starting life again, and I was dead stopped. I couldn't go to my father and ask for more; he has done all he could. So I was going out like a commercial traveller to drum up cash, with that beautiful mine just waiting to pour itself out; and now here you're starting me fair again!"

He got to his feet once more. "I'll make it go; it shall be a winner," he said.

His eyes were moist and his hands trembling, but the look on his face was the look of ten men facing a hundred, but sure that the end of the battle was theirs.

"Say, son, keep cool," said Minden cheerfully. "It's all right. I'll give you the cheque in an hour. Steady now, steady on, son."

He had his hands on the young man's shoulders, and then all at once he released them. He had used a very friendly word of greeting—the word *son;* and now, suddenly, it had taken a new and tremendous significance. He flushed and turned away to his desk.

"Is it going to be a mortgage or a sale?" he asked over his shoulder.

"A sale, of course," Sheldon answered.

CHAPTER VII.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

IN THE late afternoon of the day when Minden gave him twenty thousand dollars for a quarter of his mine, Sheldon took the air for the first time since his coming to the Rest Awhile. Ever since the one-sided bargain was made, he had been in a dream. Wonderful visions of the future flitted through his brain. For two or three hours it had worked excitedly, and he had defined his plans for the immediate future with a sharp decision natural to him. There was much of the soldier about him—not the soldier of routine, rather the soldier of tactics and strategy. The twenty thousand dollars would set the mine working, would increase the machinery, would provide for further prospecting and a search for the drift which, dropped at one point, must be picked up again somewhere else. He was impatiently eager to get the Sink-or-Swim well forward again before the winter set in. He made his plans with the idea that he would leave Askatoon within a week.

As he slowly travelled the main street to the bridge crossing the river, gratitude to Minden possessed him. No compunctions existed in his mind as to the source of the latter's wealth. If the conscience of Minden, who was a class-leader, permitted him to use the money got without labor and investment, without inheritance or toil, but which, perhaps, other people had got through such sources and had delivered up to Minden under pressure, his own conscience would not trouble itself. Besides, this tainted money was to be used in a virtuous enterprise which, if successful, would make his fortune secure, make good, as the prairie people say, the promise of his youth, redeem his past.

As he neared the end of the street, two men drove past him in a buggy. They were Bill and Matt MacMahon.

As they passed him without reining in their horses, Bill MacMahon leaned



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over the side of the buggy and with a savage sneer, said: "God, but you had a lot of luck! Makin' for jail, you dropped into the bosom of the family! Keep your mouth shut, damn you!"

"Yes, I had a lot of luck," Sheldon said to himself as they drove on. "I might have been doing hard labor, with nothing in front of me, at all, at all; and here I am with better chances than I've ever known,"

He turned and looked after the MacMahons, a curtain of dust rolling up behind them on their swift journey into the town. "You devils," he exclaimed, "something worse than jail will bring you up with a sharp turn!"

WITH a shudder and a swift upward motion of the hands, as though freeing himself from an ugly thought, he moved slowly across the bridge, and was making for Nolan Doyle's ranch, Mayo, when he saw another buggy approaching. Suddenly a faintness came over him. The sun was still hot, though the day was well past, but he had walked too fast for the first outing after his illness. He stepped to one side, and leaned against a solitary tree, which threw a timorous shade over a small portion of the gold-brown prairie. He did not heed the on-coming buggy, his eyes were bent upon the ground in thought, for the meeting with the MacMahons had unnerved him. It snatched him out of his dream, back into the danger where he had been, and he realized, with a force never before felt, what he had escaped. Certainly, the luck had been with him. Presently he was conscious that the buggy had stopped beside him, and before he saw its occupant he abstractedly watched the surf of dust settling at the wheels. Then he heard what brought his head up quickly, and sent into his eyes a delighted look of recognition.

"What are you doing here, Mr. Sheldon?" a charming voice asked. "Well, I never! You ought to be whipped. Who let you out? You aren't fit to walk yet, but I suppose you've come all the way from home."

He nodded, and smiled with a curious meaning. "Yes, I have walked all the way from home," he answered.

It was strange that she should speak of the Rest Awhile Hotel as home! Yet it was home in the sense that he had never known home for very many years. It was home because she was there, the daughter of a woman who had an income of five hundred dollars a year. He had been born in a castle, he had been friendly with a hundred county families with their marriageable daughters, yet the naturalness, the self-reliance, the self-respect and the sweet musing charm of this girl had been to him like a cleansing shower, through which the sun shone. Three weeks in the Rest Awhile Hotel, *caravanserai* as it was, had made him feel that it was more home to him than any other place in the world. The companionship of a reformed criminal and the finely austere friendship of an elderly woman who had never seen the ocean or a great city, had brought a new understanding of life to him. With that had come something else which this girl with the faint rose in her cheeks and the deeply mysterious, yet frank look in her blue eyes represented. The other two had brought him friendship; she had brought him he knew not what; he only felt that

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where she was he wanted to be. When she was present he was hesitant to speak; and when she was gone he counted the hours and minutes till she returned. When she returned he counted the minutes until she must leave him again; and so their relationship stood.

"Come, get in," she said. "I'll drive you back home."

Did she, too, then, regard the Rest Awhile as home? What was it, indeed, but a gipsy tent to which all might come and pay and pass on their way! The truth is she had never spoken of it in that way before. It had come to her as she looked at him, pale and overdone, leaning against that solitary tree.

"Get in," she repeated with a pretty authoritative flick of the whip.

HE SMILED and came forward. "I'm not one of your pupils that you can use a whip on," he said in mock protest.

"Yes you are my pupil," she answered. "At any rate you're not old enough to know what you ought to do, and a little whipping might do you a great deal of good."

"Did you get a great deal of whipping sometime or other?" he asked.

"I never needed it. I never was whipped in my life. My mother never even slapped me once," she indignantly remarked.

"Then what made you so good?" he questioned.

She laughed gaily. 'I was born good, I expect," she answered mockingly.

He shook his head. "Then you had a better chance than most of us. Look what it cost me to be any sort of good. Look what it costs Mr. Minden to be any sort of good."

A strange, almost rapt look came into the girl's face. "Yes, it is wonderful about him," she said; "oh, but wonderful! Do come."

He put his hand on the rail of the buggy-seat and another of the dashboard, and was about to mount, when he stopped and said, "I don't want to drive home, I want to be in the open air awhile yet. Haven't you got an hour you can spare before supper?"

"Yes, of course," she answered frankly. "I have just been over to Nolan Doyle's ranch seeing that new baby which Mrs. Doyle has adopted. I've nothing else to do except to see that you don't spoil all the nursing you've had the last three weeks by walking yourself sick. How would you like to go down the river-bank to the old Hudson Bay Fort, about two miles? It's shady there, and I've got a fishing rod and line hid in the Fort. There's a splendid place for rock-bass just below the Fort. You'd love it. And if you really want to do any work you can dig for bait. What's more, Mrs. Doyle insisted on my having some tea-cakes and a bottle of what she calls cream-nectar. So we can have a real picnic. You ought to have some fun, you know, after being cooped up in that——"

He interrupted her. "In that happy home?" he exclaimed, seating himself comfortably beside her. "I really was in prison, but I wasn't cooped up."

"In prison—I don't understand," she rejoined.

Half turning, he was about to look her straight in the eyes, but he did not do so; and he was wise.

"Still I am a captive," he repeated,

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with only a sidelong glance, as though to see how she took it.

She did take it with a sudden little flush, but coquetry was native to her, though she had used it so little, and she answered: "Yes, you were a captive. The Young Doctor was the jailor; and we other three were the wardens, whose duty was to see that you atoned for your crimes."

SHE HAD turned the horse into the trail leading to the Fort, and she flicked it gently with her whip. Unconsciously she wished to reach the goal quickly. So far she had only talked with him within four walls, and she was not used to these living minutes with him in the open air. Somehow, it had just a feeling of impropriety. This, of course, was absurd, but behind her natural openness, there was a curious reticence and sensitiveness, and it was as though she hastened to the river and the old Fort, so that the world's eyes could not be upon her as she sat beside him.

Atoned for his crimes! A strange look passed over Sheldon's face. Yes, he had paid something of the price of atonement, but not all. She did not know about the horse-stealing. Minden had not told her. Suddenly he made up his mind that he would tell her the whole truth. But not yet; he would wait until they reached the Fort. He also was seized by her desire for seclusion.

"This is a real bit of luck," he said. "I was hungry and you bring me some cakes; I was thirsty and you bring me some drink; I was dying for some sport and you've got a fishing rod. I wanted to see you"—his voice faltered—"and here you are. This is my lucky day. Yes, it is my lucky day," he added. "No man ever had so much in one day as I've had. I was let out of prison to-day, and some one met me at the prison-gates and offered to give me a new start in life, and then you came and ——"

He paused as she looked at him inquiringly. She caught the undertone of sentiment in his voice, but she grasped also at some deeper meaning. She did not question him, or speak; she waited. She had a woman's instinct that he had something to tell her, and she had a further instinct that what he had to tell her was not what a number of men had tried to tell her in her short life. Of late there had grown a feeling within her that she wanted to know about his past life and what he was going to do in future. Perhaps her wish was to be granted now.

Jonathan and I

Continued from page 37.

were—fitting a little new home for a big new love.

And at last I undid a mysterious package that had all to do with me and none of Jonathan, though he stood at my shoulder and watched.

OUT UPON the bed I laid a gown that would closely fit young Letitia — a white gown of my own youth, filmy and webbed with mists of finest lace, though yellowed with the years, and by it went a big white hat with red poppies bought from the village milliner, while near the two stood on their tall French heels a pair

of bronze slippers that had helped to dance my youth away. I sighed with joy as I looked around and Jonathan's eyes were misty.

'Twas a fairy bower, and over it hung the glamor of romance. In its cheery brightness there was no room for Letitia's discontent, for Matthias's blundering misunderstanding, for here surely would linger the joy of the two of us, who had spent our day in making it.

And, indeed, we had spent our day. As we turned, startled at the thought, we saw that the shadows were already deep in the little road and twilight close upon us. So we lighted the tall wax tapers in the candlesticks, adjusted the crimson shades, took one last look around at the bright rug and picture, the dainty curtains, the fresh table in its springtime tracery, the little chair waiting for Letitia and the dainty frou-frous on the bed, and Jonathan reached for my hand to depart, but dropped it again as he took a pad from his pocket and wrote a moment in the candlelight. He laid the slip on Matthias's plate, and this is what it said:

"We have regained a part of the joy lost in our thirty years in the little house to-day, and we bequeath the rest to you."

THEN he took my hand again and we went out into the sweet spring woods, turning on the threshold for a last glimpse of the little paradise we were leaving. We hastened then, not down the little road, but into the woods like two thieves, for down it we had caught a flash of the two young things coming home in the twilight, and his head was high again and she clung to his arm, and the empty thermos bottle swung happily in his hand like a weapon. Our day was done. But at my gate when we stopped in the dusk I lifted my old face like a maiden for Jonathan's staid caress—and got the kiss of youth, joyous and live as spring, a kiss from thirty years ago.

The Rabbit Revolution

Continued from page 19.

er say, 'I have led you here to redress your ways! You starve beneath the heel of the autocrat! But I will see you fed! In twenty minutes, I pledge you my word, the private stores of the despot will delight your palates, and the President's kitchen will cater to your tastes! *Viva Libertad!*'

"Hoke stepped back to the President. 'You better make your getaway right now,' he says. 'The rabbit must run to its little hole.'

The President gulped.

" 'Too late,' says von Smerk. 'Here they are now!'

"All the guests had slipped away except General Castillo, the baron, and Hoke. Probably the General hadn't much faith in his regiment; perhaps he liked the champagne. As for the baron—well, he had nowhere else to go.

"As Hoke turned to the President again, the door swung open, and in strode the revolutionary officers. And the *Generalissimo!*

"They were a beautiful and inspiring sight. But the *Generalissimo!*

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NOTE—If desired, add fresh or canned fruit or chopped nuts when making. Serve with or without whipped cream.





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"He was rigged out like a Sioux chief! He had on gold braid enough to start a mint; he had on epaulets, brass buttons, medals, and five hundred dollars' worth of rooster feathers in his hat. His near-white gauntleted hand grabbed the hilt of a sword that looked twice too big for him.

IN THE doorway he came to a dead halt. He drew his sword a couple of inches, and glanced around, giving an exact imitation of a Russian prince looking for a bomb.

"Two coffee-colored drummers in the plaza began to beat kettle-drums, and a five-piece brass band struck up, 'I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark!' The committee of three Liberal Congressmen slipped in the door, rubbing their hands, all ready to make speeches.

"'Welcome, *Senores*,' smiles the President; 'you are just in time for the feast. You see we are unarmed. So enter.'

"'Haah,' rumbled the *Generalissimo*, and drew his hip-razor another inch.

"The President got wise to what he meant. He directed General Castillo and the baron to give up their swords. The General didn't want to, but the President was firm. The swords were handed over to the Brigadier.

"'Now, *Senores*,' says the President, 'I beg of you to enter.'

"The Generalissimo advanced, frowning. His shoes squeaked and his sword clanked and the drums marked time. He stopped, and off came the hat with the $500 worth of turkey feathers in a full arm sweep.

"'Tu-rump! Tu-rump!—Blumb!' went the drums.

"General Castillo opened a bottle of champagne.

"The *Generalissimo* looked at the President, sternly.

"'As representing the army of our glorious republic,' he cries, 'I declare you are no longer fit to wield our manifold destinies. Under you the constitution has been frittered away, even as a rabbit nibbles cabbage!'

"That's where the *Generalissimo* played into a bunker.

"'One moment,' says the President, holding up his hand. 'I have here a little dish of surpassing deliciousness. I beg, Generals and Senores, you will partake. And afterwards we will discuss business. Yes?'

"The Generalissimo was going to refuse, when his eye fell on the sweet champagne, and he paused.

"'For a small space I will accept hospitality,' says he. 'But remember, if treachery is intended, like a bomb-shell I will burst through your perfidy and make utter destruction!'

WHEN he sat down. The rest of his gang sat down. So there they were—a round dozen of 'em—with one ear cocked to the plaza and both eyes on the champagne.

"Hoke poured out fizz for the *Generalissimo*, his officers, and the three Liberal Congressmen. By this time the cheese was melted to a nice, unwholesome looking fluid, about the consistency of oatmeal. The President seasoned it with mustard, dropped in some Worcester sauce, and smelled it. Then he walked over to the side-table where the medicine-case they'd lifted from the quack-doctor

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was. Out of the corner of his eye Hoke saw him pick one of the bottles. It was labelled 'Strychnine.'

"'No, no,' sighs the President, 'I will never stoop to that. It would give the rabbit a bad name.' And he put it in the case again.

"In a second his eye caught another bottle marked 'Morphine.' He drew is out and went back. The *Generalissimo*, who was putting away his third glass of champagne, didn't notice much. The President smiling winningly, turned his back on the company, and emptied the morphine bottle into the cheese. After shaking in salt and pepper, he added a teaspoonful of oleo-margarine; then he ordered up hot toast from the kitchen, also a dozen heated plates.

"Hoke put the baron wise, and he only let the exact number come in.

"'At last,' says the President, squinting at the flame. 'My friends, have patience! In two or three minutes the dish will be cooked to a niceness.'

"The *Generalissimo* didn't like to keep the army waiting, but he felt too sure of himself to make a kick.

'AFTER the President had arranged the twelve pieces of toast on the twelve plates, he garnished them with cabbage and onion, real fancy.

"Hoke and the baron passed it out. But the *Generalissimo* didn't seem a bit pleased.

"'Eat and enjoy,' says the President.

"'It has a queer smell,' says a Colonel, but the taste is sweet.'

"'Hasten, my dear General,' smooths the President. "When you are satisfied we will do business.'

"'Well, there are many things I wish to say,' says the *Generalissimo*. So he gets busy. So did the rest of the bunch. They finished it up like little men.

"'Now that it is over,' chirps the President. 'You were saying——'

"But the *Generalissimo* didn't care what he was saying. He stood up and waved his hand. Then he sat down again.

"'I have a feeling,' he moans, 'that I—that I—Ah!' He tried to find his sword.

"'Treachery,' he began to mumble, with his head resting on an epaulet. 'We are betrayed!' he whispered indifferently. Then he sank dreamily back on the purple plush sofa. The other eleven feasters hadn't a word to say. They were busy themselves, getting tickets for Dreamland.

"Just then came a racket from outside. It was the army getting impatient.

"'Food, food!' they were yelling. 'Give us food! We starve at your door, tyrant!'

"'Ah, my soldiers desire food,' says the President. 'They are hungry. So! I will address them.'

"The *Generalissimo* made a last effort. 'Ruffian,' he whispers, 'I will call to my troops. I will——'

"Baron von Smerk drew his revolver, but it wasn't needed.

'AS THE President stepped out on the balcony there was an awful outbreak from the crowd. Hoke says for a few minutes the purple night was lemon-colored with howls, shrieks, and the Central American college yells.

"'We demand food!' the army yells. 'We famish beneath you, despot! Down with the oppressors of the poor!'

"So it was up to the President.

"'Soldiers.' he says, in a quiet voice,



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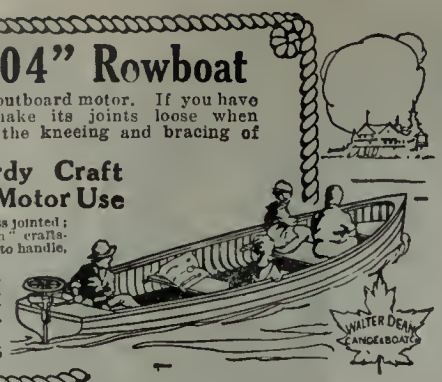
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Little Miss Corby.

The doctors said she had stomach trouble, and that her chances were small, yet Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured her. They have been worth their weight in gold to us, for we were just giving up hope of saving our little daughter. I don't think there is any other medicine for children like Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I may say my wife has taken them for nerves, and they have built her up splendidly. Publish this letter if you like; it may help others as the Tablets helped us."

Bright, healthy, happy children, full of life and activity—every mother wants her babies to be like that. Are yours? If they are not, if they are weakly or fretful—we say it in all sincerity—the surest way you will ever find to build up strength and vitality in their little fromes is a course of Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

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'listen! Such a behavior is most unseemly. While the officers who have led you here are within, eating their fill and drinking the wine of Bordeaux, you should not interrupt them!'

"At that there was another fearful outburst. Hoke says he thought some of the little soldiers would do themselves an injury. They threw fits. They frothed at the mouth. They said things that made the atmosphere sizzle. The band broke into the 'Merry Widow' waltz, then suddenly remembering where they were, made a quick twist into the 'Marseillaise.' At last the President got a word in.

"'My men,' he cries, 'hear! I speak! You have been foully cheated! The creatures who have stolen your confidence are self-seeking adventurers! They think only of filling their own stomachs. They come here intending to oust me from my sacred trust, using you noble patriots as their tools! They say you will be fed. But do they keep their promises? No! They do not! But I, Ramon St. Valentino Media, have a heart that beats for my gallant troops! I, even I, will feed you! Hear, I will give the orders. Colonel von Smerk,' he calls over his shoulder, 'have my private stores thrown open to these brave lads, and command the Palace kitcheners to prepare the necessary supplies! Now, my friends,' he says, turning to the plaza again, 'in four minutes you will be filled to a fullness. Also,' he spouts as a finishing touch, 'all your back pay shall be sent to you to-morrow!'

"Say, that fixed it. When the boss spellbinder came to an end, the soldiers gave one gasp. Then they caught their breath and yelled:

"'*Via libertad! Via el army!* LONG LIVE PRESIDENT MEDIA!'

"And the rabbit revolution was over.

"'AND HOW,' asked the President of Hoke, when it was all over, 'would you have handled a situation such as this up in Canada?'

"Hoke thought it over for a moment.

"'When our politicians get up against it,' he said, 'they generally hand the people out a line of soft stuff—though not rabbits—just talk and promises. On the whole,' he summed up, 'I guess there isn't much difference in our methods after all.'"

Face Up

Continued from page 22.

long; for the boy was riding faster than he had ever ridden before in all his life.

THERE was wild excitement in Sanderson and untold mystery. The prisoner had escaped in the most unaccountable manner. The Sheriff hastily got together a new posse of deputies and they rode away to hunt the trail of the fugitive, leaving behind them excited groups in the dusty street.

Jim Fargey sat in front of the saloon, quietly smoking. He was a gambler; he was a wanderer. He dealt faro in the "Blue Light" by night and, when he was not sleeping, smoked quietly by day. And whenever the splits came and the boom burst, as he had seen all the other booms burst, he would drift off with the tide and somewhere else by day smoke quietly and by night deal faro.

Wiles of Confidence Men

A Judge of the Highest Criminal Court Discloses Some Common Practices of Bunco-Steerers of New York.

NOBODY knows how much money has been secured by crooks in New York through confidence games, and any estimate must be a mere guess. But according to the estimate of a District Attorney, writing in *Munsey's Magazine*, during the past ten years the amounts fleeced from victims could be set down in millions. A few of the schemes as described by the writer are quoted herewith:

The care and skill with which plans are laid to swindle a promising victim are little less than astonishing. A fine residence is selected in a fashionable section of the city, and is rented at a high figure. Furniture, hangings, rugs, paintings are installed which are worth many thousands of dollars. Costly cigars and still more costly wines are laid in stock. Trained servants are installed.

Next, certain members of the gambling ring are selected to impersonate well-known millionaires. Photographs of these prominent men are studied; whenever possible, they themselves are studied in every detail of feature, height, breadth, build, carriage, dress. The way they brush their hair, the kind of glasses they wear—not a detail is too insignificant to escape attention. All this must be staged before the intended dupe is introduced to the "club."

Great care is exercised in selecting and hiring the entire personnel which is to take part in the "killing," when the victim arrives with his money. Every one who participates in the swindle must be paid for his services. For example, in a recent case, a man who represented Andrew Carnegie received twenty-five dollars a night.

Now, the very idea that a man of Mr. Carnegie's character and experience would frequent a gambling-club is absurd on the face of it; yet it did not seem so to a visitor from the Middle West who had hurried to New York to win a fortune from Mr. Carnegie and his millionaire friends. There is a semi-humorous side to the question how many carefully selected gamblers there may be on any single night each impersonating Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Vanderbilt, or Mr. Schwab in as many different gambling establishments, and raking in money by wholesale from as many different victims.

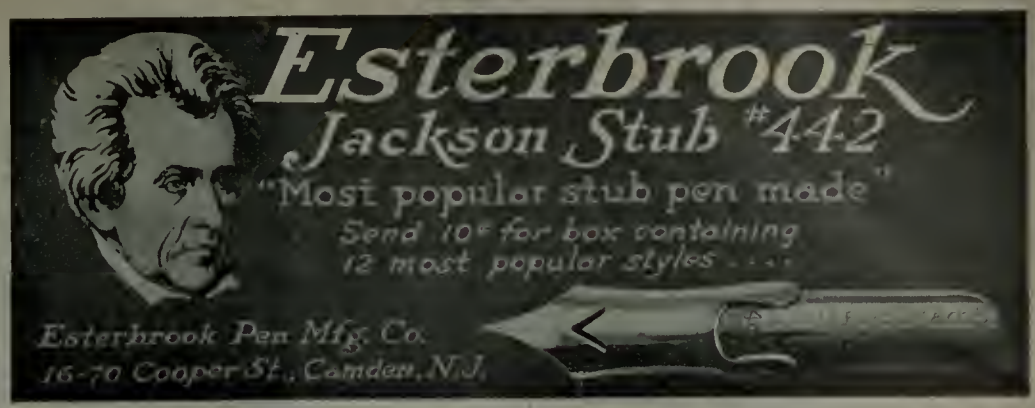
Quite recently the district attorney's office secured the arrest and conviction of several men, leaders of a ring of swindlers, among the more prominent being Fred and Charles Gondorf and Frank M. Thompson, *alias* William I. Cherry. In telling how they and other confidence men work, I will substitute other names for the real names of their victims, who have suffered sufficiently through the loss of their property, and need not be held up to public ridicule in a magazine that goes all over the world.

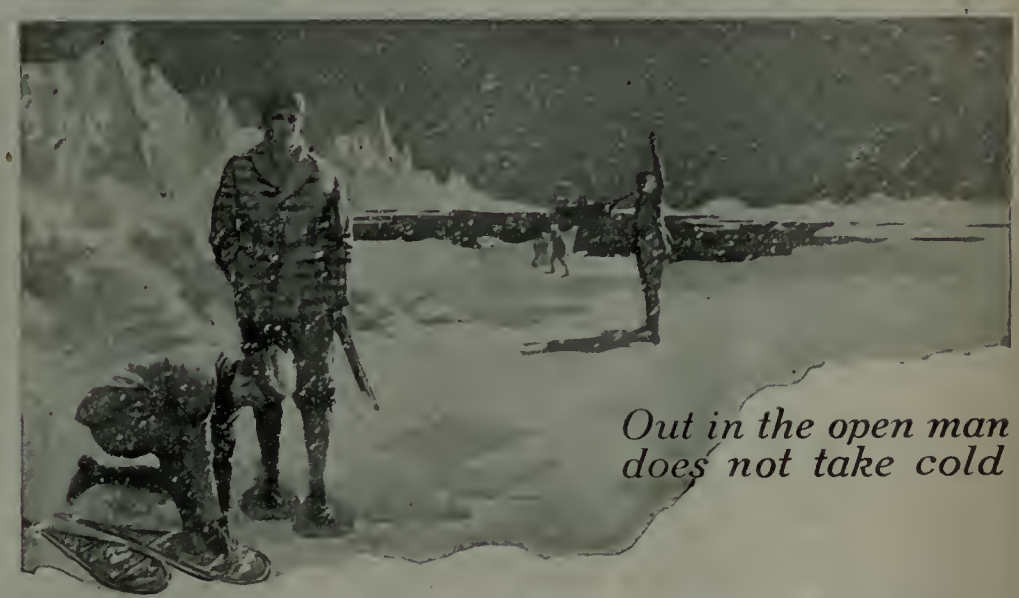
Cherry and his accomplices are in prison largely because a pawnbroker of a large Western city, whom we will call Smith, decided to lay the whole case before the proper authorities in New York, instead of hiding his losses, which amounted to sixty thousand dollars. Smith had fought his way up from poverty to substantial wealth through a lifetime of work in his shop; and if any occupation puts a man constantly on guard, it must surely be that of a pawnbroker.

One day a casual acquaintance dropped into Smith's pawn-shop and, after some trivial talk, made an important revelation. He had a friend in New York, he said—a rich friend, who was in with the head dealer of Canfield's gambling-place. This dealer had a grudge against his employers, and was looking for a chance to trim them. His plan was to get a few friends of his into a game with big stakes, and then throw the game to them through signals arranged in advance.

Perfectly simple, wasn't it? Several times the plan was discussed, and some days later

Continued on page 78.





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The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance

The Billion Mark Passed

INTEREST in the business outlook centers on the international situation created by President Wilson's action. At time of writing it seems certain that the United States will be drawn into the war. All that is required is one hostile act and the torch will have been touched to the dynamite keg.

Speculation is rife as to how this will affect business conditions, but it is significant that an optimistic tone prevails everywhere. It is even more significant that Wall Street rallied under the stimulus of the President's sudden announcement of a diplomatic break. There was no wild scamper to cover. Finance apparently is not unduly apprehensive.

As a matter of fact, if Uncle Sam peels off his coat and starts to take a hand it will mean a greater degree of activity than before in the steel and munitions industries. War orders laid the foundation for the joy ride of prosperity that the land of the stars and stripes has enjoyed for the past two years. Increased war stock activity will maintain it.

Practically the only cause for apprehension on the part of Canadian business men has been the matter of supplies. It is certain that the situation in regard to raw materials will be intensified when the United States declares war. We depend wholly now on the American market for many lines and war may mean a sweeping curtailment of export. However, even on this score business men are not really worrying. A certain degree of uneasiness is the only manifestation.

THE STORY of our present abounding prosperity is best told in the latest trade figures. The last Government report shows that Canada's export trade for 1916 reached a figure considerably over the billion mark.

Total Canadian trade for 12 months ending December, exclusive of coin and bullion amounts to $1,879,171,893. This shows an increase of $775,135,707 over the total for 1915, and of $969,537,072 over the total for 1914.

Total trade for the month of December, 1916, amounted to $200,548,572, an increase of $61,263,248 over the corresponding month of 1915.

Total exports of Canadian produce for the year 1916 amounted to $1,091,706,403, an increase of $477,576,558 over the total exports for the year 1915, and an increase of $712,410,549 over exports for the year 1914.

In addition to the foregoing there were exports of foreign produce amounting to $20,738,599, and of coin and bullion amounting to $196,468,416.

ANKING figures are comforting also. We Canadians are not so extravagant after all. We are not spending all our war-begot substance in riotous living. Consider: Despite the holiday season and its heavy trade, which might have been expected to reflect upon the savings of the people, the December bank statement shows that savings deposits increased by $8,400,000, as compared with November, and were $124,000,000 higher than for December of 1915. Demand deposits showed a decline of $1,000,000, but were $34,500,000 higher than the previous year. Circulation increased by over $26,500,000. Declines in the Canadian call of $6,800,000 and in foreign call of $9,300,000, as compared with November, gave evidence of the effect of the curbing of stock market activity. Current loans were larger by $6,500,000 for the month and $44,800,000 for the year. Important changes are shown as follows:

DECEMBER BANK STATEMENT.

Assets.

	Dec., 1916.	Change Month.	Change Year.
Specie ...$	71,172,169—	$11,391,690+	$ 3,176,559
Notes ...	124,750,241+	5,907,349—	20,780,517
Gold	42,700,000+	400,000+	26,340,000
Call ab'd.	173,878,134—	9,372,255+	36,720,265
Can. Call.	82,569,983—	6,825,387—	1,658,172
Current .	820,378,557+	6,586,610+	44,860,610
L'ns Ab'd	76,396,720+	309,350+	17,916,981
Total ....$	1,948,044,258—	$ 9,467,244+	$210,052,014

Liabilities.

Circul'n .	148,785,287+	587,316+	26,585,705
Demand .	458,207,417—	1,069,037+	34,518,033
Savings .	845,006,717+	8,413,448+	124,016,450
Foreign .	162,860,612+	653,365+	28,210,429
Total ....$	1,706,948,508—	$ 9,266,412—	$207,664,818

It is still possible on all grounds to regard the business situation with the utmost confidence.



—De Ball in Chicago Evening Post

Some Ride.

INVESTMENTS

On Investing $100

PROBABLY the question that crops up most frequently in regard to investments is: "How can a small sum, say of $100, be safely invested?"

Every man or woman with money invested has at some time or other asked this question; for, of course, savings start at nothing and there comes a time in the career of every investor when he or she has the sum of $100 on hand and wonders what to do with it. Some solve the problem by leaving the money in the bank, to draw interest at 3% until such time as it has attained larger proportions. Others insist on their money working more actively for them and shove it out from the shelter of the bank into the world of investment.

There is only one answer for the ambitious person with $100 to invest. Buy a bond. Now most people are prone to think that bonds cannot be bought in such small denominations, but the fact of the matter is that there are always odd lots on the market, including bonds bearing a face value of $100, but available at prices varying from $80 to $110. The yield to the investor will average around 5% and the security is so perfectly sound that the cautious and slow saver has really no excuse for leaving such balances in the bank on that score.

Probably the reason why more $100 bonds are not bought is the timidity and lack of knowledge of the possessors of small savings. Not having had any experience in investing they hesitate to take the plunge, regard all investments with suspicion and look askance at bonds, for instance, which sell below par. They cannot help thinking that a bond carrying par value of $100 would not be offered for, say, $91 unless there is something radically wrong with the security. As a matter of fact, bonds selling below par are generally stronger than those selling above, the selling price bearing a direct relation to the rate of interest. A bond offering a comparatively low rate of interest is sounder than bonds that offer more but will sell at a lower figure on account of the less attractive yield. Bonds sell above par because of larger yield; and the risk is so infinitesimal that in-



—Ireland in Columbia Dispatch

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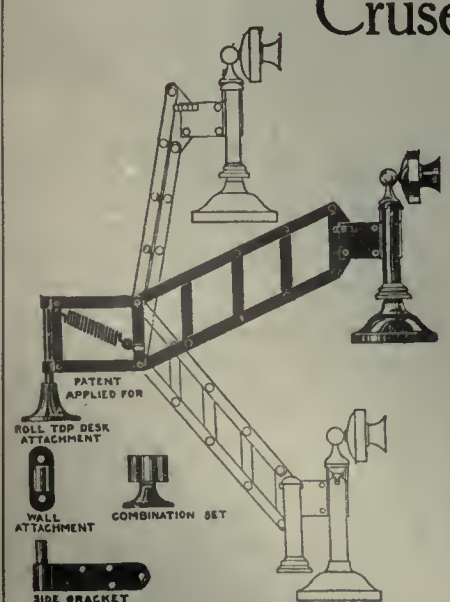
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A Strong Case for Insurance

ONE OF the strongest arguments for insurance is contained in the following extract from an article which appeared some years ago in MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE. It is so trenchantly put and drives the point home with such force that the editor of this department feels that it should be reprinted.

The habit of thrift in Canada has been heavily handicapped by periods of boom and by a certain juvenile confidence in to-morrow's luck. As a good many old-fashioned investors know quite well, the man who places his money in municipal and government bonds at 5½ per cent. per annum will, nine times in ten, wax considerably richer than even the luckiest stock speculator, gauging their respective performances by a period of twenty or thirty years. But the wage-earner seldom buys bonds and less seldom follows the ticker. His thrift may, and does at times, heap up millions in the savings banks, but in an appalling number of cases, the ultimate investment is disastrous and the precious proceeds are swept beyond his reach. Thrift unallied to sagacity is of no practical good. How very few of the thrifty know how to place their capital is one of the pitiful and always amazing chapters of Canadian experience. On the authority of one of the greatest American insurance companies, it is stated that three-fifths of the insurance money paid to women is frittered away in foolish or rascally ventures. In five years, scheming rogues have taken three hundred and fifty-one million dollars from the American public, by misuse of the mails alone. These are United States facts, but who will doubt that they are proportionately true of this side of the border as well?

Here is another of those unhappy but stimulating truths which play upon the point we have in mind. Not one man in a thousand will say frankly that he anticipates an old age of humiliation and penury. Yet, 95 per cent. of men at 60 have not a surplus dollar to their name beyond their daily earnings. That fact must be bracketed with another: 80 per cent. of men at 45 are receiving incomes in excess of their expenditures; in other words, they are saving something each year. Reading the two facts together, you will realize that the fifteen years between 45 and 60 are dotted with financial casualties on a wholesale scale. Little fortunes at that period of life seem to tumble over like ninepins. Why? The reasons are legion, but human fallibility is the simple and sufficient cause back of it all. A buys land. B signs his neighbor's note. C goes in for speculation. It is all very "dead sure"; "the skies are blue and canary birds are warbling in the branches." Along comes a War or a Bad Year or My-Own-Fault—whichever goat you want to hitch to. There is no use poking about for the Why, because the family purse is just as empty after you have found it.

There is precisely half a chance in every ten that sixty years of age will not find you and me—irrespective of present possessions—up against it for an extra five-dollar bill. Half a chance in ten is pretty gloomy odds which even an intelligent gambler would offset by a stake in some other direction.

As the Twig is Bent

Continued from page 25.

Quebec-Moncton extension would parallel the Intercolonial—he wanted the I.C.R. double-tracked instead, but the real sore spot was that they were crowding him out of his job. In the end he resigned. Death and Lieutenant-Governorships had already removed a few of the all-star Laurier cast, but Blair was the first to resign.

CLIFFORD SIFTON, another of the all star players, resigned two years later, also on a question of policy. The Autonomy Bills, as they called them, were Sir Clifford's finish. In 1905, Alberta and Saskatchewan, which had grown too large were given home rule. They entered the galaxy of provinces. Up to that time, like the little girl in the poem, we were seven —but for the last twelve years, we have been nine. Nine daughters in Canada's house and plenty of room for more—going some. Drafting a constitution for Alberta and Saskatchewan was not very hard with so many good models around. As a matter of fact, Alberta and Saskatchewan were both started out with sound constitutions, and if they have done anything to undermine them since with new fangled patent medicines, like initiative and referendum, recall, woman suffrage, and such, it is their own fault.

The one weak spot was the educational clauses and it was this spot that Sir Clifford Sifton chose to land on. The story was at the time that he wanted to get out anyway, and that the educational clauses were a good excuse. The educational clauses were pulled about quite a bit. The twig was bent this way and that. They do say that Sir Wilfrid Laurier consulted Monsignor Sbaretti, the Papal Delegate, oftener than was his wont. At all events, they were very good friends. Henri Bourassa was credited with having his finger in the pie. While the affair was at its tensest, Mr. Sifton went south to rest and recuperate for a couple of weeks. In his absence the educational clauses took the shape which they assumed when the bill was presented to the House of Commons. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, the Solicitor-General, was said to have had the chief hand in the drafting. When Mr. Sifton came back the mischief had been done. He took one look at their horrid work and resigned on the spot.

As a matter of fact he resigned too soon. When the House got at the clauses it trimmed them down pretty fine. The original clauses gave the separate schools all the privileges they enjoyed under the old Northwest Territories Act when separate schools were the schools of the majority, the population in those days consisting mostly of Metis and the Metis being Roman Catholics. But the clauses as finally passed gave the separate schools of Alberta and Saskatchewan about as much as Ontario gives them which is as little as possible consistent with justice and past promises. Mr. Sifton's resignation, however, may have had something to do with the moderate tone the educational clauses took. There was a sore feeling among the Western and Ontario Liberals that Alberta and Saskatchewan should have been started off with a clean page so far as educational matters were concerned, and this feeling certainly helped



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those who wanted to pare down the clauses. I remember that I became engaged in a bye-election at that time and the chief thing we had to keep an eye on was the *"Globe's"* conscience, which was much stirred by these alleged aggressions of Rome. Incidentally the Autonomy Bills gave two well-known statesmen their first chance. Sir Wilfrid Laurier tested them out on these bills and got their quality. Both of them gave trial sermons, as it were, with the result that Walter Scott became the first Premier of the new Province of Saskatchewan, and Frank Oliver became Minister of the Interior, via Mr. Sifton resigned for political heterodoxy.

THE naval policy is another policy which I have seen wax and wane in the course of eight years. The question of naval defence first seriously entered Canadian politics in 1909, when Sir George Foster introduced a resolution to the effect that Canada ought to get busy and pay for protecting her own coast line and seaports. Sir Wilfrid Laurier accepted the principle of this resolution and with the consent of Mr. Borden and Mr. Foster, introduced a more positive motion to the effect that Canada should get busy right away and organize a Canadian naval service that would fit into the Imperial navy organization if need arose.

This resolution passed the House of Commons unanimously. Mr. Foster poohpoohed the idea of a fixed money contribution in support of the Imperial navy as looking too much like hiring a substitute. Mr. Borden also laughed the contribution idea into scorn as a slacker's method, which neglected the aspirations of the Canadian people. He wanted, as I remember, a Canadian navy which would stimulate Canadian patriotism and incidentally foster the Canadian shipbuilding industry. Mr. Borden repeated these remarks to the Constitutional Club in London. It looked like a love feast. Everybody was agreed on this vital matter of Canadian naval defence. It was, as you might say, out of politics, because both parties believed that we ought to have a navy of our own.

THAT was the happy state of things at the end of 1907—perfect harmony and the goose honking high. On the faith ot it, Sir Wilfrid Laurier brought in his Naval Service Bill in 1910, which provided that Canada should make a start with four protected cruisers of the Bristol type, one cruiser of the Boadicea type, six destroyers of the improved river class, at a total cost of $11,000,000, with annual maintenance of $2,500,000. To get ahead of my story a little, the Laurier Government had opened tenders for most of these when it went out of office in September, 1911, but the Borden Government did not go on with the business, having a naval policy of its own which it was anxious to try out. The only thing the Laurier Government had to show for its naval policy was the two training ships it bought, the Niobe and the Rainbow, the former of which was lying dismantled when the war broke out, and the latter of which has done good work on the Pacific Coast, in spite of its being an old duck and a little lame.

I am sorry to say that the naval policy stopped waxing and began to wane as soon as the Naval Service Act was passed in 1910. Very soon after that the beau-

tiful harmony was broken up. Party politics took a hand in and split Pandora's box wide open. The winds of strife were unloosed. There looked to be a chance to break Laurier's grip on Quebec by means of a Conservative-Nationalist alliance. The Nationalists must be flattered to the top of their bent—and the Nationalists didn't like Laurier navies or any other sort of navies. They apprehended, or pretended to apprehend, that a Canadian navy would be merely a donkey engine for the British navy and that the sons of Quebec would be dragged away to become cannon food on the seven seas. They said that the Laurier Government was sacrificing the interests of Canada to the interests of the British Empire.

In due course Leader Borden and his followers reached a decision against a Canadian navy and went in for a policy of two Dreadnaughts and have done with it. Just here is the place to observe that the two Dreadnaughts became three in 1913, when Premier Borden failed to pass his measure through the Senate, but up to this moment the Borden Government has never announced any permanent naval policy. The last we saw or heard of the naval policy it was three Dreadnaughts for the British navy—that is to say, the money contribution which was what Parliament started off by repudiating. Talk about whirligigs!

TO get back to the story. There was an election in Drummond-Arthabaska in November, 1910, in which the Nationalist candidate won. This was a plain intimation to Sir Wilfrid Laurier that the Nationalists didn't think much of his navy and probably explains why the navy wasn't further along when the Liberals went out of office. In a word, that hostile by-election gave the Laurier Government cold feet on the navy question. It threw a scare into them and prevented them getting on with their plans. Three years later, when the Liberal majority in the Senate put the naught in Premier Borden's three Dreadnaughts, the accounts were balanced. It was horse and horse.

The famous Dreadnaught debate in March, 1913, is almost too recent to need recalling. Premier Borden, having collogued with Winston Churchill, came back with the idea that three Dreadnaughts of the best that money could buy and science contrive — three Dreadnaughts to cost $35,000,000, and to become part of the Imperial navy—was the thing the doctor ordered. That was his policy and he upheld it with some heat. Among other things he said that a Canadian navy would take fifty years to build. It was plain to see that Premier Borden had soured on the Laurier navy. He had a bright thought of his own and he pressed it will great zeal—even to the extent of applying the closure when the Liberals would not down. This led to the stormiest scene in the Green Chamber in thirty years. Men cursed each other across the floor of the House. Dr. Michael Clark blasphemed the rules of order and was "named" by the Speaker, who was running around his dais, like a chicken with its head cut off. Dr. Clark did not curl up and die as was expected, but lived on and outgrew Speaker Sproule's kibosh.

Premier Borden hinted darkly — too darkly, indeed, for the House to get any clue from it — at the German men-



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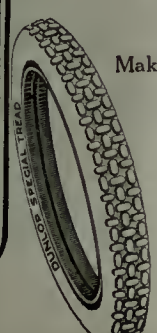
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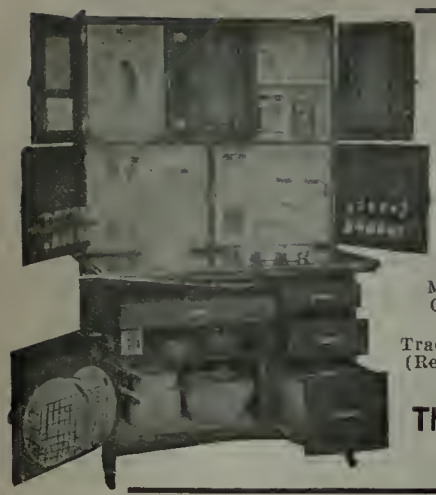
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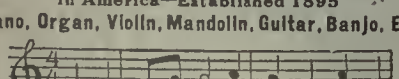
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ace, the emergency, and similar matters. He hinted at secrets which he could not disclose. He would have done better to disclose them. If he had breathed them, were it but privately and in strict confidence, the newspaper reporters being locked out, the Senate might have voted differently. As it was, the Liberals stuck to the Laurier navy. They would enlarge and extend it. They would have an Atlantic fleet unit and a Pacific fleet unit, too. If one measured patriotism in terms of money, their policy would cost at least twenty millions more than Premier Borden's. And there the matter hangs. The net result of all this wind and fury is that neither party does anything for naval defence. The game has come to a stalemate.

Most people think of reciprocity as something that was suddenly sprung on the country in the summer of 1911. The fact of the matter is that the Laurier Government would have fared much better if it had given reciprocity less time to simmer. The negotiations were really under way with Washington from February, 1910. They reached the delegate stage a couple of months later, and after that there was a full year for discussion and pondering. It was in this interval that the sentiment for the Old Flag, industriously fanned by the Opposition, grew up and played havoc with all the good arguments advanced by the Liberals. In the long run, the heart rules. Messrs. Patterson and Fielding visited Washington in November, 1910, and it was May, 1911, before the terms were announced in Parliament.

When the bargain was announced to Parliament, there was a general feeling that the Yankees had conceded so much that they would never stick to it. Many people remembered Uncle Sam's sharp practice in regard to fortifying the Panama Canal, and were not inclined to take his word of honor. However that may be, such and such terms were offered and remain in the statute books of the United States to this day, if we care to accept them. The terms were pulled about quite a bit both at Washington and in Sir Wilfrid's Cabinet before they took final shape. Parliament had little or nothing to do with it—they were told after it was all settled. If Parliament had been consulted the Western members, who are mostly free traders, would perhaps have asked for a great deal more. As it was, the protectionist won, and the Cabinet probably wanted a great deal less than Messrs. Fielding and Patterson brought. They felt nervous without the manufacturers' vote and the manufacturers were already protesting that it was the thin edge of the wedge, and the famous Toronto Eighteen were breaking away.

THE reciprocity voted on by the people of Canada was considerably less than the reciprocity Messrs. Fielding and Patterson brought from Washington, but it was as much reciprocity as was considered safe. It was whittled and pared with the idea of keeping as many votes as possible. It was certainly not as wide as the unrestricted reciprocity the Liberals fought for in 1891, or even as wide as the limited reciprocity Sir John Macdonald was willing to accept as an alternative at that time. It was, as a matter of fact, reciprocity in a limited number of natural products and a carefully chosen list of

partly prepared table products. It was drawn up with a view to disciplining the high cost of living, which was even then showing its horrid head. Moreover, it tickled Liberal hearts because it looked like bed-rock principle, free trade, and Sir Wilfrid himself thought it "was a fair-time winner." Besides, one always chooses to have a general election on a real issue rather than on a scandal.

AS I said before, reciprocity died of too much talk. President Taft and Champ Clark barged in and made a mess of it. They helped to send it to hell with their good intentions of making Canada an "adjunct" of the United States. Of course, Canada wouldn't stand for that. The Liberals had the better arguments, but the Conservatives had the better feelings. Of course, sentiment won. Some of the Liberal arguments were so fine that they shot over rather than through the heads of the ultimate consumer. For instance, the public could not see how the farmer would get more for his products while the city consumer would pay less. Of course, it can be shown—competition is the key—but the argument lost heat in the showing. The spread between six cent hogs on the hoof and thirty-two cent bacon in the pan—I quote 1911 prices—was not used as an illustration as much as it might have been, owing to the fact that a number of prominent Liberals had relations in the packing business. The Canadian hen was quoted more freely. At that time she was getting twenty-four cents a dozen, which is cheap considering the wear and tear on the hen. She was urged to make a noise about it, and no doubt she did. It was lucky for the hens, as it turned out, that they had no votes. See what happened to the hen for being loyal to her home market. Last Christmas she got a dollar a dozen!

The Bigger They Are, the Harder They Fall

Continued from page 16.

realization came to him that there was probably no way known to the science of branding in which the mistake could be rectified.

"The branding iron writes, and having writ, moves on, nor all your tears can change a word of it," mis-quoted Fred.

Archie threw up his hands in despair. Sam lighted a cigarette with an air of complete indifference, but even so, the calf was probably the sorest of all concerned.

As was often the case, the full list of items on the card index for the day could not be accomplished. When the pig fence was finished, so was the daylight.

So passed the days and the seasons.

THE typographical error that Sam had committed on the calf was not often referred to now. The work and anxiety of harvest had driven frivolity into a corner. Though the fall was well advanced there was still enough warmth in the setting sun to allow them to sit for a while on the verandah after supper. So on this evening there they sat, each in his respective chair.

From three pipes ascended three peace-

Continued on page 76.

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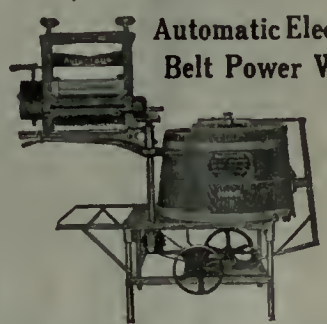


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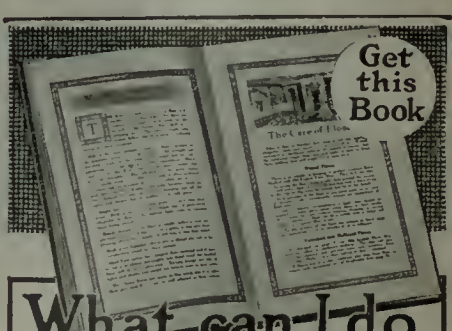


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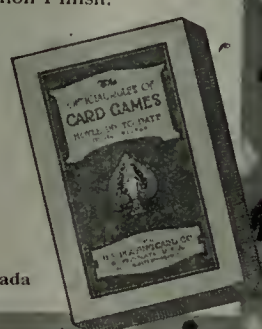
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ful spirals of smoke. It was no architectural masterpiece, this verandah, but it overlooked the slough whereon were learning to swim numerous large families of small ducks. At another angle they could see their oats spraying into head and four good feet above the ground and, owing to a little rise in the pasture beyond, a number of their horses and cattle were almost continually in moving silhouette against the gaudy sky-line.

"This is indeed a hard life," remarked Archie elevating his feet mid-way up a post. "How about a little close harmony? When I sing 'If I had a cow,' you, Fred, come in——"

"Just a moment," objected Sam. "I've got some news for you."

"Tell it, brother," drawled Fred.

"I'm going to quit," said Sam.

Archie's feet slid down the post and hit the verandah with a bang: "You're going to what?"

"I'm going to quit. I'm going away from here," said Sam.

"You are?" asked Fred.

"I are," echoed Sam. "By and by you fellows are going to grasp my meaning—I am going away."

"I saw that you got a letter from *The Bleat* the other day," said Archie sadly. "So that's it, eh? Going back to be a reporter. Fifteen a week and chances at the show passes for yours, eh? I'm very much disappointed in you, Sam. You've got no more ability for writing than the most backward dumb brute on the place—why you can't even stencil three letters on a calf without getting them wrong. I pull you out of the slums, practically, work and pray over you, try to make a farmer and a man of you, and just as you are learning to tell a Berkshire hog from an Indian Runner Duck, you pull out. I swear that henceforth and forever, humanity must get along without my help. If I see a man in the gutter—he stays there. I'm through."

"Do you mean to say you are going to quit the farm?" enquired Fred.

Sam, who was about to answer Archie in kind, turned on the questioner. "If you should ask me that question once more, Frederick, just once more, I shall probably end by finding a pitch fork and beating you into a state of coma. Yes, Frederick, I am going to quit."

"Is that so?" murmured Fred.

Archie looked out across the slough, silently, pulling at his pipe.

"I am sorry to hear that Sam," he said at last. "Fred and I will have some trouble running the place alone for a couple of years, until we can afford to hire some help anyway. But I guess we will get along O.K., eh Fred?"

Fred nodded.

"I am sorry too, boys, really I am," said Sam. "I've thought a great deal about this. I've tried to fight down the impulses to take this step for months. I have been happy here, and more interested than I have been in anything before. But it is no use. A fellow has impulses and instincts and a sense of his destiny. These things should be, *must be* obeyed, or one's life is not the free flowing experience it was meant to be. At least that's the way I figure it out."

Archie turned on him and pointed his pipe, like a pistol, at his head; but, strange behavior, he flashed a wink at Fred, that belied his ferocious mien.

"You feel an urge to report, do you? Your instincts and impulses are to report



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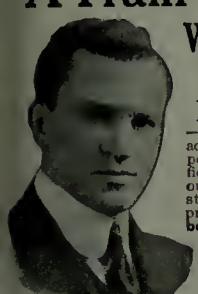
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for posterity what happens to a dockful of drunks and bums. If that is the 'free flowing experience' your nature craves, take it from me, you need your head read." And he commenced to stride up and down the verandah causing it, to say nothing of the house to which it clung, to vibrate with the stress of his indignation.

AT THIS point Fred arose, leaned against the house out of range of Sam's vision. Then another strange thing happened—he caught Archie's eye for a moment and *he* winked and grinned after the manner of one who is party to a conspiracy.

But he successfully eliminated the semblance of either wink or grin in his voice as he commenced to speak, moodily.

"I don't see why you want to quit Sam," said he. "Just after we've got the chicken house planned and everything. We'll have four foals next spring and you won't have a chance to see them or break them if you quit. And think of the crop we'll have—30 acres or more on breaking. An' we were going to take a flier in sheep next year—you know what we were saying about getting a few sheep to run on the summer-fallow to keep the weeds down and one thing and another. An' the spring calves and everything—how will we brand them without you, Sam? Ah, stick around. The *Daily Bleat* can get along without *you* all right."

"You fellows are altogether too precipitate—if you know what that means—you jump at conclusions. You particularly, Archie. Did I say anything about going back to the *Bleat*, although," puffing out his chest, "I may say in all modesty, me job awaits me there. Did I?"

"No—you didn't—but——" commenced Archie.

"I didn't say I was. And I'm not." Then, with much ostentation of manner he added, "I am getting a farm of my own."

"A farm of your own?" asked Fred.

"There you are at it again, Fred. Your brain is dusty to-night. A farm of my own! A farm of my own! And for the third and last time—say, I'll drop you in your tracks if you ask me that again."

"Is that so," murmured Fred. "A farm of your own."

"Where at?" asked Archie in a tone of exaggerated amazement.

"Not far away. I'm going in for pure bred cattle — shorthorns mostly. Some horses—Clydes. A few sheep and one thing and another."

THEN a fresh idea struck Fred and he commenced to laugh most immoderately. "Oh, ho," said he, "that's a good one. He'll be baching, Archie, and you know what a splendid housewife he is, so capable and willing. Never breaks a single dish—more than once. Never forgets the salt in the porridge. Oh, no! Loves to cook. Remember the pigs trying to crack the armour on that batch of bread he made and the chickens going round with their beaks all bent on it. Ho, ho!"

"That will be a 'free flowing experience' all right," said Archie.

AT THIS point Sam jumped to his feet. He swallowed nervously once or twice. He extended his hand in a commanding gesture. But what he would have said will never be known, for Archie turned to Fred and said sternly, "Bring the incriminating papers."

Continued on page 78.

"With Brains, Sir"

The celebrated artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, was once asked by an ambitious young student, with what he mixed his paints to produce such subtle harmony of color, he replied, "With brains, Sir."

Two sculptors may take the same piece of marble, and use the same tools, yet one will produce a Venus de Milo, while the other will simply waste his time and material.

It is just the same with heating systems; one engineer will design a system that will not prove satisfactory when installed even at great expense, while another will produce for you most economical results that are obtainable with least possible expenditure.



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Fred dived into the house, to return shortly with an envelope, bearing on the outside these words, "Sealed in the presence of the undersigned, July, 1916," under which appeared his signature and that of Archie.

"Open and read," commanded Archie.

Fred did so, and this is what he read:

Slough View Farm, July 20, 1916.

"Having for some months past closely observed the attentions being paid by one Samuel F. Featherstone, to Mary, daughter of Neighbor Dawson, we the undersigned, have come to the conclusion that said Samuel is fast heading towards matrimony. This would be a most desirable condition of affairs except that said Samuel is bound by reason of his plighted word to refrain from any step tending in this direction for a period covering three years after March, 1915. But we, the undersigned, being of charitable and benign disposition, do hereby release Samuel F. Featherstone from such bond and oath, and this paper is on this date drawn up to serve as evidence that the said Samuel F. Featherstone is not putting one over on the undersigned as he imagines to be the case, but on the contrary his numerous buggy rides, his journeys to church, his frequent visits to the house where said Mary does reside, are all known and apprehended by the undersigned. This paper shall be produced at the proper time and place, read in the presence of Samuel F. Featherstone, and then presented to him as his token of release from his oath above referred to, as evidence that the undersigned are fully aware of his intentions, and as further proof of the fact that Fitzsimmons was right when he said that "the bigger they are the harder they fall."

Signed,
Archibald McLoud,
Frederick Creighton Smith.

WHEN you are next roughing it in the West, friend reader, ask the Ethiopian Major Domo in charge of the car to let you know when the train approaches the neighborhood of Range 26, Township, 28, Section 12, West of the 4th Meridian. Keep an eye out for a low chocolate-colored house with cream trimmings, with a pasture in front in which graze a bunch of Clyde horses. You will know them by the hair on their legs. If you see a Shetland pony in the lot, a bay with a white face and two front feet, that will be Sam's place.

The pony is the children's and frequently he trots them over to Slough View Farm. Sam is a prosperous baron of the plains now, but this doesn't prevent Fred and Archie from raking up his early exploits with the branding iron — all of which is not a bad way of putting in the time while waiting for the grain to fill and ripen.

Facts Behind the Peace Proposals

Continued from page 14.

Yet another point—Lloyd George has said that he will arm merchantmen against submarines. The United States has said that such vessels will not be admitted to American ports. Very well, then—the vessels will go from Canadian ports. If such a course were followed, it would practically act as an embargo on American exports. Halifax and St. John could not take care of the volume of traffic now going from American ports. The reaction on American commerce would be almost as severe as if this country were involved in war. No wonder Wall Street had "jumps."

What will come out of it all?

Bankers say "peace."

At time of writing, the calm brewing here is the calm that precedes the burst of a greater storm; after which peace may well come from sheer exhaustion.

Wiles of Confidence Men

Continued from page 67.

there arrived in the Western city a stranger who was introduced to Smith as Mr. Cherry, the head dealer at Canfield's. There were further talks with Cherry, who insisted on maturing the scheme perfectly. It appeared that he was taking a vacation.

One day the dealer dropped his spectacle-case, which Smith picked up. It was a striking object—especially to the keen eye of an experienced pawnbroker. In a glance Smith saw that it was made of heavy gold, incrusted with diamonds. On the one side was engraved in neat, unobtrusive letters:

"From John Jacob Astor
To his friend William J. Cherry."

At another time Mr. Cherry took from his pocket a cigarette-case, opened it, and offered it to Smith. This was ornamented with emeralds as well as with diamonds, and bore an inscrition saying that it was a gift from John W. Gates to his friend Cherry. These men, Cherry said, were very fond of him, and he often met them at their gambling club. Frequently he gave them tips, and just as frequently they won forty or fifty thousand dollars or even more.

It was so easy! If Smith, for example, wanted to make a moderate investment, say of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, Cherry could arrange a "fixed" faro-game so that Smith could safely and surely pick up a hundred thousand.

The more Smith thought of it, the better it looked to him, and one day, shortly after the conclusion of the dealer's vacation, he packed his grip and started for the metropolis, accompanied by the man who had introduced him to Cherry. In New York, Cherry met him at a hotel and carefully instructed him in the signals by which the faro-game was to be thrown in order that the dealer could get even with his employers and that Smith could rake in a hundred thousand dollars, a small part of which he was to turn over as Cherry's share in the proceeds.

From this point I will quote from the statement subsequently made by the victim in the district attorney's office.

After explaining the game to us, he told us he would meet us that night at half past seven o'clock. He told us to come in full dress. He said the place was patronized by millionaires, by very fine, aristocratic people, such as Mr. Astor, Charles Schwab, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Frank Gould, and a lot of railroad magnates; and that it would be out of place for us to come in without full dress, as we must be represented to be rich men.

We met in the pool-room of a hotel. We went out to the street and walked three or four blocks—just what street I couldn't tell. He told us to wait about ten minutes after he went into the house, and then to follow him. He gave us a card on which was the name of a club, and told us to present that.

He went into the premises, and we went in about ten minutes later. A gentleman in full dress opened the door, and we handed him the card. He took it in to somebody else in the room where they were playing. A man in full dress came out—a stout man, broad-should-

ered; he had a light-complexioned face and a rough voice. He said to us:

"Good evening, gentlemen; you are from Washington?"

"Yes," we replied.

"All right," he said.

He invited us into the other room. The two rooms were elaborately furnished, with fine paintings on the walls. The gentleman who brought us in said:

"You can enjoy yourselves a little, and then play, if you want to."

Cherry then was dealing behind the table. There were at least five or six people at the table, and others standing around. I gave Cherry five thousand dollars, and my companion gave him five thousand dollars. He gave us each twenty chips. We started to play, and followed the instructions which Cherry had given us before we went there. We both began to lose money right away, and, as I recall it, we were cleaned out of all our chips at the end of the first call. On the turn of the card, we had both called the card. Neither of us won, as we had miscalled the card.

We then left and went back to the hotel. Inside of an hour Cherry came, and he said:

"What is the matter with you people? Why did you go to work and call it wrong?"

"I don't know," my companion said. "I got nervous and I didn't know. I thought I was calling it right."

"It is very easy if you follow my instructions," Cherry said.

Cherry made believe that he felt awful about it, and pretended to be very nervous and excited, saying that he had a lot of trouble and sickness in his family, and this was going to begin his downfall.

One would think that after such an experience almost any man of ordinary sense would have had enough; but such was not the case. Lured on by assurances that he would certainly win next time, and becoming more and more worried as his losses piled up, Smith returned several times to New York, until, as I have said, he had lost no less than sixty thousand dollars.

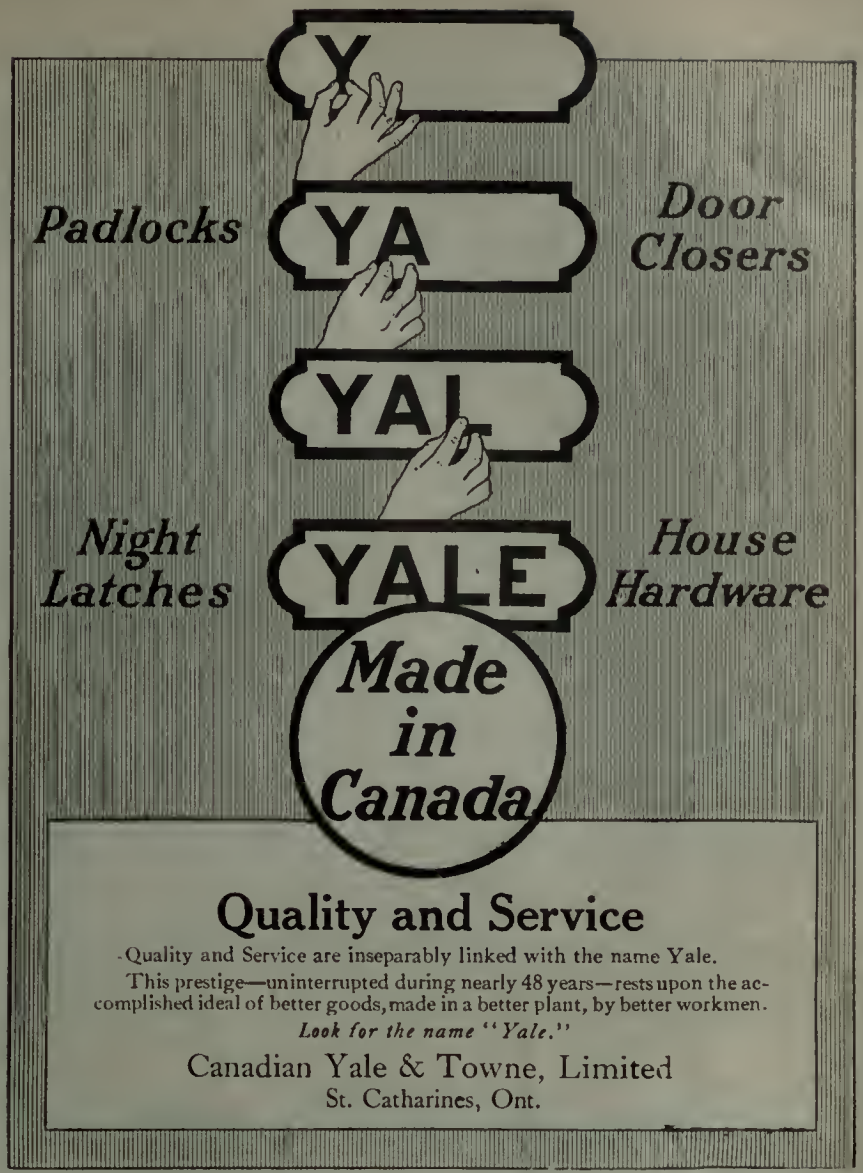
It is not possible, within the limits of this statement, to describe even briefly one-half the ingenious schemes worked successfully by confidence men in this enlightened twentieth century. One plan is to bring the wealthy victim to New York upon the representation that a man connected with a telegraph company is able to furnish the results of horse-races before the information reaches the pool rooms thus permitting the favored come-on to bet his money on a sure thing.

The trustful victim is taken to some down-town telegraph-office in New York, in a busy section of the city. When entering the office, and within hearing of the click of telegraph-instruments, he meets and is introduced to the supposed representative of the company, who states that he is just about to attend a meeting of the board of directors of the company, and that it will be necessary to make a later appointment. Of course, this fake representative has merely been "planted" in the office at the time when the victim is taken there by a confederate; and of course he never had the remotest idea of attending a board-meeting.

The next scene of the comedy is staged in an up-town hotel, where the victim is assured that the information necessary to enable him to win will be telephoned to him from five to eight minutes in advance of its receipt by the pool-rooms. This will give sufficient time to hurry to the nearest pool-room and place his bets with the certainty of winning heavily.

When the races are being run on some distant track, the victim receives the promised telephone-messages, and is taken at once to a supposed pool-room close by. The place is equipped with telephones and telegraph-instruments connected with wires which, however, run no further than the wall. Of course, he loses his money. To prevent a row, he is told that a mistake was made in the transmission of his advance information over the telephone, and that instead of betting his money on the horse to win, he should have bet his money for the "place."

For instance, a recent investigation disclosed the original methods by which one clever individual was getting money in no small amounts. He would make the acquaint-





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TRAVEL CANADIAN NORTHERN ALL THE WAY

ance of a stranger who possessed ready cash, and would induce the victim to bet a considerable sum against his assurance that he—the swindler—could transmit the denomination of a playing-card to another person, a long distance away, merely by using mental telepathy.

The victim is likely to reply that he doesn't believe in any such nonsense, and will cheerfully wager money against his new acquaintance's ability to send brain-sparks five or six miles across a crowded city. All right! The money is put up, and a new deck of cards is laid out on a table.

The victim—call him Clark—selects one of the cards, looks at it carefully for identification, seals it in an envelope, and places the envelope in his pocket. Then the operator goes into a pretended trance for a few minutes. Coming out of the trance, he tells Clark to step across the room and call up a certain telephone-number, asking for a man whose name is Johnson. The following conversation ensues over the wire:

"Is this Morningside 0108? I want to speak to Mr. Johnson."

"I am Mr. Johnson," says the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Well, Mr. Johnson, what card have I selected?"

Instantly the answer comes back—and the correct answer at that.

However mysterious this seems to the victim, who loses the money he has wagered, the explanation is quite simple. To every card in the pack there has been given the name of a different man, and the bunco-steerer and his confederate have carefully memorized each name. The ace of hearts, for example, may be "Mr. Bull," the three of diamonds "Mr. Jeffreys," and so on.

The War Situation

Continued from page 13.

the *Pocket Nerve*. It was something bigger, deeper. That is why things are so quiet. That is why people are not shouting. But I do mean to imply it was a bayonet thrust in the Pocket Nerve that arrested this whole nation's thoughtlessness — that wakened Middle West and Far West and down South as well as East. It is easy to be perfunctory in sympathy when the tragedy is far away; but when somebody sticks a bayonet in your middle and then kicks you in the face it is quite impossible to remain nonchalant..

THEN, another influence came in. Hoover and many of his Belgium relief men are back. The tales they tell do not make pleasant hearing. Two years ago certain famous correspondents published over their signatures the declaration that there were *no* German atrocities. Not so, say Hoover's men. They say *the atrocities are as infamous to-day as at the very worst;* and young Americans of the 50,000 fighting in France bear witness to the truth of the testimony. The bayonet thrust in the pocket book brought forcibly home what might happen to Americans if an American city were raided and sacked. Suddenly the righteousness of the Allied cause shone forth unconfused by German sophistries.

Will it mean war?

And if so, will the United States line up with the Allies?

One person's guess is as good as another's.

As to the army for a fighting force the American army to-day is not 80,000 strong; and it is badly equipped. Though the navy used to rank third and fourth in the world, the navy has not men to man the ships. It is 18,000 men short.

Those facts settle the question of actual fighting in the immediate future.

THE United States are preparing. They are preparing feverishly. They will drill and equip and make ready; but it is not the actual fighting which they now fear. Nor is it some great catastrophe like the *Lusitania*. It is the aftermath of all the devilish plots which German Propaganda has been sowing for two years. An Anarchist was heard by a Secret Service man boasting "when a bomb would bring —— (the highest building in New York) down." For two years German secret agents have indoctrinated the Anarchists with devices as ready tools—powder which stepped on would throw a factory into flames, bombs which plunged into water would consume the very atmosphere; and they have plied the Wild Reds with whiskey, money and women. A rascal in Detroit, who has engineered the worst plots against Canada actually showed a woman agent the list of big men whom the Germans had chosen "to be picked off." The ruler of the United States, the two presidents of two great corporations, half a dozen bankers were on the list. A woman was chosen to victimize one, a chauffeur "to get" another, a favorite bootblaek to pass out information on a third. The woman secret agent had a lover who was an Austrian anarchist. In fact, when this whole story is written it will read more like a pre-revolution page of French history, when court debauch ran to height, than sober American fact. Men who have been respected heads of families caught in the snare of disreputable plots have lost their decency, drugged themselves with bribery and liquor and women, and cast decency to the winds. This is true of the Detroit plotter as it is equally true of some master plotters, who will be on the way home to Germany before these words see print.

AS I write the *Adriatic* is in the danger zone; but it is not the fate of the *Adriatic* that men here fear. It is a blowing up of the secret fires which Germany has been banking and plying with high explosive fuel among "the Reds." Public men, public buildings, banks, terminals all are under most rigorous guard; but you can't undermine and sap the security of public life with high explosive theories and facts, for two years and not pay the price; and Uncle Sam knows he will pay the price in terrible catastrophes before he is in the war.

BY THE time he is prepared, what? Will the war be over?

There are twenty-three million German-Americans in this country. They are proving themselves American-Americans; but—they are the great buying power for the German commerce that comes to this country. Likewise, they are the great selling force for the American commerce that goes to Germany. It is inconceivable that these Americans of German influence in the world of finance will not wield their power; and their power is to coerce the ruling dynasty of Germany, or feed the flame of German Revolution.

No one will utter predictions these days; but the expectation is the reaction. The Germans in the United States will listen—will, indeed, force the end of the war. If that expectation is wrong, then, indeed, are evil days ahead for the United States; for her enemy is within her own bounds.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK DEPARTMENT 6

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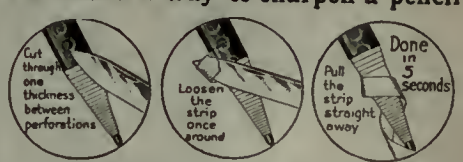
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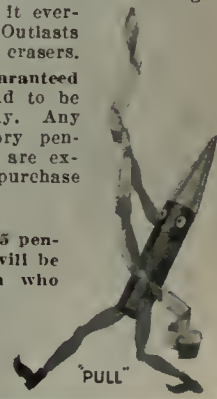
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The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance

Will Business Suffer if Uncle Sam Goes to War?

ANY discussion of the business outlook at the present juncture may take either of two lines. It may be confined to an actual discussion of business conditions as they are without reference to the future; or it may deal with the many uncertainties and possibilities of the future in their relation to present conditions.



—*Kirby in the New York World.*

Breaking in.

When future contingencies are taken into consideration it becomes apparent that there are many factors lurking in the foreview which may seriously affect the business outlook. At time of writing (March 2) the United States is hovering on the brink of war. Before these words see print President Wilson almost certainly will have found his "overt act" and declared war. That this will have some effect on business conditions is certain, although there is a singular degree of optimism on both sides of the line on that score. If serious internal troubles developed in Uncle Sam's land following the declaration of war, then business might suffer; for the German element could create havoc for a time if it had the will and courage.

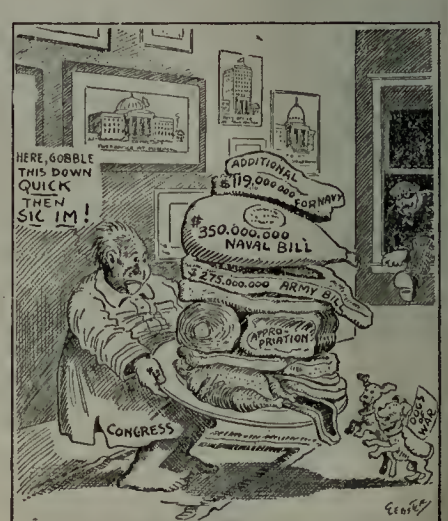
It is generally thought, however, that the actual declaration of war will create little disturbance of industrial conditions. Uncle Sam is drifting from neutrality to belligerency by such gradual stages that there may be little excitement even when it comes. In any case trade with the Central Powers has practically ceased, and war should make no difference to the United States except the speeding up of munition production and a general increase of activity in all lines touching war preparation.

Some uncertainty also exists with regard to the effect of the new regulations being put into force in Great Britain. The measure prohibiting the importation of certain lines literally upsets world markets. Withdrawing ships for war purposes is having its effect on world shipping. Supplies of certain lines are growing scarcer all the time. Prices are bound to advance. In attempting to gather together and summarize the conditions that are arising and estimate their effect, the prophet is appalled by the uncertainty of it all. He is confronted by a series of "ifs"—if the submarines continue unchecked—if the war lasts over another winter—if natural resources hold out.

The safest plan is to brush aside everything but the actual facts of the present and out of the chaos of information and speculation with reference to the future, keep only one fact in mind—*that production must be maintained to the limit of our resources.*

There is the key to the future. Production must be maintained no matter if a score of neutrals go to war and the ships of commerce are swept from the seas. Canada must continue busy. So long as the war lasts the present condition of prosperity will be maintained.

That Canada is prosperous to-day is too obvious a fact to require the confirmation of trade statistics. Railway traffic is at its highest point and industry is straining to meet the demands made upon it. It has been confidently stated that this will continue at least as long as the war lasts. It is possible that our activity will increase steadily during the period of the war.



—*Webster in the New York Globe.*

Building them up at the eleventh hour.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Volume XXX APRIL, 1917 Number 6

The Wandering Mummy

By W. A. Fraser

Author of "Mooswa," "Thoroughbreds," etc.

Illustrated by Ben Ward

EDITOR'S NOTE—*It was a distinct loss to Canadian literature when some years ago W. A. Fraser laid down his pen. His animal stories and his tales of India had won him a well-established place in the world of letters. It is now possible to make the welcome announcement that W. A. Fraser is "coming back." He has again taken up the pen and the reading public may look forward to a long series of new Fraser stories. In accordance with its policy of securing the best of everything Canadian,* MACLEAN'S *has brought Mr. Fraser into its star Canadian list of contributors.*



Leigh-Mervyn whirled in his chair and fastened his eye on the mummy case.

CAPT. FRANK LEIGH-MERVYN turned from Regent Street down mews in which was located Scobald's Curio Shop. He often picked up for a couple of shillings some trinket which he later passed on to an acquaintance at a profit.

It happened that the usual weekly auction sale was on. A pudgy man stood beside a long, narrow, green-and-red box, exhorting his limited audience to give him a starting bid for its contents—a mummy.

"Of all the rummy goes!" Captain Frank muttered.

"Shall I say a sovereign?" And the auctioneer's small gimlet eyes gazed hypnotically at Captain Frank. The latter nodded; the fishy eyes had caught him mentally overbalanced.

In vain Scobald pleaded for a raise, drum-firing the words, "One quid—one quid—one quid bid." There was no response. "It is yours, my friend," declared Scobald as his mallet fell; "you've got it dirt cheap."

Captain Frank, paralyzed by the stunning asininity of his caper, solemnly paid his sovereign and took his way back along Regent Street toward the Criterion, counting by the sense of touch the contents of his pocket. Two shillings and four-pence, and his allowance of seven pounds weekly would be due Saturday at noon.

He entered the Criterion and, sitting down, ordered a drink. As he did so a man slipped into the chair across the table, saying: "Order one for me, Frank, dear boy. I'm like St. Paul, having neither gold nor silver."

With a cynical smile Captain Frank sacrificed his dinner for Grandon's whisky and soda, saying, "Glad to see you, old man. You don't happen to need a mummy, do you."

"Hardly. What's the idea?"

"I bought one this afternoon—gave my last sov. for him."

"Gad!" Grandon's face took on a desolate look. "And I wanted to borrow a quid Frank! I'm cleaned out. What the devil are you going to do with a mummy?"

"Haven't the faintest idea, old chap. They seem to be a drug on the market just now."

"Send him to your brother, Doctor Tom; he used to go in for devilish queer things."

Captain Frank started. By Jove! Many a practical joke he had played on his brother. He laughed aloud as he drew a mental picture of old Tom's face when he saw what had arrived as a present.

Grandon rose, saying: "I'm off to hunt that quid. Tom 's out in Canada, isn't he? Ship old paraffine 'collect'."

* * *

There had been five Leigh-Mervyn brothers, each one possessed of less

balance than a tumbler pigeon. Doctor Tom had as many idiosycracies as Captain Frank. Perhaps they were of heavier, more sombre texture; and, while Captain Frank's revolt against things as they were had carried him back to Piccadilly, Doctor Tom's, more primeval, had landed him in Little Oxford, a village in Canada. Out of the discarded past the Doctor had reserved one thing, his old Indian servant, Boodha.

So it was in Little Oxford one bright morning that Doctor Leigh-Mervyn found the following letter in his mail:

"Dear Brother Tom:

"As we grow older we acquire wisdom; and with age gradually has come to me a strong conviction that I have not fully appreciated your many acts of kindness in the past. Waywardness invariably brings an aftermath of unpleasant recollection; and in vain we beseech Repentance to obliterate the scars caused by the blows we have caused our friends.

"At best words are but cheap and empty evidence of a contrite spirit; and I could not blame you, brother, if you were disinclined to place overmuch reliance upon assurances from me of my regard for you. But that I am sincere I trust you will believe when you receive the small present I am sending. Its intrinsic value is trifling—nothing, as compared with the artistic completeness of the whole. I am sure it will prove a companion to you. I have often thought that you must find life in that new country rather dreary — rather provincial, and devoid of pleasant surroundings. When you receive my little gift do not take the trouble to thank me —I shall hardly deserve even this consideration at your hands; I shall have my reward in the knowledge of the fact that perhaps I have helped to brighten your life.

"Your brother,

"FRANK."

"P.S.—Please keep this work of art in a dry place; it is a *genuine Rameses.*"

"Great Cæsar!" exclaimed Doctor Tom, when he had finished this epistle. "The Salvation Army must have got Frank." Then he read it again, a faint suspicion crossing his mind that there was an unnatural ring to its tone.

"Frank repentant; that's lovely. And buying presents for his friends; that's a miracle. Well, well!" he ejaculated, with a sigh. "Human nature is very erratic—very erratic. I hope it's all right. I shall see when the gift comes. Judging from my experience of brother Frank it might be anything down to an infernal machine."

"Work of art, work of 'art," he repeated. "A genuine Rameses. Don't remember a painter of that name; but Frank mixed up in art is too ridiculous. It will be a bull pup, or a picture of a fighting cock."

IN A few days advice came from the customs at Toronto of the arrival of Captain Frank's box. Doctor Tom had it cleared by a broker, a heavy bill of costs paid, and the box forwarded on.

"This is a present from Captain Sahib," he told Boodha when it arrived, speaking the latter's soft mother language, Hindustani.

Boodha's eyes darkened suspiciously; he had known his master's brother in India in the old days.

Then they opened the box, and Rameses, figuratively, stared up at them with a calm expression born of a thousand years of Nirvana. The very antiquity of the visitor seemed to preclude all profanity—either that or the gruesome absurdity of the situation. At all events Doctor Tom simply gave a short, dry laugh, went to his library, and returned with Captain Frank's letter.

"Boodha, you who are of the Orient, and you, Rameses, midway dweller between the Orient and the Occident, should hear this epistle of a Saxon. In your soul, Boodha, there is no humor—of that I have a thousand proofs; but I have read that Egyptians were given to levity. So, my gentle Rameses, it may be that you will turn in your sarcophagus and smile at this subtle wit of a modern." Then he read the letter once, rendering passages into Hindustani.

"See, Boodha," he added, when he had finished, "Captain Sahib fears that I am lonesome here with you and the natives of Little Oxford, and has sent this other, this Egyptian to cheer us."

"Huzoor, this is indeed like unto the Captain Sahib," declared Boodha. "Did he not tie a live pig in the mess kitchen at Lahore so the cooks, who were of my faith, being Mussulmans, could not prepare dinner, to the end that the Colonel Sahib, and the Officer Sahib suffered much pain because of their hunger?"

"Yes, it's not unlike my playful brother," muttered Doctor Tom. "And I'll just keep this matter quiet till I have a chance to get rid of our guest from the Nile."

THE ADVENT of the coffin-shaped box was an episode in Little Oxford. Leigh-Mervyn was an irritating mystery. The things he did were irregular, such as having a heathen servant suggestive of wooden gods, idols, and other things pertaining to the Black Art. And the things the Doctor didn't do were equally uncanonical. He didn't sit in the village grocery and gossip; he didn't go to church; he didn't engage in the soul-elevating endeavor of money getting. So the villagers shot suspicion at Doctor Tom, and an occasional stone or two at Boodha, feeling that they were magnanimous in letting it rest at that.

Now while the village worried over the coffin box, Doctor Tom worried over its disposal. Rameses got on his nerves. Captain Frank had not thought of this part of the mummy's mission, but nevertheless the Egyptian was making himself felt. It was like an evil spirit in the house. A corpse would have been bad enough but this, that had been dead for two thousand years, was worse; it was symbol of the decay of a vast empire.

Unfortunately Doctor Tom had just dipped enough into Egyptian lore to realize the presence of the mummy's indiscernible *ka*—the Egyptian conception of the Aspect. As well might the Pharoah himself be stalking about the Doctor's



Rameses stared up at them with a calm expression.

halls. It was as though a wretched nemesis had come up out of the dead past of the Orient to sit grinning at his board.

THEN Doctor Tom hit upon a plan—a brilliant plan. He was leaving that night for Ottawa on business. Why not present Rameses to his dear friend there, Professor Bachmann, antiquarian and all the rest of it; a lover of dry bones and parched cuticle — the dryer and more parched the more precious.

Leigh-Mervyn chuckled at this happy solution; it also gave him a chance to score over the villagers. They would be consumed with curiosity as to what was in the strange-looking box. Now it would have popped into the village and out again and they could go on wondering for the rest of their natural lives.

He tacked a card on the lid and, with the servant's assistance placed it in the hall, saying: "I'm going to Ottawa for two days, Boodha, and will give this accursed wanderer to a sahib there. I will tell the expressman to come for it in the morning."

Boodha had a perpetual presentiment of evil hanging over his turbaned head in Little Oxford, largely due, no doubt, to the hardness of the cobble stones his anatomy had intercepted on their winged flight from happy youth's reckless hands. He had also taken very literally their expressed intention of offering him up as a human sacrifice. But now, when he begged to accompany his master, the latter laughed at his fears and told him to sit tight—hold the fort.

With misgivings Boodha saw his master depart, and sundry manifestations through the first hours of the night deepened the Mussulman's fears. Some of the young hoodlums prowling about, imbued by mischievous curiosity, were seen by him. Half crazed by fear he ran the gamut of his chances alone amongst these blood-thirsty sahibs, and saw little left but a choice between being murdered in the house or slaughtered if he sought to escape.



"You didnt' speak, did you, Oswald—it sounded like a gasp."

FEAR quickened his sense of self-preservation, and, like his master, he hit upon a brilliant idea. Of course, kneeling on his little prayer rug he had offered up a most fervant prayer for wisdom to Allah; so this inspiration was undoubtedly the favor of the true god. The box was to follow the Doctor Sahib to Ottawa in the morning, and he would occupy it. Allah be praised; how complete a deliverance. What his master might think of the escapade, the possible inconvenience of the journey, everything, was as nothing, swept away in the flood of exuberant joy the prospect of escape brought to Boodha. Quite irreverently he haled the dead king from the sarcophagus in which he had nested for centuries, and placed him in the Doctor's big arm chair saying, "Sit you here, one of an unknown name."

As Boodha released his hold and stepped back, the mummy slid to the floor, reclining against the chair in groggy abandon. Something of dread smote upon Boodha's heart, a feeling that he had been guilty of disrespect to the dead; there was a suggestion about the mummy that it might rise up at any moment and revile him—call curses down upon his head.

"In the name of Allah!" he muttered. "I shall go mad gazing upon this sainted one that no doubt was a benefactor of the poor, and holy, indeed."

Even as he spoke Boodha was running over in his mind the divers corners of seclusion in the house. "Allah be praised!" he exclaimed, "I have it." Calling upon the dead Egyptian to forgive him, and explaining the delights of privacy, he carried the mummy to his master's bedroom, stood him up in a small clothes closet, and locked the door.

ALL NIGHT the Mussulman worked, and prayed, and talked, never sleeping. He bored small airholes in the box, arranged the lid so that he could fasten it with hooks from the inside, and dragged it out to the verandah. In the morning he ate a hearty meal, locked the door, crept into the box, closed the lid, and waited.

Soon there was the rumble of wheels, the harsh voice of McGinnis, the drayman, and his aggressive feet beating the board walk. Even for a drayman McGinnis would have been considered profane; oaths entered into his plan of vocal decoration as red and yellow enliven the color scheme of a macaw. He kicked the door and commanded the pagan idolator to come out and give him a hand with the box. For reasons, not obvious to McGinnis, Boodha did not appear. Indeed, he almost ceased to breathe, his fear of the irate Irishman was so great.

In vain McGinnis pounded on the door; in vain he hurled strange oaths at the invisible servant; the house remained strangely silent. Something of suspicious mystery laid its subduing touch upon the drayman. The pagan servant had been left behind—where was he now? Perhaps he had been murdered—a curious dread, unreasoning, primitive, seized McGinnis. He shouldered the box, muttering weird conjectures and dumped it into his dray with a vicious slam that all but knocked the breath out of poor frightened Boodha.

Within an hour the Mussulman was speeding per express, toward his master; while McGinnis was pouring his dark suspicions into the ears of the villagers.

AT THE first humming drone of the iron wheels the traveller muttered rapturously: "Allah! Allah be praised!" After a few hours confinement he was sobbing: "Allah have mercy on me, child of affliction!" At Ottawa poor Boodha was in a state of collapse; by the time he was delivered at Professor Bachmann's antiquarian junk-shop residence he was unconscious.

Continued on page 95.

Grey Cloud

By Jack Hines

Author of "Seegar-Cigarette," "The Blue Streak," etc.

IN CRAG HART could be encountered all the elemental units which entitled him to be rightfully termed the King of the Alaskan dog-punchers. He was the breathing, implacable, Indian-like embodiment of that sacred crew of Arctic spartans, tabulated and indexed as the "outpost" mail carriers.

Hart's regular run lay between the Kaltag portage station on the lower Yukon, and the Northern terminal point of the three thousand mile route, at Nome. It was about the toughest, most deceitful stretch of three hundred miles in all the known Northland. It is yet, for that matter, for, until some profound geological change occurs, or some distinct alteration of the North setting sea currents is brought about, the Norton Sound winter trail will always continue to be, the most prolific of the Behring graveyards.

Cross-cutting or skirting this treacherous bit of the trail in the ordinary routine of duty, had sluiced away the youthlike contours of Crag Hart's face, and had left in their place, gouged caverns and rocklike angles. These granite features were marked with a white gash that extended from the lobe of his left ear to the cleft of his chin, straight across the jaw.

He was the senior mail carrier in the Northland, a human spring of vitalized energy, set in a steel-knit frame. Hart, on each of his schedule trips, shook old grim Death by the hand and snarled defiance into his very face.

NOW HE was "summerin' with the dogs." With his team pack he was indolently resting the summer away. The open season was the trailman's play spell. Drowsily leaning against the sun-soaked front of "Jourdan's Rest" Crag dreamed of the world beyond the southern horizon and wondered if ever he would break the link that kept him chained to this heartless man-breaking country, that had no use for any living thing except to crush and grind it beneath a merciless heel.

At his feet, stretched in majestic repose, lay the inseparable companion of all his pleasures and pains—the famed wolf-bred leader malamute—Grey Cloud. The dog was enjoying his "Ock-tu-chin-ick-tuc"—the big sleep—to which he was justly entitled, after a winter of the most severe trail service he had as yet endured.

It is barely possible that the wolf leader was at the moment living over the event from which he had come forth knighted in the eyes of all northern dogs and men. In his deep sleep he gave a faraway sort of wild call, and Crag from the meditations of what awaited him across the seas —fell to stroking the livid crease along his chin-line.

Before his eyes swam an incessant parade of the summer season arrivals but recently deposited on the beach and all alive to make of the ninety day's daylight one long active period. It was to Hart a myriad-hued whirl which made him stroke more determinedly the still fresh scar on his face. As he did so he edged his foot out under the ribs of the dog so as to feel the deep breathing of the beast. He felt Grey Cloud, too, would like to know, even though sleeping, that the one thing he adored above life was right by his side. This master never withheld any evidence of affection from his dog.

The milling crowds seemed to spin before Hart's eyes. They took shape in his reverie as the blinding whiteness of the snows in that fiercest blizzard of the year. The bright splotches of color that flashed across his brain resolved to an interminable streak of fighting red—the crimson guide posts set by his government to hold the Sound voyagers to the true trail in thick going.

"How did it all come and get by and over with so quickly?" he pondered. Crag had really not quite retrieved his bearings —there was a mystic uncanniness that he could not rid himself of—it was the upending of the ice that staggered him now as he again tried to figure it all out. The flash of white, and the human cry from Grey Cloud as his tusks missed Crag's drill parka and instead found a hold in his jaw—there was nothing indefinable about that! Ah, no. He — Crag — was here! He was breathing warm air. He saw the procession of his fellowmen. And why was that? The answer lay a pulsating, adoring servant at his feet, taking his rest, not his pay—Grey Cloud's pay was the commission laid before him for execution, at command of his master!

* * *

"Don't take any chances on beating the break-up, Crag." These were the words that Corbersier, the river relay man, had spoken as he delivered the mail pouches.

"I suppose you're going to tell me what to do on this playground of mine," Crag had returned good humoredly.

"I certainly got a chill or two when I left Nulato yesterday, Crag. The old river was growling and seemed like to me that she just wanted to buckle up and blast the ice all over the Yukon valley. It just made me think of you and this stretch across the Sound that you have to make to-day. So you don't mind old pal if I sort of get it off my chest?"

Crag knew the kindliness and concern behind Corbersier's warning. Besides he knew the significance of the Yukon signs. The trail spoke to these, her sons. Her language, although mysterious, was readily understood by the dogmen and seldom went unheeded. Crag had had his message the day before while on the run from Chief Isaac's Point to Shaktolik.

AND HE had hardly started on his run across the Sound when it came to him with unmistakable meaning from his head malamute Grey Cloud.

The dog, although holding true to the trail stakes, was ever for throwing his head toward the open sea and sniffing the sharp air as though it contained some menace from which he must fly. He called to the team dogs for further action. "Race with me mates!" That's what it appeared he wanted to impress upon the string.

A shroudlike mist hung heaving and billowing between the ice and the springtime sun. The tang of salt was in the air to Crag, riding the supple birch sleigh rail with his feet entwined in its supporting standards, gave Cloud the "Homeward Ho" command that sent him on like a projectile from the cannon's mouth. What lay before the dog held no terror for him. Once for a brief instant the sun broke through the vapor and showed a mocking fire ball—it was dull blood-red and sinister. To Crag it appeared as a scroll fraught with dreadful punishment.

Its weird light was as abruptly withdrawn as it had appeared, leaving a smokelike shaft of ghostly light where it had broken through the mist.

FOR THREE hours Grey Cloud plunged on with his lead line strung out taut and infected every dog in the team with his indomitable spirit. There were times that the guide posts were obliterated by the drifting snow, but the leader's sense of direction never failed him. He caught up with and passed them with successive precision which made for Crag the task of driving the dogs a matter of minimum effort. When Grey Cloud was given his head, he was the master-mind of the mail outfit.

What lay beyond the black shade that loomed before the lunging dogs was the thing that now caused Crag to shoot out his underjaw. The darkness of that cloud screen was as a battle line for the trail kings. They threw themselves against it, eager to grapple with the worst it held for them.

And then it threw itself against them. They were picked up as though the entire outfit were but a speck of chaff and whirled out in the vortex of a titanic ice tornado. Grey Cloud squealed like a trapped wolf as he lurched blindly on, his ears laid back close to his head, his tail double-screwed to his back so that his team could see that no matter what the elements had on their firing line still he, the dog, was unafraid and defiant.

There was no sign of a trail, there was nothing but the whistle and screeching of the drift. It seemed that great winged birds were also being blown about in that maelstrom, beating their wings about, muttering ghastly guttural moans. Crag, veteran of these ice highways, was at the point of calling the "Come in" command. There is but one thing to do when the very God above shows nothing but a clenched fist; and that is to pull up and strike camp —to cover up; man and dogs huddled together; to be blanketed by the snows; and then to wait. No human being has a yet been successful in a battle against a Norton Sound blizzard.

"When it's time to lay down and quit, he'll come in of his own accord. What's the use of me butting in on this business?" thought Crag. "This is Cloud's own game. He knows every angle of it. And what I know of the trail work, he has taught me! But I'd like to know where the hell we are, just at this present minute. As far as I personally am concerned, we're gone!"

These were the disturbing reflections

that consumed the mail carrier as he clutched the handle bars and shoved the sleigh along in whatever direction that Grey Cloud was leading them on. The snow lashed them viciously. It was wet and sleetlike. There were times that Crag was certain it wasn't snow at all that whipped his face. It was spray! That's what it was, ocean spray! They were not far from open water! And that's why Grey Cloud wouldn't "come in" and suggest the laying to until the blizzard blew over.

Everything was a dull, indistinct lead color. The dog had absolutely nothing to guide him on—nothing but a heaven-given instinct that Crag had long since come to respect, as he did nothing else on earth. Once Crag started, and cried a high pitched "Haw, boy!" Crag heard the splashing of great sea monsters. Every dog in the team heard it, too. And they heard the uncanny yawing-like cries of sea lions—ogrooks, we call them here in Alaska—as they sported in the blackness of the Sound waters. But the water they never did see. Grey Cloud came off the tack upon which he had been running and raced away from the swishing sounds frantically.

SUDDENLY the dog found himself thrashing on in thick snow that walled up before him. It was like climbing a mountain of soft drift that gave no grip to his feet. Then he broke through and felt the sickening waters about his toes—slush it was, greasy, dangerous slush—half snow and half water. The dogs pressed him close now. They were filled with the fear they could suppress no longer. They whimpered their misgivings and snapped at each other. Then they shot down an incline like a toboggan dip. The ice had upheaved behind them and tossed the whole outfit into the trough of its break. Water surged about them in a terrifying flood. Grey Cloud plunged at the wall which rose before him sheer and precipitous. He gained the crest of it and gave tongue to a wild cry of conquest. As he did so he jerked the whole team and sleigh with such abrupt force that Crag, who had been hanging to the handle bars, felt them slip from his grasp. As he fell back into the cairn-like crevice, he called to the dogs and frantically grappled with hands and feet to get some hold that would lift him to the trail level. But, the more he endeavored to scale the yielding snow, the deeper did he sink. It was like quicksand; his efforts to free himself from the maw of the snow cave accomplished nothing but to more firmly embed him in its depths. Crag raised his eyes to the darkness that obscured the heavens and breathed a few fervent words to the God who had never deserted him before.

HE FELT that he was sinking slowly, deeper and deeper to the bottom of the suddenly-formed ice cave. How far it was to that bottom he couldn't tell—water covered it. It seemed to Crag that it must have been a tidal wave that rushed behind them and carried the ice before it as a river carries logs on the crest of its surging current. The water was seeping up the snow in which he was now embedded. Crag found heart to thank his God that He hadn't sent along a chilling temperature with the break-up storm. He prayed for the dogs too, and especially for Grey Cloud. How long would the heroic leader go on before he discovered that his master no longer rode to runners, or plunged along behind the sleigh hanging on to the handle bars?

Crag breathed deep and called his leader's name at the top pitch of his lungs. It sounded to him as though the blizzard fiends mockingly took his cry and hurled it back to him in his cave. He tried a final move to gain freedom, but it cost him a few inches in distance toward the inky water beneath him. He relaxed himself then and thoughts that embraced long forgotten episodes in his life came to him—an endless phantasmagoria.

But king of the trailmen he still was, and even though he saw his life unfold before him and realization of what that meant at this moment—he again offered praise to the Almighty that he had lived a full and useful life. *The world owed him nothing.* But Grey Cloud, what would become of him? Who would take care of him? Where was he now? Crag fought back choking tears at the thought of the malamute mourning for his lost master.

AT THAT very moment Grey Cloud was doing precious little mourning—he was piling back as fast as legs of lead would permit, toward the spot where last he had heard his owner's voice. The dog remembered one call distinctly. It was just as the ice eruption occurred, but he had thought it a cheer to blend with his own battle cry. He must have gone on a mile before he realized that the familiar chirp, or the encouraging "yip-yip" were missing in the screeching winds at his back. He stopped and cast a look at the sleigh to see that the beloved form was there no more. There was no interval of indecision in his next move. He fairly catapulted the string on the back-track. Whiner, his gee-side swing trailer, whimpered a plaintive remonstrance which started the whole team crying in reluctance. It was just what the supreme leader required to bring all his fighting blood to a seething boil.

He plunged forward dragging the entire six after him — bang into the onslaught of the steel-splintered snow. Guided by nothing but his marvelous dog sense — or supersense — and fighting every malamute behind him, he dug on, calling upon every atom in his body for its last effort to get back to where his master now awaited him. The team dogs hung back—they dragged—at least it so felt to Grey Cloud; but really, now, they were responding to their leader's control over them and were doing their utmost. But that utmost was way below what the leader demanded just then. It was a snail's pace for Grey Cloud.

AND THEN it came to him. The voice of his master ahead—dead ahead! It sped to Grey Cloud on the howling blast of the south-wester. Like a powerful chord of deep music the well-known kennel call of Crag struck into his soul—and not only his—it also filled the rest of the dog's with the lust to win speedily to their master's aid. They all plowed on in desperation. They felt the sleigh careen and then turn over completely as they lunged into a mountainous obstacle of heaved-up ice and drift-snow. Its bow runners shot into this opposing face and stuck the sleigh there like a barb—firmly anchored.

The wheeler team sprawled helplessly on the ridge of the upheaval, while the rest of the team hung suspended below them in a mist-filled yawning pit. Grey Cloud, their leader, had recognized this spot the instant that it loomed before him and without a thought for what may come behind him, he dived clear of its brink—in his nostrils the body scent of the only thing that existed in his world.

The lead malamute felt the impetus of his plunge suddenly checked—but not out of gripping reach of the all but obliterated form of his beloved master. Crag had sunk deeper—almost too deep. His head had dropped forward to his chest. He had about given up when through his glazed eyes he saw—or seemed to see—a fierce, wild-looking thing of grey spring clear of the crater brim. Crag saw in that flashing fraction of time a fighting pair of ears laid flat against a wide wolf head, he saw four gleaming ivory tusks in a red mouth, and his ears were filled with Grey Cloud's triumphant squeal as the beast volplaned to where he was.

Black, brilliant eyes shone into his dulled ones; Crag felt the hot breath of his incomparable trail dog on his cheek and then he knew the sharp pain of a cut that laid his jaw open as though it had been slashed with a lance. The blood spurted from the wound and with its surge Crag was brought back to a vivid realization of things temporal. Grey Cloud's fangs had missed his parka the first time. But his next grip held.

* * *

CRAG felt a hand press his shoulder. His memories slipped away and he opened his eyes to see Corbersier, the river man, standing before him.

"Hello, Crag," said the bronzed mail carrier. "I'm over to see Ross about raisin' our pay. That last trip I made back to Nulato makes me think the work is worth more money. How did you make it across the Sound? All O.K. I hope. You found your playground a bit wet, didn't you?"

"Yes, Corbersier, it was a bit wet, but the sport had its compensations," said Crag reflectively as the other stalked off.

Crag breathed deeply of the warm air.

"Gee, 'Cloud, this sun is wonderful," he whispered to the slumbering dog. "And God is God above all—and as for you, old boy, what dog words are there, that I can bark or howl long enough, to tell you what you are!"

A Splendid Feature Coming

"SUNSHINE IN MARIPOSA"

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

Why Wilson is Waiting

By Agnes C. Laut

Who wrote "The War Situation in the United States," etc.



EDITOR'S NOTE.—*In the June,* 1916, *issue of* MacLean's, *Agnes C. Laut told of the German plot in Mexico, which was revealed in the American Senate ten days ago. The article published at that time gave full details of the plotting of Von Papen and Horst von der Goltz; how both Villa and Carranza were being financed and supplied with arms; in short, how trouble for Uncle Sam was being stirred up. Miss Laut's articles in* MacLean's *have for the past two years given the inside story of German activities on this side of the Atlantic; they have teemed with information that no other publication has dared to give and that no other writer has been in a position to secure.* MacLean's *has been consistently "scooping" the continent. The following article was in type two weeks before the exposure of Bernstorff's Mexican plots so completely upset the diplomatic world.*

HISTORY is being enacted in the United States to-day a great deal faster than it can be written.

As I write, American ships are moving out of New York harbor for European ports in defiance of Germany's submarine zone. They are not arming for the present because if they were armed that fact might seem to give excuse for Germany's attacks on neutral merchantmen. As I write also, American ships are being sunk. Several American lives have been lost on ships torpedoed by German submarines. Congress has endorsed the President and the President has flatly refused to parley any more with German diplomacy. Bernstorff has sailed for Germany and the whole country here is smarting with suppressed fury over the indignities shown the American Ambassador and his staff.

Why, then, has the President seemed to hesitate? I cannot answer that. I can only set down a series of occurrences and facts from which you must draw your own inferences.

NO SOONER had the diplomatic break taken place than American households employing German servants were startled by the sudden leave taking of Gardener, furnace man, butler, waiter—of German birth. A dozen households in Washington and New York awakened one morning to find there was no man to shovel the snow; there was no cook. The German chauffeur had left. The German butler was ill. The German furnace man had a colic. The German clerk had a sudden chilblain. Grocer, baker, candlestick maker—all had some sudden call from their daily vocation. Nor had the thing arisen from discourtesy or hostility from the American public. The American public is the most patient and good natured in the wide world. It has been too patient for two and a half long years.

But just now people have realized how terribly near the nation is hovering to an abyss. There is restraint. There is studied carefulness. Bernstorff, whose staff have perpetrated every crime in the calendar, which one nation could plot against another, left these shores without one word or sign of hostility from New York to San Francisco. But please note—there was no cheering. Except for the hand wavings of his own personal friends, there was not a signal of kindliness as the steamer moved away from her dock. Bernstorff must have been conscious of the frigid atmosphere; for he deliberately prolonged his shaving the morning he went on board to avoid showing himself to observers; and when he did present himself over the steamer rail for the squad of camera men, he was careful to appear with his wife—an American woman—and the wife—also another American woman—of a member of his staff; but the Count need have had no apprehensions. There was none of the mob manifestation that hounded him after the *Lusitania.* There has been no sign of hostility to any German in the United States. Why, then, the hurried *hegira* of German servants; and whither?

It has been very much like last winter, when the U.S. Secret Service got wind of German Reservists being massed on the Canadian border. A sudden order had been sent out from the German Embassy for all Germans to hide or get rid of personal arms. If exposure came, the German Reservists—of whom there are 600,000 in the United States—were not going to be caught with "the goods on."

In this case, the U.S. Secret Service put shadows on the trail of the Germans suddenly throwing up their regular jobs. Please note! Where did they go? One and all headed for the Mexican border. For a few days it was thought Bernstorff, himself, might retire to Mexico; and old fluffy whiskered Carranza, who has been a puppet in the hands of whatever plotter put up the most money, signalized the occasion by wiring a request for the United States "*to prohibit the exportation of all munitions.*" Also, Villa, the bandit leader, signalized the occasion by rising from the dead and raiding the American border just as Pershing withdrew his troops. Obregon, Madregon, Trevino—one leader of Irish origin (O'Brien), two of German—suddenly became very active. And the election in Cuba suddenly flamed into a "baby" revolution. Please remember some facts here! It was along the border of Mexico that Von Rintelen, Von Papen and Boy-Ed laid some of the deepest plots. It was in Mexican waters that German submarines, operating on this side of the Atlantic, were supposed to have had a base to lie in wait for oil tankers carrying oil from Mexico to the British navy. And it was in Mexico that Von Rintelen spent German gold in floods. There was not a revolutionist in Mexico whom Von Rintelen at some period did not finance.



THERE are still in Germany two or three thousand Americans. A similar number still live in Austria; and in Turkey and Asia Minor are American families — missionaries, teachers, business people — as defenceless against the foes around them as the very Armenians.

Are the reasons not apparent why the President has hesitated and waited before declaring war? Has he not been giving Americans in the zone of danger time to escape for their lives? May he not want to master the peril within his borders before essaying to challenge the dangers without?

From the window where I sit you can see down Fifth Avenue almost to the Battery. Flags are blowing from every window. As the troops march past and the band plays, men do not run shouting as they did when the boys left for Mexico. They take off their hats, and look very grave. For the nation is up against the duty it has been shirking and side-stepping for two years; and *it is just as unprepared now, when forced by fate to act, as it was two years ago, when prompted by honor.* The regular army would scarcely muster 80,000 strong. The navy is 17,000 men short of requirements; and recruiting is discouragingly slow.

The United States, the home and origin of the submarine, with a coast of 8,000 miles to defend, has fewer submarines than Holland or Denmark. This country, the home and origin of the aeroplane, has almost no aeroplanes for defence. (One American firm is shipping 7,000 of its



aeroplanes a year to the Allies. It cannot obtain an order for one in its own land.) This country, the home and origin of the Lewis gun—the swiftest firing light field gun in the world—which has given 30,000 Lewis guns to the Allies—has barely a score of such guns in use in its own borders. America has some superdreadnoughts, but to man them it is necessary to rob other ships of their crews; and though Congress has laid down a strong naval programme—please note the fact—not a ship can be completed before 1920. If the regular American army and the ragged, hardened bandits of Mexico faced one another in the field to-morrow, only one thing could save the American army from annihilation — the fact that the United States controls the only supply of ammunition and arms in the country.

IT MAY be asked, if so unprepared, how can the United States enter war? On what is the United States depending for defence? In plain, brutal words—*the United States is depending for defence on just one thing—the British navy;* and it is because the British navy cannot spare ships to convoy vessels under the Stars and Stripes, that American ships have been tied up at their docks, blockading trade and stalling the railroads. In certain Eastern cities, the cost of provisions has doubled in a few days as the result of miles and miles of cars loaded with shipments for export being stalled and sidetracked, waiting for ships. In one city, coal has gone to $20 a ton in a week. Vegetables have doubled in price; and flour is universally short east of Buffalo. Farmers are paying for grain feeds prices just double those of a year ago. These extortionate prices are the penalty the country is paying for laggard preparedness; and that is an argument that kills pacificism and stabs lethargy.

There is one other bulwark of defence besides the British navy. It is that in supplying the Allies with arms and ammunition, the United States has developed the greatest defence of all modern warfare—the science of producing high explosives in almost unlimited quantities. Cut off from their base of supplies, German reservists or Mexico, or Germany and Mexico combined—would be powerless after the first rush.

It is the first rush against which the United States is now preparing with emplacements for big guns behind coast defences and wire traps for submarines across the entrance to Eastern harbors.

SINCE the break in diplomatic relations, there has fallen a Maxim-silencer on the loud-mouth propaganda of the Pan-German Alliance. One young man, probably the heaviest shareholder in the Hamburg-American line, has literally died of a broken heart. The doctors called it pneumonia, but his health had been broken up by the tragic drift of affairs, which he was powerless to stop. Munsterberg's sudden death was undoubtedly caused by the terrible anxiety of a man whose treason to the United States was on the verge of an exposure. Verewick's "Fatherland" suddenly changed its coat and shrieked loyalty to a Germanized America. A big New York daily, notorious for its German propaganda, which has been proving for two years that it is *not* Germanized, has been suddenly offered for sale. *American correspondents, who proved there were "no atrocities in Belgium" and that Germany could never be blockaded into surrender called me up the day Bernstorff sailed to know if I had influence enough with the British authorities to persuade them "not to publish private letters if any were seized by the British from the Bernstorff party at Halifax."* Tauscher, who was acquitted of complicity in plots to blow up the Welland Canal, found when diplomatic relations were broken that he had a sudden call home to Germany. So did Wolf von Igel, Von Papen's secretary, whose secret papers were seized by the American State Department down at 60 Wall Street. So great was the latter young gentleman's love for Ambassador Bernstorff that he forfeited $20,000 bail to sail with the Count. I have already referred to the fact that two days before the diplomatic relations broke, the machinery of every German ship interned in American waters was secretly destroyed. There are 72 such ships in U.S. ports; and at the present ruling value of seagoing craft, they are easily worth $100,000,000. The destruction, as I have told before, was wanton madness; for the United States will not touch German property unless Germany seizes American property in Germany; and though big firms like International Harvester and Singer Sewing Machine and U.S. Steel and Standard Oil have enormous holdings in Germany, the aggregate is a bagatelle compared to German investments in the United States. It is well known that another line of twelve freighters plying under the Stars and Stripes was financed by capital from Germany. These were frantically offered for sale about a month ago. Berlin was evidently calling home the capital. At the time, the ships were being crippled, German gold began moving to South America and Mexico. It need hardly be told that coke processes are the foundation for such high explosives as T. N. T.; and early in the war, Germany secretly bought one of the largest coke plants in the country. She also bought enormous holdings of copper, cotton, lard, pork—ostensibly for shipment to South America. These have all been thrown violently on the market since the break.

I MENTION these facts as signs whether Germany intends to back down or not. And don't let Canada make any mistake about it! *Uncle Sam is going slow because he is so deadly in earnest.* Only one thing can stop the United States to-day—that is the sudden and complete collapse of Germany; and if Germany had any idea of a sudden and complete collapse, I do not believe she would wantonly sacrifice her holdings here as she has been doing for the past few weeks.

I said in a former article that, while war would be declared, it seemed impossible for the United States to be prepared in time to do any actual fighting before Germany is defeated. For instance, the navy cannot be in readiness inside of four years. In England, menaced by invasion, it took Kitchener one year to prepare an army. America is not menaced by invasion; and recruiting is so slow that *the idea of conscription is being broken to the public under the name "universal training."* Politics curse the state militia with incompetent officers. Under these conditions, it seems impossible that any American army could be ready for the European field inside of two years; and before two years, the pressure of internal revolution caused by want and ruined commerce will have curbed Germany's frenzy.

Whether this country enters the war as one of the Allies or essays action independently, it is not the actual fighting that has brought realization of danger home. It is the knowledge of the actual danger here within the bounds of the country.

There are 600,000 German reservists in the United States. Will they fight? There are 20,000,000 people of German birth or ancestry. Will they fight? I do not know. The people of German birth are taking out naturalization papers *en masse* and swearing to shoulder arms for the United States; but some German reservists are certainly massing on the Mexican border; and as late as a month ago, lodges of young Austrians and Germans were drilling at Bridgeport, where the German Goverment controlled a munition factory. It will be recalled that when German agents bought these munition plants, the motive given was to keep the Allies from buying supplies. A deeper motive now becomes apparent; and I venture to guess that the American Secret Service does not know where these German supplies are stored.

WITHOUT money from headquarters to finance the reservists, I think it a pretty even guess that, when they come to the actual scratch, they would not fight; but that is only a guess; for the American Government has knowledge of at least one point, where a cement foundation was placed for a big gun. As Gerard told the Kaiser — there are as many lamposts in the United States as there are reservists. It is not from the reservists that this country looks for catastrophe. It is from the anarchist tools that the German spy system has been using.

Take a run back over the unlawful acts attempted by the German spy system in this country! The sinking of ships, of which the *Lusitania* was the most cardinal crime! The placing of slow-fuse bombs on board cargo ships, of which more than $10,000,000 worth were destroyed in six

months. This was done by placing acids in metal containers through which they would eat in so many days and come in contact with a high explosive in the same container. The destruction of munitions on railroads, at docks and in factories! This was not affected by the old-fashioned crude method of throwing a bomb and running. A new form of high-power *powdered* explosive, which would turn the air into a flame on the pressure of a foot step, was scattered where the trains would pass over the rail, or the ferry would bump ship-side. This explains why so many explosions took place in cement and metal fire-proof structures; and why the culprit could never be traced. The knowledge was obtained by bribing a betrayal; and needless to say crude ignorant bomb throwers were not the moving hand. This kind of work required technical skill and scientific training; but the wild-brained anarchist was used as the tool.



Did you ever stop to think that one of the new high power explosives the size of your hand could cut off New York's water supply, or put all the lights out on the instant, or destroy the subway? Those are the kind of catastrophes feared in America more than open warfare. Antwerp would not have fallen if there had not been enemies inside.

To go on with the list of German activities. The names of leading bankers and manufacturers were catalogued on the anarchist assassination list! Morgan's life was the only open attempt. The cataloguing of the United States Army! Secret reports on every fort and military road in the country! The massing of reservists at Buffalo and Detroit and Seattle for the invasion of Canada! Plots for the destruction of Welland Canal and the Canadian Parliament Buildings! The paid fomentation of strikes, which Gompers exposed and of which the Longshoreman's strike was the most conspicuous! The paid lobbying in Congress of subsidized peace organizations to put an embargo on exports!

These are only a few of the crimes of Germany in the United States. The whole story of Mexican plots will never be told. Well, what of it—haven't they passed all these perils and aren't they safely out of the German spy net? No—for the German agent didn't do these things, himself. He hired and organized and trained the anarchist; and he trained him scientifically to cover his tracks. The anarchist is still here and he has been literally pickled in the deviltries of German money.

THE STORY of the means taken to "get hold" of congressmen, labor leaders, pacifists, big public men—would outbeggar any fiction ever conceived. Plain money was used with some congressmen and labor leaders. Lamar, "the wolf of Wall Street," who pocketed most of the money, is serving a term in the penitentiary for such work now. His story is the sublime reduced to the ludicrous. He could get a pacifist—yes, the biggest pacifist in the land; so he boasted to Von Rintelen and Albert; and he was given $25,000 cash. But the pacifist never received any of the cash. *He made the speech on his own initiative and Lamar kept the money.* Likewise, a hundred labor leaders could be rounded up on an Eastern platform in favor of peace for a consideration of $1,000 each. The labor leaders were mustered all right; but somebody else pocketed the $100,000. And it is a pretty even bet that literally millions destined for the press never got past the pocket of the intermediary.

In other case, means not as innocent as money were used. I know of two of the biggest public men in this country tricked into Ford's peace fiasco by a woman whom they thought a dove of peace. She was a German agent. This they quickly learned when they reached Sweden and came immediately back. Adventuresses titled and untitled were installed in fashionable resorts to meet big manufacturers and bankers. Behind them in the guise of valet, or attendant, or shoe black, or table waiter—lurked the real agent; and as Germany's system never lets the right hand know what the left hand does, the woman and the agent often did not know that each was watching the other. One of the biggest steel men was "shadowed" in this way. So was a big powder man. The latter found to his dumbfounding that a servant in his house had been "listed" for the deed of assassination. The man, who worked the worst deviltries against Canada was weaned from decency by a siren and the betrayal of his plots came from an infuriated wife. *There is a story here right in the German Embassy's own circle, which surpasses the notoriety of Nero's indifference to blood-shed; but the time has not come yet to tell it. Suffice to say that while Europe has been saturated in the blood of heroism, while women and children have suffered from Belgium to Armenia, what pen or tongue can never tell, the light woman here has dandled the fate of nations in a harlot's lap and coined gold out of the stream of livid blood flowing from the world's crucifixion.* I cannot speak plainer now, but I shall some day.

All this is the dark, grave side of the picture. There is another side. It is aflame with light. *The United States have taken their stand in the world's arena to fight for freedom and democracy. For the first time since* 1812, *every scintilla or shadow of ill-feeling between Great Britain and the United States has been swept away. The two greatest democracies in the world's history are standing shoulder to shoulder again*—the first time for a century and a half. As Barrie says—*it is the star of hope above a blood-drenched world.* If they keep together, there will never be another world war—which was what Ford dreamed. And as "Life" says—*Germany with her thoroughness did it. No power on earth but a blunderer big as Germany could have forced the two countries into a union of defence.* Praise be—laughs "Life."

THE HIGHWAY

By J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

There's nothing so free as the highway!
There's nothing so fair as the sky!
Come away from the wood and the by-way,
And take the big world in your eye!

Afar where the straight road rises,
Till lost on the crest of the hill,
There are vistas unscanned and surprises
For all who step out with a will.

A pageant of cloud is passing
In white-robed glory on high;
The pools in the meadows are glassing
The face of the laughing sky!

The fields lie furrowed or fallow,
The barn-doors are flung open wide,
The robin has come, and the swallow
Is journeying north with his bride.



Come fill your wide eyes with the beauty
Of furrow and farm and lea;
You owe to your soul this duty—
O come to the highway with me!



The Gun Brand

A Stirring Romance of the Canadian Far North

By James B. Hendryx

Author of "Marquard the Silent," "The Promise," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards



EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Herewith is presented the first instalment of a new serial story of the romantic north country. James B. Hendryx, the author, knows the north as few other writers do, and in "The Gun-Brand" he presents the most interesting phases of life in the newly opened up parts of Canada that begin with the Peace River. He will introduce all that is picturesque in the north—trapping, gun-running, whiskey-running, the iron laws of the trading factors, the peculiar codes of the voyageurs. It is a stirring tale, told in the best style of this master of Northern narrative. Readers who enjoyed "The Frost Girl" will find an equal pleasure in reading the story of Chloe Elliston, Pierre Lapierre and "Brute" McNair, the Post factor.*

CHAPTER I.

THE CALL OF THE RAW.

SEATED upon a thick, burlap-covered bale of freight—a "piece," in the parlance of the North—Chloe Elliston idly watched the loading of the scows. The operation was not new to her; a dozen times within the month since the outfit had swung out from Athabasca Landing she had watched from the muddy bank while the half-breeds and Indians unloaded the big scows, ran them light through whirling rock-ribbed rapids, carried the innumerable pieces of freight upon their shoulders across portages made all but impassable by scrub timber, oozy muskeg, and low sand-mountains, loaded the scows again at the foot of the rapid and steered them through devious and dangerous miles of swift-moving white-water, to the head of the next rapid.

They are patient men — these water freighters of the far north. For more than two centuries and a quarter they have sweated the wilderness freight across these same portages. And they are sober men—when civilization is behind them—far behind.

Close beside Chloe Elliston, upon the same piece, Harriet Penny, of vague age, and vaguer purpose, also watched the loading of the scows. Harriet Penny was Chloe Elliston's one concession to convention—excess baggage, beyond the outposts, being a creature of fear. Upon another piece, Big Lena, the gigantic Swedish Amazon who, in the capacity of general factotum, had accompanied Chloe Elliston over half the world, stared stolidly at the river.

Having arrived at Athabasca Landing four days after the departure of the Hudson Bay Company's annual brigade, Chloe had engaged transportation into the north in the scows of an independent. And, when he heard of this, the old factor at the post shook his head dubiously, but when the girl pressed him for the reason, he struggled and remained silent. Only when the outfit was loaded did the old man whisper one sentence:

"Beware o' Pierre Lapierre."

AGAIN Chloe questioned him, and again he remained silent. So, as the days passed upon the river trail, the name of Pierre Lapierre was all but forgotten in the menace of rapids and monotony of portages. And now the last of the great rapids had been run—the rapid of the Slave—and the scows were almost loaded.

Vermilion, the boss scowman, stood upon the running-board of the leading scow and directed the stowing of the freight. He was a picturesque figure—Vermilion. A squat, thick half-breed, with eyes set wide apart beneath a low forehead bound tightly around with a handkerchief of flaming silk.

A heavy-eyed Indian, moving ponderously up the rough plank with a piece balanced upon his shoulders, missed his footing and fell with a loud splash into the water. The Indian scrambled clumsily ashore, and the piece was rescued, but not before a perfect torrent of French-English-Indian profanity had poured from the lips of the ever-versatile Vermilion. Harriet Penny shrank against the younger woman and shuddered.

"Oh!" she gasped, "he's swearing!"

"No!" exclaimed Chloe, in feigned surprise. "Why, I believe he is!"

Miss Penny flushed. "But, it is terrible! Just listen!"

"For Heaven's sake, Hat! If you don't like it, why do you listen?"

"But he ought to be stopped. I am sure the poor Indian did not *try* to fall in the river."

Chloe made a gesture of impatience. "Very well, Hat; just look up the ordinance against swearing on Slave River, and report him to Ottawa."

"But I'm afraid! He — the Hudson Bay Company's man — told us not to come."

Chloe straightened up with a jerk. "See here, Hat Penny! Stop your sniveling! What do you expect from rivermen? Haven't the seven hundred miles of water trail taught you *anything?* And, as for being afraid—I don't care *who* told us not to come! I'm an Elliston, and I'll go wherever I want to go! This isn't a pleasure trip. I came up here for a purpose. Do you think I'm going to be scared out by the first old man that wags his head and shrugs his shoulders? Or by any other man! Or by any swearing that I can't understand, or any that I can, either, for that matter! Come on, let's get aboard."

CHLOE ELLISTON'S presence in the far outlands was the culmination of an ideal, spurred by dissuasion and antagonism into a determination, and developed by longing into an obsession. Since infancy the girl had been left much to her own devices. Environment, and the prescribed course at an expensive school, should have made her pretty much what other girls are, and an able satellite to her mother, who managed to remain one of the busiest women of the Western metropolis—doing absolutely nothing—but, doing it with *éclat.*

The girl's father, Blair Elliston, from his desk in a luxurious office suite presided over the destiny of the Elliston fleet of yellow-stack tramps that poked their noses into queer ports and put to sea with queer cargoes — cargoes that smelled sweet and spicy, with the spice of the far south seas. Officer sailor though he was, Blair Elliston commanded the respect of even the roughest of his polyglot crews—a respect not wholly uncommingled with fear.

For this man was the son of old "Tiger" Elliston, founder of the fleet: The man who, shoulder to shoulder with Brooke, the elder, put the fear of God in the hearts of the pirates, and swept wide trade-lanes among the island of terror-infested Malaysia. And through Chloe Elliston's veins coursed the blood of her world-roving ancestor. Her most treasured possession was a blackened and scarred oil portrait of the old sea-trader and adventurer, which always lay swathed in many wrappings in the bottom of her favorite trunk.

In her heart she loved and admired this grandfather, with a love and ad-

miration that bordered upon idolatry. She loved the lean, hard features, and the cold, rapier-blade eyes. She loved the name men called him: Tiger Elliston, an earned name — that. The name of a man who, by his might and the strength and mastery of him, had won his place in the world of the men who dare.

Since babyhood she had listened with awe to tales of him; and the red-letter days of her childhood's calendar were the days upon which her father would take her down to the docks, past great windowless warehouses of concrete and sheet-iron, where big glossy horses stood harnessed to high-piled trucks—past great tiers of bales and boxes between which trotted hurrying, sweating men—past the clang and clash of iron truck wheels, the rattle of chains, the shriek of pulleys, and the loud-bawled orders in strange tongues. Until, at last, they would come to the great dingy hulk of the ship and walk up the gangway and onto the deck, where funny yellow and brown men with their hair braided into curious pigtails, worked with ropes and tackles, and called to other funny men with bright-colored ribbons braided into their beards.

Almost as she learned to walk she learned to pick out the yellow stacks of "papa's boats"—learned their names, and the names of their captains, the bronzed, bearded men who would take her in their laps, holding her very awkwardly and very, very carefully, as if she were something that would break, and tell her stories in deep, rumbly voices. And nearly always they were stories of the Tiger — "yer gran'pap, leetle missey," they would say. And then, by palms, and pearls, and the fires of blazing mountains, they would swear "He wor a man!"

TO THE helpless horror of her mother, the genuine wonder of her many friends, and the ill-veiled amusement and approval of her father, a month after the doors of her *alma mater* closed behind her she took passage on the *Cora Blair*, the oldest and most disreputable-looking yellaw stack of them all, and hied her for a year's sojourn among the spicy lotus-ports of the dreamy southern ocean — there to hear at first hand from the men who knew him, further deeds of Tiger Elliston.

To her, on board the battered tramp, came gladly the men of power—the men whose spoken word in their polyglot domains was more feared and heeded than decrees of emperors or edicts of kings. And there, in the time-blackened cabin that had once been *his* cabin, these men talked and the girl listened while her eyes glowed with pride as they recounted the exploits of Tiger Elliston. And, as they talked, the hearts of these men warmed, and the years rolled backward, and they swore weird oaths, and hammered the thick planks of the chart-table with bangs of approving fists, and invoked the blessings of strange gods upon the soul of the Tiger—and their curses upon the souls of his enemies.

Nor were these men slow to return hospitality, and Chloe Elliston was entertained royally in halls of lavish splendor, and plied with costly gifts and rare. And honored by the men, and the sons and daughters of men who had fought side by side with the Tiger in the days when the yellow sands ran red, and tall masts and white sails rose like clouds from the blue fog of the cannon-crashing powder-smoke.

So, from the lips of governors and potentates, native princes, and rajahs, the girl learned of the deeds of her grandsire, and in their eyes she read approval, and respect, and reverence even greater than her own—for these were the men who knew him. But, not alone from the mighty did she learn. For, over rice-cakes and *poi*, in the thatched hovels of Malays, Kayans, and savage Dyaks, she heard the tale from the lips of the vanquished men—men who still hated, yet always respected, the reddened sword of the Tiger.

THE YEAR Chloe Elliston spent among the copra-ports of the South Seas was the shaping year of her destiny. Never again were the standards of her compeers to be her standards—never again the measure of the world of convention to be her measure. For, in her heart the awakened spirit of Tiger Elliston burned and seared like a living flame, calling for other wilds to conquer, other savages to subdue—to crush down, if need be, that it might build up into the very civilization of which the unconquerable spirit is the forerunner, yet which, in realization, palls and deadens it to extinction.

For social triumphs the girl cared nothing. The heart of her felt the irresistible call of the raw. She returned to the land of her birth and deliberately, determinedly, in the face of opposition, ridicule, advice, and command — as Tiger Elliston, himself, would have done—she cast about until she found the raw, upon the rim of the Arctic. And, with the avowed purpose of carrying education and civilization to the Indians of the far north, turned her back upon the world-fashionable, and without fanfare or trumpetry, headed into the land of primal things.

WHEN the three women had taken their places in the head scow, Vermilion gave the order to shove off, and with the swarthy crew straining at the rude sweeps, the heavy scows threaded their way into the north.

Once through the swift water at the tail of Slave Rapids, the four scows drifted lazily down the river, the scowmen distributed themselves among the pieces in more or less comfortable attitudes, and slept. In the head scow only the boss and the three women remained awake.

"Who is Pierre Lapierre?" Chloe asked suddenly.

The man darted her a searching glance and shrugged. "Pierre Lapierre, she free-trader," he answered. "Dees scow, she Pierre Lapierre scow."

If Chloe was surprised at this bit of information, she succeeded admirably in disguising her feelings. Not so Harriet Penny, who sank back among the freight pieces to stare fearfully into the face of the younger woman.

"Then you are Pierre Lapierre's man? You work for him?"

The man nodded. "On de reevaire I'm run de scow—me—Vermilion! I'm tak' de recsk. Lapierre, she tak' de money." The man's eyes glinted wickedly.

"Risk? What risk?" asked the girl.

Again the man eyed her shrewdly and laughed. "Das plant' reesk—on de reevaire. De scow—me'be so, she heet de rock in de rapids—bre'k all to hell—*Voila!*" Somehow the words did not ring true.

"You hate Lapierre!" The words flashed swift, taking the man by surprise.

"*Non. Non!*" he cried, and Chloe noticed that his glance flashed swiftly over the sprawling forms of the five sleeping scowmen.

"And you are afraid of him," the girl added before he could frame a reply.

A SUDDEN gleam of anger leaped into the eyes of the half-breed. He seemed on the point of speaking, but with an unintelligible muttered imprecation he relapsed into sullen silence. Chloe had purposely baited the man, hoping in his anger he would blurt out some bit of information concerning the mysterious Pierre Lapierre. Instead, the man crouched silent, scowling, with his gaze fixed upon the forms of the scowmen.

Had the girl been more familiar with the French half-breeds of the outlands she would have been suspicious of the man's sudden taciturnity under stress of anger — suspicious, also, of the gradual shifting that had been going on for days among the crews of the scows. A shifting that indicated Vermilion was selecting the crew of his own scow with an eye to a purpose—a purpose that had not altogether to do with the scow's safe conduct through white-water. But Chloe had taken no note of the *personnel* of the scowmen, nor of the fact that the freight of the head scow consisted only of pieces that obviously contained provisions, together with her own tent and sleeping outfit, and several burlapped pieces marked with the name "MacNair." Idly she wondered who MacNair was, but refrained from asking.

THE long-gathering twilight deepened as the scows floated northward. Vermilion's face lost its scowl, and he smoked in silence — a sinister figure, thought the girl, as he crouched in the bow, his dark features set off to advantage by his flaming head-band.

Into the stillness crept a sound—the far-off roar of a rapid. Sullen, and dull, it scarce broke the monotony of the silence — low, yet ever increasing in volume.

"Another portage?" wearily asked the girl.

Vermilion shook his head. "*Non*, eet ees de Chute. Ten miles of de wild, fast wataire, but safe—eef you know de way. Me—Vermilion—I'm tak' de scow t'rough a hondre tam—*bien!*"

"But, you can't make it in the dark!"

Vermilion laughed. "We mak' de camp to-night. To-mor', we run de Chute." He reached for the light pole with which he indicated the channel to the steersman, and beat sharply upon the running board that formed the gunwale of the scow. Sleepily the five sprawling forms stirred, and awoke to consciousness. Vermilion spoke a guttural jargon of words and the men fumbled the rude sweeps against the tholes. The other three scows drifted lazily in the rear and, standing upon the running-board, Vermilion roared his orders. Figures in the scows stirred, and sweeps thudded against thole-pins. The roar of the Chute was loud, now—hoarse, and portentous of evil.

The high banks on either side of the river drew closer together, the speed of the drifting scows increased, and upon the dark surface of the water tiny whirlpools appeared. Vermilion raised the pole above his head and pointed toward a narrow strip of beach that showed dimly at the foot of the high bank, at a

point only a few hundred yards above the dark gap where the river plunged between the upstanding rocks of the Chute.

Looking backward, Chloe watched the three scows with their swarthy crews straining at the great sweeps. Here was action—life! Primitive man battling against the unbending forces of an iron wilderness. The red blood leaped through the girl's veins as she realized that this life was to be her life—this wilderness to be her wilderness. Hers to bring under the book, and its primitive children, hers—to govern by a rule of thumb!

Suddenly she noticed that the following scows were much nearer shore than her own, and also, that they were being rapidly outdistanced. She glanced quickly toward shore. The scow was opposite the strip of beach toward which the others were slowly but surely drawing. The scow seemed motionless, as upon the surface of a mill-pond, but the beach, and the high bank beyond, raced past to disappear in the deepening gloom. The figures in the following scows—the scows themselves—blurred into the shore-line. The beach was gone. Rocks appeared, jagged and high — close upon either hand.

In a sudden panic, Chloe glanced wildly towards Vermilion, who crouched in the bow, pole in hand, and with set face, stared into the gloom ahead. Swiftly her glance traveled over the crew—their faces, also, were set, and they stood at the sweeps, motionless, but with their eyes fixed upon the pole of the pilot. Beyond Vermilion, in the forefront, appeared wave after wave of wildly tossing water. For just an instant the scow hesitated, trembled through its length, and with the leaping waves battering against its bottom and sides, plunged straight into the maw of the Chute!



The man, who had ordered Vermilion to release her, stood calmly watching.

CHAPTER II.

VERMILION SHOWS HIS HAND

DOWN, down through the Chute raced the heavily loaded scow, seeming fairly to leap from wave to wave in a series of tremendous shocks, as the flat bottom rose high in the fore and crashed onto the crest of the next wave, sending a spume of stinging spray high into the air. White water curled over the gunwale and sloshed about in the bottom. The air was chill, and wet—like the dead air of a rock-cavern.

Chloe Elliston knew one moment of swift fear. And then, the mighty roar of the waters; the mad plunging of the scow between the towering walls of rock; the set, tense face of Vermilion as he stared into the gloom; the labored breathing of the scowmen as they strained at the sweeps, veering the scow to the right, or the left, as the rod of the pilot indicated; the splendid battle of it; the wild exhilaration of fighting death on death's own stamping ground flung all thought of fear aside, and in the girl's heart surged the wild, fierce joy of living, with life itself at stake.

For just an instant Chloe's glance rested upon her companions; Big Lena sat scowling murderously at Vermilion's broad back. Harriet Penny had fainted and lay with the back of her head awash in the shallow bilge water. A strange *alter ego*—elemental — primordial — had taken possession of Chloe. Her eyes glowed, and her heart thrilled at the sight of the tense, vigilant figure of Vermilion, and the sweating, straining scowmen. For the helpless form of Harriet Penny she felt only contempt—the savage, intolerant contempt of the strong for the weak among firstlings.

The intoxication of a new existence was upon her, or, better, a world-old existence—an existence that was new when the world was new. In that moment, she was a throw-back of a million years, and

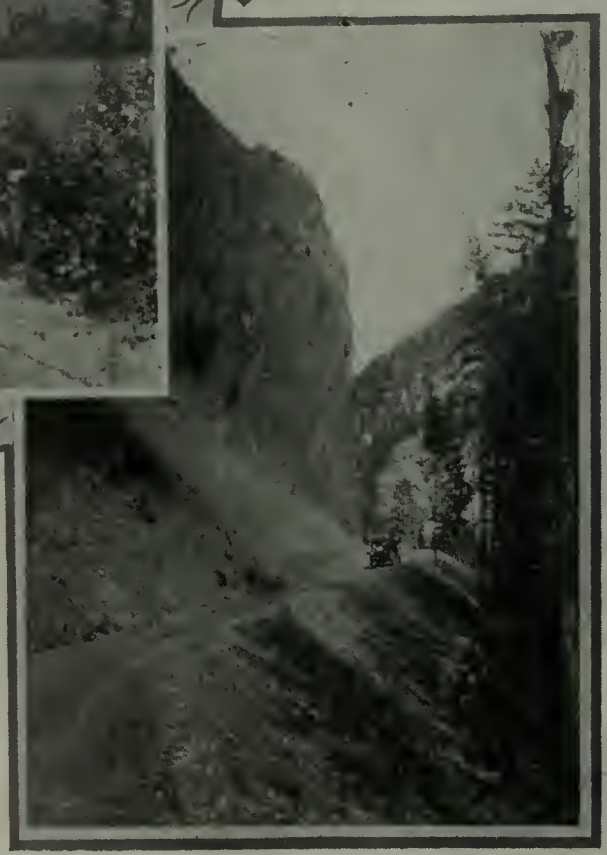
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The Motor Roads of Canada

By W. A. Craick

Illustrated by Photographs from All Parts of the Dominion





Top—On the Calgary trail, close to Exshaw. Below—Near Sinclair Hot Springs on the Banff-Windermere Road.

THE APPEAL of the automobile to the favor of mankind is many-sided. To one person its sheer utility may prove to be its most valued feature; to another the opportunity it affords for the pursuit of health or pleasure. One man is fascinated by the mechanism itself and takes rare delight in the perfect motion of engine and running gear; his neighbor derives his satisfaction from the exhilaration of rapid motion and the shattering of speed records. There is a peculiar attraction for some people in the skilful handling of a car amid the congested traffic of a city's streets, and there is a simpler joy for other people in quiet runs along unfrequented country roads.

But of all the appeals that the automobile exerts on the human mind that of the open road seems most alluring. To leave behind the circumscribed life of home and office, the narrow confines of one's everyday experiences, and set forth, like the knights of old, to conquer new worlds—that must surely be the strongest appeal of all.

In olden times, those who could, and would, journeyed where they pleased and by such routes as took their fancy. They were not compelled by the exigencies of time and space to travel on a fixed line or by an immutable schedule. But with the advent of the railroad and the railroad train, much of this joy of the open road, with its unrestricted movements, was lost. Travel became, in one sense at least, an affair performed under pronounced limitations. The traveller had of necessity to proceed at hours that were not of his choice and by routes that were fixed for him, while his views of passing scenery were but fractional in scope. To-day, the automobile is emancipating men and women from the partial thraldom into which they had been forced. It is giving them the means to regain a portion at least af that freedom of motion enjoyed by their forefathers.

It is quite true that there are still serious restrictions on even the movements of the motorist. He cannot go whither he would in comfort because of the shocking condition of many of the roads. Yet, the agitation in favor of good roads, which has compelled provincial and municipal governments to take heed and set about the improvement of existing highways and the construction of necessary new ones, is bearing fruit, and year by year the extent of country thrown open to the motorist is being rapidly increased. As compared with five years ago, or even less, his field of possible motion has been surprisingly enlarged.

CANADA is so obviously a country possessing boundless attractions for the motor tourist that it is scarcely necessary to point them out. From coast to coast there is not a natural feature omitted from the list of possibilities. Wilderness and cultivated land, mountains and plains, river and lakes, waterfalls and canyons, forests and clearings, islands and shore, cities and hamlets—all are embraced within the limits of the broad Dominion.

Perhaps the country's strongest appeal comes from the wilderness. Men and women live so much within the artificial confines of populated centres, their ordinary expeditions by motor are so frequently limited

Along the Banff—Windermere Motor Road.



—Photo by Spaulding, Fernie.

to roads traversing cultivated areas that, when more extended tours are contemplated, it is to regions where nature is yet in its primitive state that they would feign direct their movements. That is why Canada is becoming annually the Mecca for increasing numbers of American tourists. In their own country they are living under conditions that are growing more and more artificial in character. In Canada they still find opportunities for the enjoyment of outdoor life in its freest form.

There are gradually being evolved in Canada a system of main highways for motorists which, when linked up in process of time, will provide the Dominion with a network of splendid smooth roads on which the traveller by automobile may, if he has the time and the means, traverse the entire breadth of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific expeditiously and in comfort. This National Highway is still a dream, but that it will ultimately eventuate, is reasonably sure. So rapid is the progress already being made with existing building programmes and so vigorously is the good roads movement being pushed by automobile clubs and associations, that it is not at all improbable that a highway from coast to coast will become a reality within a comparatively few years.

At the present time the efforts being made to provide roadways suited to the needs of motor traffic are provincial rather than national in scope. Each province of Confederation has its roads department and each of these departments is working out problems connected with provincial needs. In the van of the movement comes Quebec, where upwards of seventeen million dollars has been contributed by the government since 1912 towards the construction of provincial highways. Ontario follows with an expanding programme of good roads development. British Columbia already has several unsurpassed scenic roads through its immense mountain ranges. The prairie provinces are gradually providing their inhabitants with improved roadways, while in the Maritime Provinces, where some of Canada's most charming scenery is to be found, the several governments are alive to the pressing demands of the people for better roads.

COMMENCING with British Columbia, it may prove interesting to enumerate some of the main tourist routes now open to the motorist. There are, in the Pacific province, roughly, two systems of roads. One may be described as the island system; the other the inland system. Both contain much superb scenery; both are excellently constructed and both will shortly be linked up into a single provincial system.

As the name implies, the island system is to be found on Vancouver Island. It radiates from Victoria and comprises the main island highway, 175 miles in length, extending to Campbell River and including the famous Malahat Drive, with branch roads to Cowichan Lake and Alberni; and a number of fine roads on the Saanich Peninsula. The system has elicited unstinted praise from American tourists, who describe Vancouver Island, as viewed from its motor roads, as a scenic wonderland with an irresistible call to the motor enthusiast.

The first few miles along the route of the Island Highway takes the tourist through a beautiful country bordering on the Gorge, an arm of the Pacific Ocean. Then the road swings northward through magnificent forests and finally begins the gradual ascent of Malahat Mountain, over the so-called Malahat Drive. This mountain driveway deserves the highest praise, not only because of its wonderful scenery, but by reason of its gentle gradients and wide well-built roadway.

To reach the summit, at an elevation of 1,250 feet, is an easy accomplishment for any car, and the road is wide enough for the passengers to enjoy the scenery without fear of getting too close to the edge of the shelf on which it is built. From the top of the mountain a splendid view of the island-dotted stretches of Saanich Inlet is to be had, while far in the background towers the massive, snow-clad peak of Mount Baker on the American coast.

DESCENDING again into the valley, the road skirts the shores of Mill Bay, passes on through Cobble Hill and along Harrison Bay until the town of Duncans is reached. Near here a branch road turns inland to Cowichan Lake, a distance of some twenty miles. The latter route traverses a well-wooded territory and follows the Cowichan River Valley down to the Lake, a very beautiful stretch of water much frequented by holiday makers.



Top—Approaching Sinclair Hot Springs along the Banff-Windermere Road. Bottom—Five hundred feet above the Fraser River.

—Photo by Spaulding, Fernie.

Meantime the Island Highway continues on up the east coast of the Island through Ladysmith and Nanaimo to Parksville, from which point a second branch road strikes across country to Port Alberni Canal. Leaving Parksville, the main road hugs the island shore and proceeds through Qualicum Beach, Union Bay and Courtenay to Campbell River. It is possible to travel still further by motor, though this is really the end of the highway. A road now extends up the River to Forbes Landing at the entrance to Strathcona Park, an immense reservation in the heart of Vancouver Island, destined to become one of Canada's most famous playgrounds.

The road system on the Saanich Peninsula, while not offering the same possibilities for extended tours as the Island Highway, yet provides the motorist with very tempting fare in the way of choice scenery. The favorite programme is to make a loop trip around the Peninsula. This includes the ascent of Little Saanich Mountain, on the summit of which the new Dominion Observatory with its record-breaking telescope, has just been



View on the main road through the famous Evangeline Country, N.S.







A typical Nova Scotia road, winding through the woods.

erected. The road to the observatory is blasted out of the rock and presents several interesting engineering features, while from the top of the mountain, the tourist obtains a glorious view of the surrounding country, a combination of forest, lake and mountain scenery of rare charm.

ON THE mainland of British Columbia, while in certain districts, notably the Okanagan Valley and the district around Kamloops, many fine roads have been built, the number of what may be described as tourist routes is as yet somewhat limited. The earliest constructed road in the province, the famous Cariboo Trail, which, starting at Hop, follows the Fraser River Valley up to Lillooet and thence northward to Quesnel, reputedly holds magnificent attractions for motorists, including fishing, hunting, good road, and road houses and superb and varied scenery. This road is reached from Vancouver by proceeding over the Westminster Yale Road, a connecting link, built soon after British Columbia entered Confederation.

The finest system of roads in the province, however, is not to be approached from the west, but from the east, and until some missing links are supplied, the coast cities will continue to be cut off from communication with it. The reference is to the Banff-Windermere, Cranbrook-Golden and Creston-Macleod roads. Starting from Calgary, it is possible to make a grand circuit of all three roads, an experience which those who have attempted it describe as one of the finest trips imaginable.

The route from Calgary to Banff is now a familiar one to many motorists as it has long been a favorite run for Calgarians. From Banff to Lake Windermere, however, the road is only just in process of completion and in consequence it is still a *terra incognita* to most people. That it will prove to be one of the most attractive scenic routes in the world, admitting the motorist as it will, to the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, may be taken for granted. It crosses from the Bow River Valley to the Kootenay Valley through the Vermilion Pass and thence from the Kootenay Valley to the Columbia Valley by the Sinclair Pass and Canyon. At Sinclair it joins the older road extending up the Columbia Valley from Golden to Fort Steele.

At Fort Steele the tourist comes into touch with the main southern highway of the province, which, starting at Creston passes eastward through Cranbrook, Fernie and the Crow's Nest Pass and so out into Southern Alberta. This road is said to surpass any other in the province in excellence and the scenery throughout its entire length is splendid. It will take the motorist to Macleod, whence a good road runs north to Calgary, completing the circuit.

THE prairie provinces are not without their attractions for the motorist on tour and those who enjoy the prospect of vast expanses of open country will find plenty of opportunities for indulging their fancy in the environs of almost any of the larger centres of population on the plains. However, of recognized motor routes extending for considerable distances, there are as yet few in this part of Western Canada, though several have been projected. One has to come east to the older portions of Ontario before encountering systems of roads, providing varied scenery and affording satisfactory facilities for the enjoyment of tours by motor.

The good roads movement had its inception in Ontario several years ago, with the result that many smooth, well-constructed highways are now to be found in various parts of the province. The only drawback to a thorough enjoyment of these roads is that, up to the present time, the work of improvement has been done by the counties individually and in consequence there has not been that co-ordination of effort necessary to combine the county systems into a connected provincial system. This defect is to be remedied forthwith. A bill has already been introduced into the legislature which will, when enacted, give the province power to take over main roads from the counties and establish a system of provincial highways, which will link up exist-



A waterside stretch in Quebec.

ing good roads and make them easily accessible to motorists from all parts of the province.

As a first step in the evolution of the proposed provincial system, there will be the establishment of a highway from Windsor, on the Detroit River, to the Quebec boundary line at the eastern extremity of the province. This highway, to all intents and purposes, already exists and for the most part it is in excellent condition. All that the province will have to do will be to bring it up to a certain standard throughout its entire length. This done, it will form the backbone of all the road systems in the province and in itself will provide a most attractive tourist route from end to end of old Ontario.



A picturesque glimpse on one of Quebec's famous motor roads.

The provincial highway, starting from Windsor, passes east through Chatham, London, Woodstock and Brantford to Hamilton, where it links up with the splendid new Hamilton-Toronto highway. From Toronto eastward it follows the Kingston Road through the lake-front towns of Whitby, Oshawa, Bowmanville, Port Hope, Cobourg, Belleville and Napanee to Kingston and continues thence by the old Front Road through Brockville, Prescott and Cornwall to Montreal. It is already, in whole or in parts, a favorite run for motorists and will become more and more popular as the remaining defective sections are brought up to standard.

WITH the provincial highway as a base, it is possible to make various side and round trips through attractive sections of old Ontario. For instance, the run from Hamilton to Niagara Falls over the Stoney Creek Road in Wentworth County and the old Queenston and Grimsby Stone Road in Lincoln County, is one of the finest in the province. At Niagara Falls, the beautiful system of roads built by the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park Commission is encountered and the run may be continued along the famous Niagara Boulevard as far as Fort Erie.

An alternative route to that of the trunk line from Hamilton west is provided by the famous Talbot Road, which extends from Niagara Falls to Windsor through St. Thomas, paralleling the main road to the south. This road is reported to be in excellent shape west of St. Thomas, though not so good east of that point. Connection with the main road may be made by means of the St. Thomas-London road.

From a scenic standpoint, however, the best available territory in Western Ontario is to be found up around Georgian Bay and Lake Huron, and thanks to the efforts of the counties in that locality, many first-class roads now exist in that section of the country. It is possible to start from Toronto, Hamilton, London or other points on the trunk line and make most enjoyable runs in a northerly or north-westerly direction.

Yonge Street, extending north from Toronto to the vicinity of Bradford, is one popular means of access to this alluring district. From Bradford, excellent roads built by the county of Simcoe, take the motorist on through Barrie and up the beautiful west shore of Lake Simcoe to Orillia. Beyond that there are passable roads to Parry Sound and even farther north. Debouching from Barrie, one may proceed to Penetang by a fairly good county road or else make the run through Stayner to Collingwood and thence along the shore of Georgian Bay to Meaford and Owen Sound. The scenery on all these roads is very fine, including hill and valley, wood and stream, lake and river. Another picturesque route to the Bay is via Hurontario Street. This old highway starts from Port Credit and runs through Brampton to Orangeville. It is a route full of variety and the road itself is one of the best in the province. From Orangeville there is a good road to Shelburne and thence to Owen Sound. Yet another route that may be followed is to set out from Hamilton, cross to Guelph and then proceed through Fergus and Arthur to Owen Sound.

From Owen Sound one may motor across the Bruce Peninsula to Southampton and thus come out on the shore of Lake Huron. Or the same objective may be pleasantly obtained by leaving Hamilton and driving through Guelph, Fergus, Elora, Harriston and Walkerton. A very beautiful ride to Southampton is that from Guelph, through Berlin and Stratford, to Goderich and thence north along the shore of Lake Huron, through Kincardine, to one's destination. This same lake run may be made, start-



A Sylvan road traversing Wilmot Park in the provincial capital of New Brunswick.



A typical New Brunswick scene — along the beautiful valley of the Kennebecasis River.

ing from London and going to Goderich direct or via Sarnia.

EAST of Toronto the possibilities for side trips from the trunk line are not so numerous, but some of the available runs are very pretty. Except for the roads in Prince Edward County, all these routes run to the north. From Whitby the old main road to Lindsay, skirting Lake Scugog, is an attractive one. From Port Hope there is a good road to Peterboro round the west end of Rice Lake. From Cobourg a capital road runs north to Gore's Landing. There is a main road extending from Belleville to Madoc that has considerable claim to beauty, while all around the Bay of Quinte, especially in Prince Edward County there are numerous pretty roads. From Kingston one may motor, on a fairly good road, up through the Rideau Lake County to Perth, Smith's Falls, Carleton Place and Ottawa. A highway is projected from Prescott to Ottawa, but as yet the road is not in any too good shape for motoring. Finally there is the run from Ottawa to Montreal along the south shore of the Ottawa River, which will be very much improved in character in the near future.



A choice stretch on the Niagara Boulevard.

If in the Province of Ontario, county systems of roads have preceded provincial systems, in the Province of Quebec the reverse, speaking generally, is the case. Quebec already possesses four fine provincial highways, which are a delight to motorists, but outside of these, roads throughout the province as a rule do not measure up to the standard of Ontario roads. At the same time. scenic beauties are perhaps on a somewhat grander scale than those to be found along motor routes in the upper province, which partly compensates for the inferiority of some of the highways.

Since 1912 the Province of Quebec has constructed over 2,000 miles of first-class permanently-improved highways, the government contribution towards the building of which has been close to seventeen million dollars. More than that, at the last session of the legislature, another five million dollars was appropriated for the further extension of the provincial sys-

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The Centre of Gravity

A Story of the Gold Boom Days in British Columbia

By Hopkins Moorhouse

Who wrote "Face Up," "What the Gods Send," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Mr. Moorhouse presents herewith a new character—Andy Doolin, proprietor of the Silver Dollar, a typical publican of the gold boom days out West. Andy's recital of the exciting and curious events in the gold camps will be worked into a series of short stories, and we shall hear more of Dutch McGee and Jim Crotty and Joe Kerry. This will be the best series of typical Canadian stories that has appeared in years.*

QUEER things bein' done by queer individuals was common enough in them days out there in the Slocan country. But lookin' back, I can't find nothin' to take the trick from Joe Kerry. So it was fittin' and proper that the biggest doin's Joe ever got mixed up in started in some burnin' hay. For if the hay hadn't caught fire on top of a load of giant powder, Kerry wouldn't have handed Andy Doolin his talk on the barrenness of life; and but for said talk, said Doolin, which same is yours truly, wouldn't have steered him up against that rattle-snake proposition. An' if the snake hadn't been quicker'n Joe, he'd merely have moseyed on up the trail to the next camp, kickin' himself for a discard, an' thereby missed meetin' Sally Lane.

Joe held the royal flush for recklessness in half a dozen camps along his route. When he pulled up in front of the "Silver Dollar" bar that day with a load of giant an' hay, he just natcherally tossed his glowin' cigarette over his shoulder, climbed down, hitched the team an' made for the thirst emporium.

Meantime sundry citizens was hittin' sand for the timber an' hollerin' like a bunch of Siwashes. When Joe happens out casual to see what's movin' in the world of man he finds nothin' more excitin' than burnin' hay on a load of powder. So he just finished rollin' another smoke, gets up lazy on his wagon, kicks said blazin' hay off, follows it to the ground an' proceeds to smother same with a horse blanket.

"By Gander!" he swears, kind of interested. "I came darn near havin' to go back for more hay, Andy."

"Yes," I snorts, "an' you come mighty near sendin' this here booze bazaar, which includes myself, nearer Heaven than we're carded for!"

His jaw-hinge weakened at that an' I could see by the way he held his mouth that he was some impressed.

"By Gander, that's right!" he admits. "Somethin' might've happened—but did it? No, Andy, it did not." And he starts shakin' his head and lookin' at me sorrowful. "No, Andy, it did NOT!" he repeats, solemn and sad. "Nothin' EVER does. It's gettin' tiresome—so tiresome, Andy, that there are times when I feel that I must crawl away into a lonely cave among the dead bones of the beasts an' lay me down and die."

HIS voice was hollow as said cave, an' he pulled a faded flower look on me that made me think of coffins an' a dreary rain-soaked grave on a bleak hill.

"Have a drink," I suggested, kind of hasty; for Joe Kerry had a funny-bone as was some abnormal an' enterprisin'. "Mebbe it'll help dispel the envelopin' gloom."

He shakes his head as he sits the glass down an' stares at it dejected.

"Here I am, Andy," he proceeds, "a full grown, healthy citizen of five and thirty summers an' a like number of winters, an' not a darn thing out of the ordinary ever happened to me. It's my hoodoo," he says. "When it comes to bein' recognized by self-respectin' and' in-

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terestin' Events, I've got the measles an' smallpox an' yellow fever all rolled into one.

"Andy," says he, mournful, "I'm only a bit of scum in a stagnant pool! I'm only the wooden post on the graveyard gate! I'm the centre of gravity, that's what I am! I'm the feather that dropped from the tail o' the Great Bird o' Progress!" says he. "An' the minute I flutter near anythin' that looks like somethin', it falls so flat I can't even find the edges of it. I've climbed onto some of the cussedest cayuses ever coralled an' the blame things have walked off with me just as if they enjoyed it. An' the next fellow that tried to saddle 'em, the critters would bite a square foot of hide off him, kick him in the face, an' then roll over on him! Fact, I tell you.

"I've sat in poker games in all the camps along this trail an' got plumb reckless tryin' to start somethin'. But I ain't never been able to quit loser mor'n a dollar an' never won more'n six bits in one sittin'!

'I've got a couple o' thousand in the bank that I ain't got no particular need of, an' I'm makin' a couple o' hundred every trip up the darn old trail. An' though I'm just pinin' to have things bust loose, I can't get no more excitement out o' life than a hearse-driver. Ain't it the limit? Now, honest, Andy, ain't it?"

"Well," says I, "it may be that I'm a queer sort, but I never could work up any kind of indignation over havin' things go 'long nice an' smooth like. But every man to his taste, Joe."

"What would you do, if you was me?" he says, lookin' earnest.

"If I was you?" I says, speculatin'. "Why, I don't know, Joe. Guess I'd go out, pick up a rattler by the tail an' snap his head off before he could get to me."

HE looked at me kind of queer, but the subject was dropped complete. After we'd talked about other things for awhile, Kerry mounted his seat an' drove off.

'Bout an hour later he come tearin' back into camp, astride one of his horses. He swung off at the "Silver Dollar," rushed in, grabbed a bottle of whiskey from the bar and emptied same without stoppin'. Next thing I knew he'd keeled over on the floor an' I got to him faster'n it takes to tell. His arm was swollen an' black from the wrist to a thong twisted tightly around it, just below the elbow. 'Bout half way up I could see the marks of the rattler's fangs plain enough. I slashes the wound with my pocket knife an' sends Jimmy on the run for Doc. Bradley.

Of course, Kerry wasn't in condition to continue his trip, an' his partner, returnin' light from up trail next day, exchanged outfits and hauled the powder away. It was not till several days later that the blamed idiot took up his uneventful career and proceeded down to the railway. And on the next trip up Sally Lane was perched on the seat beside him. So you see how fate had worked it all out.

THE whole camp was out to greet the new school teacher. An' I tell you a prettier little schoolmarm than Miss Lane never come West. Every man in Clover Bar was kow-towin' to her before her first little boot sunk into the gumbo. An' inside a week every woman in the place was callin' her a "dear little girl," which is chalkin' up some marks for aforementioned young lady.

It didn't take yours truly long to straddle the fact that he'd lost a good customer an' that Joe was some punctured. Miss Lane had decided views, it seemed, on the consumption of alcoholic beverages an' the regular stoppin' place of one trail freight wagon was now the little schoolhouse just above the camp. Sometimes, when Jimmy was relievin' an' I was out takin' the ozone, I used to meet Joe an' at such times he took to confidin' how he was gettin' along. An' though I had one ear always open for it, I wasn't hearin' any more talk 'bout lonely caves an' dead bones, an' life bein' tiresome.

'Stead of that he'd taken to nibblin' dainty lunches spread out on the schoolmarm's desk, him listenin' to her pretty prattle 'bout nothin' in partickler, an' the two of 'em smilin' across at each other with nothin' to smile at. I didn't say nothin', but plucked a few flowers of thought that made me feel, somehow, that the "Silver Dollar" was plugged money compared to what was goin' on at the schoolhouse.

THERE was others that run to similar reflections, for these spreads was gettin' to be so regular that Clover Bar housewives took to rejoicin' at the way Joe had reniged on the Demon Rum. Everybody liked Joe a heap. But just when the aforesaid skirt brigade was figgerin' as how Miss Lane would most likely not go back East, didn't Kerry himself waltz in an' spoil everythin'.

"It's my hoodoo again, Andy," he laments, some lugubrious.

"Hoodoo nothin'!" I makes change. "It's plumb foolishness. Some is born fools an' some make fools of themselves. You come in both classes," I says, layin' on the brandin' iron some hot.

For the blame idiot had been ravin' to Miss Lane 'bout the beauty and desirability of a certain girl back East. Her eyes were nearly the same blue as the schoolmarm's, he had said, an' her hair curled down over her forehead, in the same enticin' manner, an' a few more things of like an' similar refrain. The fact that there never had been no such girl an' that Kerry was only tryin' to tell her what he thought of her wasn't sufficient obtrusive for Sally Lane to follow his play. So the atmosphere just nacherally got so chilly Joe's enthusiasm froze solid an' sudden, an' he didn't notice Miss Lane transferrin' a diamond ring from her right hand to the third finger on her left.

"Really, Mr. Kerry, you must be excusin' me now," she warbles, extreme polite. "I promised Mr. Laughlin I'd go up and see the mine with him this afternoon."

Joe, he sits there a minute, gulpin' for his equilibrium an' finally observes as how he'll drop in to see her on his way back, Saturday. But she'd promised Mr. Laughlin that, there bein' no school on Saturday, she'd go ridin' with him an' they'd probably be gone most of the day. Then Joe got a flash of the diamond and left with his feelin's quiverin' an' his think-tank full of leaks.

HE was so numb that he mounts his load an' drives off without lookin' back once. Things was happenin' so fast that it made him dizzy. He didn't know, of course, that Miss Lane had no intention of goin' up to the mine with Mr. Laughlin. What she really did when he left was to go out to a nook beside a little creek an' take to ponderin' long; result—diamond back on right hand, determination to show Joe Kerry a thing or two, also to really go ridin' with Laughlin on Saturday if said Laughlin could be made to ask her to go.

She lived near the school an' on her way back she was lucky enough to meet Jim Laughlin. Good enough feller, Jim was—he'd beat Joe out at a beauty show any day. His salary as timekeeper at the mines, though, wasn't high enough to reach the knee of Matrimonial Aspirations; but he was some pleased at the temperature of Sally Lane's greetin' and basked in same all the way to the school. It wasn't till he left her that he backed a few facts into a corner an' examined their teeth—discoverin' that they hadn't talked 'bout anythin' but horseback ridin' and the beautiful country to be seen surroundin', an' that he had actually asked her to go horseback ridin' with him on Saturday an' him never on a beast's back in his life an' scared cold at thought of said stunt.

That's how it come that Joe Kerry, on his way down trail that Saturday, found the stage-settin' complete for the worst foolishness of all. The Laughlin-Lane excursion was halted at the creek crossin'. Miss Lane had ridden her bronc acrost the little bridge, but Laughlin's piebald critter had sudden come to the conclusion that he'd be darned if he was goin' to cross over. Joe Kerry's funny-bone, perceivin' that the clouds was gatherin', told him to whoa his team an' he done so, rollin' a pill an' settlin' back comfortable to take in the cirkis.

"How do you do, Miss Lane?" he nods, complacent.

"Very well, thank you," she follers suit, icin' her voice.

"Mr. Laughlin appears to be havin' a little trouble," he leads back.

She passes—truth of statement requirin' no comment.

"Why don't you push on the reins?" says Joe, switchin' from the queen to the jack; but Laughlin was some busy an' anxious an' said nothin'.

"I'll tell you what to do," Kerry goes on. "Get the horse headed right an' then lean over an' prod him with your thumb, low down on the neck, just in front of the shoulder-blade."

Laughlin was some desperate an' he covered instructions prompt. The broncho arched sudden just under the saddle an' cleared the bridge in one bound, leavin' his rider performin' a graceful curve through the air an' comin' to rest, settlin' in the middle of the creek.

"Joe Kerry, you're no gentleman!" volunteered the girl, emphatic, thereby puttin' a fat, round period to roarin' amusement of party specified. She galloped back to the schoolhouse without lingerin' in the situation an' hitches her mount to the fence for Jim Laughlin to come an' get when it suited him.

That girl was so put out she couldn't spell "cat." She walks up an' down inside, clenchin' her hands, bitin' her lips, wipin' away scaldin' tears an swearin' dictionary langwidge, which meant she'd never speak to Joe Kerry again. She got

so worked up an' plumb mad 'bout it she sudden started laughin' an' the more she laughed the funnier the whole thing got.

"What a man! What a man!" she solitaires, and thereupon sits down at the desk with her eyes full of the far distant scene. She was so busy lookin' in the picture-book of dreams that she didn't pay no heed to the clatter Joe made, passin' the place. The fallin' shadows of the dyin' day woke her up final an' she started to get supper. There was enough shreds of the dreamin' clingin' to her thoughts to make her set two places at the desk, which all goes to show what teetotal fools some fellers is.

ALL this time Kerry's wagon was tied up in front of bad money, meanin' the "Silver Dollar," while he was tellin' yours truly his troubles. He did have sense enough not to take a drink an' there was some excuse comin' where he did for expert advice, me havin' been married three times.

"You wall-eyed son of Loiterin' Locosis!" I opens up gentle. "You spoon-fed infant! You doggone chump! Not content with makin' an ass of yourself, you have to go an do the same for a young fellow she's out with. Didn't you know that your play there at the bridge was to act p'lite an show Laughlin how to get acrost? 'Stead of that you get him to thumb the beast an' thereby humiliate the girl. I don't see nothin' for you to do; you can't be trusted to go an' explain without makin' matters worse. I reckon you'll just have to wait for somethin' to happen."

"But, Andy," he objects, "you know how darn few things happen to me." At which I ignores him complete.

ALL through fall and early winter the days kept on floatin' in one side of camp an' fadin' out the other, managin' to fill their pockets with the same old doin's. Nothin' happened that anyone saw, nothin' except Jim Laughlin practisin' on a medicated old bronc of Doc. Bradley's. When he finally asked the school teacher to go out ridin' with him again, he got away with it. The girl was some lonesome, I reckon, an' Jim was company of a sort; so they went canterin' round the hills till the big snowfall begun.

But even a mule with the blind staggers could see she was some isolated an' every time the trail wagon went by, the girl was peekin' out 'tween the blind an' window-sash. I know, 'cause I seen her do it. There wasn't no talkin' to the boy, 'long 'bout then; his funny-bone was sure ossified an' he went round lookin' like Sorrow an' Pain tryin' to have a good time. Pale an' quiet an' off his feed an' touchy as a colt from the ranges—that was Joe.

MEN along the old trail still talk about that November. Snow started to come down early in the month. The sun was off on a bust somewhere an' didn't show up till the fifteenth. It was so exhausted that it couldn't thaw through to within fifty miles of the earth. The roads was blocked an' in the gulches the snowdrifts was hangin' over the rocks.

Kerry took the first load over the road. Just above Clover Bar the trail wound through a narrow gulch, not more'n wide enough for two teams to pass. Travelin' there was some desperate, the snow bein' so deep the horses could wallow along just a few yards at a time, restin' between whiles. Some big slides was hangin' like glistenin' fangs from the slopes at the top of the cliffs.

"Them's goin' to get someone when the sun gets warm an' makes 'em heavy with water," thinks Joe; but he got through without dislodgin' anything.

The mine operators up the line sure welcomed the boy when he got there. The storm had hung up every one of their teams in the mountains. The stamp-mills had been workin' steady an' each day's clearin's, which they usually sent down to the railroad in small amounts, was addin' to a supply of bullion which was gettin' altogether too large. They commissioned Kerry to take along over ten thousand dollars' worth on the down trip.

STEVENSON, boss of the Kelso group, calls Joe to one side an' looks him serious in the eye.

"Saunders an' Pete 'll go on down with you, Joe," he says solemn. "They's both quick on the draw an' accurate."

"Rabbits?" grins Kerry, disregardin'.

"Coyotes!" reparties Steve, some sharp. "Ain't you heerd the noos yet? Black Jim Crotty an' his gang has blowed into this here proximity once more. We happens to know he's been hangin' 'round, keepin' almighty quiet, which same aint no good sign," worries Steve. "You keep your eye everlastin' peeled, Joe; fer it's goin' to be a dangerous trip."

Kerry just grins again. But he aint sayin' no more 'bout rabbits an' when he pulls out o'camp Big Saunders an' Pete Hollister is ridin' behind the trail wagon, carryin' rifles.

This here party, named Crotty, aint no psalm-singin' salvationist, I rises to remark. He's plumb bad—a killer from the Panhandle country what drifted north with the stampede over the Old Cariboo Trail, lookin' fer pickin's, an' fell in with a gang o' outlaws what Dutch McGee got together. An' when Dutch was plugged final up near Sanderson, the gang got together again after them ructions an' chose Black Jim fer leader. This Crotty was wanted several wheres for train-robbery an' similar frivolities an' he was wanted so sincere that there was twenty thousand dollars waiting' fer the feller as could bring him in, whether Crotty was drawin' reg'lar on the ozone at the time or was corpsed stiff an' cold complete.

BUT Joe Kerry wasn't losin' any *song fraw* over Crotty, bein' too busy thinkin' 'bout Miss Sally Lane. If he did think 'bout the trip now bein' made, it was to wonder whether they'd beat out the big slowslides in the long gulch, the which he'd noted on his way up. When they got there things didn't look none too promisin'.

Three days had given the sun a chance to buck up an' it had been busy eatin' snow. The road was bare and the water was comin' down from the slopes on the north side in ripplin' rills. Big drifts was hangin' by their tails over the edge of the precipice, lookin' for a place to light. The water from up the slope was addin' to the weight an' bitin' holes in them drifts to make 'em let go an' get out of the way.

Joe didn't stand round long, admirin' the scenery. He knew it was risky, but the bullion had to go forward an' he played to take the trick before the bob-tailed flush drew out an' slid down into the game. He hitched the lines an' walked behind the wagon, ready to hike for safety. Behind him again rode the guards. They hadn't more'n got into the gulch when the big drift got a kink in its pinney an' let out a groan. Guards wheeled mounts an' made for the open, with Kerry emulatin'. The horses never had a chance. When the boys looked back there was nothin' in sight but snow, packed into the gulch an' runnin' up the sides for fifty feet.

Travelin' acrost the hills, Clover Bar was only two miles away, though by the road it chalked up ten. The guards sat down on a rock an' let the sun warm 'em while Joe set out for help. There was a trail he knew of, up over the hill.

HE HADN'T much mor'n reached said trail than he heerd somebody talkin' up above him an' immediate thereafter comes four fellers sneakin' into sight, makin' way cautious down trail an' cursin' every time a foot slipped. They was so busy watchin' their feet that they aint noticed Joe, who drops flat behind the nearest rock most sudden an' anxious.

Fer it was that black devil, Crotty, sure 'nough—him an' three other members o' the gang—an' they was heeled proper fer trouble. They come slippin' an' slidin' down an' stopped direct beside the big rock where Kerry was indentin'.

"They won't be 'long fer a couple a hours yet. We'll get the two fellers with the rifles first shot; but I aint perposin' to do nothin' to Kerry 'less he shows fight," says Mr. Crotty, kind-hearted. "He's a harmless fool mule-skinner as don't count. We aint clost enough yet, boys. Come on an' shut up."

With which Mr. Crotty an' his assistants moseys on down the trail aways. As soon's they was around the first turn, Joe was wrigglin' an' soon he was over the hill. He aint stoppin' fer anythin' at all. He's slinkin' fer Clover Bar as fast as he can make it.

From the time he breezed into the Silver Dollar till the place was deserted an' a bunch o' bronchos was blowin' acrost the white-faced landscape wasn't any longer'n necessary. Crotty alone was worth twenty thousand dollars to his captor.

"Laughlin an' the schoolmarm started up the road on horseback a little while ago," remarks someone as they was pullin' out.

"By Gander!" swears Kerry at that. "You boys follow the road," he yells back. "I'll get there quicker over the trail—to head 'em off before they run into that bunch."

He made straight for the sharp turn in the gulch where the hold-up men would be waitin' for the wagon that wouldn't arrive. He could see the road below the elbow of the gulch for nearly a mile. As he rode, he saw two figures come canterin' into sight. He knew his voice couldn't reach them from that distance. He knew also that the outlaws would shoot anythin' on a horse at sight.

Joe yanked his mount round an' made for the brink of the gulch.

ONE of the Crotty gang had climbed up the cliff in order to pick off the guards before they could give an alarm. He saw Joe comin' and opened fire. Joe unlimbered an' returned the greetin', but owin' to

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No matter how great the intellect people do not like to see it enter the Red Chamber in a wheeled chair. . . We must have a younger Senate.

Shall We Slay the Senate?

By H. F. Gadsby

Who wrote "Peaches and Lemons," "Conserving the Conservatives," etc.

Illustrated by Lou Skuce

LET ME put the reader out of suspense at once by saying that we shall not slay the Senate. We shall not slay it for two good reasons—because we do not desire to do so, and because the Senate will not let us.

This has not always been my attitude toward the Senate. In my hot, rebellious youth when I would reform everything that I could not abolish and abolish everything that I could not reform, I sat in the seat of the scornful when anybody mentioned the Senate. At one time or another I have called it the Sleeping Porch, the Hen House, the Old Ladies Home, the Alms House, the Home for Incurables, the Valley of the Shadow, and other flippancies. Very well—*mea culpa—peccavi*—let it go at that. But there was a bit of legitimate criticism in each of these scoffing epithets. What we want is not a deader Senate but a better one.

Time was when I thought that the Lower Chamber could do all the work and that the Senate was a useless gloss on the voice of the people. But now that I am older I can see that the Senate is the sober second thought of democracy and that the voice of the people is mostly in great need of second thought, having in nine cases out of ten very little thought of its own. So seldom does the voice of the people know what it is howling about that we should give profound thanks to our cautious forefathers for providing constitutional means, like the Senate, to sift the vapors and arrive at sound opinion.

Moreover, in my short day I have seen the House of Commons turn down so many good suggestions and turn up so many bad ones that I have always felt safer for the presence of a Senate that would pass the sins of the Green Chamber in review. I say pass advisedly, for the Senate passes the Commons' mistakes oftener than it doesn't. That is one of the grudges against it. It ought to do more rejecting.

IN THE nature of things the quality of the Senate is conservative, which is another matter to be thankful for. Provided with a comfortable livelihood and free transportation for the remainder of his days your Senator settles down to a long vista of comfortable years. He will live long because he has an annuity. Senators are famous for their longevity. Senator Wark lived to be a hundred. Only last session Senator DeBoucherville died at the age of ninety-four. Senator Sir Mackenzie Bowell is alive and sprightly at ninety-three. There are at least four octogenarians on the pay roll right now. Senators of seventy are quite common.

A Senator lives long because his mind is at ease, because he has no voters to consider, because he owns no master save his conscience and his bank account, because he can do right if he likes even when it is not expedient and because he need not let the clamor of the times disturb him. If ever man was in a position to snap his fingers at public opinion it is your Senator. And yet he doesn't. On the contrary he has a great respect for it — particularly for the solid opinion which is represented by wealth and social position.

Such is the mollifying influence of the Senate, such is the sweet serenity, the lasting peace it breathes, that the reddest Radicals, the fiercest assailants of frills at Rideau Hall, hot from the Green Chamber, soon come under its spell and roar thereafter like sucking doves. I have even heard them roaring for the Vested Interests which goes to show that an all-wise Providence knows what to do with the Senate. Obviously it is intended to take care of those who have a stake in the country. It will have its work cut out for it after the war when irresponsible philanthropists on both sides of politics will from time to time be rising on their hind legs to propose that your property and mine be handed over to the Weaker Brother because he can't get anything any other way.

AND THAT brings me to my first objection. If the Senate has work to do it must be strong enough to do the work. If the Senators outlive their strength the Senate will lack vigor. That is what the matter is with the Senate right now. It is so old that it has almost reached its second childhood. Once a man, twice a child—you know the saying. A pretty sentiment but not applicable to Senates. A Senate should always be able



If a Senator faints the practice is to wave his pay cheque under his nose. This invariably will bring him around.

to sit up and eat meat and think clearly. When a Senator arrives at the gruel stage it is time for him to quit.

The aggregate age of the Senate is 5900 years. This makes it coeval with the pyramid of Cheops. Is it asking too much to divide this great age by two, thus making the Senate contemporary with the beginnings of written literature? I think not. Three years ago—it is somewhat better now—the average Senator's age was seventy. In the interest of briskness, despatch and good government generally it should be thirty-five. At all events it should not be more than the average age of the House of Commons which is forty-five years.

This is a young country and it ought to have a young Senate. Put a young man in the Senate, with three meals a day assured for a long period of time, and tell him that he needn't give a rip for anything but the good of the state—and watch him make things hum. The Senate would then be just the corrective that a timid, time-serving, vote-catching House of Commons requires. According to law one must be thirty years old, a British subject and have a certain amount of real property before one qualifies as a Senator. But according to custom one must have grey hair around one's ears or present a certificate that he has had a paralytic stroke before the Government considers him ripe enough. Of course, this is an overstatement, but the point I am laboring is that we have a curious distrust of youth in this new land of Canada where youth should be at a premium in all walks of life, including the Senate.

So far as age and vigor are concerned the recent appointments to the Senate are better than usual. Senators in the prime of life like Senator Lynch-Staunton and Senator Nichols must bring the average down considerably, but even at that the Senate is old enough yet to make a husky fellow like Rufus Pope hold his breath for fear of breaking the bric-a-brac. The Senate is old enough to impress visitors with its oldness. In their new surroundings at the Victoria Museum, where they occupy the room formerly allocated to fossil invertebrates, the Senators can be seen at close quarters, with no kindly dusk to veil their faults, and the net impression they convey is one of extreme fragility. Coarse persons have been known to allude to them as the "wax works."

OF COURSE that is overdrawing it, but the fact remains that the Senate must take great care of itself if it is to survive from day to day. The walls are done in red and the floor is carpeted in red, with a view to keeping the chill out of the dear old Senators' bones if the temperature falls at any time below eighty. When the red wall paper and the red carpet fail Senators are warmed back to life again by putting them on the Divorce Committee, which furnishes a fair amount of hot stuff each session. If a Senator faints the practice is to wave his pay cheque under his nose. This invariably brings him round unless he has gone for good.

The hygiene of the Red Chamber is as perfect as science can make it. The air is filtered, the water is filtered and often the opinions are filtered too. Pains are taken to keep the Senate, if not pure, at least sanitary. For many years a curious old snuff box held a place on the clerk's table from which Senators of the old school took a pinch by way of starting a thought or two. But this was removed some four years ago because some of the more brittle Senators were showing a tendency to sneeze their heads off. Thank Heaven, that danger has passed!

The only jarring note in the stillness of the Red Chamber is the clock which ticks only once every five minutes, but atones for it by the noise it makes. Oh, cruel clock, to hurl the Senate into eternity in five minute jumps! Surely one second at a time would do just as well! Moreover, a soft voice is as sweet a thing in clocks as it is in woman. I have always wondered why the Senate didn't get up and kill the clock. If I had a clock with a tick like that I would not let it perform except in a barrel. However, the Senate is getting a little deaf. Besides it sleeps between the ticks.

The stillness of the Senate is second only to the silence of death. The stillness is punctuated by speeches which have a mournful, faraway sound, as if rising from the tomb. The Senate sometimes reads its speeches, but more often it intones them. This canorous monotone makes a sombre background for many little noises all signifying mortality—hair falling, teeth loosening, joints anchylosing, gums shrinking, and so on. Yes, old age is creeping over the Senate—creeping, creeping, creeping. But creep it ever so slowly it catches up with some Senator at last and the flag is at half mast again.

When the flag is half masted on Parliament Hill nobody in Ottawa asks "Is King George dead?" No, indeed, Ottawa squints casually at the sad banner, blows

its nose and remarks, "Ah, ha, Senator Snookum's cashed in." Ottawa always has its eye on some Senator with one leg in the grave. And as soon as he gets the other leg in a goodly part of the population makes application for the dead man's shoes.

Yes, the Senate is older than it ought to be. I never visit the Senate Chamber without reflecting on the disabilities of advanced age. I think of more crutches than were ever left at St. Anne de Beaupre, of third sets of teeth, and electric belts, and red flannel, and camomile tea and goose oil and graves and worms and epitaphs. I shouldn't feel that way about the Senate, but I can't help it.

BADINAGE aside, I am trying to say that we must have a younger Senate. We must start it younger and keep it that way. There must be no such thing as a creaky Senator. No matter how great the intellect, people do not like to see it enter the Red Chamber in a wheeled chair. It is not decent that any Senator should totter about with death in his face and cast a gloom over the community by acting as a *memento mori* to his healthy neighbors. It is not good for the Senator who should be with his trained nurse and his home comforts and it is not good for the Senate which incurs a reputation for harboring dotards.

This is no joke. I say it without prejudice to a considerable number of hale and hearty old men who are in the Senate now, men who are enjoying the reward of the clean lives they led in the days of their youth, veterans, some of them, of the Mackenzie administration. What I urge is that after a certain age men run to seed very rapidly.

Some men are twenty years younger than their arteries, but such are few and far between. The supply is not big enough to keep the Senate stocked with seventy-year-old statesmen, actuated by fifty-year-old arteries. In the course of nature we must judge a man's constitution chiefly by his age and there comes a time when age gets the better of him, numbing his mind, weakening his body. When old age has finally won the signs disclose it. If the victim is in the Senate it is his duty to quit and let a younger man take his place. He will not do it, however. Senators may die, but they never resign.

They would sooner die than resign any day. As a matter of fact they do. They have a gift for dying. Of the eighty Senators appointed by Laurier, forty-one are dead. In the five years the Laurier Government has been out of office the Liberal majority in the Senate, which was thirty-nine when Laurier went out, has entirely disappeared. This shows how quickly the old gentlemen drop off when they make up their minds to it.

Perhaps this is the way Providence has of solving the problem—the problem of ridding a new Government of a hostile Senate, left them by the party previously in power. But I do not think so. We musn't saddle Providence with too much. The moral is that if we appoint younger Senators they will live longer and that if we appoint them on merit for a definite period covering their highest usefulness we won't care how long they live.

THIS brings me to my chief remedy for the ills the Senate is heir to—the Elixir of Youth. I would not make it elective. The commons debated this question as far back as 1874 on the motion of the Hon. David Mills and decided in the negative. I would not make it elective thereby throwing it into the same fevers to which the House of Commons is subject. Nor would I make it appointive for life, as it is now. I would make it appointive for a fifteen-year period, which is long enough to give it stability and also long enough to harvest a man's best energies at their fullest perfection.

The Romans made thirty the minimum Senatorial age, but that appears a little callow. Mahomet made the ideal age thirty-seven. My choice would be the man of forty. At forty every man is either a fool or a physician. If he is a physician, that is to say, if he knows how to take care of himself, he should become wiser from day to day. Meanwhile his physical powers are in full bloom and his spirit is brisk and strong. He comes as near as ever he will in his life to that wistful thought—

If youth but knew,
And age could do.

Now is the time for the state to pluck him and enjoy his full essence—knowledge that youth did not have, experience which comes with the growing responsibilities of life, vision to look backward as well as forward, a judgment calm and brave to face ultimate conclusions; in short the exact combination of prudence and action which make for good counsel. Youth does not cloud his mind with passion and age has not chilled his blood. He is at the flood tide of his manhood for the next fifteen years and for that period he should be appointed—no second terms.

THAT in short is my theory—senators to be appointed at forty and to go out at fifty-five, or some similar arrangement by which the state might enjoy a man's wisdom when all his faculties were at their keenest. Of course the matter of age is not absolute because some men are younger at sixty than others are at forty, but the point is that the Government in appointing Senators should make careful canvas of the soundness of their bodies, so that the soundness of their minds will not falter before their time is up.

You will observe that I have said nothing about an elective Senate. Among real ponderers of the constitution this idea is as dead as Queen Anne. To make the Senate elective is to defeat the very purpose for which it was formed. The sober second thought can not be very sober if it is to be fretted by the cries and rages of the hustings. It must be above this turbulence, and free of its penalties, if second thought is to avail. The Senate, as it stands to-day, is an expansion of the old Legislative Councils of the four federating provinces of 1867. Every one of these Legislative Councils had debated at one time or another whether the elective form would be better and every one had decided—very wisely as I think—that it would not. Where Upper Chambers are concerned the appointive is the only system that has its root in right reason.

But the appointive system, as it exists to-day is, in my humble opinion, quite wrong. The British North America Act, in allotting an equal number of Senators to each of four districts, aims to equalize the powers of the various provinces in the Federal Parliament. But this good intention can be defeated if the Federal Government has a grudge against any particular province or provinces either by leaving vacant Senatorships unfilled or by making appointments which disturb the just equilibrium. Moreover, there is always the danger that some ardent re-

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If ever man was in a position to snap his fingers at public opinion it is your Senator.

Jordan is a Hard Road

A Continued Story of the Earlier Days in the North-west

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Author of "The Weavers," The Right of Way," "The Money Master," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C Edwards

SYNOPSIS—*Bill Minden, ex-train robber, comes to Askatoon and lives an exemplary life, reading his Bible on Sundays on the hotel porch in full view of everyone. Minden shows special interest in the school taught by Cora Finley, a pretty and popular young woman. He calls on Mrs. Finley one evening and in the course of the conversation it develops that Cora is Minden's daughter, given to Mrs. Finley to raise by Minden on his wife's death. Minden avows his intention of winning his way to power in Askatoon. Many successful revival meetings are held at Mayo, Nolan Doyle's ranch, and at one of these camp meetings Minden is converted, which fact causes much comment and criticism by the newspapers of the West. Minden longs to be under the same roof as his daughter, and yet does not dare risk letting the truth become known. One day, hearing of the impending bankruptcy of John Warner, a real estate agent, who had built a hotel and could not pay for it, he decides to buy the place. Minden then explains to Mrs. Finley and Cora that he intends to run it as a temperance hotel and persuades them to come and help him make the venture a success. One night, while working on his accounts in his office, Minden hears a cry for help and finds a stranger suffering from a wound in the arm. He learns that the stranger's name is Mark Sheldon and that he owns a gold mine, but hasn't the capital to work it. Three weeks previously he had joined up with the MacMahons, and only discovered at the last moment, that they were a band of horse thieves. He had been wounded in a raid by the police and had immediately started for Minden's hotel, where he felt sure he would be protected. Sheldon recovers and succeeds in interesting Minden in his mine. He, himself, becomes interested in Cora.*

CHAPTER VII.—*Continued.*

A LITTLE while later, as they sat on the high bank of the river, a fishing-rod in her hand, his back against a tree with the bait by his side, he said to her as she gazed intently into the water: "So you think it's wonderful that Minden can be as good as he is with all he has had to fight against?"

She flicked her line into the water, then turned to him with shining steadfast eyes. "Yes, I think it is truly wonderful; but there must have been more good than bad in him at the start. I don't believe people become good that are bad at the start; but if they are good at the start, then I think that childhood and the memory and influence of it is the master of a man's or woman's fate. Everything in the world loses its hold on us except childhood. Mr. Minden must have been right just at the start. I've heard him speak about his wife—it was beautiful. He had a child and lost her. Isn't it a pity? But if he couldn't go straight, perhaps it was better the child died. If she had ever known what he became it might have killed her. A woman can't stand being shamed by a man she loves. She may hide it, but down, down, at the bottom of her heart it's an ache that goes on and on and on."

"How do you know?" he asked in a low voice.

"Why, just by instinct, and by watching. In a place like this with hundreds of people, you can see and hear a good many stories."

"Minden is the most contradictory man I've ever known," he said after a moment. "I agree with you; he must have been right at the start; but what a wonderful thing when he has lived two-thirds of his time out that he can right-about face, and live as though he had never done any wrong. It needs enormous will-power. Think, too, of what that will-power might have meant, if it had been given to the straight things from the start."

There was a brief interlude in which the girl detached from her fish-hook a fine bass, which had made a gallant struggle, but after he had baited the hook again, and she had thrown her line, she said:

"It isn't will-power that has made Mr. Minden what he is now. Will-power couldn't do it. It was a power above that he reached for and got."

HE LOOKED at her with a curious searching intentness. He had never known anything like this. Here was simple Christian faith in a character sportive, cheerful, practical, even worldly-wise in its own way and a little coquettish, too. Surely it was contradictory, and yet she seemed completely real. If he had known the exact truth he would have realized that she was Bill Minden, but what a different Bill Minden! All his contradictions and paradoxes were here, but native virtue and goodness had prevailed in her, while Minden's native instinct for virtue and goodness had been ruled by wilfulness, waywardness, the spirit of adventure, an intolerable laziness, and a loosely held moral sense.

Do you know," she said dreamily, "I never met so kind a man as Mr. Minden. He thinks of a hundred little things to make you happy. Somehow, in spite of all he ever did, I can't bring myself to think hateful things about him. Mother did, though. At first she was his enemy, but I never was. I like being with him. He's so modest he makes you feel that if he had to choose between you and the angels, he would choose you!"

"Well, so would I, if it comes to that,' was Sheldon's quick comment.

He saw a flush mount to her cheek, but she did not look at him, and he did not follow up his tender attack.

"Do you think he'll stick it out?" he asked. "Don't you believe he'll tire of being what he is now, and backslide? Won't there be a reaction when the charm of respectability has worn off?"

She flicked her line almost angrily out of the water and in again, and her eyes flashed as she turned to him.

"Haven't I said it isn't his will or anything that belongs to him that's doing it! He gets help from God."

How invincibly sincere she was! There was no cant, no sentimentality in her voice or words. In the circles he had frequented, that kind of religion had not existed—supreme philosophy rather, for it did not sound like religion. It made him feel tremendously secure where she was concerned.

"Well, perhaps you are right," Sheldon replied. "There's no sweetness like that of running straight. I was good once. Yes, I really think I was good at the start," he added, and then he paused.

He saw the fish-pole suddenly dip in her hands, as though they weakened; he noticed the sudden arrest of those indefinable motions of the body at ease, then her head turned slowly toward him, and with painful wonder, she said:

"Haven't you always been good?"

"I'm going to tell you," he answered. "I'm going to tell you all about it—all. I want you to know. No one knows all except you, that is, except you when I've told you. But Mr. Minden knows far more than you do. He has been good to me—I knew he would be; that's why I made for him when they shot me for horse-stealing."

He caught the fishing-rod which was dropping from her hands, as her face became white, and her eyes had a bewildered and shocked look. Yet she seemed not to shrink from him, but to hold herself steadily.

"Horse-stealing! . . . I do not be-

lieve you. But go on—tell me!" she said in a low, weak voice.

HE TOLD her all his past—of his few years in the household cavalry, of his getting into debt through baccarat and being obliged to leave the army; of his joining the gendarmerie in Macedonia; then of his final effort to reinstate himself, to make a home and a fortune. He told her of discounted expectations and the selling of reversionary rights in order to make this hunt for gold. Then at last he related the story of his abandonment of the mine, of his sojourn at the MacMahon's ranch, of the horse-raid, of the encounter with the Riders of the Plains, of the bullet in his side and his struggle to reach the Rest Awhile Hotel, and of what Minden had done for him this very day.

"Don't you loathe me for it all—for chucking my life away at the start like that? According to the law of the land, I'm a criminal, a horse-thief." He looked at her with intense inquiry.

"You weren't horse-stealing," she protested. "You didn't know the MacMahons were stealing the horses. You said so yourself just now."

"And you believe me?"

She looked him wonderingly in the eyes. "Why, of course, I believe you."

"Though I'm an Episcopalian — and never had religion, as you Methodists say."

"Well, I suppose some Episcopalians get to heaven," she answered demurely.

"Don't you think what Mr. Minden has done for me is one of the biggest things one man ever did for another?" he asked presently. "What do you suppose made him do it?"

A mist came into her eyes and a rapt expression to her face. "Perhaps he felt you ought to have your chance," she answered. "Perhaps if somebody sometime had done the same to him he mightn't have had so much to be sorry for. Don't you think that's it?"

"I thought so at first," he replied, "but I'm not so sure now. I can't understand it."

"He treats me almost as if I belonged to him," she added in a hushed sort of voice. "I keep wondering how he ever could have been bad at all."

Suddenly Sheldon seemed to pull himself together. "There is one more thing I ought to tell you," he said. "It's not a crime, but it was a bad business enough. I wasn't going steady when I did it. . . At the time I came a cropper with baccarat I married."

Horror and apprehension seemed to take possession of the girl. She whipped the line out of the water, and laid the rod down upon the ground; then clasping her hands tightly in her lap she turned her face away from him towards the farther shore of the river.

"What is there to tell about that?" she asked in a cheerless voice.

"She was a chorus girl in a theatre. I was twenty-two, and I thought she was wonderfully clever and wonderfully good—she looked so good with her flaxen hair and wide brown eyes. The marriage was secret. Within a year she had run away with a millionaire from the Argentine, and within another year she was dead."

With his last words the rigidity of Cora's figure relaxed, and in a voice scarce above a whisper, she said: "You did not divorce her?"

"No, somehow I couldn't do that," he replied heavily.

"Oh, but that was right!" she rejoined. "For she might have repented, and ——"

She could get no further, her body swayed backwards and forwards slightly, and her face dropped into her hands.

He moved over quickly to her, leant down, and looked up to her hidden face.

"Cora! Cora!" he said passionately.

She made no reply, but after an instant her hands dropped tenderly upon his head.



"What is there to tell about that?" she asked in a cheerless voice.

CHAPTER VIII.

ENTER THE BRUTE.

FOR A time the world went well with those to whom the Rest Awhile Hotel was a home. No light illumines a face like that which comes from a happy secret, and Cora's face had that look of transfiguration which belongs to an exalted spirit or to a happy heart. She spiritualized her love and exalted the object, and all her work and all she did was touched with that grace, that phantom ease, which belongs to those whose inner being is as active as their outer life. She stepped with exceeding lightness; her head was held as high as though the world had never sinned; yet her joy did not make her selfish. Her interest in everything and everybody round her was increased, and to Mrs. Finley it seemed that as a foster-mother, she had done her duty well.

Minden certainly told her so with almost boisterous delight. There were times when he almost believed he was secure in his converted state and that he was truly and unalterably saved. He prayed with great eloquence; he occasionally preached with fire and wayward originality. Also

he did the work of Mayor with a cheerful energy which made him as popular as he was conspicuous, because of his umbrageous past.

A two days' journey north, Sheldon was playing his part with an almost destructive cheerfulness, working night and day to make the twenty thousand dollars which Minden paid for a quarter of the mine meet current needs. In the end it proved impossible. He had been too optimistic, had left no margin for accident and the unforeseen; and both accident and the unforeseen occurred. A breakdown in the mine destroyed machinery; a sudden claim by the original owners proved a menace to its future. He struggled on under a load five times greater than even Minden thought it to be. Minden had never believed that the twenty thousand dollars would be enough. He was quite prepared to put in much more money when Sheldon had proved himself a "hustler from Hustlerville." He wanted to test the capacity of Cora's future husband, and the result was worth while.

HE LET Sheldon fight on, himself looking forward to the day when he would step to the rescue with much more money and say, "Halves, partner, halves!" That would mean in the long end that Cora would be a partner with her own husband in the mine about which the West was beginning to speculate seriously. Everything seemed clear; there were no clouds in the sky. As Minden said to himself: "There ain't no rails on the line." Yet on one of the happiest days he had ever known—that in which his daughter passed her matriculation and her first year's examination at the University in one—accident and penalty, twin sisters of Fate, came storming at his door.

Even while he walked with a swagger round the table in the dining-room where Cora sat in half-dreaming happiness with the Academic certificate in her hand, Brute Penalty was at work in Mrs. Finley's sitting-room. While Minden ejaculated praises at the girl, who had proved that her intellect was as healthy as her body and bloomed like her cheek, Brute Penalty spurted its venom into Mrs. Finley's shocked face. It had burst into her room as she was rising from her knees, where she had thanked God for the gift of her beloved child. She had never seen a man intoxicated at the Rest Awhile Hotel; and it was a shocking thing to her that the Brute Man, who now reeled into her room, was her brother.

She had to face a leering, degraded, drunken tramp whose grinning humor of the lips was denied by the malice of his eyes—the shrewd, malignant and unmerciful look of the blackmailer: for that was what Robert Simeon Struthers suddenly became on this day in the Rest Awhile Hotel.

"Lor'a-massy!" he exclaimed. "Lor'-a-massy, 'Liza, what a joint this is! Heaven and hell arm in arm for sure. What price a hotel where you can't get a drink not for love or money! But it's all right, it's all right, it's the Rest Awhile Tavern. That's a goldarned good name. I've been travelin' for the last twenty-one years an' I'd like to rest awhile meself. Jerrickety, what a bunch you are here! Bill Minden, the boss train-buster, that'd hold up a coach just as you'd cut the top off an egg—Bill Minden doin' the prayer trick, playin' the sky-pilot, runnin' the town, lovin' the ladies, joinin' up with 'Liza Struthers that joined the church at ten—oh, what a surprise, two lovely black eyes!"

With a shocked gesture Mrs. Finley stopped him. "Robert, Robert, have you no shame!" she almost wailed.

"No shame! You talk to me like that! What 've I got to be ashamed of 'cept my bad luck for years an' years an' years. Everything's been out agen me. God and the Devil's been conspirin' at me. I ain't had no home. You've been the lucky one. Steve Finley left you five hundred dollars a year, and instid of makin' a home for your poor brother Robert, you've been spending your life and your money on the daughter of that damned thief, Bill Minden."

Mrs. Finley was now as white as the collar at her neck. "Oh, hush, brother Robert!" she said. "Nobody knows that she is William Minden's daughter. You know how he came to give her to me, and no one knows the truth here. She's right happy with me."

"You mean to say she don't know who her real father is?" A blackmailing look came into the brutish eyes. "Well, then, I guess I got a home," he added facetiously. "I guess I can rest awhile at the Rest Awhile. Mr. Bill Minden don't want the world to know that Cora Finley's his daughter, an' that's good enough for me. I got to be took care of, if I keep my mouth shut—see that? Say, why doesn't he want her to pass as his daughter?"

"Can't you see?" the agonized woman replied. "Don't you know—why you did know from the start, that he didn't want her to know he was her father. He didn't want to spoil her life."

"Shucks! Piffle!" replied the other truculently. "The town's damned well goin' to know she's his daughter. The town's goin' to be purified by the truth. This Rest Awhile Tavern is goin' to be made a happy, happy home if I know anything, an' I guess I do; but I'll have a swill first. Out with your bottle from the cupboard, 'Liza." He looked round the room. "I got to have a drink an' a good big drink, for I got a good big thirst, an' it's been a good big walk from where they put me off the train. An' after the drink I'll have a good big sleep on that good big sofa over there. Gimme that drink, 'Liza, on this instep, as the niggers say. I'm dry, and whiskey's the only thing that makes my throat wet. D'you hear, sis?"

FOR AN instant she hesitated; to give drink to a drunken man was a terrible thing. Yet she must gain time; Cora must be spared a shock. She must see Minden, who might perhaps find a way to prevent catastrophe. She remembered that some brandy had been left from the occasion of Sheldon's illness.

"Wait a minute, Robert," she whispered, for her voice failed her in excitement. "I'll bring it."

She went into the next room, and presently returned quickly with a pitcher of water and a bottle in which there was about an eighth of a pint of brandy.

Struthers greedily snatched the bottle from her hand, uncorked it and smelt it. Then he said with a leer, "That's better than whiskey—good old Three Star!"

Raising it to his lips, he drank every drop of it, then caught the pitcher of water from her hand and took a gulp.

"Now for the good big sofa and a sleep," he said; "and when I get up there'll only be rest in the Rest Awhile if I have a room to meself an' me board and lodgin'."

Then he threw himself sprawling on the sofa, and closed his eyes to sleep; but half a minute later they opened heavily. He saw his sister looking at him with an agony in her face which made him laugh in derision.

" 'S all right, 'Lizt. Get that room ready for your lovin' brother," he mumbled, and instantly sank into a heavy sleep.

THREE hours later the ne'er-do-well awoke from his druken sleep with parched lips and a bad temper. As he came to a sitting posture and blinked his weasel eyes, he caught sight of Minden seated with arms resting on the table in front of him. Minden's eyes were fixed on his; he had sat for a half-hour in the same position waiting till Struthers should wake.

For a moment the two men gazed at each other in silence. Struthers anticipated trouble, and was in a mood to fight. It was nearly twenty years since they had seen each other, and both had lived hard lives, but Struther's life had been degraded, besotted and poverty-stricken. He had only come to Askatoon to borrow money from his sister, but now his drunken mind saw but one thing—the price of silence as to Cora's relationship to Minden. He looked to find threatening in Minden's face, and was met by an almost friendly smile. Minden spoke first.

"Have a drink," he said pointing to a large glass pitcher of water with a tumbler beside it.

Struthers's lips were parched and dry. "I'll have lager," he said. "I'll have Milwaukee lager—a whole or two halves. I'm dry."

"This is a temperance hotel," Minden replied easily. "Try Adam's ale first, Bob, then you can step across the street for your beer."

A sullen, defiant look came into Struthers' face. "Temperance—shucks! Nice sort of joint this—two holy Christians with a Christian baby keeping a deception-house. What's a hotel for if it ain't for drink—good spiritual drink?"

"Well, that's all the drink you'll get here, Bob," was the dry reply. " 'Spirit*ual* drink,' is the word; it goes. But there ain't any spirituo*us* drinks to be had here; so if you must have it, just toddle across the way. But if I had a thirst like yours, I'd make that pitcher of water look small in about two thirsty seconds. Sip it up, man. There'll be room for the lager after. What you want now is coolin'."

"I want money for the lager," was the stubborn reply. "I'm dead broke; but if I wasn't I'd still want money for the lager. I ain't here for nothin'—I ain't here for nothin', I tell you that." He stumbled forward to the table. "I'm here for my own good—that's why I'm here; and I'm here for good and all, and ever, d'you understand?"

The complacent smile did not leave Minden's face, yet there was a savage look creeping into his eyes, which his strong will kept calling back into obscurity.

"All right, Bob, you can have the money for the lager," he replied, "but I'd really like you to have a drink of the wine of the country first. I'd like you to show your

Continued on page 73.

What is Wrong With the Railroads?

By E. J. Chamberlin

President of the Grand Trunk Railway System

EDITOR'S NOTE—*There is a disposition to blame the railroads for all the national ills that the community is suffering from. Delayed transportation has been advanced as the cause of the scarcity of coal, the high cost of foodstuffs, and even the curtailment of manufacturing. The railroads have failed, according to the critics, in the hour of greatest need. At the request of the Editor of* MacLean's Magazine, *President E. J. Chamberlin, of the Grand Trunk System, sets forth in the following message the underlying causes of the present railway difficulties and also suggests how ultimately relief may be found. The conditions arising out of the war must necessarily continue until peace is declared.*

YOU ASK, "What is wrong with the railroads?" The reply in one word is "WAR." Although we are removed from the scene of actual hostilities by thousands of miles, war conditions prevail on this continent as they do in Europe. The conflict has wrought great changes in our industrial life. A strain has been placed upon the whole fabric of business that has tested it to the breaking point. The conditions that obtain to-day in our great industries were undreamt of before the war and the railroads cannot be blamed if they failed to see the coming of the conflict. It fell like a thunder clap upon the civilized world and each month has brought an increase in the severity of its effects.

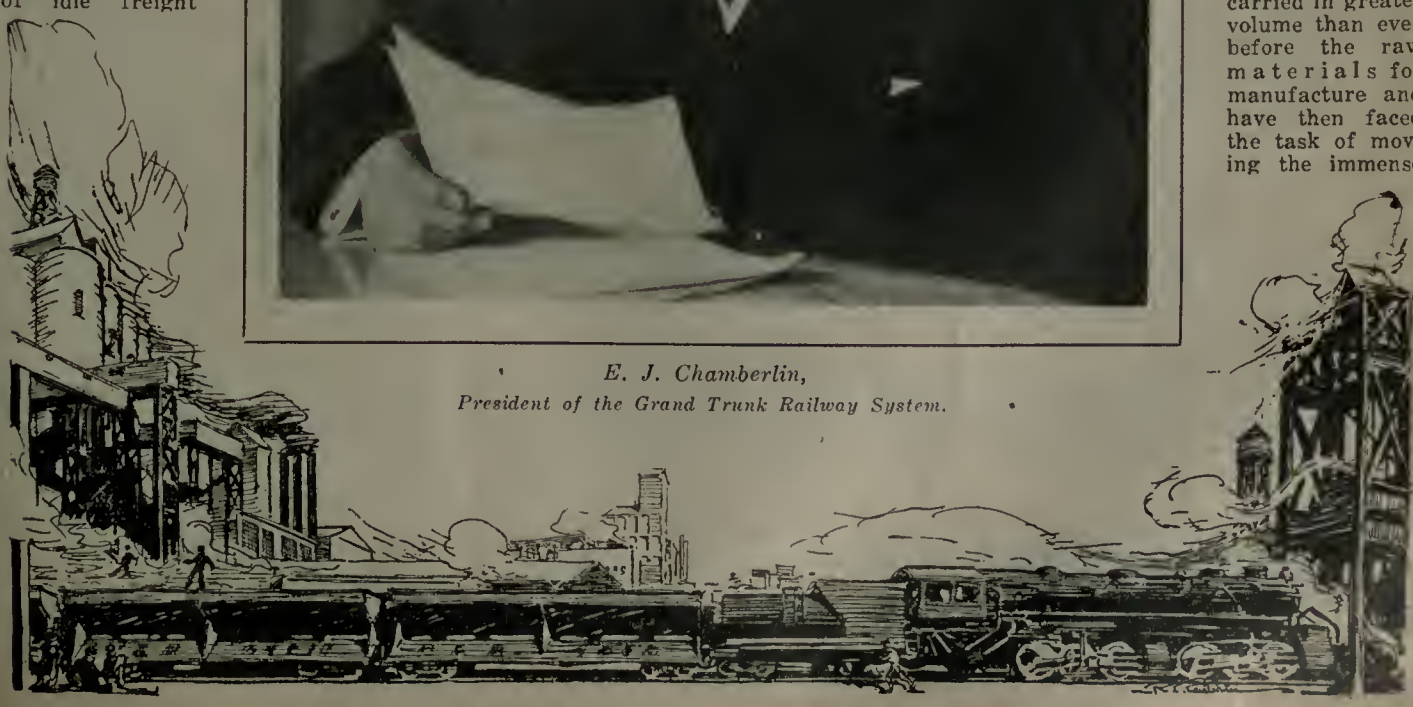
The period immediately before the opening of hostilities was marked by a tremendous decline in railroad traffic. Net revenues fell to the vanishing point. There were tens of thousands of idle freight cars and hundreds of idle locomotives. The confidence of investors in railroad securities had been so shaken by the persistent and successful efforts of various bodies to prevent the roads from earning a fair payment for the transportation service rendered that new capital was well nigh impossible to obtain. Without the necessary capital it was impossible for the railroads to proceed with plans for developing facilities and improving the transportation mechanism to meet uncertain future needs. The railroads were geared to handle efficiently the business offering. They have been called upon, however, during the past two years, to carry a burden of a magnitude that would previously have been considered outside the realms of possibility.

When the time comes to measure up what our railroads have done during this time of abnormal stress, it will be freely admitted that our transportation systems have accomplished wonderful work in the face of appalling difficulties.

Complaint is made that the railroads have from time to time, in commercial parlance, got behind with their orders. Is there any branch of productive activity, engaged in war work, that has been able to meet the full demands made upon it? Every possible agency of production is being used, calling for masses of material of all descriptions to be gathered together at every centre of population. The railroads have carried in greater volume than ever before the raw materials for manufacture and have then faced the task of moving the immense



E. J. Chamberlin,
President of the Grand Trunk Railway System.





This illustrates why railway traffic has become congested—a terminal wharf crowded with loaded cars and no ships to take the freight off. Millions have been lost because the cars must wait for ships to take their loads.

tonnage of finished products in a steady stream towards the seaboard. The pressure from the manufacturing centres for supplies has been without any let-up, and Imperial needs have demanded that all munitions, etc., consigned overseas be moved immediately. The efficiency of the railroads in handling this great eastbound export traffic has been controlled by ocean shipping conditions. These have naturally been irregular owing to the shortage of ships. The result has been that every railway terminal has become congested with export freight awaiting the clearing up of the situation at the ocean point of loading. Days have passed at many of the greatest ports on the Atlantic seaboard when there has not been a single vessel on hand to receive cargo. Such a situation ties up thousands of cars and prevents the free use of the terminals for internal movement. Railway terminals, unfortunately, are not elastic and with such conditions prevailing delays to traffic were unavoidable. It must also be considered that the bulk of the traffic has been eastward without an equivalent movement west.

THE remarkable increase in Canada's business may be gathered by a glance at these export and import reports.

CANADA'S EXPORTS.

1916....	$1,091,706,403
1915....	614,129,846
	$ 477,577,557 Increase in 1916.

CANADA'S IMPORTS.

1916....	$766,757,491
1915.....	452,761,111
	$313,996,380 Increase in 1916.



This increased national business has meant an addition to the freight tonnage of the railways of more than fifty per cent. While the demands upon the roads have been ever increasing, the amount of



labor available for the railways has been away under normal and has steadily declined. Thousands of our skilled employees have answered the Empire's call and gone overseas and the reserve has not been able to fill the gaps in the railroad ranks.

At Ruhleben

In an early number will appear the experiences of a young Canadian who was imprisoned for almost two years in the detention camp at Ruhleben, just outside Berlin. It is an intensely interesting narrative, telling of the real conditions and actual experiences of interned English civilians.

THE interests of the railroads and the public are identical, and the present situation should serve to emphasize the necessity of allowing the railroads to carry on their business in a manner that will allow of continuous development in order to keep up with the increasing needs of transportation. The railroads need:

Greater terminal facilities.
More side tracks.
More double tracks.
More equipment.

Under a burden of increased expenses the railroads are continuing to give service at the rates that were too low even when all classes of supplies and labor could be obtained at much lower prices than is possible to-day. The assumption that, because of the abnormal volume of traffic offering, the railroads are not entitled to a revision of their tariffs will lead to a continuance of the conditions which are now complained of. The railroads must be allowed to earn a net income sufficient to pay fair dividends if they are to obtain the new capital necessary to create greater facilities and give the service that the public demands. Investors will in the future look for larger returns upon their capital and just so long as railroads are restricted to earnings which are lower than those obtained by the generality of industrial enterprises the railways will continue to find grave difficulties in providing necessary new works to keep abreast of industrial expansion and the business life of the community will be menaced by a return of these periods of acute congestion.

The welfare of the railroads is of national importance and the selfish interests of no one section or class should be allowed to interfere with their proper development along sound lines.



George Lane—Millionaire Rancher

By
NORMAN LAMBERT

ANY YEAR, just after the first of January, when the banks begin to hold their annual meeting, go down to a certain comfortable old-fashioned hotel on Front Street, Toronto, and upon one of the fresh pages of a newly opened register, you will find the name of George Lane, Calgary, Alberta, written in a big scrawling hand. From that autograph you might turn around, and pick out the man who wrote it, if he happened to be sitting or standing about the rotunda of the hotel. In all probability he would be wearing an old, faded, broad-brimmed Stetson which has been a constant mark of identification for many years, and incidentally suggests wide expanses of wind-blown prairie. If his hat were not with him, one could not miss the mass of sand-colored hair which fancy might blend perfectly with the dun shades of the western plains in hot midsummer. Tall, huge of frame and with the ambling stride of the cowboy which he has never quite lost despite the present age of motors, George Lane has the West written all over him. Talk to him, and the expressive vernacular of the rangeland, the heartiness and open quality of the laugh, and the twinkle in a shrewd-looking pair of deepest blue eyes, heighten the impression of the West. You begin unconsciously to stir with that indescribable restlessness which a memory of the far-reaching prairie and rolling foothills produces in the soul of any normal man. As you hear about boundless acres and thousands of livestock feeding upon them, you are looking out yonder to the horizon line "where the strange roads go down." It all sounds like the opening of the first chapter of Job, except that Job was supposed to have resided in the far East. In short, nothing in human form suggests quite so much the spirit, the possibilities, the achievements of the West as George Lane of Alberta.



When Lane comes to Toronto on his regular annual visit, it is not through any consideration of the bank meetings, many of which happen to be held here each year about the time he arrives. He invariably has a little banking business to do, being under the necessity of operating each season a plant of some thirty thousand acres. If a "line of credit" is necessary he doesn't bother very much with the ranch at Calgary. He makes a visit to the Head Office in Toronto, an incident of his annual trip to the East. Chicago, New York, Montreal and Ottawa are also included in the tour which is really one of study. George Lane is a student of markets, and the whole world is his friend. Single-handed he has constructed a wonderful agricultural business which is operated from his splendid lands in the foothills of the Rockies. Some people say that the farmer has been the last of the industrial interests to organize, and in his



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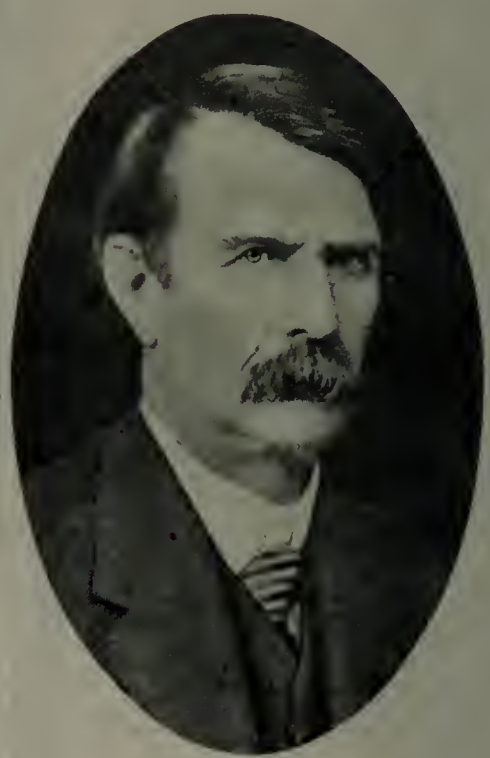
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isolated condition has been made the victim of the railways, the banks and the manufacturers. If such be the case, the credit reflected upon men like Lane for their success, is indeed great. By sheer ability, unaided by any other power than his own wits, this man has planned, conducted and developed a ranching business which has made him a millionaire almost twice over. He has reached his present position through close applica-





George Lane.

tion to the science of producing things from the soil. He has not sought advice in this from outside interests, many of which are only too ready to give it. He has made outside interests serve him in working out his own ideas, and in that way has raised agriculture in one instance at least to the place where it belongs.

THE STORY of George Lane's success reaches back forty-five years to the day when as a sixteen-year old lad he struck out for himself across the plains from Oklahoma to Montana, driving horses and cattle. He was born at Booneville, near Des Moines, Iowa, in 1856, and as a child went with his parents into southern Kansas, or Oklahoma as it is known to-day. The trek to Montana when he was sixteen marked his beginning as a cowboy. It was a long, weary trip, that first venture across the plains

of the Western States. The trek occupied the entire summer. When he got to Montana, he joined a ranching outfit, and spent the next twenty years as a cowboy, learning all he could about cattle and horses. In 1884 Lane crossed the line into Canada, and became foreman for the North-West Cattle Company. Those were the days in Alberta when the rancher held undisputed sway over the fertile lands of the West. There were no fences or railways to hinder or restrict the cowboy riders in rounding up their herds. Lane soon became known as one of the best cattle men on the range.

An interesting story is told by the old-timers about the first time that George Lane became a prominent figure in Alberta. It was at Pincher Creek in 'eighty-four, not long after Lane had come to Canada, John Herron, a well-remembered figure in the Pincher Creek district, and a famous wrestler, had arranged a match with a renowned athlete from the States. A big crowd assembled at Pincher Creek on the day of the contest, cattle men riding in from all parts of the foothill country. A board platform had been erected for the two wrestlers, and as the two contestants finally appeared ready for their trial of strength and skill, a tall, lanky cowboy leaped up beside them, and shaking a fist full of money over the head of Herron who was the smaller of the two gladiators, shouted, "Here's odds on the little feller." The "little feller" won in two falls. The lanky backer was George Lane, whose judgment since that day has grown to be proverbial amongst the people of the foothills.

In 1892, the foreman of the North-West Cattle Company became an independent rancher. He began by purchasing several bands of grade Percheron horses in Montana. He had made up his mind that the Percheron was the best kind of heavy horse for use in Western Canada, and immediately set forth to cultivate that breed of animal. Although Lane's ranches now turn out every year thousands of cattle, horses and pigs, the prize feature of the stock is the band of pure bred Percheron horses. For twenty years George Lane has been specializing in Percheron horses, and has built up what is generally conceded amongst horsemen to be, the finest and most extensive Percheron breeding establishment in the world. It is indeed a far cry between La Perche district in old France where the first of the Percheron breed were raised, and the rich valleys and benches of the Alberta foothills where the old seed is bearing fruit. He has on his beautiful ranch of 23,000 acres west of High River, some 350 pure bred Percheron fillies and mares, and between fifty and sixty pure bred stallions. In addition he keeps upwards of 600 work horses. His other holdings of live stock include from 7,000 to 8,000 head of cattle, 1,500 hogs and 300 sheep. Some 2,000 calves are raised annually. Fifteen hundred to two thousand head of fat cattle and fifteen hundred hogs are marketed every year. In addition to this extensive live stock business, Lane has had a grain crop these past two years amounting each year to more than a quarter of a million bushels.

LANE'S one set rule is, "do not waste anything." He is not a grain grower, and he is not a speculator. Grain is grown first on his ranches for its feed value; the surplus he sells. Lane is the biggest in-



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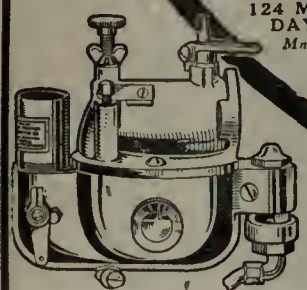
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dividual farmer and rancher in Canada, possibly in America. During the excitement of the real estate orgy in the West five and six years ago, he did not waste a dollar or any of his time in the prevailing practice of that day. Later when feverish prospectors were boring for oil all about his property, he was not attracted. He was too busy producing cattle and horses and grain. These products have taken him abroad. He has raised his products from the land on the one hand, and on the other he has studied world markets. In the early days he exported many cattle to Britain. In late years, he has shipped to Chicago and Seattle as well as to the other markets of his own country. This has given him a very broad outlook in matters of trade. To him there should be no restrictions betwen nations in the form of tariffs. He is a Simon Pure free trader; which explains the striking air of cosmopolitanism surrounding him.

Lane has been elected to Parliament once. In 1913, he was returned to the Alberta Legislature, but later resigned in order that a defeated minister should be given a seat. He is again a candidate for parliament. This time, he is standing for election to the House of Commons. At Ottawa, this big shrewd constructive mind which has battled its way through many an obstacle during the thirty-three years of a rancher's life in the West, should have much to give to the country which has treated him so well.

A Moulder of Infant Minds

By MADGE MACBETH

I DOUBT that I am the only woman whose children say: "Oh, but Mother, we don't do it *that* way in our schools, *now!*"

And perhaps I am not the only one impelled by sensitiveness to subside into the early Victorian atmosphere in which the children have placed me, feeling a strange unfamiliarity with the educational paths now trodden by precocious off-spring.

Certainly no mothers could have viewed "schooling methods" with more stark amazement than those of Fort William's Ghetto—if we stretch the term made famous by Zangwill to include that section of the city known as the coal docks. Here reside the non-English population and here taught Mrs. Florence N. Sherk. Fort William, that great shipping point, the distribution centre for the North-Western wheat belt, has a large foreign population, and I can fancy children from the Ogden School racing home to be catechised by their parents in polyglot tongues something after this manner.

"Did you learn to write, Yulska? Can you write your name? And can you spell big words like 'teacher'?"

"No."

"Can you read out of a book—or can you count?"

"No."

"Well, what under the great sun *can* you do, Yulska?"

"I can tell you the picture of the Hon. George Ross!"

No one is surprised to-day at the teaching of subjects by means of moving pictures and lantern slides, but people were astonished in Fort Wiliam, when, about nine years ago, Mrs. Sherk proposed the teaching of civics by means of photographs. I fancy that patriotism, and love of country and Empire prompted the wish to make the "strangers within our gates" good citizens first, and scholars afterward. Anyway, she thinks that for a preliminary acquaintance with the principles of government, the study of civics is of the utmost value. The only reason that boys and girls show no interest in any but the drum and trumpet side of history, is because they are studying the evolution of something of which they have no comprehension. The word *federation* has no meaning to them; the word *Canada* no personal interest. The instruction in such matters, is, according to Mrs. Sherk, not commenced early enough. Lessons in Government should be given every class—every boy and girl should know something of the source of public authority; how it is divided, delegated and administered. Whether this subject be made the topic for morning talks, or given otherwise, is of little consequence; it should be taught! And it can be made intensely interesting, instructing at the same time, to the pupil, the teacher and the parent.

After a few months' trial of her theory Mrs. Sherk said:

"The interest in political geography and in the history of not only the present day, but of the past, awakened in the minds of the pupils, can hardly be realized. Newspapers and magazines were eagerly scanned for the appearance of names of persons represented in the various groups and enquiry stimulated and encouraged."

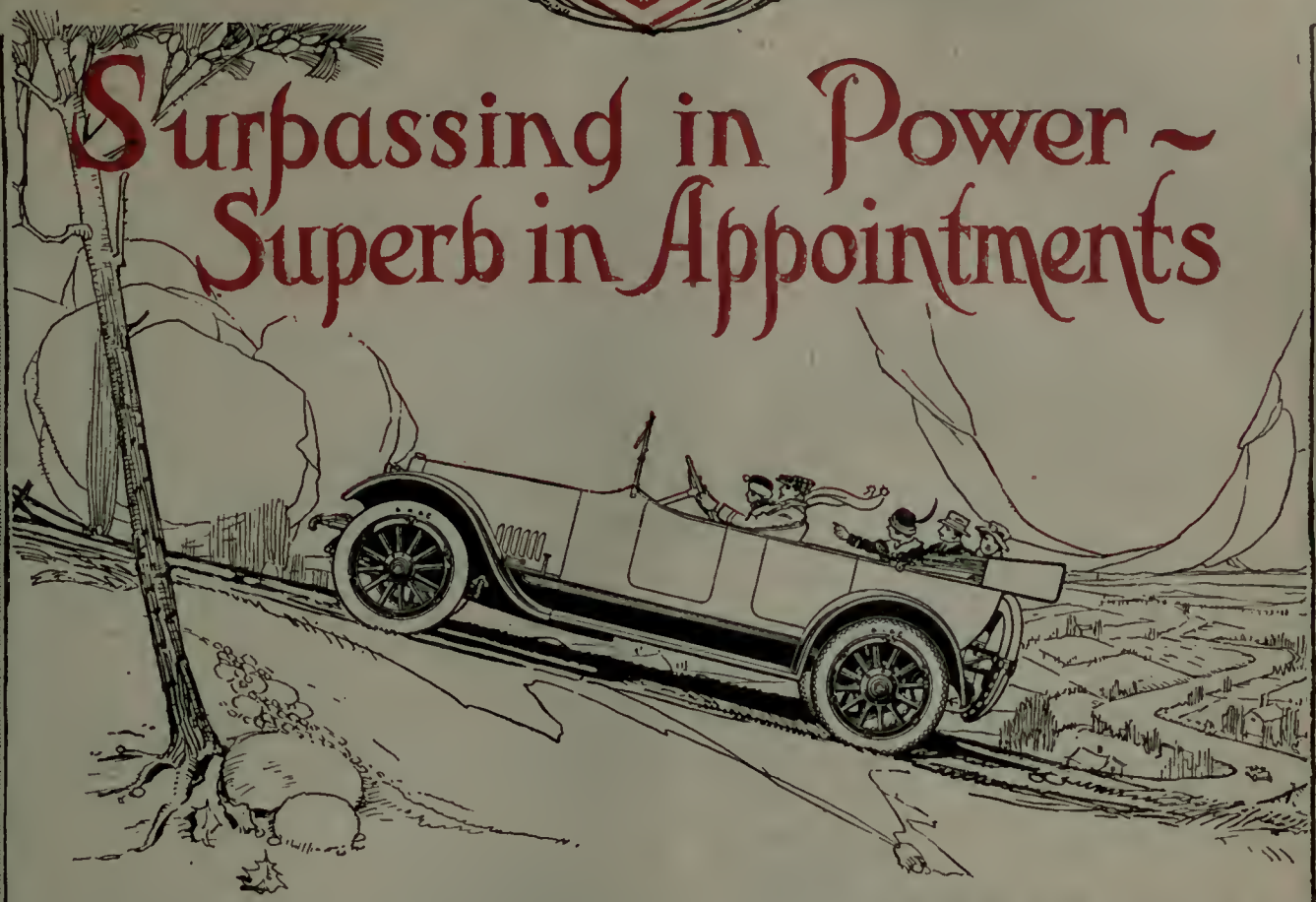
Continued on page 42



Mrs. Florence Sherk.

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"Various groups" refers to the original method instituted by Mrs. Sherk and approved by no less a person than Her Majesty Queen Mary, who has taken a great interest in the method.

To begin at the beginning. The late Sir George Ross was the first influential person approached in regard to this innovation. He was the Hon. George then, and visited Fort William as Minister of Education for Ontario. He also visited Mrs. Sherk's "experimental school" and was struck by the success of her method, even in its infancy. Upon his return to Toronto, he sent her a large photograph of himself, which was exhibited in a shop window for some days, and which one might almost say formed the nucleus of what is the most valuable collection of pictures from an educational standpoint, in the Dominion—perhaps in the Empire. Encouraged by this approval, Mrs. Sherk got her ideas into shape, and submitted them to the Department of Education. The result was that in 1907 "civics" was introduced as part of the public school curriculum. The mode of teaching was as follows:

Photographs of the Mayor, his council, and the various boards of administration, even public-spirited citizens, represent Municipal Government. Photographs of the Lieutenant-Governor, the Provincial Ministers and so on—the government of the Province; federal administration is similarly taught by photos of the Governor-General, Prime Minister, his Cabinet and so on. Having learned something of the governing of Canada, the children are not unprepared to tackle the intricacies of Imperial politics. This is represented by groups of our reigning sovereign and family.

If the reader gives a moment's thought to the subject, it will be readily understood how far-reaching this grouping of photos, is. Beginning with the municipality, one swiftly merges into the Provincial. From that to the Federal is but a step, and from Dominion to Empire—linked, of course, by the Governor-General, is only a small jump.

With rarest exception, Mrs. Sherk was encouraged in the furtherance of her plans, which, of course, depended largely upon response to her request for photos. She says (in many reports and speeches) that she is indebted not only to Sir George Ross, Sir John Bourinot, the Hon. Sidney Fisher, Dr. Smellie, and Lord Minto, but through the kindness and interest of the Duke of Argyll, many notable statesmen and dignitaries were added to the fast-growing collection.

By far the most interesting collection of Royal photos was sent Mrs. Sherk at the command of Queen Mary after she and King George had made their Canadian tour. It will be remembered that they were the Duke and Duchess of York at the same time.

To the intense disappointment of the citizens of Fort William and Port Arthur, it was learned that no stop-over had been arranged; but no group of persons in all the city felt so utterly distressed as did the little people of the Ogden School. To them "our Prince and Princess" were not strangers, but familiar friends, whose lives had been watched with eager interest from the radius of the school-room wall, and it was well-nigh impossible for them to believe that the Royal tourists should pass through their city without even stopping to look at them, be looked at by them. In despair they appealed to Mrs. Sherk, who had taught them to love the Royal family, but who had neglected to teach them how intricate are the observance, the decrees which govern an apparently free sovereign. In Canada relationships are more familiar, social observances are more or less a matter of inclination. The children could not understand.

Their distress was more than Mrs. Sherk could bear. She telegraphed Lord Minto asking whether something could not be done. The days passed and hope—so hard to blight in the child mind—began to fade, until the morning of the great day dawned. Then darkness was turned into radiance; the Royal train would stop twenty minutes in Fort William and Their Royal Highnesses would receive Mrs. Sherk and twenty of her pupils.

But the supreme pleasure of the work, has been Queen Mary's appreciation of Mrs. Sherk's picture method of teaching the history of civil law. In a letter to the *Times* she even recommended that it be taught in British schools, and she backed her request by a gift of fifty pounds—a foundation fund, in a way, with which to buy pictures for the London schools.

REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

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Developments in the 1917 Car

The Story of the Magic Achieved by Automobile Makers.

AUTOMOBILE progress has been rapid during the past year and the 1917 car is a remarkable engineering triumph in many important respects. Changes have been made in the bodies ensuring lightness, more room and comfort and a big advance in appearance. The chief advance, however, has been in the matter of comfort provided for both driver and passengers; the 1917 is almost like a luxurious apartment, so complete are its appointments.

This increase in comfort is reflected in all grades and makes of cars, from the highest-priced limousine, to the small roadster.

The whole story of automobile magic shown in the 1917 models is told by Joseph Brinker in *Colliers' Weekly*. He says in part:

The Rue de la Paix dominates Fifth Avenue's gowns. Just so does New York lead the way in the latest and most fastidious automobile creations. During the past year one of Gotham's most prominent automobile dealers had a gown designer of world renown employ her wide experience and good taste to design the interior fitting of an inclosed car to match one of his wife's frocks. This car created such a sensation that scores gathered around it every time it stopped at the curb. Many wanted to buy it. As a result the ultra-fashionable motorist may now purchase chameleonlike interior fittings and drapings to match her every gown. These drapings are interchangeable. Those to match the color tones of one fabric may be quickly and easily fitted in place by simply snapping them over small, permanent buttons such as those on ladies' gloves. When madam changes her gown, James has but to unhook one set of interior decorations and substitute another in its place.

The 1917 automobile is the acme of com-

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Continued from page 42.

fort in which the driver plays the role of a modern Aladdin. He steps from the running board to his position behind the steering wheel and reclines on a cushion seat far more comfortable than even the best of our grandfathers' parlor settees. Even the steering wheel may be hinged on its post and swung up out of the way to enable him too reach his seat without the least exertion.

Seated, he simply exerts the pressure of his smallest finger on a button which he can reach without even so much as leaning over in his seat. This calls the *genii* of a hidden mechanism into life, and behold the motor starts purring of its own accord like a cat just well fed! Perhaps he wishes to enjoy one of his rare Havanas while on his after-supper motor run through the countryside on a spring evening. If he desires to light the weed before starting, he simply extends his arm, pushes another magic button, and before him stands ready and waiting an electric lighter with a flame equivalent to a whole box of matches and one which cannot blow out no matter how strong the wind.

Ready to start, he simply presses down a pedal which connects the waiting engine with the remainder of the driving mechanism. Then he may press one of several small push buttons extending from an inconspicuous black box on the steering post below the wheel. This magic button calls forth that particular kind of genii which bids the car go fast or slow just as he orders them. These faithful little workers enable him to make the car go from any one of its speeds to any other by no more exertion than an amount of finger pressure which would hardly dent a rubber eraser.

Nor is this the last word in the almost perfect comfort and convenience provided for the automobile driver. If he so desires, he can fit another magic lever on his steering wheel within easy reach of his crooked arm. A half-inch movement of this lever calls into being still another class of genii of the electrical family that form themselves into a tug-of-war team and pull on the brake rods with such strength that the car brakes can be set more quickly and smoothly than by the foot or hand of the driver.

If the driver should happen to be overtaken by darkness while on his ride, he simply presses another magic button on the dashboard of the car within his arm's length. This awakens another family of electrical wonder workers which light all the headlights, side lights and tail lights in one operation. If the driver wants to be sure to get home at the correct time, he simply presses still another inconspicuous button, which lights a tiny electric bulb inside of the shield, which enables it to illuminate the clock on the dash board but does not permit it to shine into his face.

Again, if on the way home he should desire to visit a friend whose house address he knows better than the house itself, he simply pushes another button, this time in the handle of a small pivotal searchlight on the edge of the wind shield or side of the cab. Then, by turning the handle, he is able to throw a small beam of light on the house numbers as he passes them.

If the driver is one of those automobile enthusiasts who fit their cars with a closed body in winter or with demountable top and side windows, he may also call into play the genii of lighting for illuminating the interior for himself or guests. He may be even more exacting still and demand that his hands be kept warm while driving. Even this wish can be gratified, for by rubbing the magic lamp he can call out the ever-ready workers of the electrically heated steering wheel. Nor is his all he can do, for his feet or those of his passengers can be kept toast warm by small electric heaters.

The 1917 car to-day stands at one of the low points of the chart in engineering development for the reason that most of the makers have continued their 1916 models with but few changes. Perhaps the two most important achievements made during the last year which manifest themselves in the 1917 cars are the manufacture of really comfortable and finely finished bodies and experimental work seeking to develop carburetors

Continued on page 51.



IVER JOHNSON
Safety Automatic REVOLVER

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FOR years I have carried insurance on my life and home. I tucked away a nest egg in the bank. I thought this was *all* the protection that any father *could* throw around his family.

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Financing Good Roads

The System of Selling Bonds Covering the Estimated Life of the Road is the Most Equitable Way of Paying

HOW TO finance our road improvements in Canada is one of the first things every municipality ought to solve in the problem of better roads for Canada, writes F. M. Chapman in *The Farmer's Magazine*. Heretofore we have never financed our roads as we ought to. What we have done has been a mere floundering between a theory of wished for things, and a battered-up clash of county roads and statute labor nonsense.

We have no federal co-ordination of highways. Our provincial organizations are working largely in the dark, a hotch-potch of systems prevails. And perhaps the educational value of this indecisive work will bring the matter to a head. Indeed, the need is becoming emphasized. With the use of autos and motors by the rural population more interested and thoughtful eyes are being turned towards the question. The future is begining to assume a new hopefulness.

Nearly all the provinces now have Highways Departments. Definite systems of road construction and maintenance are being worked out. Ontario has a good roads system introduced into the counties wherein the government furnished $40 for every $60 furnished by the county, and the province contributes 20% of the maintenance.

Financing a road is a simple problem if we will keep in mind that it is an investment which ought to be paid for by the people who receive its benefits and in accordance with the benefits which they receive from it.

Where roads are financed by bond issues so as to distribute the first costs equitably over the generations of taxpayers who are going to use the roads, we have certainly the real solution. If a road is going to last for 20 years, and we raise our funds on bonds running for 20 years, it meets the case. Where a road is built and paid for in one year or so, the taxpayers simply make a present of the road to posterity. It is the same in much of our township permanent bridge construction work. If a large expenditure is necessary now to lay the proper foundations for a good road, the taxpayer of to-morrow must bear his fair share of that burden. That is why the bond system carries the principle of equity in it.

Anticipating the future public revenues by means of bond issues is, therefore, the only equitable method of distributing the cost of such long-lived improvements on our highways. The farmer is demanding current rates of interest on his money. From 5 to 8 per cent. is secured on mortgage security. The banks charge him 7% and 8% for loans. Often his county and school debentures have been selling for 4½%, although they are bringing slightly better prices now. It is easy to see then, if the bonds for road improvement are sold in equally as good a market, the farmer will be saving fully one per cent.. and often more on his money.

Let us look into this. The pay-as-you-go policy in building a barn, does not apply here at all. If he builds a stretch of 10 miles of good roads in his township this year at a cost of $20,000 and pays for it out of the current taxes, the money is gone forever from him. If he had kept that $20,000 at home in use on the farms at 6 or 7 per cent., and borrowed the money from some of the insurance or trust companies he would have got it for 5 per cent. and saved the balance. Thus the money kept at home in productive use would pay not only the 4½ or 5 per cent. interest on the $20,000, but reduce the principal yearly so that the whole thing would be wiped out in thirty or forty years, according to his shrewdness in dealing. He would then have both the good road, the added efficiency and the use of the money besides.

Such a plan, whereby the government could borrow the money at a low rate of 4½ or 5 per cent., and loan the money to the counties or municipalities at a low rate and compound the profit on the amortization plan, whereby the debt would be wiped out, principal and interest, in a stated number of years, would be an ideal one.

There may be some difficulties in the minds of many as to the estimated life of any road being at all accurately gauged. Yet this is a difficulty easily overcome. Already we have so much data about permanent roads, about subsoils, frost action, freshets, unusual conditions and disintegration, both from modern experiments and from the old Roman roads in Great Britain and in Italy. We know that drainage made right stays right, hills cut down are cut down forever, macadam road properly maintained, conerete and asphalt properly laid and kept up give us roads about which we can be tolerably sure in our estimates.

The incidence of taxation is another problem. Our general theory of the benefited paying the tax is all right. Its working out is where injustice sometimes comes in. A road of a permanent nature running across a country near the front, such as is the case of Ontario county where ten miles of road paralleling the lake has to be built in the good roads scheme works some injustice to the rear residents. The county goes back probably 60 miles and the major portion lies beyond the Laurentian hills almost effectually barring traffic at all locally. How shall we assess equitably? The case is not without a working solution. The fact that the solution has not been made, only evidences our pioneering youthfulness in road financing?

In the first place, the value of the road as a through artery for the province must be estimated. The province should build what it uses. Then again the men who live near the road must bear a fair share. He gets a special benefit and must pay a special tax. In some of the U. S. states this special claim is assessed at one-fourth and one-third. The neighbors next removed receive lesser benefits and the variable of assessment diminishes as his farm recedes from the road in question.

In Toronto when a new street was widened, as was Danforth Avenue, the residents on each side for 100 feet were assessed a special tax. The principle holds good in rural road improvement to a limited extent. While bond issues are necessary to equalize the taxes on successive generations, so special assessments are necessary to equalize as between locally benefited taxpayers.

Thus the plan, on a larger scale, of insisting upon a county appropriation in excess of the government or federal grants, is done with the same equity in view.



Bernard Partridge, in Punch.

Winged Victory.

To the Honor of Our Air Services

Continued from page 47.

which will give better results with the low-grade gasoline now being bought by the public generally.

1917 bodies are larger, as a rule, than those of 1916. They are also so proportioned and sprung on the springs that they make for easy riding both when only partly filled and when the capacity number of passengers is carried.

In many instances the roomier 1917 bodies have been secured by increasing the wheel-base lengths of the vehicles and keeping the spaces taken up by the motors the same. Others have accomplished the same results by a redesign of the body shape—its floor plan, as it were. This has been made wider or longer, as the case may be, to give the driver or passenger the impression of a sense of ease that is comparable with that enjoyed when seated in one's Morris chair before the open fireplace at home.

Each passenger must have sufficient leg room and elbow space if he is to enjoy several hours' ride. Both of these requisites have been secured by making the bodies longer and wider between the sides. To add to this comfort obtained by eliminating any chance for cramping, most of the designers have paid especial attention this year to the cushioning of the seats. They tend to give the impression of riding on air. This has been accomplished by more detailed attention to the design of the spring element of the seat and its ability to aid in the vehicle springs in absorbing the road shocks.

The clover-leaf seating plan, with divided front seats and another at the rear for one or two passengers, gives those in the rear seat plenty of leg and elbow room. At the same time they are in sufficiently close proximity to those on the front seats to carry on a conversation without having to lean forward, while those on the front seats need do no more than slightly turn their heads.

This design has developed into one of the most distinctive of the season, the four-passenger roadster. This new style has a body somewhat along the lines of a boat with an open cockpit, and the divided seats in front and the wide seat in the rear. Some of the twenty-five types of this style already offered have folding rear decks behind the divided seats. These decks fold down flush and cover the rear seats when the latter are not needed.

Another comfort-giving feature included in many of the 1917 cars is the winter-summer body. While this idea is not new it is worked out in a new and more practical way. Former winter-summer bodies consisted of some forms of demountable tops and sides which could be fitted in place of the roadster or touring tops as used during the warm weather. The new creation, however, is made up of a permanent non-folding top with glass sides which drop down out of sight within the body panels. In warm weather these are kept in their hiding places, but on the approach of a story they may be raised in a jiffy to provide a body with as much protection against the elements as a conventional limousine. In the winter time the sides may be kept up permanently, thus giving the owner the same convenience as if he had two cars, one open and the other closed, or two bodies, one taken off when the other is fitted.

Other smaller items include storm curtains which open with the doors on touring and roadster bodies. These make for easy entrance and exit and should prove a great boon to those who desire to motor in the fall and early spring in open cars. Even the doors themselves have been made wider and the seats arranged so as not to obstruct the clear way. Still other small items which make for the individual comfort of the driver are seats adjustable for height and a slight longitudinal movement; steering columns adjustable in their height, and emergency brake and gear-shift levers so positioned as to be easily operated without bending over.

Not to be outdone by the many conveniences, the bodies of the new cars are much more pleasing to the eye. They are the work of artists rather than engineers. They are as if draped over the chassis in graceful curves with no abrupt rasping angles or corners.

The most important engineering development of the past year was the introduction

Continued on page 55.







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MAR 22 1916

of the twelve-cylinder motor as a commercial unit in a stock car. While such motors of the V type had been used previously in racing cars and in aeroplane work, they had never before been applied to automobiles made in any quantity. The twelve-cylinder V type was developed to answer the demand for greater power and for a smoother-running motor. As time progressed and the cylinders increased from one to two in the older cars and then to four and finally to six, the method of placing the cylinders in a line one after another kept making the engines longer and longer. If this method had been continued to its logical conclusion in the eight and twelve-cylinder types, the motors would have taken up more of the wheel-base length of the average vehicle than that for the driver and passengers.

Still, a certain class of automobile buyers demanded more power as exemplied by the ability to climb hills, to pull through heavy roads, and to travel under adverse conditions on high gear; more comfort, as determined by the absence of vibration and jolting due to the motor or to road inequality; more flexibility, as shown in the ability to operate at from five to fifty miles per hour on high gear without choking the motor and with a smooth application of power; more acceleration, as judged by the ability to make a quick get-away from a standing start or to change speed rapidly from one rate to another on all gears. Added to these mechanical requirements was the necessity for economy, to be easy on tires and to consume relatively small quantities of fuel and oil.

The 1917 car is somewhat lighter than its predecessor of 1916 and much lighter than that of 1915. This lightness has been secured by the use of better and stronger materials and by a grouping of parts in units, thus rendering unnecessary many brackets and fixtures heretofore thought essential. A car which is light and yet sufficiently strong to carry the load for which it was designed without excessive repairs may be compared to a heavier car, just as a lightweight boxer may be compared to a heavyweight. The big, heavy men must expend a considerably larger part of their energy in moving themselves through space than do the lighter men. The latter are more active and use up more of their muscular energy in performing actual work rather than moving their own bulk from place to place.

So it is with the lighter car as compared with the heavier one of the same motor horse-power. The latter is less efficient than the former because it must carry around its additional weight. This means more wear on the car itself, more wear on the tires, and a greater relative consumption of fuel for the work performed, all of which means a higher operating cost.

Economies which have been effected in weight reduction in the 1917 car and the savings made by the continued use of the machinery by which last year's car were turned out would have probably resulted in a reduction of price had it not been for the increased cost of materials. As a result the prices of the 1917 car are slightly higher than those of last year.



—Cesare

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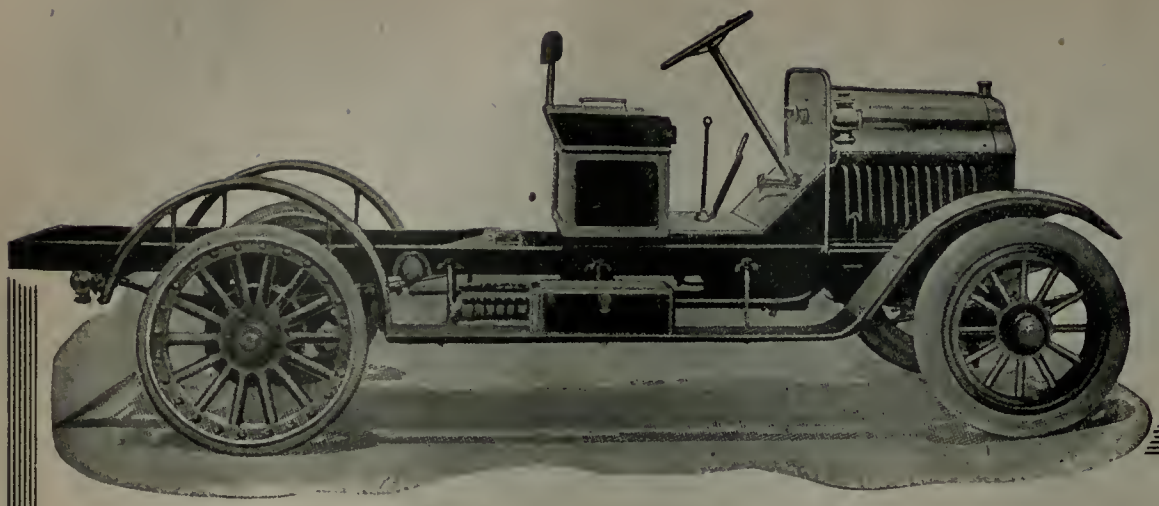
Building a Home

By Desmond and Frohne

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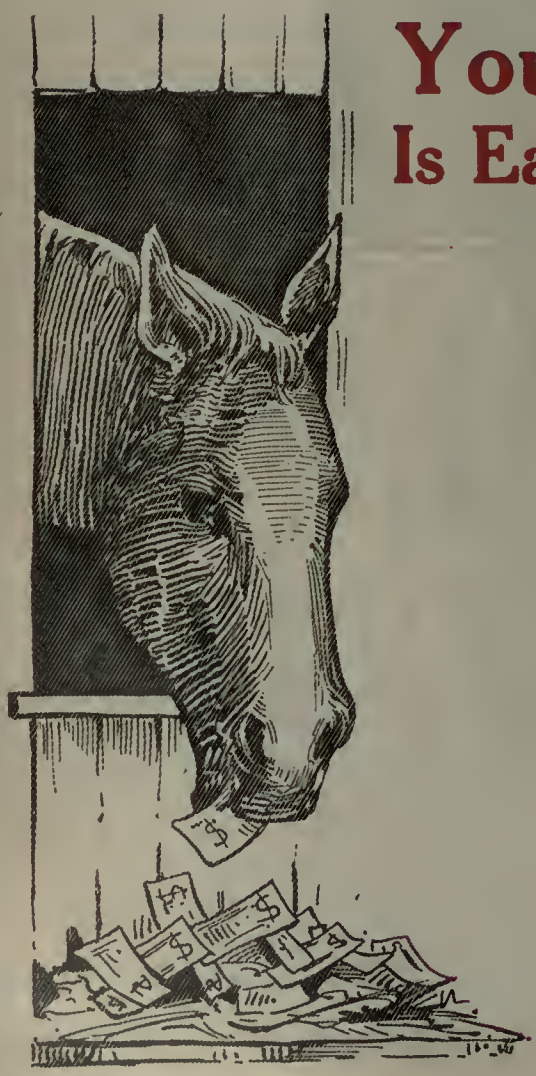
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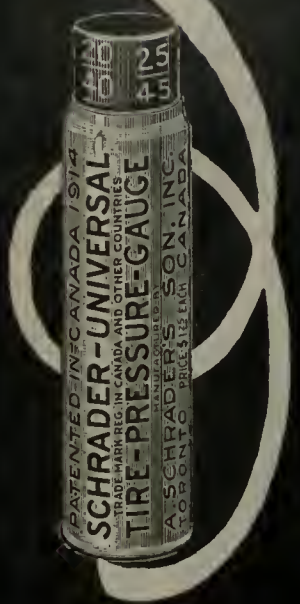
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How Motor Trucks Cut Cost

An Article on the Problems of Delivery and Service.

THERE was a time when business men seriously discussed the relative merits of motor trucks and horses for delivery purposes. Nowadays all doubt has vanished; for the motor truck has demonstrated its remarkable powers. Any discussion on the subject now extends to the reduction of costs and the further speeding up of service. On these phases A. V. Norton writes a spendid article in *System*, saying, in part:

The effectiveness of the motor truck is rightly expressed by the formula *speed* × *load* = *work*.

Given a motor truck which develops four times the speed of a horse and carrier four times the load, the resulting effectiveness is sixteen times that of a single horse. This figure correctly represents the possible effectiveness of the average five-ton truck. Where such a truck is used day and night this figure is multiplied by two, and cases have been reported where one truck has done the work of thirty-five and even forty horses.

It is seldom, however, that conditions are found where a truck can make use of its maximum speed and carry its maximum load without interruption. Most trucks operate at less than half their possible effectiveness. The problem of the business man, therefore, is: "How can I keep the factors of speed and load as near to capacity as possible?" He may in fact, fall far short of the possible effectiveness, and still declare a profit from the operation of his trucks.

An enterprising contracting concern in Chicago recently made a striking demonstration of the effective use of motor trucks, properly handled, under supposedly unfavorable conditions.

A contract for hauling sand and gravel to be used in paving Western Avenue was held by a teaming company. This company had never used motor trucks, but the manager was nevertheless eager to find out whether or not they would prove economical for work of that nature. The test took the form of a sub-contract to the contracting concern already mentioned. The sub-contract was signed at forty cents a yard, the prevailing rate paid to team owners for hauls of a mile or under. This figure needs an explanation.

Loose material, such as sand and gravel, is generally brought into the city by rail. The cars in which it is carried vary in type. Some have hopper bottoms, some have tight bottoms, and some have drop doors extending the length of the car.

With a pair of horses hauling two-yard dump wagons, loaded by the driver and two shovelers, the cost, figuring a speed of three miles an hour, is as follows:

Working hours, 10.
Round trip, 1 mile.
Loading time, 15 minutes.
Traveling time, 20 minutes.
Unloading time, 5 minutes.
Number of trips, 15.
Number of miles, 15.
Number of yards, 30.
Rate per yard, $0.40.
Daily gross income, $12.

The income of twelve dollars a day for a two-horse team, one driver and two shovelers is by no means excessive. For teams forty cents a yard is a fair price.

In view of the possibility of cutting costs, the contracting company attacked this problem with considerable relish. The proprietor of the concern was a student of transportation questions. He saw at once that the delay in loading must be greatly reduced.

The problem of unloading loose material from freight cars had resisted the adoption of special devices on account of the fact already mentioned — namely, that these cars vary greatly in design. Moreover, none but a port-

Continued on page 63.

Continued from page 58.

able device would do, because of the trouble and expense of moving heavy apparatus from one car to another. Objections from the railroad companies might also be expected.

The contracting concern devised a portable unloader, in the form of a tip bucket mounted on struts so constructed that the whole frame could be raised or depressed according to the height of the material being unloaded. These buckets were of two-yard capacity, and the frames were mounted on wheels. One of these devices was stationed at each end of the car, the buckets being tipped toward the car while it was being loaded. Two good shovelers could fill one of these buckets in about sixteen minutes. Four or five shovelers were used in each car, and as the capacity of each of these buckets was two yards, or only half the capacity of the average five-ton dump truck, both buckets were filled before the truck came to be loaded. The truck would then drive up alongside, the first bucket would be tipped and the load deposited in the body. The truck would then move ahead a few yards under the second bucket, where the operation would be repeated. The whole process of loading the truck—exclusive of shovèling into the buckets, which, of course, was done while the truck was busy on the road — consumed thirty seconds. The time gained, therefore, was 30 minutes minus 30 seconds, or 29½ minutes.

By the use of two five-ton trucks with dump bodies operated by the motor, and with the loading device described above, the table of average operating time and income began to look far different from that which recorded the returns of teams hauling and loading by shovel.

Working hours, 10.
Round trip, 1 mile.
Loading time, ½ minute.
Traveling time, 6 minutes.
Unloading time, 5 minutes.
Number of trips, 52.1.
Number of miles, 52.1.
Number of yards, 208.4.
Rate per yard, 40 cents.
Daily gross income, $83.36.

This remarkable work was not accomplished, however, except by vigilant planning. Or, put it rather the other way: diligent planning was used to gain this exceptional result. The fact is, with such enormous quantities of material handled daily, minutes were golden. Earning a gross income of $83.36 a day of ten hours, the income per minute was 13.89 cents. For five minutes, it was 69.45 for ten minutes $1.389.

In order to show the cost of lost minutes this concern kept a record of the various delays and their causes. The following table shows the delays met with in one hour of an average day's run:

ONE HOUR.

Held up by traffic (2 minutes)	$ .278
Held up by trolley car (2 minutes)	.278
Driver dismounted to loosen tail-gate (1½ minutes)	.208
Loaded by shovel at another yard on special trip, yard not equipped with loading device (9 minutes)	1.250
Blockaded at dumping point (2 minutes)	.278
Total lost time 16½ minutes	$2.292

The income of the average two-horse team hauling loose material from the car-side, a round trip distance of one mile at 40 cents a yard, was $12, $1.20 an hour. The motor truck, effectively used, became so productive and made time so valuable that the average time it lost every hour from slight and unavoidable delays amounted to $2.29 per hour, nearly twice the hourly income of the horse team!

The cost of handling and moving express in a terminal railroad station forms no small part of the total budget of an express company. While the traveller gains the impression of mammoth size as he surveys the enormous terminals in a big city, the fact is that the space allotted for handling merchandise is often none too large. In most cases the express company must make use of every expedient for handling its business in its re-



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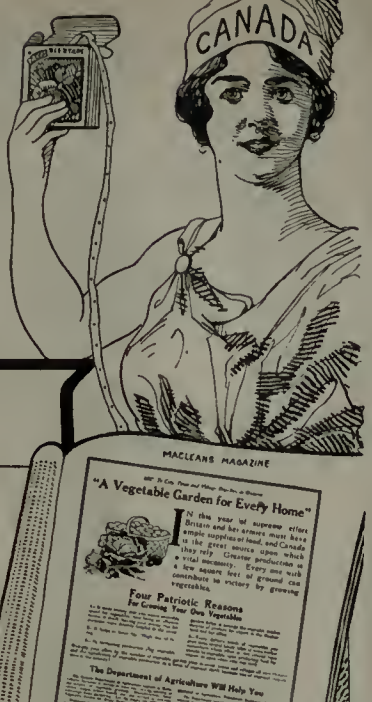
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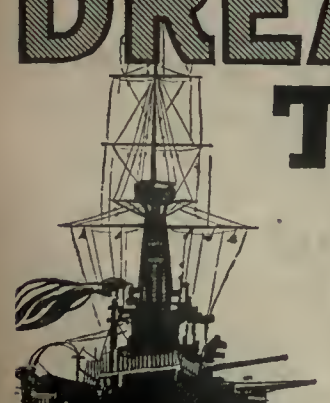
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latively cramped quarters. If the trucks use are compact, room can be saved; if speed goods can be handled and got out of the wa without being stacked up in the aisles an passage-ways.

Express companies rent their space, gene ally, from the terminal companies. This re is high, and any means that enable a con pany to reduce its rented floor area or carr on an increased business without increasir this area, make possible an important econ my. In addition, there is, of course, t economy to be derived from operating t device itself, if it is more effective than form methods.

The American Express Company in Bost has its headquarters at the North Union St tion. The floor space at the company's di posal is large, but the business which com in over the nineteen tracks is also larg Moreover, this business has increased, whi the floor area has not.

Beginning in January, 1912, up to Ap of that year, this concern bought twelve i dustrial trucks. In June, of the same yea it bought two, and during the balance of 19 it added eight more. In 1913 it added sixte more, and at the present time it has on ord and in course of delivery still twelve mo This will make a fleet of fifty trucks opera ing under one roof.

These trucks have been equipped with dro platform bodies. This design permits of t maximum carrying capacity in compact for The lowered base of the body clears the flo by only a few inches. Thus heavy articles c be slid on or off without much lifting. T two raised ends are just the height of t baggage car floors, so that articles can be s from the car without being lifted. Side boar are provided, which can be attached whenev the load is bulky.

As a result of this installation great eco mies have been effected. It has been fou that one of these trucks, requiring only o man to operate, does the work of two and o half hand trucks, each of which required t men to handle on the level, and often four five on inclines. With the considerable crease in express business, the labor cha has remained practically the same, while merchandising has been handled more sa factorily. The trucks carry greater lo than men could handle. They take up l room per ton carried. They are safer beca of the automatic brakes with which they equipped. Because of solid rubber tires, li damage is done to fragile merchandise. the labor is not so hard, the operator can g more of his energy to handling the frei properly and thus a higher grade of men be obtained for the week.

The trucks operate at six miles an h They steer on all four wheels, and are to manœuver in compact places. For insta they have a turning radius of sixteen f but they can twine in and out between p set only seven feet apart.

Recharging is effectively handled, by k ing four or five spare batteries constantly hand. An overhead rail extends from battery station to a distance out in centre of the charging room. From this is suspended a chain, at the lower end of w is a U-shaped shovel, the two arms of w point in a horizontal direction.

The battery of one of these trucks, structed as it is largely of lead and o weighty material, is very heavy. To hand by man power would be dangerous. With device, however, a battery may be remo and a fresh one put in its place in about minutes. As these trucks average abou miles every 48 hours, which is just about capacity of a battery charge, they can op 47 hours and 58 minutes out of every 48.

A certain amount of express has to hauled daily to the South Station—a dist of some two and one-half miles across the Instead of removing this merchandise f the industrial trucks and packing it in regular street truck, it has been found p ticable to run one of these industrial tru already loaded, directly on to the body of street truck, and transport both truck load across the city. The wheels of the in trial trucks are locked by chains to pre

any possibility of their breaking loose and rolling off.

A double economy is gained by this procedure. Time is saved at the North Station by eliminating the transfer of goods from the industrial to the street truck. The same is true in reverse order at the South Station, where otherwise it would be necessary to unload the street truck and pack the goods a second time, this time on a second industrial truck which would have to be requisitioned at that point.

While the economy of the motor truck as an effective carrier under certain conditions is to-day more or less taken for granted, the problem of applying it in specific instances is often perplexing. From the point of view of expert accounting there are many things to figure before the merchant can conclude whether trucks will cut his delivery costs, and how much. Using horses and wagons, he has to consider such expense items as feed, stable rent, horse-shoeing, harness repair, driver's pay, wagon repair, veterinary service, insurance, interest, depreciation. Against the motor truck must be charged gasoline, oil, grease, storage, repairs, tires, interest, depreciation, driver's pay and the like.

"I have a simple way of deciding," says a successful wholesale and retail provision merchant in a Massachusetts city of about eighty thousand. "Feed and rent vary in different places. I have seen several tables in which horse and motor expense have been compared, and each of these tables tells a different story. I am convinced at the start that the motor truck can cut delivery costs if it can be kept busy. The question that I am most interested in, therefore, is this: *Can I keep trucks busy in my business?* After I have decided that question there will be time to go into the accounting side of it.

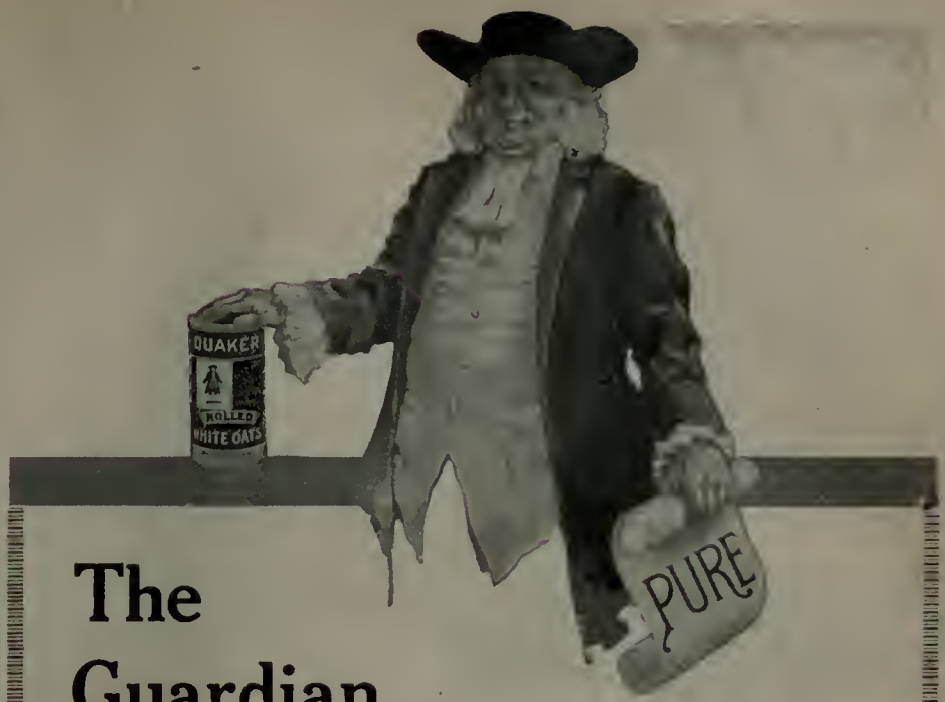
"So I have devised what I call my 'yardstick,'" adds the merchant—who, for convenience, we may call Henderson. "This yardstick is equipped with slides, of five different colors—I suppose tacks would do just as well—and each slide represents five minutes. Each brown slide representes five minutes spent in loading, each white slide five minutes in traveling at full speed, each gray slide five minutes at half or reduced speed, each green slide five minutes in unloading, each black slide any other delay. Notice these slides represent time and not distance. This is for simplicity. Where distance is involved I can calculate it, because I know the speed of the truck.

"I drew out each delivery route in a straight line. Laying my yardstick beside it, I measured it in units of time consumed. I got some mighty interesting results.

"Route A, for instance, caused me a lot of disappointment. Here was a trip involving a fairly long haul, and yet the white spaces, the 'open running,' showed only a bare 25 per cent. of the trip. Because of the character of this load an excessive amount of time was spent unloading. Only four stops were made, yet they consumed 65 per cent. of the time. Several possibilities suggested themselves to me. First, by the use of a demountable body I could cut the loading time down to one per cent. This would have been a saving of only nine per cent., and might not have warranted the investment in the extra body. Moreover, the saving of nine per cent. might be represented by an increase of only three or four per cent. in the actual running time.

"A second possibility was the use of a trailer. With the trailer I could hitch up after the loading was all completed and speed out to my first stopping place. What should I do then? If I sent the truck back, how should I move my load to the second stopping place? The distance between stops was very short, but, however short, the vehicle could not be moved by hand. I would either have to make a second trip with the truck—in fact, three or four trips, which would be out of the question—or else leave the truck there, in which case I would be in the same position as if I used a truck alone.

"A third possibility suggested itself. Why not station a horse at the first delivery point, to take up the work of moving the load on to the three remaining stops? I found this would not pay, as, in addition to the motor service, it would be tying up a horse all day, and it would have been expensive to maintain a horse so far away from my stable base.



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"A fourth possibility was to add another helper to the crew of the truck, and thus cut down the delivery time. However, that would add an extra item of labor, the expenes of which would very nearly equal the saving in time. How I solved the problem will appear later.

"Route B showed up like a winner from the start. My partner had always told me this route would not do for a truck, because there were so many stops on it. My analysis, however, showed that these stops, although numerous, were of short duration, averaging two and one-half minutes each, and the distance between was considerable, giving the truck plenty of opportunity to show its heels. The white spaces, representing open running, showed up strong. In fact, 75 per cent. of the time the truck was making its twelve miles an hour. I put this route down for a truck at once.

"Route C was of quite another character. Although the time spent in loading was not excessive, and the stops were of as short duration as in Route A, these stops were very close together. Thus, the total time spent at stops bore a high proportion to the time spent running. Moreover, the actual running time showed up a muddy gray on my yardstick. The truck, when running, was averaging only five or six miles an hour. This was due to two factors: first, the route lay through a congested part of the city; and second, the distance between stops was so short that the truck hardly had time to get up speed before it had to slow down again. Old Dobbin has his route to this day, and I do not see any way of ever making profitable use of a truck on it.

"Route D is one of my pets. When I first laid my yardstick on this route the 'white spaces' showed only a scant 32 per cent. The indication, of course, was that here was another good place to stick to the horse. This route was peculiar in that the first stop consumed nearly 25 per cent. of the time. This stop was at a large apartment block and was about half a mile out from the store. Following this stop the route took on the general character of Route B — that is, there were several stops but they were short and separated by a lot of open running.

"A happy thought came to me: I would eliminate the first stop altogether from the route. As this stop was such a short distance from the store, a horse could make it economically, and certainly could much better afford to stand around half the morning than my high-priced motor truck. Route D, as altered, is now as huge a success by motor truck as Route B—which it now resembles—and the time gained by eliminating this big first stop has been used to good advantage by extending the radius several miles and bringing in new business.

"Route E is another disappointment. It is very much like Route D which I have just discussed; it is ruined by one long delay. You will probably say at once, 'Why not eliminate this delay and turn it over to the horse, as in D?' There happens to be a very good reason why this cannot be done. This delay occurs near the end of the route, and is a long way from the store. In other words, to turn it over to the horse would involve a long haul, a condition which is practically always unfavorable to the horse. In D it was just the other way. The big delay occurred only five blocks from the store. A horse was able to reach it in ten minutes.

"I have, however, speeded up the work of loading and have cut down the time of delivery so that the white spaces show an even fifty per cent. Under such conditions I find a truck profitable, although not so profitable as in Routes B and D.

"Route F is another one of my favorites. The yardstick at first showed this trip to be one of the worst of the lot. While there was a clear haul of several miles, a large amount of time was spent in loading and still more time in delivering. The delivery was made to two places, one taking seven-eighths of the load and a dealer half a mile farther on the balance.

"There were two delays to be eliminated. The first was the one of loading. This could be reduced to almost nothing by using a demountable body or a trailer. The second delay, that of delivering, could be solved only by a trailer.

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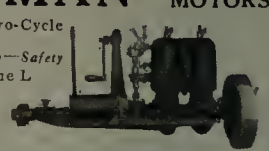
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Where Germany Lost Her Victory

A New Teutonic View of the "Strategic Retreat at the Marne."

FROM a brilliant essay by Prof. Dr. Friedich Meinecke, which escaped the censors and found its way into the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the *Literary Digest* quotes the following extract. The professor advances the unusual Teutonic view that the "strategic retreat" at the Marne, and the failure to take Verdun must be counted as German defeats. He writes:

"Our first object was to overthrow France rapidly, and to compel her to make peace. As it was our interest rapidly to reduce the number of our enemies, this peace would probably have been very lenient for France. If we succeeded, we could then turn quickly, carry out the same military idea against Russia also, with the best prospect of success, and then, under favorable conditions, conclude the final peace with England, who would have been disarmed on the continent. This peace, also, like the first peace concluded with France, would have had to assume in high degree the character of a compromise, since we could not hope to overthrow England's naval supremacy.

"This whole programme, brilliantly begun, collapsed at the gates of Paris in the Battle of the Marne. This battle was not a tactical victory, but it was a great strategical success for the French. Perhaps our programme would not have collapsed if we had carried through our original strategical idea with perfect strictness, keeping our main forces firmly together, and, for the time, abandoning East Prussia."

Professor Meinecke says that the Battle of the Somme has led to the conviction in Germany that it is no longer possible for either side to arrive at a military decision "in the full peace-compelling sense," and that Germany's offer of peace arises from "the idea that the sacrifices demanded by the continuation of the war no longer bear any relation to the military results which can still be expected, and that it is statesmanlike, intelligent, and wise to abandon the intention of destruction, which after all does not lead to destruction, and to seek a reasonable compromise."

THE TWO VON MOLTKES.

In the December issue of Maclean's an article, from *The Literary Digest*, appeared in the Review of Reviews Department, in which the statement was made that Lieut.-Gen. Helmuth von Moltke, of the German army, was a Christian Scientist. In refereace to this, G. R. Lowe, Ottawa, writes as follows:

"This has come presumably from some press reports in which he was mistaken for Count Helmuth von Moltke, who is a Christian Scientist. The former of these gentlemen was an uncle of the latter, and both of them were given the same name as their famous relative, the Field Marshal who gained renown in the Franco-Prussian War.

"It is true that the Germanic 'mysticism of the State' is opposed to the spiritual freedom and individuality which Christian Science inculcates, but notwithstanding the disadvantages of Government regulations barring all but members of the State Church or of the Roman Catholic Church from positions in the Civil Service, Christian Science has a foothold."

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Roosevelt's Plan for a Peace League

Suggests Outline of Rules and Rights To Be Established by a Tribunal of Civilized Powers.

IN SUBMITTING through the *Outlook* a plan for a world league for peace, Theodore Roosevelt admits that no man can venture to state the exact details that should be followed, but he believes that the following system would prove entirely workable if nations entered into it, with good faith, and if they treated their obligations under it in the spirit in which the United States treated its obligations as regards the independence of Cuba, giving good government to the Philippines, and building the Panama Canal; the same spirit in which England acted when the neutrality of Belgium was violated:

All the civilized Powers which are able and willing to furnish and to use force when force is required to back up righteousness—and only the civilized Powers who possess virile manliness of character and the willingness to accept risk and labor when necessary to the performance of duty are entitled to be considered in this matter—should join to create an international tribunal and to provide rules in accordance with which that tribunal should act. These rules would have to accept the *status quo* at some given period; for the endeavor to redress all historical wrongs would throw us back into chaos. They would lay down the rule that the territorial integrity of each nation was inviolate; that it was to be guaranteed absolutely its sovereign rights in certain particulars, including, for instance, the right to decide the terms on which immigrants should be admitted to its borders for purposes of residence, citizenship, or business; in short, all its rights in matters affecting its honor and vital interest. Each nation should be guaranteed against having any of these specified rights infringed upon. They would not be made arbitrable, any more than an individual's right to life and limb is made arbitrable; they would be mutually guaranteed. All other matters that could arise between these nations should be settled by the international court. The judges should act, not as national representatives, but purely as judges, and in any given case it would probably be well to choose them by lot, excluding, of course, the representatives of the Powers whose interests were concerned. Then, and most important, the nations should severally guarantee to use their entire military force, if necessary, against any nation which defied the decrees of the tribunal or which violated any of the rights which in the rules it was expressly stipulated should be reserved to the several nations, the rights to their territorial integrity and the like. Under such conditions—to make matters concrete—Belgium would be safe from any attack such as that made by Germany, and Germany would be relieved from the haunting fear its people now have lest the Russians and the French, backed by other nations, smash the Empire and its people.

In addition to the contracting Powers a certain number of outside nations should be named as entitled to the benefits of the court. These nations should be chosen from those which are as civilized and well behaved as the great contracting nations, but which, for some reason or other, are unwilling or unable to guarantee to help execute the decrees of the court by force. They would have no right to take part in the nomination of judges, for no other people are entitled to do anything toward establishing a court unless they are able and willing to face the risk, labor, and self-sacrifice necessary in order to put police power behind the court. But they would be treated with exact justice, and in the event of any one of the great contracting Powers

having trouble with one of them they would be entitled to go into court, have a decision rendered, and see the decision supported, precisely as in the case of a dispute between any two of the great contracting Powers themselves.

No Power should be admitted into the first circle, that of the contracting Powers, unless it is civilized, well behaved, and able to do its part in enforcing the decrees of the court. China, for instance, could not be admitted, nor could Turkey, although for different reasons; whereas such nations as Germany, France, England, Italy, Russia, the United States, Japan, Brazil, the Argentine, Chile, Uruguay, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Belgium would all be entitled to go in. If China continues to behave as well as it has during the last few years, it might soon go into the second line of Powers, which would be entitled to the benefits of the court, although not entitled to send judges to it. Mexico would, of course, not be entitled to admission at present into either circle. At present every European Power, with the exception of Turkey, would be so entitled; but sixty years ago the Kingdom of Naples, for instance, would not have been entitled to come in, and there are various South American communities which at the present time would not be entitled to come in; and, of course, this would at present be true of most independent Asiatic states and of all independent African states. The council should have power to exclude any nation which completely fell from civilization, as Mexico, partly with the able assistance of President Wilson's administration, has fallen during the past few years. There are various South and Central American states which have never been entitled to the consideration as civilized, orderly, self-respecting powers which would entitle them to be treated on terms of equality in the fashion indicated. As regards these disorderly and weak outsiders, it might well be that after a while some method would be devised to deal with them by common agreement of the civilized Powers; but until this was devised and put into execution, they would have to be left as at present.

Germany and South America

A Brazilian View of the Pangermanist Dream of Conquest.

EVEN after two years and six months of war, we find ourselves still but poorly acquainted with the German designs for universal conquest. Her plans for conquest in South America, and her scheme for settlement in that continent at the expense of South American Republics is another evidence of Pangermanism which is the real cause of the war. In a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century* we have an interesting glimpse of the Brazilian view of the situation.

"The conquest of South America by Germany," says the writer, "was certainly a most ambitious dream of William the Second. After having annihilated France and Russia, and established German hegemony over Austria-Hungary, the Balkans, Turkey, Egypt, and Persia; after having seized in the West, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, and the North of France, starting from a line drawn from Belfort to Calais; and, in the East, the Baltic Provinces, Russian Poland, the Governments of Kovno, Grodno, and Vilna, the German Empire would indicate within her frontiers 4,015,000 square kilometres, and 204,000,000 inhabitants, so that she could raise an army of twenty millions or twenty-eight millions according to whether she raised soldiers at the rate of 10 per cent. or 14 per cent. of the whole population. Who would be able under these conditions to resist her? On the other hand, having confiscated the French Fleet and disposed of all the resources of the conquered countries, she could quickly



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build a powerful fleet superior to that of the British Empire. Who could then resist her on the sea? The world would then be at her mercy. Germany would only have to stretch out her hand to take possession of that which she coveted. She would then proceed to found in South America a German Colony destined to rival the great Anglo-Saxon power of the North."

Quoting from Prof. Tannenberg, the article states that German South America will procure for Germany in the temperate zone a territory for colonisation where emigrants will be able to settle as agriculturists. Chili and Argentina will keep their language and autonomy, but the teaching of German as a second language should be enforced in the schools. Southern Brazil, Paraguay and Uruguay would be the countries for German culture, and German should be there the national language.

Of all the South American countries, that which has the greatest number of Germans is Brazil. Their number is estimated at 450,000. This number is relatively small; however, it should not by any means serve as an argument to those who deny the German danger. The peril, as I have shown with abundant and explicit quotations, arises from the ambitions of the German Government more than from the German colonists, whose numbers are small compared with the 27,000,000 inhabitants of the Brazilian nation.

However, if the Brazilian Government is not more active in the future than it has been in the past in the work of nationalization, this refractory population may form in a few years, by its rapid increase, a State with aspirations for independence. This peril can only be averted by the vigilance of the Brazilian Government.

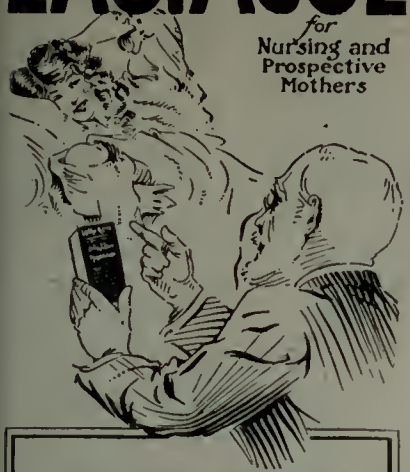
To allow the Germans to colonize in great numbers in the South, where the Brazilian population is scarce, and to form groups where the German element predominates, was grave negligence. The evil is not irreparable If energetic steps are taken to mitigate it forthwith.

Since the beginning of the war says the correspondent, I have often happened to meet people who believed that the feeling of the South American was in sympathy with the Germans, and that because they had vaguely heard of the influence of Germans in South America. The contrary is the truth. It is certain that there are still some Germanophiles in South America, but their numbers, already very small, diminish from day to day. The behaviour of the Germans in this war has caused great indignation in all the Republics of South America. This is natural when one thinks that South America is Spanish and Portuguese by origin and tradition, and has become French by culture. French writers have had a considerable influence at all times. The writers from the "Encyclopédie," Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal, Condorcet, conveyed political thought to South American politicians. *L'Esprit des Lois* of Montesquieu is, in certain of the American Republics, a species of political Bible. The contemporary French writers are immensely appreciated. Most of the scientific books for the universities and for private circulation come from France. It has been said that Paris is the intellectual capital of South Americans, and that is very true. To the Influence of French thought is added the influence of North American politics; the first Constitutions of South America show this double influence. As for England, although less known than France, whose literature and ideas are more easily assimilated, she has in South America great financial and commercial prestige. Everywhere to-day South Americans practise English sports. English is taught in most of the schools, and more than one Brazilian writer has asked that education should be organized on the principle of English schools, whose principal aim is to make *men*. The English race is admired for its qualities of enterprise and energy, although several traits of English character are not generally understood in South America.

German influence is more recent, but latterly her prestige had much increased. Referring to the United States of America, M. Chéradame has written: "Before the war, for different reasons, the Allied countries were

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not held in such high esteem in the United States of America as Germany, whose intense commercial and industrial activity had won for her a very great prestige." This could be applied to South America in a certain measure. "However, since the commencement of hostilities, opinion is shown to be growing against Germany. Peru and Chili avoid more and more the German Empire. In Argentina the pro-Allies movement is also growing rapidly. But it is especially in Brazil, whose southern part is coveted by the Germans, that the evolution of ideas is particularly interesting to trace."

At Rio de Janeiro, since the beginning of hostilities, there has been formed an influential pro-Allies League, organized by the most distinguished literary men in Brazil. This League is particularly active.

In a recent conference, Senhor R. Barbosa expressed the unanimous feeling of the league when he declared that the United States had given a fatal blow to their glory and to their destiny, in not protesting against the invasion of Belgium and the methodical and radical laceration of the Hague Convention. "They have lost a unique opportunity," he said, "of securing the first rank among nations, and of being arbiters for restoration of peace." We shall regret one day having given to the word "neutrality" such an absurd interpretation. The smallest State could give the example. It was not the want of being great, like the United States, that prevented us taking such an initiative. Brazil should have been able to take it without presumption or risk. I should like to see our well-loved country assume this honor, which has been declined by other stronger Governments.

Woman in the Industries

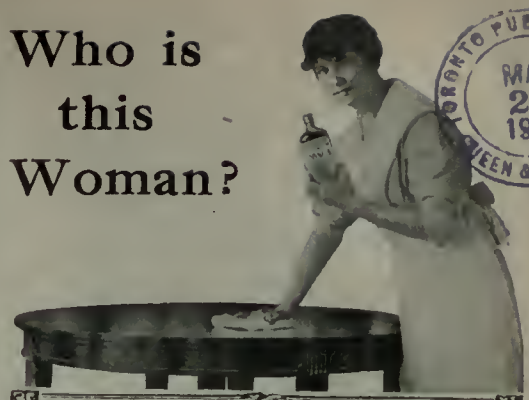
How Far Can She Go and What Does Her Presence There Mean?

SINCE labor conditions have forced employers to put women and girls to work at tasks formerly closed to them, and which it would never have been suggested in ordinary times they were capable of performing, new facts have come to light regarding the efficiency of women's work in the industries. A leading automobile manufacturer who has entrusted to women the task of assembling, of all wiring, primer systems and switch apparatus, the inspection of pistons and all other small parts, and the operation of drill presses and other light metal working machines, declares with practically all other manufacturers who have been obliged to employ women for men's work, that he would not willingly return to the old regime.

This is not due to direct financial considerations, as is so often the case where women replace men in clerical work, for in this instance, at least, the women are paid the same wages or piece rates as were the men. The statement is made without reserve, that for all manner of skilled labor requiring close application, great accuracy and considerable manual ability, but no extreme physical strength, women are superior to men. They turn out more work and better work, in a given time. Following up this case the *Scientific American* says:

We are not psychologists, and do not pretend to be able to account for this. We do not know to what extent the claim is justified that labor unionism makes for deterioration of individual work. We believe that the labor union, under ordinary conditions, affords the worker who is naturally inclined to "soldiering" more scope for the exercise of his talents in that direction than he would have under the

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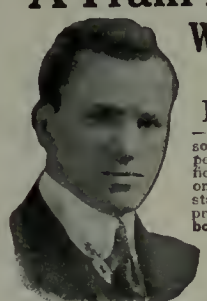
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old system of stricter individual accountability to the employer. But the importance of this factor would depend upon the proportion of such workers, and consideration of this point would promptly lead us back to the initial statement of this paragraph.

It may be, of course, that the observed difference in favor of woman is due to the novelty of her new employments, and that in time she will wear down to the level of the men. Time alone can tell this. It is suggested, on the other hand, that woman is actually an inherently better worker than man. An even stronger probability is that she is a more conscientious one. We know of an errand girl, hired because boys were not to be had, who covers regularly in less than an hour a route from which her boy predecessors seldom if ever returned in less than two hours. In this particular case, if the novelty element were to enter at all it would seem that it should make for reduced efficiency through greater interest in the sight-seeing aspect of the job.

Another suggestion which we have heard is that the trend of modern industrial development is such as to remove from most operations the strength factor in which the male excels, substituting therefor the skill factor in which, according to the hypothesis, the female has the advantage. If this view be actually justified, it is plain that we are moving toward an unparalleled economic upheaval. In any event, if woman shall ultimately be able only to compete with man on an equal basis in a large number of occupations formerly closed to her, the effect will be fundamental. The working out of the entire situation both here and abroad will be well worth watching.

Canadian Club in San Francisco

ORGANIZED a year and a half ago, the Canadian Club of San Francisco has prospered and grown to a membership of two hundred and fifty active men engaged in various lines of business in the city.

The club idea among members of the local Canadian colony is traced back to 1902. At that time a number of young Canadians organized a lacrosse association for the purpose of introducing Canada's national game into California in the hope of having various athletic clubs and colleges of the State take up the pastime and develop expert players.

The efforts of the leaders were rewarded by the organization of several teams, and for several years a regular schedule was maintained. Two premier teams of Canada, the Shamrocks of Montreal and a Vancouver team visited San Francisco at the invitation of the local colony and a series of games was played with the California teams.

Eventually, however, the teams disbanded, but the relationships created were maintained and it was in this need for a medium of bringing local Canadians together that the club idea had its inception. This was particularly manifested in July, 1915, when Canadian newspapers were starting funds to provide tobacco for Canadian soldiers fighting in France.

There were a number of local Canadians who felt a desire to participate in this movement, but the lack of a medium of communication with other members of the colony around the bay prevented any concerted movement until several of the more ambitious began a well-defined campaign for the organization of a social club.

The rooms are furnished in the best of club taste and breathe a distinctive Canadian atmosphere. Among other things to remind one of the home of yesterday are Canadian flags and the flags of the Canadian provinces, lacrosse sticks and portraits of the King and Queen.

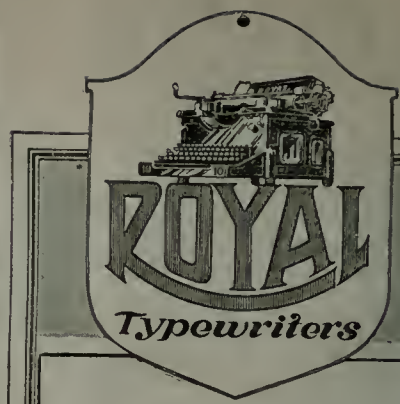
Membership to the club is restricted to men of Canadian birth only living in San Francisco and vicinity. The purpose of the club is to afford a common meeting place for Canadians, where they may get together for social affairs and keep alive the memories of the land of the maple leaf. The club also expects to assist young Canadians coming here

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with the intention of making this their home.

That the social propaganda of the club will be a success, is assured from the popularity which marked the first annual banquet given by the club on the anniversary of the Confederation of the Canadian provinces into what is known as the Dominion of Canada. This affair was held at the Commercial Club in this city and was attended by some of the most prominent members of the local colony.

The following telegram was sent to Premier Borden on the night of the banquet:

"The Canadian Club of San Francisco at its first annual banquet on Dominion Day extends its heartiest greetings to our fellow Canadians in Canada, and especially to those who are fighting so valiantly for the principles dear to the people of the empire and civilization at large."

The clubrooms are open at all times and J. J. Turner, assistant secretary, is on hand to welcome visitors. Strangers within the city drop in from time to time, and by means of a big roster of members on view in this office these visitors are frequently reunited with old friends and acquaintances. It is estimated that there are approximately 10,000 Canadians in this section of California, and it is the hope of the club to make itself a living influence in this colony of 10,000.

Jordan is a Hard Road

Continued from page 36.

friendliness by having a swig of Adam's ale out of that pitcher. Hospitality has its rules, and the rule for a visitor is that he's got to drink what his host shoves him."

"But he ain't got to drink what his *landlord* shoves him," was the snarling reply.

"Oh, shut up, guzzler," rapped out Minden. "This is my tavern, an' because 'Liza Finley is your sister, and because she's part of this concern, I'm for treating you like a bidden guest. So drink the water, Bob, then'll come the lager, if you got to have it."

THE HALF-SOBERED man was in a perverse mood. He had a feeling that Minden was afraid of him. Therefore, he would turn the screw. He had tortured many an animal just to see it helplessly resisting his malice, and he had tortured some men; but never had he had a chance to torture as big a man-animal as this, and one of the notorieties of the country.

"You'll give me what I want when I want it, or you'll get what you don't want when you don't want it," he snarled. "You want nothin' said about your being the father of Cora Finley, eh! Well, I can spoil her just for the price of one bottle of lager. I can take the pride out of the silly, stuck-up daughter of a burglar."

He had gone too far. With the flat of his hand Minden struck him in the face, and he fell back on the sofa with a bleeding mouth.

Minden's impulse had been too swift and overpowering to check, and he had given way to it with every dormant passion of his life storming his senses. In a swift reaction, however, he controlled himself, and muttered a broken prayer. incongruous as it was.

As Struthers raised himself again, with a bleeding mouth, Minden caught a big handkerchief from his pocket and tossed it over, saying quietly:

"Keep my girl out of it, you swab. P'r'aps she got out of your way as you

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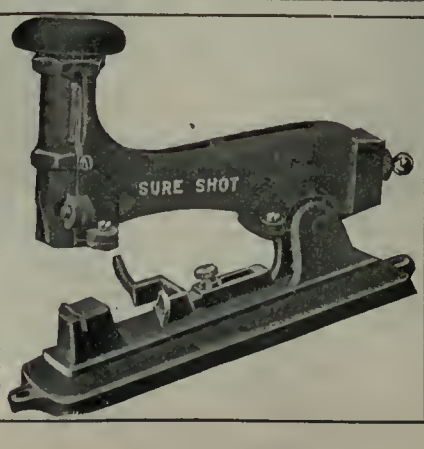
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passed; p'r'aps she looked down on you, eh? Well, a drunken hog in his wallow is apt to turn the stomach. Go on, use that handkerchief. Don't think because I'm converted and jined the church that I ain't a man any longer. Bob Struthers, I'm a Christian, but I certainly will have to kill you if you mention my girl's name in any way except respectful. You've surely got off your head. Here, you drink this water"—he got the pitcher and glass from the table — "here, you drink this water, and don't try to bluff me, because I've got just as much man in me as I ever had, an' there's a point where I'm not going to check it. Drink now—drink, I tell you! It'll do you good."

IN THEIR boyhood days Minden had always been the master and Struthers had knuckled down to him. His tractability, however, had ever been measured by the amount of physical punishment he received.

"That swat in the gob was like old times, wasn't it?" continued Minden with the smile which had been on his face when Struthers waked.

"Christian! You!" responded the now quite sobered man. "Christian! You've got as much devil in you as you allus had. It's bred in the bone — the rest's only make-believe. Your grandfather was a local preacher, an' the strain of it's in you; but it's only your grandfather haunting you; it ain't real. Shucks! You ain't goin' to stick it out. You'll go back to the old game, all right. Why, I might as well try to drink that swash every day"—he pointed to the almost empty pitcher of water—"instead of whiskey or lager. I keep goin' back to it, an' you'll go back. Talk about bein' saved, when every day you live's a lie! You're only figurin' to be good, 'cause you want your daughter to think a lot of you. Can't I see! I didn't know you when you was ten years old for nothin', old non-such."

Minden was now back again in his chair at the table, master of himself, with a friendly look in his face, and his mind well-controlled.

"I guess there's some truth in what you say, Robert Simeon Struthers," he conceded. "I may backslide; but all the more reason I shouldn't let my girl know who I am. I've been running straight quite a while, and I've had a lot of comfort out of gettin' religion. I haven't wanted to do what I used to do. I been happy and respected, I been of use—yes, I been of use. I been workin' for other people, doin' somethin' for them, and——"

STRUTHERS was a mongrel cur naturally, and his life had made him a ruthless brute. If anybody could handle him it was Minden, who had lorded it over him in days long gone, but in his weasel eyes now the Brute was alive, the under-world, the jungle thing.

"Well, you can do something for me if you're out for doing good," he said. "I ain't had any luck any time. Nothing I ever done come out right. The world owed me a living, an' hasn't ever paid it. So you got to pay it now. You got a lot of money that don't belong to you; an' I got a hold on you. I got a loose tongue; an' I can't control it without a gold bridle an' bit. I got to be paid."

Minden nodded contemptuously. "Yes I know, I know all that, man alive. You're a dirty dog, of course; you always was I used to thrash you, way back; but I



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oughter have killed you. Well, I've swatted your mouth to-day, an' I don't mind paying you now to keep your dirty mouth shut. What's your price, skunk?"

Struthers was taken aback. He had thought there would be storm and trouble, but that in the end Minden would see there was nothing else to do but to grunt and pay.

He made his shot at once, however. "What I want—what I want—is a home; bed and board an' enough cash to get my drink across the street, if I can't have it here. 'Liza Finley's my sister. She's in clover, an' she ought to let me be in grass."

"Get down to business," said Minden sharply. "You want your bed, your board and some cash. How much cash do you think would buy your beer?"

"I want five dollars a week and bed and board—that's my offer."

Minden shook his head. "You couldn't live here. This is a temperance tavern run on Christian lines, an' you'd go on getting' drunk. I'm not proposing to keep you here, though it'd be cheaper. You could have the money to board and lodge somewhere else, an' you could have the five dollars a week, but you'd have to keep out of this place when you was drunk. I'd like to put it to you though, whether you could settle in Askatoon an' be satisfied? You've been travelin' a long time—d'you think the one long street of this place is enough for you? There's a heap of prejudice in this town. What would you think of goin' somewhere else? Did you never think you'd like to try Australia? There's a lot of toughs like you over there."

THE WEASEL eyes almost closed with avarice, but they caught sight of Minden's face, and the light in them flickered. This Bill Minden was different from the Bill Minden he used to know; this Bill Minden appeared to have a farther reach. There was something uncanny about him, in spite of his smile; something that made Struthers afraid. His head twitched; it was as though something had taken possession of his nerves.

"Travelin' costs money," he stammered. "You want to get rid of me; you don't want me here, and so you begin to——"

"Of course I don't want you here. I never could tell what you mightn't do when you got drunk. Then, if you split, I might forget I was saved, an' kill you. That's why I'd like to see you hunch away to Australia. They drink kerosene in the back-blocks there 'stead of whiskey. You've got strange tastes, an' that'd suit you. What do you think you'd take an' go? There's a boat leavin' Vancouver day after to-morrow. I'll take you over to Vancouver. I'll see you off."

The cunning eyes widened a little now. "How much are you givin' me for that, if I go? I got a lot of rheumatism these days. I can't work like I used to."

Minden waved a hand of scorn. "Work! You never done any work at all. Somebody else always worked for you—chiefly women. That's all the more reason why you should get out among the aborigines an' live in a black-fellow's camp. You could live a long time on three thousand dollars an' your passage-money. Does that look all right to you?"

The weasel eyes opened wider in spite of themselves. The vision of innumerable bottles of lager beer and many

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a drunken and lascivious day passed before the vision of the brute.

He got on his feet. "I guess I could about do it for that," he conceded.

"Well, as you can do it for that," responded Minden, "then you'll see how fair I am when I tell you that I'm goin' to give you three thousand five hundred dollars an' your passage-money."

"You can afford it," returned the other, with sudden swagger in his bearing. "I'll tell you in a week or so what I'll do. I want to rest awhile first."

Minden's voice hardened. "I guess not. I can afford it this week, but I mightn't be able to afford it in a week or so," was the dry answer.

"You're goin' to leave to-night at eleven, by the express," he continued, "an' I'm going with you. On the steamer 'Mopoke' I'll hand you the cash."

"I got to get some beer right away," answered the other in acquiescence, "an' I'm hungry too."

Minden barred his way to the door. "You can't have a drop of beer in this house, an' you've got to stay here till the train starts. You've got to do without your beer till eleven o'clock; then you can have a full bottle on the train. If what I propose ain't worth while, you can light out now, an' you'll get nothin'; an' then if I happen to forget myself, I'll spoil you. If you hurt my girl I'd find you—religion or no religion—I'd find you if you was in Patagonia. Which are you taking on—to do without your beer, or to have the other? Put it up to me now or never."

With a muttered oath Struthers turned to the table, and seized a water-bottle.

"Gimme something to eat," he said.

To be continued.

Centre of Gravity

Continued from page 28.

the plungin' of his horse, he couldn't seem to shoot straight.

Just as he was cussin' the beast, said piebald fell into a hole and threw him clean over his head. He got snow up his sleeves an' down his neck an' connected with a Crotty bullet at junction of his left arm an' the main line, said bullet shatterin' said shoulder pretty bad. With his arm danglin' and floppin' about foolish, Kerry stumbled on through the snow, pumpin' lead with his good hand, his teeth set tight an' his eyes glitterin' some determined. Final the outlaw gets tired dodgin' the bullets an' absorbs one for a change, said absorption knockin' him clean down the hill.

By this time Joe was out on the drift, bein' too busy talkin' to his friend to note minor details. It doesn't take much to start a slide sometimes, an' down she went, fillin' gulch some more, burying the Crotty gang complete an' givin' Kerry a ride that was some swift an' cool.

Posse found him against the rocks, lookin' as if he was through with this mundane sphere. They lifted him onto a saddle blanket an' carried him down to the road where Sally Lane was as bust up mentally as he was physically. She'd have flung her arms around him an' sat rockin' him back and forth till he was a sure 'nough goner, if we'd let her, an' she had sobs all over her only she kep' 'em concealed as well as she could.

CONSIDERIN' as I liked the boy a heap an' him lyin' there hŏb-nobbin' with Old Cold-Deck, it was queer the feelin' o' gladness that came over me. An' when they took the boy into Sally Lane's own little room off the schoolhouse, even though Doc. only give him one chance in a hundred, I figgered this was one time when a long-shot was due to win.

I was sure right. Nobody could have died under the lovin' care that girl bestowed on that sick boy. When Joe Kerry come out o' the fever an' found out where he was an' who was holdin' his hand and so forth, he thought at first he had taken again to the Demon Rum, an' that his upper stope was some haunted by sad echoes o' the Past. But when he finally come to —

Well, this not bein' no moonlight-on-the-river effect an' me not havin' kissed a girl for some years an' the whole blame thing bein' nobody's business anyway, this is where self-respectin' words just nacherally clogs up, an' sits right down, fagged out complete.

All I know is that Joe Kerry's three thousand in the bank had changed to twenty-three thousand, him gettin' the reward for Jim Crotty, which same didn't upset his stand-in with the boys so's you'd notice it. I closed up the old "Silver Dollar" in honor o' the weddin', which went off faster an' louder'n the biggest funeral in the history of Clover Bar.

"Andy," says the boy, callin' me aside just before he mounts the trail wagon. "Andy," he says, "you're right an' I'm sure converted. Yours truly ain't pinin' for anythin' but sunshine an' flowers from now on. I ain't got no more use for a hoodoo, an' I'm handin' you that just when said hoodoo is busted an' canterin' along peaceful."

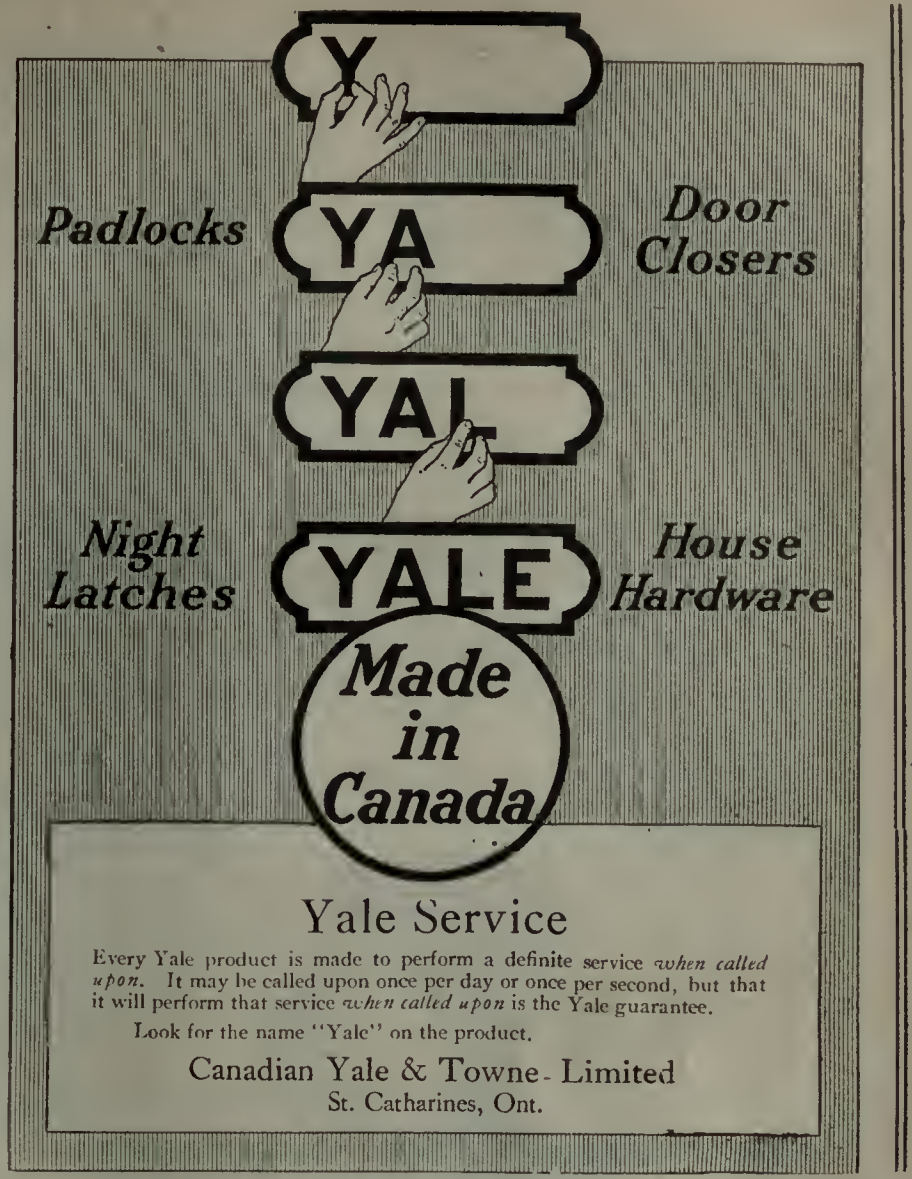
"For you know, Andy," he says, "come to think of it, there's been a lot o' things happenin' round here recent."

Shall We Slay the Senate?

Continued from page 31.

former will do to the Senate as they did to the House of Lords when the Reform Bill had to be carried—namely, create enough Senators to get over a deadlock. In fact Alexander Mackenzie once proposed that very thing, but he did not get his way. The Borden Government holds the Senate more sacred. Although it has at this moment six Senators up its sleeve, so to speak—being the extra six that the West is entitled to owing to the growth of that part of the country—it refuses to make the appointments until after the next general election when the House of Commons will also receive an addition of a dozen members as awarded by law and the last decennial census.

AN APPOINTIVE system I contend, which leaves the Senate open to fears and tremblings, to inequities of distribution and to party guile which loads it up with a hostile ma'ority that must embarrass the next government in power for years to come—such a system, I repeat, is thoroughly wrong. It is so wrong that the House of Commons has debated it several times with a view to changing it



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either by making the Senate elective or abolishing it altogether. The House of Commons, by the way, is always willing to divert attention from itself by reforming the Senate. Such discussions are purely academic and generally take place when Satan can find no other mischief for an idle House of Commons to do.

Looking up the records I find that statesmen on both sides of the House have been deeply interested in this matter. In 1874 David Mills, M.P., moved that the Senate be made elective—lost on division. In 1906 McIntyre, M.P., moved that it be made appointive for fifteen years—debate adjourned. In 1908 McIntyre, M.P., moved that the Senate be abolished. So did Lancaster, M.P., in 1909, 1910 and 1911. Debate adjourned in each case—so far, no farther.

In the session of 1909 was witnessed the curious spectacle of the Senate discussing its own possible metamorphosis on the motion of Senator Sir Robert Scott to make the Upper Chamber elective. The Senate debated the question with its usual candor and disregard of results—the Senate for reasons inherent in its nature discusses nearly every public question with more frankness than the Commons — but no vote was taken. At no stage of the game did the Senate view the subject with alarm—it knows too well where it stands.

THE appointive system, it will be seen, has stood up against argument pretty well and the appointive system is the right one if the proper authority makes the appointments. To my mind the Federal Government is not the proper authority. As the present system works out each administration leaves a Senate majority to act as a stumbling block to its successor. It is the existence of hostile Senates which leads Governments to ask why the spirit of mortals should be proud. It can't be proud with pins like that sticking in it. When Alexander Mackenzie became Premier the Senate was fifteen against him. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier came in in 1896 there were only thirteen Liberals in the Senate. In the course of fifteen years Sir Wilfrid appointed eighty-one Senators and when he went out in 1911 he left a Liberal majority of thirty-nine in the Upper Chamber to keep Premier Borden from feeling too gay. Just to show how Father Time does his gleaning let me state that the thirty-nine Liberal majority has disappeared in five years and now Premier Borden has three Senators on the credit side.

If the Senate is ever to be more than a thorn in the flesh for successive Governments the appointing power must be taken away from Ottawa and handed over to the various Legislatures to whom it properly belongs. Anybody with half an eye can see that this is the fair and reasonable way to do it. Not only would it tend to confirm the power of the provinces and establish a juster balance between provincial and federal rights, but it would more nearly reflect shades of public opinion as they exist from time to time in the various parts of Canada. As things stand the Government at Ottawa may be, let us say, Conservative and be persistently coloring the Senate to that hue while two-thirds of the provincial governments are Liberal. Or it may be the other way about. In either case the Senate is not doing what the B.N.A. Act intended—namely, holding the scales even as between province and dominion.

CONSIDERING its handicaps the Senate has come out of the struggle fairly well. It is not a bad Senate as Senates go. It has not developed caste, as some Fathers of Confederation feared it would. It has remained common clay like the rest of us. It is not a copy of the House of Lords—if it were it would display more ability. Neither is it an imitator of the United States Senate—if it were it would be more a slave to capital than it is now. As Touchstone says, it is a poor thing but our own. It is as good a Senate as circumstances permit and it can be as much better as we want it to be. It is not a snobbish Senate, nor a corrupt one, nor a servile one. In fact it has a lot of neutral virtues on which we can begin work.

In its fifty years' existence the Senate has deteriorated somewhat in quality. The first batch of Senators included the members of the old Legislative Councils in the four federated provinces and provided a high class of men. Since then the standard has slipped a little—which was to be expected when Senatorships are given not for merit but for party service. The ideal Senate would be a moral and intellectual oligarchy, but I cannot remember any Senatorships that were awarded on that basis. Money is honored often enough, but intellect gets the cold shoulder. I can recall only one Senator who got a look in because he was a follower of the muses—and he was a personal friend of Sir Wilfrid's and could not be overlooked. The Senate would be all the better for a strong leaven of doctrinaires and literary men.

HAVING appointed our new Senate on the fifteen-year-full-bodily health-with-plenty-of-brains plan, what is the next thing that ought to be done to it? Give it more work. The Senate spends most of its time now adjourning. It works two days and adjourns ten. Life is thus one long series of hiatuses. In the intervals the Senate has time to grow soft. The seeds of decay are sown. One rusts out so much quicker than one wears out. It is a great pity. It is not the Senate's fault. It's the fault of the system.

Under the Act of Union there was a Legislative Council for Upper and Lower Canada and in eight years prior to 1857 that Legislative Council rejected 325 bills from the Lower House—forty bills a session. Some Senate that! It gave itself some work to do. Not so our present Senate. It gets no chance. It cannot initiate money or revenue bills and it doesn't seem to care to initiate anything else. How could it have under the present conditions? It has a high duty to perform as a check on hasty legislation, but when it performs it there is always a tremendous outcry followed by threats on the part of the populace to cut its heart out. The Senate has no encouragement. It stops perhaps one bill a year and gets nothing but abuse for it.

Rude persons make a mock of the Senate's trances and to wake it up suggest quilting bees, spelling matches and Friday afternoon debates on subjects like this: "Resolved that Sir Sam Hughes is a greater general than the Duke of Wellington." But it is not the Senate that is to blame if gossip, tobacco and a little mild conspiracy of a somewhat toothless sort, are its sole occupation. It is up to the British North America Act to give the Senate something more to do than to tell



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smoking room stories and compare asthmas. The British North America Act cannot be amended too soon. There should be a special clause providing that the Senate shall never have less than two Cabinet Ministers in its midst and both of them with portfolios.

With these changes I am persuaded that we would soon have a brisk up-to-date, cheerful, industrious and efficient Senate of which any country might be proud. There is, I take it, no immediate danger that the Senate will be either elected or abolished. To make any changes in the Senate not only must the Senate agree, but also the House of Commons, the nine provincial legislatures, and the British Parliament. The Senate may consent to revive itself by adopting a reasonable appointive system, but it will never commit suicide. That is a safe bet.

The Motor Roads of Canada

Continued from page 26.

tem. The net result is that Quebec is far in the van of other Canadian provinces, having as a matter of fact more permanently-improved highways than all the other provinces put together.

The longest and most notable highway in the province is that extending along the north shore of the St. Lawrence River from Montreal to Quebec City, known as the Montreal-Quebec road. It was completed only last year, but already it has been traversed by thousands of motorists, who are loud in their praises of its beauties. The route is particularly attractive below Quebec, where the country becomes rougher and the road, in consequence, more winding in character.

The King Edward VII. Highway running south from Montreal to the International boundary at Rouse's Point, affords a means of access to Quebec for American tourists and an outlet for Quebec motorists on tour to the United States. It was the first of Quebec's improved highways and its popularity is attested by the fact that during the touring season an average of between six and seven hundred cars a day pass over it. The road is excellent but, from the scenic standpoint, it is not to be compared with the Montreal-Quebec highway, the country traversed being flat and rather uninteresting.

THERE was practically completed last fall a road running south from Levis, opposite the City of Quebec, to the boundary of Maine, known as the Levis-Jackman road. It is ninety miles in length and in its course it traverses a wild and broken country, strikingly picturesque in character. With the completion of this road and the Montreal-Quebec road, the province possesses a single stretch of continuous highway, 25 miles in length, starting at Rouse's Point, passing through Montreal and Quebec, and ending at Jackman in the State of Maine.

The fourth Quebec highway, which to some minds is even more beautiful than any of the other three, extends from Sherbrooke, the chief city of the Eastern Townships, to the international boundary at Derby, Vermont, where it connects with a road to Newport at the southern ex-

remity of Lake Memphremagog. It passes in its course, Lake Massawippi, one of the most beautiful lakes in the Townships and a famous resort for summer tourists. That road, which is 32 miles in length, was completed in 1915 and has proved immensely popular.

Apart from the four provincial highways, the province has several other roads, of more or less satisfactory quality, which can be followed by motorists with pleasure. In the environs of Montreal itself, there are now numerous excellent highways with fine scenic possibilities. One of them, known as the Point Fortune-Montreal Road, extends as far as Point Fortune on the Ottawa River at the interprovincial boundary and there forms a connection with the Ontario system of roads.

An alternative route from Montreal to Rouse's Point is provided by the old International Highway, which many motorists prefer to the King Edward Highway. Instead of striking direct across country, it runs over to St. John's and thence continues up the valley of the Richelieu River to the boundary. The scenery is much finer than along the King Edward Highway, while the road is very little inferior in quality to the new road. The two routes combined make possible an interesting round trip.

There is much charming scenery to be found in the Eastern Townships and a trip from Montreal to Sherbrooke, with side jaunts to picturesque corners in the district, is one of the choicest attractions that the province can offer. The run to Sherbrooke is just a trifle under a hundred miles in length. Leaving Montreal, the main route runs via St. Lambert and Longueuil to Chambly on the Richelieu River, thence across to Rougemont and on through Granby, Waterloo, Eastman and Magog to Sherbrooke, passing Lake Orford, Lake Memphremagog and Lake Magog on the way.

From Granby a beautiful trip can be made to Brome Lake, around to Knowlton and on to Sutton through a thickly wooded country, with idyllic glimpses of water from time to time. Or one may turn aside at Magog and cross country to North Hatley on Lake Massawippi, connecting there with the main highway from Sherbrooke to Newport.

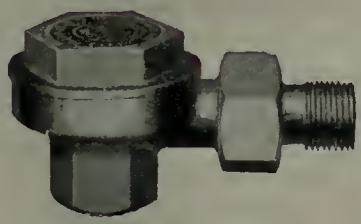
BUT OF all trips out of Montreal that North to Ste. Agathe in the Laurentian Mountains is the grandest. It involves a run of about 64 miles. The road is fairly good and the scenery is magnificent, being mountainous, with a wealth of wild, romantic views.

There are several good roads in the district around Quebec, both on the north and south sides of the St. Lawrence. On the north an attractive run is possible through Charlesbourg to Lake Beauport, while on the south a good road extends eastward through Beaumont, Berthier, St. Thomas and L'Islet to the settlements lower down the River.

The trip has been made by motor, both down the south shore of the St. Lawrence and across the State of Maine, to New Brunswick, but the experience of those who have attempted it has not been encouraging. For general purposes, the Maritime Provinces are pretty well cut off from Upper Canada, unless the motorist makes a long detour through New England or else takes his car across the Bay of Fundy by boat. Yet once landed



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within the borders of the Atlantic provinces, the possibilities for touring are good and, while there are as yet no permanent provincial highways, such as those in Quebec, road improvement is being very generally carried on, with the result that there are now many miles of very fair roads in this part of the Dominion.

There are two Canadian routes to New Brunswick. One is east from Riviere du Loup, Que., to Campbelltown, N.B., following the course of the Intercolonial Railway pretty closely. The other is south from Riviere du Loup to Edmundston, following the route of the Temiscouta Railway. At Campbellton, the former connects with the main road along the south shore of the Bay of Chaleur to Bathurst, thence across to Chatham and so down the Gulf shore to Shediac and Moncton. The latter crosses the St. John River at Edmundston and follows its west bank south through Grand Falls, Woodstock and Fredericton to St. John. This valley road is one of the finest in New Brunswick, particularly south of Woodstock, and the scenery is most attractive.

From St. John a popular run is to St. Andrew's and thence to St. Stephen's, where connection with the road system of the State of Maine is made. The section from St. George to St. Andrew's around Passamaquoddy Bay is particularly fine, the shore being girt with towering granite hills and the Bay itself dotted with beautiful islands. From St. Andrew's to St. Stephen's the drive is along the picturesque banks of the St. Croix River.

TO REACH Nova Scotia, the motorist will have to follow the beautiful valley of the Kennebecasis River, passing through such charming towns as Rothesay, Hampton and Sussex; then cross to and descend the valley of the Petitcodiac River as far as Moncton. From this point the main road continues east through Sackville and Amherst, thence along the shore of the Straits of Northumberland to Truro and so into Halifax.

The most attractive tour in Nova Scotia and one that is being taken yearly by increasing numbers of tourists is that through the famous Evangeline county. Starting, say, from Halifax, the road follows the general course of the Dominion Atlantic Railway to Windsor. It then proceeds through Hantsport, to Wolfville and Kentville, in the heart of the Land of Evangeline, and on down the Annapolis Valley, through Annapolis Royal to Digby. From Digby to Yarmouth there is a splendid road skirting the shore of the Bay of Fundy, while, with Yarmouth as a centre, there are many attractive tours possible through the western counties. The run back to Halifax via the beautiful South Shore Route through Shelburne, Liverpool and Chester is one rich in scenic attractions.

There are tours that may be taken from Truro to New Glasgow and Pictou and on to Antigonish and from Halifax east along the south shore to Musquodoboit, Sheet Harbor and Sherbrooke, both of which bring the motorist in touch with scenes peculiar to the sea shore and the life of the hardy inhabitants of the bluenose province. Owing to its variety of scenery and climate, Nova Scotia will make a strong appeal to the motorist. It already boasts many miles of excellent roads and the number of these will soon be largely augmented.

The Gun Brand

Continued from page 21.

through her veins fumed the ferine blood of her paleolithic forbears. What is life but proof of the fitness to live? Death, but defeat?

ON RUSHED the scow, leaping, crashing from wave to wave, into the northern night. And, as it rushed, and leaped, and crashed it bore two women, their garments touching, but between whom interposed a whole world of creeds and fabrics.

Suddenly, Chloe sensed a change. The scow no longer leaped and crashed, and the roar of the rapids grew faint. No longer the form of Vermilion appeared couchant, tense; and, among the scowmen, one laughed. Chloe drew a deep breath, and a slight shudder shook her frame. She glanced about her in bewilderment, and, reaching swiftly down, raised the inert form of Harriet Penny and rested it gently against her knees.

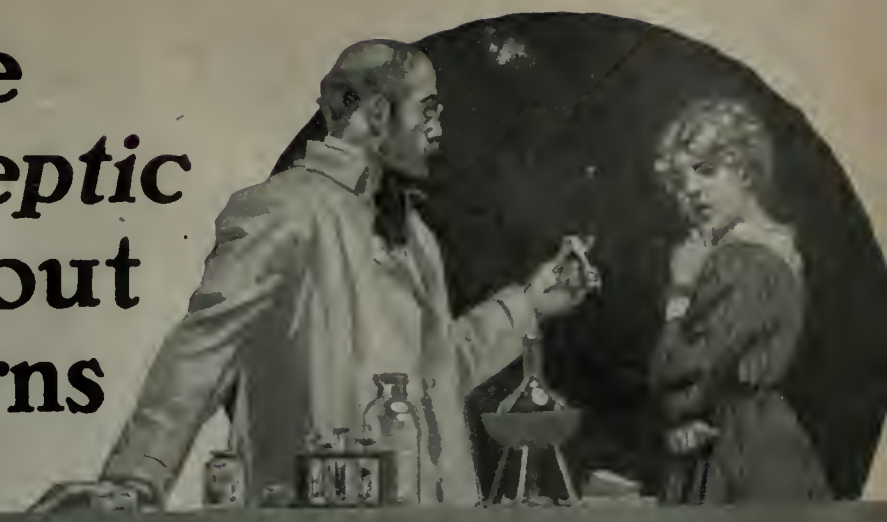
The darkness of night had settled upon the river. Stars twinkled overhead. The high, scrub-timbered shore loomed formless and black, and the flat bottom of the scow rasped harshly on gravel. Vermilion leaped ashore, followed by the scowmen, and Chloe assisted Big Lena with the still unconscious form of Harriet Penny. As if by magic, fires flared out upon the shingle, and in an incredibly short time the girl found herself seated upon her bed-roll inside her mosquito-barred tent of balloon silk. The older woman had revived and lay, a dejected heap, upon her blankets, and out in front Big Lena was stooping over a fire. Beyond, upon the gravel, the fires of the scowmen flamed red, and threw wavering reflections upon the black water of the river.

Chloe was seized with a strange unrest. The sight of Harriet Penny irritated her. She stepped from the tent and filled her lungs with great drafts of the spruce-laden night-breeze that wafted gently out of the mysterious dark and rippled the surface of the river until little waves slapped softly against the shore in tiny whisperings of the unknown—whisperings that called, and were understood by the new awakened self within her.

Continued on page 88.

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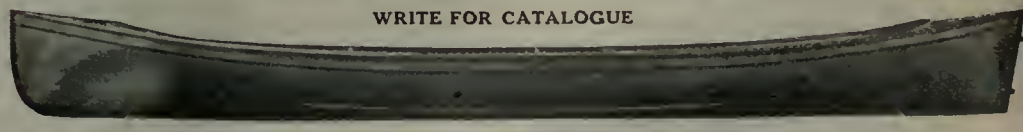
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IT HAS been said of the suburbs of certain Canadian cities that they are the most beautiful in the world—*to drive through.* There is rather a fine qualification of praise in this when we remember that these suburbs are colonies of homes, not public parks. They are not for the man who "drives through," but for the man who stays there, and for his wife and sons and daughters—yet the streets are the most attractive part of them; The new ideal is to make the whole lot, from the front to the back lane, a place of pride and beauty for the family.

From an artistic view-point, any house requires a certain amount of garden treatment to make its presence on the face of the earth anything but an impertinence. Even if it is the central point of interest in the grounds, but is permitted to stand up bleak and naked from an expanse of gravel or turf it will always wear an air of aloofness from the garden picture. The first care of the designer, therefore, should be to fill in the angles about the house either with shrubbery, or by planting borders against the house wall.

The next step in making the garden plan is to design a border. This deserves more space than is usually allowed. The narrow strips of border so often seen skirting the fences of small-lot gardens are practically useless for flower culture. A width of six feet is not too much for the principal border and it should, if possible, be in full sun. A charming border can be made by planting the flowers with a background of shrubbery, or if space is too limited for this, a narrow border of shrubbery may be made on one side of the lawn or path, as the case may be, and a complementary flower border on the other side. Without being formal the two give an effect of balance to the garden. If the grounds are fairly large, the border may be laid out to let little extensions run out into the grass plot, thus increasing the flower space, and giving a pleasing "irregularity." Shady places, like the foot of a southern boundary fence may be planted with a border of ferns, lily-of-the-valley, or a multitude of other plants that thrive without much sun.

It seems almost contrary to sacred tradition to say a word against the planting of trees, but trees are exacting both above and below the ground, and all other growth must wait on them and keep its distance. Also, while they form the pillars of a landscape garden, they cannot, in close quarters, take the place in perspective which should be theirs, and since the streets in residential sections of our towns and cities are usually well shaded, both shade and ornamental trees had better be used sparingly in the private grounds. Shrubs can be arranged to give the appearance of shelter and privacy that trees afford to larger areas.

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of shrubbery — not isolated shrubs, but shrubbery *en masse*. As a background for flower borders, to soften the lines of walls and fences, jutting out here and there to form a screen for a garden-seat, or merely to give a natural outline, it has a purpose which neither trees nor flowers can supply. Further it can be made about the best means of preserving the garden picture the year round, if the massed shrubbery is planned to have one or two varieties blooming through the entire spring and summer as well as a few like the barberry and high bush cranberry whose scarlet fruits and tangle of red-brown twigs keep a glow kindled through the dreariest days of winter. In massing groups of shrubbery care must be taken to keep the taller varieties in the background. The forsythia, a yellow flowering shrub blooms in April and grows to a height of eight feet. The Japanese barberry also has yellow flowers, blooms in May and reaches a height of four feet. The bush honeysuckle has white flowers and red berries, flowers in May and grows to about six feet. The spirea and common lilac are both lasting favorites for spring blooming, and for June, the syringa and the hardier roses are about the only varieties to depend on for flowers. The more delicate varieties of roses should not go into a mixed border. They should have a bed by themselves where they can have more care than would be given the ordinary hardy shrubs. Boxwood is another shrub that is in a class apart from the rest. It is about the only one that is best planted alone or in a hedge. For July we have the sweet pepper bush with greenish white flowers, growing from eight to ten feet tall, and in August the rose of Sharon, about twelve feet and the hydrangea growing from ten to twenty feet. Both of these usually hold their blooming period over into September.

In laying out spaces for beds, borders, paths, etc., it is well to bear in mind that grass more than any other feature helps to secure a feeling of repose. There is something delightfully soothing in a well-kept stretch of green turf, and it is little short of vandalism to fret the lawn into a pattern of geometrically fashioned beds. Nature does not grow her flower groups within the limits of stars, crescents and crosses. Beds in grass are sometimes admirable features in the general scheme if modelled on simple shapes, but the more elaborate the form of the bed, the more time and labor will be expended in preserving its geometry and the less enjoyment will be derived from the flowers. The maker of stars and crescents moreover should realize that an acute angle is an awkward one to which to adapt his flowers and that to preserve the outlines of such beds it is necessary to fill them with puny plants, which, by constant pinching are prevented from developing their natural charm. It is better to adopt a simple circle, square or rectangle and to be not too particular about keeping the flowers from spreading on the grass, so long as they grow under natural conditions and yield their harvest of bloom. The outlines they create under such treatment, blend softly with the turf and are far more sightly than the hard edges fresh from the trimming tool.

Although the construction of a garden plan on paper is a necessary preliminary to the practical operations, much of the detail will have to be filled in on the

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Helping in the War. *Toronto Y.M.C.A. boys doing their bit by growing vegetables. Each boy looks after his own plot, and either sells the vegetables or uses them at home.*

Every dollar's worth of vegetables you grow saves money otherwise spent for vegetables or gives you vegetables you would not otherwise have, and thus helps to lower the "high cost of living."

Growing vegetables saves the labor of others whose effort is urgently needed for other vital work. Boys, girls, grown-ups—everyone should help. Let the slogan for 1917 be

"A vegetable garden for every home"

Who doesn't enjoy nice, fresh, juicy vegetables on the table every day! Isn't it well worth everyone's while to grow vegetables this spring? Decide now. Boys and girls, ask your parents for the use of the ground and their help. They will gladly give you both. Grown-ups should plan now to have a garden.

Horticultural societies, lodges, school boards, etc., are invited to encourage vegetable growing by every one. Parents and guardians are requested to give boys and girls their co-operation.

It is suggested that organizations arrange for addresses on vegetable growing by local expert gardeners. If these are not available, the Department will endeavor to send a speaker. It is urgently requested that applications for speakers be made promptly, as the demand for them will be great and the supply of available experts is limited.

The Department of Agriculture suggests stimulating interest by forming organizations to offer prizes for best vegetable gardens. Every possible assistance will be given any organization encouraging vegetable production on vacant lots

You do not need to be an expert. Scarcely any plot of ground is too small. Just write a letter to the Ontario Department of Agriculture (address below) and you will receive literature telling all about vegetable growing, how to prepare the ground and cultivate the crop; also a plan showing suitable vegetables to grow, best varieties for Ontario, and their arrangement in the garden. These will be sent free on request. Attend the meetings in your community.

Write for Poultry Bulletin—The high prices for eggs make a flock of poultry well worth while. They are not expensive to keep. In the average home the waste from the table is sufficient. Write for bulletin.

Ontario Department of Agriculture

W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture

Address letters to "Vegetable Campaign" Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto

ground. By being alive to possibilities, many opportunities will crop up for introducing charming effects. One of the most gorgeous pieces of color work I have even seen was the result of planting Virginia creeper at the foot of a clump of small firs on the grounds of a country residence. In a short time it had clambered up amongst the dark foliage and festooned it with graceful sprays. In summer the foliage showed light green against dark, but in autumn when every leaf was vivid carmine, the effect was strikingly beautiful.

This year more than ever before, townd wellers will want to make the most of their kitchen gardens. With food prices steadily soaring, the luxury and economy of home-grown vegetables cannot be ignored; at the same time the plot can be made a place of beauty. If space can be afforded the flower border may be continued through the vegetable garden; possibly flowers for cutting could be grown here for the market. A few scarlet runners and hollyhocks against the back fence give a piquant note of color, while some of our common vegetables like asparagus, parsley, and the rambling growth of the vegetable marrow are almost handsome enough to cultivate for their looks alone.

A new interest as well as a new satisfaction and economy will come from planting a greater variety of vegetables this year. Brussels sprouts, the most delicately flavored vegetable of the cabbage tribe, are little known in our home gardens. Swiss chard, one of the most appetizing of the green vegetables comes up again so quickly after cutting that it is invaluable as an all-summer delicacy. The leaves and stalks may be used as greens or the stalks may be cooked like asparagus. Kale should also be considered indispensable in every garden since it comes into season late in the fall when frost has killed all other greens. These and others like the okra and endive, as well as the staple varieties generally cultivated, will repay the gardener ten times over in actual money value this year.

In the city garden, in order that maximum crops may be produced from a minimum space, it is essential that the ground be kept fully occupied all the time. This means not only that the rows of vegetables will be planted close together, but that short-season crops will be planted between the rows, and even the plants of longer-season crops, and that as soon as one crop is harvested another will be planted in its place. Also, transplanting may be practised to a considerable extent to save space during the early growth of the plants. The full amount of space required by a given plant at maturity is allotted to that plant the shortest possible time. Extremely rapid growth is made possible by making the soil very rich and applying water copiously. The land is kept at work from early spring till late in autumn, and two or even three crops may be harvested from the same area.

Since planting must be close, and a large amount of edible product secured from each square foot of ground, it will be necessary to omit from a garden of this kind some of the larger-growing vegetables which yield a relatively small edible product for the amount of space occupied. Sweet corn, melons and squashes will, therefore, be omitted, and the garden devoted chiefly to such crops as lettuce, radishes, parsley, cress, mustard, beets,

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London Long Green Cucumber (great cropper) ...Pkg. 5c, oz. 15c, 4 ozs. 40c.
XXX Solid Head Lettuce.....Pkg. 10c, oz. 25c, 4 ozs. 75c.
Improved Beefsteak Tomato.....Pkg. 10c, ½ oz. 35c, oz. 60c.
XXX Scarlet Oval Radish (mild, crisp).....Pkg. 10c, oz. 20c, 4 oz. 50c.
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chard, carrots, onions from sets, string beans, and turnips; though cabbage, spinach, peas, peppers tomatoes, and even cucumbers may sometimes be included. If tomatoes are grown they are trained in an upright position, so that comparatively little ground space is occupied.

A selection of vegetables and their arrangement for a small city garden might be as follows:

Row 1—Onion sets (six inches from edge of garden).
" 2—Radishes, followed by tomatoes.
" 3—Early beets.
" 4—Early beets.
" 5—Lettuce, followed by tomatoes.
" 6—Cress.
" 7—Dwarf peas.
" 8—Onion sets, followed by peppers.
" 9—Dwarf peas.
" 10—Spinach, followed by string beans, followed by lettuce.
" 11—Early turnips.
" 12—Spinach, followed by string beans, followed by lettuce.
" 13—Early carrots.
" 14—Parsley.
" 15—Lettuce, second planting.
" 16—Chard.
" 17—Radishes, second planting.
" 18—Early cabbages, followed by late string beans.
" 19—Radishes, third planting.

In the original plantings the rows may be only one foot apart. When the harvesting of the radishes, lettuce, green onions and spinach begins, if care is taken to remove plants first from definite spots spaced at proper intervals, the tomatoes, peppers and string beans can be planted in the same rows considerably before the harvesting of these early crops is completed. The early beets, cress and peas in the intervening rows can be harvested before the tomatoes and peppers need all the space. Likewise the turnips, carrots and second plantings of lettuce and radishes will be removed by the time the string beans, parsley, chard, and cabbage begin to crowd for room.

The Gun Brand

Continued from page 83.

SHE GLANCED toward the fires of the rivermen where the dark-skinned, long-haired sons of the wild squatted close about the flames over which pots boiled, grease fried, and chunks of red meat browned upon the ends of long toasting-sticks. The girl's heart leaped with the wild freedom of it. A sense of might and of power surged through her veins. These men were her men—hers to command. Savages and half-savages whose work it was to do her bidding—and who performed their work well. The night was calling her—the vague, portentous night of the land beyond outposts. Slowly she passed the fires, and on along the margin of the river whose waters, black and forbidding, reached into the north.

"The unconquered north," she breathed, as she stood upon a water-lapped boulder and gazed into the impenetrable dark. And, as she gazed, before her mind's eye rose a victim. The scattered teepees of the northland, smoke-blackened, filthy, stinking with the reek of ill-tanned skins, resolved themselves into a village beside a broad, smooth-flowing river.

The teepees faded, and in their place appeared rows of substantial log cabins, each with its yard of trimmed grass, and its beds of gay flowers. Broad streets se-

parated the rows. The white spire of a church loomed proudly at the end of a street. From the doorways dark, full-bodied women smiled happily — their faces clean, and their long, black hair caught back with artistic bands of quill embroidery, as they called to the clean brown children who played light-heartedly in the grassed dooryards. Tall, lean-shouldered men, whose swarthy faces glowed with the love of their labor, toiled gladly in fields of yellow grain, or sang and called to one another in the forest where the ring of their axes was drowned in the crash of falling trees.

Her vision of the north—the conquered north—her north!

THE GIRL started nervously. Her brain-picture resolved into the formless dark. From the black waters, almost at her feet, sounded, raucous and loud, the voice of the great loon. Frenzied, maniacal, hideous rang the night-shattering laughter. The uncouth mockery of the raw—the defiance of the unconquerable north!

With a shudder, Chloe turned and fled toward the red-flaring fires. In that moment a feeling of defeat surged over her—of heart-sickening hopelessness. The figures at the fires were unkempt, dirty, revolting, as they gorged and tore at the half-cooked meat into which their yellow fangs drove deep as the red blood squirted and trickled from the corners of their mouths to drip unheeded upon the sweat-stiffened cotton of their shirts. Savages! And she, Chloe Elliston, at the very gateway of her empire, fled inconsistently to the protection of their fires!

Wide awake upon her blanket, in the smudge-pungent tent where her two companions slept heavily, Chloe sat late into the night staring through the mosquito-barred entrance toward the narrow strip of beach where the dying fires of the cowmen glowed sullenly in the darkness, pierced now and again by the fitful glare of a wind-whipped brand. Two still forms wrapped in ragged blankets, lay like logs where sleep had overcome them.

A short distance removed from the others, the fire of Vermilion burned brightly. Between this fire and a heavily smoking smudge, four men played cards upon a blanket spread upon the ground. Silently, save for an occasional grunt or mumbled word, they played—dealing, tossing into the centre the amount of their bets, leaning forward to rake in a pot, or throwing down their cards in disgust, to await the next deal.

The scene was intrinsically savage. At the end of the day's work, primitive man followed primitive instinct. Gorged to repletion, they slept, or wasted their substance with the improvidence of jungle-beasts. And these were the men Chloe Elliston had pictured laboring joyously in the upbuilding of homes! Once more the feeling of hopelessness came over her—seemed smothering, stifling her. And



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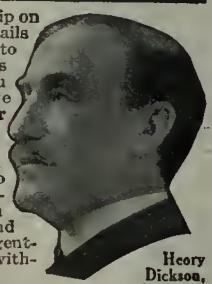
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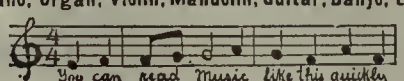
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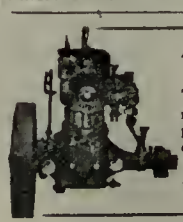
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a great wave of longing carried her back to the land of her own people—the land of convention and sophistry.

Could it be that they were right? They who had scoffed, and ridiculed, and forbade her? What could *she* do in the refashioning of a world-old wild? One woman against the established creeds of an iron wilderness? Where, now, were her dreams of empire, her ideals, and her castles in Spain? Was she to return, broken on the wheel? Crushed between the adamantine millstones of things as they ought to be?

The resolute lips drooped, a hot salt tear blurred Vermilion's camp-fire and distorted the figures of the gambling scowmen. She closed her eyes tightly. The writhing green shadow-shapes lost form, dimmed, and resolved themselves into an image—a lean, lined face with rapier-blade eyes gazed upon her from the blackness—the face of Tiger Elliston!

Instantly, the full force and determination of her surged through the girl's veins anew. The drooping lips stiffened. Her heart sang with the joy of conquest. The tight-pressed lids flew open, and for a long time she watched the shadow-dance of the flames on her tent wall. Dim, and elusive, and far away faded the dancing shadow-shapes—and she slept.

NOT SO Vermilion, who, when his companions tired of their game and sought their blankets, sat and stared into the embers of his dying fire. The half-breed was troubled. As boss of Pierre Lapierre's scowmen, a toll of a master mind, a unit of a system, he had prospered. But no longer was he a unit of a system. From the moment Chloe Elliston had bargained with him for the transportation of her outfit into the wilderness, the man's brain had been active in formulating a plan.

This woman was rich. One who is not rich cannot afford to transport thirty-odd tons of outfit into the heart of the wilderness, at the tariff of fifteen cents the pound. So, throughout the days of the journey, the man gazed with avarice upon the piles of burlapped pieces, while his brain devised the scheme. Thereafter in the dead of night, occurred many whispered consultations, as Vermilion won over his men. He chose shrewdly, for these men knew Pierre Lapierre, and well they knew what portion would be theirs should the scheme of Vermilion miscarry.

At last, the selection had been made, and five of the most desperate and daring of all the rivermen had, by the lure of much gold, consented to cast loose from the system and "go it alone." The first daring move in the undertaking had succeeded—a move that, in itself, bespoke the desperate character of its perpetrators, for it was no accident that sent the head scow plunging down through the Chute in the darkness.

But, in the breast of Vermilion, as he sat alone beside his camp-fire, was no sense of elation—and in the heart of him was a great fear. For, despite the utmost secrecy among the conspirators, the half-breed knew that even at that moment, somewhere to the northward, Pierre Lapierre had learned of his plot.

Eight days had elapsed since the mysterious disappearance of Chenoine—and Chenoine, it was whispered, was half-brother to Pierre Lapierre. Therefore,

Vermilion crouched beside his camp-fire and cursed the slowness of the coming of the day. For well he knew that when a man double-crossed Pierre Lapierre, he must get away with it—or die. Many had died. The black eyes flashed dangerously. He — Vermilion — would get away with it! He glanced toward the sleeping forms of the five scowmen and shuddered. He, Vermilion, knew that he was afraid to sleep!

For an instant he thought of abandoning the plan. It was not too late. The other scows could be run through in the morning, and, if Pierre Lapierre came, would it not be plain that Chenoine had lied? But, even with the thought, the avaricious gleam leaped into the man's eyes, and with a muttered imprecation, he greeted the first faint light of dawn.

CHLOE ELLISTON opened her eyes sleepily in answer to a gruff call from without her tent. A few minutes later she stepped out into the gray of the morning, followed by her two companions. Vermilion was waiting for her as he watched the scowmen breaking open the freight pieces and making up hurried trail-packs of provisions.

"Tam to mush!" said the man tersely.

"But where are the other scows?" asked Chloe, glancing toward the bank where the scow was being rapidly unloaded. "And what is the meaning of this?" Here, you!" she cried, as a half-breed ripped the burlap from a bale. "Stop that! That's mine!" By her side, Vermilion laughed, a short, harsh laugh, and the girl turned.

"De scow, she not com'. We leave de rivaire. We tak' 'long be grub, eh?" The man's tone was truculent—insulting.

Chloe flushed with anger. "I am not going to leave the river! Why should I leave the river?"

Again the man laughed; there was no need for concealment now. "Me, Vermilion, I'm know de good plac' back in de hills. We go for stay dere till you pay de money."

"Money? What money?"

"Un hondre t'ousan' dollaire — cash! You pay, Vermilion—he tak' you back. You no pay——" The man shrugged significantly.

The girl stared, dumbfounded. "What do you mean? One hundred thousand dollars! Are you crazy?"

The man stepped close, his eyes gleaming wickedly. "You reech. You pay un hondre t'ousan' dollaire, or, ba gar, you nevaire com' out de bush!"

Chloe laughed in derision. "Oh! I am kidnapped! Is that it? How romantic!" The man scowled. "Don't be a fool, Vermilion! Do you suppose I came into this country with a hundred thousand dollars in cash—or even a tenth of that amount?"

The man shrugged indifferently. "*Non*, but you mak' de write on de papaire, an' Menard, he ta' heem to de bank—Edmonton — Preence Albert. He git de money. By-m-by, two mont' me'be, he com' back. Den, Vermilion, he ta' you close to de H. B. post—*bien!* You kin go hom', an' Vermilion, he go ver' far away."

CHLOE suddenly realized that the man was in earnest. Her eyes flashed over the swarthy, villainous faces of the scowmen, and the seriousness of the situation dawned upon her. She knew, now, that the separating of the scows was the first move in a deep-laid scheme. Her brain worked rapidly. It was evident that the men on the other scows were not party to the plot, or Vermilion would not have risked running the Chute in the darkness. She glanced up the river. Would the other scows come on? It was her one hope. She must play for time. Harriet Penny sobbed aloud, and Big Lena glowered. Again Chloe laughed into the scowling face of the half-breed. "What about the Mounted? When they find I am missing there will be an investigation."

For answer, Vermilion pointed toward the river-bank, where the men were working with long poles in the overturning of the scow. "We shove heem out in de rivaire. W'en dey fin', dey t'ink she mak' for teep ovaire in de Chute. *Voilà!* Dey say: 'Een de dark she run on de rock'—*pouf!*" he signified eloquently the instantaneous snuffing out of lives. Even as he spoke the scow overturned with a splash, and the scowmen pushed it out into the river, where it floated bottom upward, turning lazily in the grips of an eddy. The girl's heart sank as her eyes rested upon the overturned scow. Vermilion had plotted cunningly. He drew closer now —leering horribly.

"You mak' write on de papaire—*non?*"

A swift anger surged in the girl's heart.

"No!" she cried. "I will not write! I have no such amount in any bank this side of San Francisco! But if I had a million dollars, you would not get a cent! You can't bluff me!"

VERMILION sprang toward her with a snarl; but before he could lay hands upon her Big Lena, with a roar of rage, leaped past the girl and drove a heavy stick of firewood straight at the half-breed's head. The man ducked swiftly, and the billet thudded against his shoulder, staggering him. Instantly two of the scowmen threw themselves upon the woman and bore her to the ground, where she fought, tooth and nail, while they pinioned her arms. Vermilion, his face livid, seized Chloe roughly. The girl shrank in terror from the grip of the thick, grimy fingers and the glare of the envenomed eyes that blazed from the distorted, brutish features.

"Stand back!"

The command came sharp and quick in a low, hard voice — the voice of authority. Vermilion whirled with a snarl. Uttering a loud cry of fear, one of the scowmen dashed into the bush, closely followed by two of his companions. Two men advanced swiftly and noiselessly from the cover of the scrub. Like a flash, the half-breed jerked a revolver from his belt and fired. Chenoine fell dead. Before Vermilion could fire again the other man, with the slightest perceptible movement of his right hand, fired from the hip. The revolver dropped from the half-breed's hand. He swayed unsteadily for a few seconds, his eyes widening into a foolish, surprised stare. He half-turned and opened his lips to speak. Pink foam reddened the corners of his mouth and spattered in tiny drops upon his chin. He gasped for breath with a spasmodic heave of the shoulders. A wheezing, gurgling sound issued from his throat, and a torrent of blood burst from his lips and splashed upon the ground. With eyes wildly rolling, he clutched

Continued on page 92.

Hambridge Opens His Eyes

"Fight the case if you are determined on it, but I give it as my opinion that you will lose it, and it will do you no good in a business way to give the publicity of a trial to your own neglect to provide the best possible equipment."

So spake Lawyer Bennett to James Hambridge, president of The Hambridge Candy Co. One of Hambridge's employees, Ben Collins, had been seriously scalded when a large candy kettle had burst, and an action for damages against the company had been instituted. The company had resolved to fight the case.

"You say, Mr. Hambridge," said his cross-examiner at the trial, "that you had exercised all reasonable care and precautions to prevent an accident of this sort. Are you sincere in this contention?"

"I am."

"The accident was due to an excessive steam-pressure in the "jacket" of the steam-heated candy kettle. The steam pressure is indicated by a gauge; and your point is that Collins should have used the means provided to lower the pressure by closing down the globe valve that admits the steam to the kettle. This is your contention, is it not?"

"It is."

"About this globe valve, Mr. Hambridge, is it automatic in its action?"

"It is not."

"It is necessary for the attendant to control the supply of steam by definite action on his part. He must, as I understand matters, pull a chain or cord, thus closing the valve, and thereby lowering the pressure to a safe amount. This is the procedure, is it not?"

"It is."

"Now, Mr. Hambridge, leaving Collins out of the question for the moment, let me ask you about pressure reducing valves, as I believe they are called. There are mechanisms of this sort, I believe, that are automatic. Is not this so?"

"I think you are right, but personally I do not know much about contrivances of this sort."

"But your impression is that there are automatic pressure reducing valves which reduce the supply of steam whenever the pressure reaches a certain point which we shall call the danger point. You know this more or less, do you not?"

"I do."

"Now, Mr. Hambridge, if your candy kettle had been protected by an automatic pressure reducing valve, the probability is that this accident would not have occurred. Is this a reasonable conclusion?"

"I suppose so."

"That will do, thank you, Mr. Hambridge. Call Mr. West."

West is the engineer of The Hambridge Candy Company. In his evidence he admitted that he knew of automatic pressure reducing valves; that he had recommended several months before, the installation of one of Darling Brothers' pressure reducing valves, an automatic safety device, guaranteed to operate successfully; and that his recommendation had been "turned down" on account of the cost of same (ranging from $30 to $130, according to size).

A verdict of $1,500 in favor of the plaintiff was given, with costs.

Add to this the cost of a new kettle, the repair of other damage done, the loss of time and stock; the worth of the time of principals and staff as witnesses; and legal fees; and you get some idea of what it cost the Hambridge Candy Company to reject West's recommendation.

Incidentally, it may be stated that since the Collins' accident Darling Brothers' automatic pressure reducing valves have replaced the old-fashioned globe valves in the Hambridge Candy Company's plant.

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frantically at the breast of his cotton shirt and pitched heavily into the smoldering ashes of the fire at the feet of the stranger.

But few seconds had elapsed since Chloe felt the hand of Vermilion close about her wrist—tense, frenzied seconds, to the mind of the girl, who gazed in bewilderment upon the bodies of the two dead men which lay almost touching each other.

THE MAN who had ordered Vermilion to release her, and who had fired the shot that had killed him, stood calmly watching four lithe-bodied canoemen securely bind the arms of the two scowmen who had attacked Big Lena.

So sudden had been the transition from terror to relief in her heart that the scene held nothing of repugnance to the girl, who was conscious only of a feeling of peace and security. She even smiled into the eyes of her deliverer, who had turned his attention from his canoemen and stood before her, his soft-brimmed Stetson in his hand.

"Oh! I—I thank you!" exclaimed the girl, at a loss for words.

The man bowed low. "It is nothing. I am glad to have been of some slight service." Something in the tone of the well-modulated voice, the correct speech, the courtly manner, thrilled the girl strangely. It was all so unexpected—so out of place, here in the wild. She felt the warm color mount to her face.

"Who are you?" she asked abruptly.

"I am Pierre Lapierre," answered the man in the same low voice.

In spite of herself, Chloe startled slightly, and instantly she knew that the man had noticed. He smiled, with just an appreciable tightening at the corners of the mouth, and his eyes narrowed almost imperceptibly. He continued:

"And now. Miss Elliston, if you will retire to your tent for a few moments, I will have *these* removed." He indicated the bodies. "You see, I know your name. The good Chenoine told me. He it was who warned me of Vermilion's plot in time for me to frustrate it. Of course, I should have rescued you later. I hold myself responsible for the safe conduct of all who travel in my scows. But it would have been at the expense of much time and labor, and, very possibly, of human life as well—an incident regrettable always, but not always avoidable."

Chloe nodded, and, with her thoughts in a whirl of confusion, turned and entered her tent, where Harriet Penny lay sobbing hysterically, with her blankets drawn over her head.

CHAPTER III.

PIERRE LAPIERRE.

A HALF-HOUR later, when Chloe again ventured from the tent, all evidence of the struggle had disappeared. The bodies of the two dead men had been removed, and the canoemen were busily engaged in gathering together and restoring the freight pieces that had been ripped open by the scowmen.

Lapierre advanced to meet her, his carefully creased Stetson in his hand.

"I have sent word for the other scows to come on at once, and in the mean time, while my men attend to the freight, may we not talk?"

Chloe assented, and the two seated themselves upon a log. It was then, for the first time, that the girl noticed that one side of Lapierre's face—the side he had managed to keep turned from her—was battered and disfigured by some recent misadventure. Noticed, too, the really fine features of him — the dark, deep-set eyes that seemed to smolder in their depths, the thin, aquiline nose, the shapely lips, the clean-cut lines of cheek and jaw.

"You have been hurt!" she cried. "You have met with an accident!"

The man smiled, a smile in which cynicism blended with amusement.

"Hardly an accident, I think, Miss Elliston, and, in any event, of small consequence." He shrugged a dismissal of the subject ,and his voice assumed a light gaiety of tone.

"May we not become better acquainted, we two, who meet in this far place, where travelers are few and worth the knowing?" There was no cynicism in his smile now, and without waiting for a reply he continued: "My name you already know. I have only to add that I am an adventurer in the wilds—explorer of *hinterlands*, free-trader, freighter, sometime prospector — causal cavalier." He arose, swept the Stetson from his head, and bowed with mock solemnity.

"And now, fair lady, may I presume to inquire your mission in this land of magnificent wastes?" Chloe's laughter was genuine as it was spontaneous.

Lapierre's light banter acted as a tonic to the girl's nerves, harassed as they were by a month's travel through the fly-bitten wilderness. More—he interested her. He was different. As different from the half-breeds and Indian canoemen with whom she had been thrown as his speech was from the throaty guttural by means of which they exchanged their primitive ideas.

"Pray pause, Sir Cavalier," she smiled, falling easily into the gaiety of the man's mood. "I have ventured into your wilderness upon a most unpoetic mission. Merely the establishment of a school for the education and betterment of the Indians of the north."

A MOMENT of silence followed the girl's words — a moment in which she was sure a hard, hostile gleam leaped into the man's eyes. A trick of fancy, doubtless, she thought, for the next instant it had vanished. When next he spoke, his air of light raillery was gone, but his lips smiled—a smile that seemed to the girl a trifle forced.

"Ah, yes, Miss Elliston. May I ask at whose instigation this school is to be established—and where?" He was not looking at her now, his eyes sought the river, and his face showed only a rather finely moulded chin, smooth-shaven—and the lips, with their smile that almost sneered.

Instantly Chloe felt that a barrier had sprung up between herself and this mysterious stranger who had appeared so opportunely out of the northern bush. Who was he? What was the meaning of the old factor's whispered warning? And why should the mention of her school awake disapproval, or arouse his antagonism? Vaguely she realized that the sudden change in this man's attitude hurt. The displeasure, and opposition, and ridicule of her own people, and the surly indifference of the rivermen, she had over-

ridden or ignored. This man she could not ignore. Like herself, he was an adventurer of untrodden ways. A man of fancy, of education and light-hearted raillery, and yet, a strong man, withal—a man of moment evidently.

She remembered the sharp, quick words of authority—the words that caused the villainous Vermilion to whirl with a snarl of fear. Remembered also, the swift sure shot that had ended Vermilion's career, his absolute mastery of the situation, his lack of excitement or braggadocio, and the expressed regret over the necessity for killing the man. Remembered the abject terror in the eyes of those who fled into the bush at his apearance, and the servility of the canoemen.

AS SHE glanced into the half-turned face of the man, Chloe saw that the sneering smile had faded from the thin lips as he awaited her answer.

"At *my own* instigation." There was an underlying hardness of defiance in her words, and the firm, sun-reddened chin unconsciously thrust forward beneath the encircling mosquito net. She paused, but the man, expressionless, continued to gaze out over the surface of the river.

"I do not know exactly *where*," she continued, "but it will be *somewhere*. Wherever it will do the most good. Upon the bank of some river, or lake, perhaps, where the people of the wilderness may come and receive that which is theirs of right——"

"Theirs of right?" The man looked into her face, and Chloe saw that the thin lips again smiled—this time with a quizzical smile that hinted at tolerant amusement. The smile stung.

"Yes, theirs of right!" she flashed. "The education that was freely offered to me, and to you—and of which we availed ourselves."

For a long time the man continued to gaze in silence, and when at length he spoke, it was to ask an entirely irrelevant question.

"Miss Elliston, you have heard my name before?"

The question came as a surprise, and for a moment Chloe hesitated. Then frankly, and looking straight into his eyes she answered:

"Yes, I have."

The man nodded, "I knew you had." He turned his injured eye quickly from the dazzle of the sunlight that flashed from the surface of the river, and Chloe saw that it was discolored and bloodshot. She arose, and stepping to his side laid her hand upon his arm.

"You *are* hurt," she said earnestly, "your eye gives you pain."

Beneath her fingers the girl felt the play of strong muscles as the arm pressed against her hand. Their eyes met, and her heart quickened with a strange new thrill. Hastily she averted her glance and then—— The man's arm suddenly was withdrawn and Chloe saw that his fist had clinched.

WITH a rush the words brought back to him the scene in the trading-room of the post at Fort Rae. The low, log-room, piled high with the goods of barter. The great cannon stove. The two groups of dark-visaged Indians—his own Chippewayans, and MacNair's Yellow Knives, who stared in stolid indifference. The trembling excited clerk. The grim chief trader, and the stern-faced factor who



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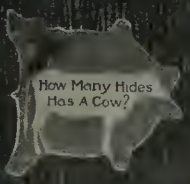
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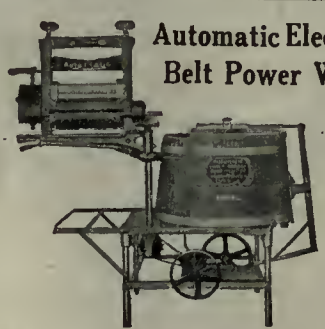
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watched with approving eyes while two men fought in the wide cleared space between the rough counter and the high-piled bales of woolens and strouds.

Chloe Elliston drew back aghast. The thin lips of the man had twisted into a snarl of rage, and a living, bestial hate seemed fairly to blaze from the smoldering eyes, as Lapierre's thoughts dwelt upon the closing moments of that fight, when he felt himself giving ground before the hammering, smashing blows of Bob MacNair's big fists. Felt the tightening of the huge arms like steel bands about his body when he rushed to a clinch—bands that crushed and burned so that each sobbing breath seemed a blade, white-hot from the furnace, stabbing and searing into his tortured lungs.

Felt the vital force and strength of him ebb and weaken so that the lean, slender fingers that groped for MacNair's throat closed feebly and dropped limp to dangle impotently from his nerveless arms. Felt the sudden release of the torturing bands of steel, the life-giving inrush of cool air, and dull pain as his dizzy body rocked to the shock of a crashing blow upon the jaw, the blazing flash of the blow that closed his eye, and then more soul-searing, and of deeper hurt than the blows that battered and marred—the feel of thick fingers twisted into the collar of his soft shirt.

Felt himself shaken with an incredible ferocity that whipped his ankles against floor and counter edge. And, the crowning indignity of all—felt himself dragged like a flayed carcase the full length of the room, out of the door, and jerked to his feet upon the verge of the steep descent to the lake. Felt the propelling impact of the heavy boot that sent him crashing headlong into the underbrush through which he rolled and tumbled like a meal-bag, to bring up suddenly in the cold water.

THE WHOLE scene passed through his brain as dreams flash — almost within the batting of an eye. Half-consciously, he saw the girl's sudden start, and the look of alarm upon her face as she drew back from the glare of his hate-flashing eyes and the bestial snarl of his lips. With an effort he composed himself:

"Pardon, Miss Elliston, I have frightened you with an uncouth show of savagery. It is a rough, hard country—this land of the wolf and the caribou. Primal instincts and brutish passions here are unrestrained—a fact responsible for my present battered appearance. For, as I said, it was no accident that marred me thus, unless, perchance, the prowling of the brute cross my path may be attributed to accident—rather, I believe it was timed."

"The brute! Who, or what is the brute? And why should he harm you?"

"MacNair is his name — Bob MacNair." There was a certain tense hardness in the man's tone, and Chloe was conscious that the smoldering eyes were regarding her searchingly.

"MacNair," said the girl, "why, that is the name on those bales!"

"What bales?"

"The bales in the scow—they are on the river-bank now."

"My scows carrying MacNair's freight!" cried the man, and motioning her to accompany him he walked rapidly to the bank where lay the four or five pieces, upon which Chloe had read the

name. Lapierre dropped to his knees and regarded the pieces intently, suddenly he leaped to his feet with a laugh and called in the Indian tongue to one of his canoemen. The man brought him an axe, and raising it high, Lapierre brought it crashing upon the innocent-looking freight piece. There was a sound of smashing staves, a gurgle of liquid, and the strong odor of whisky assailed their nostrils.

The piece was a keg, cunningly disguised as to shape, and covered with burlap. One by one the man attacked the other pieces marked with the name of MacNair, and as each cask was smashed, the whisky gurgled and splashed and seeped into the ground. Chloe watched breathlessly until Lapierre finished, and with a smile of grim satisfaction, tossed the axe upon the ground.

"There is one consignment of firewater that will never be delivered," he said.

To be continued.

The Wandering Mummy

Continued from page 13.

The Professor was in the seventh heaven of expectation, having received a note from Doctor Leigh-Mervyn. Passing his thin fingers through his thinner hair, the finger vibrating with nervous excitement, he ordered the mummy case to be brought to his library.

"It is a dear old-time friend, Oswald," he confided to his servant, "who has come on a visit from Egypt; we are going to hobnob this evening — to-morrow we'll find a proper place for his majesty. Bring a hammer," he added, rubbing his long, lean hands together in a frenzy of anticipated delight. "Get a hammer and loosen the lid so that I may have a look at this guest from the land of the Pharoahs."

It took a powerful wrench of Oswald's strong arm to tear loose the hooks.

"How old might the nigger be, sir?" Oswald asked, catching a view of the dark face within.

"Ah—ah—I can't say just to a day," the Professor answered, passing his hand across his forehead reflectively; "but it's a matter of two or three thousand years."

"He looks it—and as if he's hung in a smoke house ever since," said Oswald.

And poor old Boodha really did, for the long journey, want of nourishment, and the stupefying odors that had been of the mummy had combined to thrust him into a temporary Nirvana.

The Professor, who had left his glasses on the reading table, peered at the silent black-faced figure, bending down to his task in the foolish manner of short-sighted people. "Lovely, lovely—a beautiful specimen!" he exclaimed rapturously.

"It gives me the jumps to look at him," Oswald declared.

"Yes, yes, indeed," Professor Bachmann muttered thoughtfully, "he's old, old; from Dynasty XXII. Here we have his record painted in green on a white ground in the inner case. "Ah," he put his hand on the servant's arm, "Oswald, if this kingly one could open his lips and speak to us, strange secrets, no doubt, he could tell."

"He'd yell for something to eat, I guess, sir,"

"Well, leave him now; I'll—ah! Did you—that is—strange, I—I could have sworn I heard—— You didn't speak, did you, Oswald—it sounded like a gasp."

The servant looked at his master curiously, inquisitively; then he said: "I guess I coughed, I've got a little cold. But don't you think you'd better not work any more to-night? You're not looking any too well, sir."

The Professor drew himself up stiffly. "Thank you, Oswald, I am feeling quite well—quite well, indeed. That will be all—you may go."

THE SERVANT bowed with almost equal dignity, and the two men turned their backs on each other, Oswald striding toward the door, and the Professor toward his writing table. Half way the Professor turned quickly, angrily. Was the servant laughing at him? It sounded suspiciously like it.

He stood thus till Oswald had passed through the door; then with a sigh he seated himself and resumed his writing. Suddenly he raised his head and listened intently. Then he tiptoed very softly across the room to the door, opened it sharply and looked out. The hall was empty. He closed the door and returned to his seat, muttering, "Strange; I could have sworn I heard a sigh, or a laugh, or a moan."

Then the Professor's mind reverted to the article in a philosophical journal which he had been reading. It was on a most congenial theme, the possibility of holding converse with deceased persons. Bachmann was a firm believer in such manifestations of unconcrete things. Once, through a medium, he had conversed with a very ancient and respected Pharoah named Soti. Probably the Professor's mind, through groping so much amongst matters of antiquity, was more in adjustment to minds which had been on earth centuries ago. And also the Egyptians seemed to have more completely mastered the vagaries of the soul of life essence by separating it, concreting it into what they called the Ka; therefore, to the Professor it seemed extremely reasonable that these Kas, or Aspects, being, so to speak, better trained than the modern elusive spirit, would be more likely to come back to earth and hover about one interested in them.

"Dear me, dear me!" the Professor ejaculated. "The presence of that mummy has filled my mind with the memory of that delightful converse I had with Soti. Delightful! I'm afraid I cannot concentrate my mind on this interesting—ah! Bless my soul! What was that?"

His glasses had dropped to the table with the sudden uplift of his head. A distinct gasping sigh had smitten upon the old gentleman's ears; there was no doubt whatever about it. The gentle delver in antiquarian fields, with a troubled look on his fine, classic face, rose, and softly tiptoed across a mellow Turkish rug, and peered into the casket. There was nothing visible, that is nothing animate. The silent dark-faced figure seemed to rebuke the Professor's trepidation with its solemn calm. "I fancy I'm notional to-night—my nerves are tricky," he muttered, gazing in rapt admiration at the mummy. "How perfect their art was," he added, pinching the dark cheek with a



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forefinger. "Our friend was a dweller in Thebes, where they had this perfect method of rendering their mummies soft, and yellow, and pliable; vastly superior to the black, brittle mummies of Memphis. Centuries have not destroyed that flesh-like consistency. What I can't understand though, what vandals have stripped off the bandages, taken the face mask?"

Suddenly the Professor started — he could have sworn that one of the eyes opened dreamily and peered up at him, almost winked. "Ha, ha!" he laughed nervously. "Strange tricks our vivid imaginations play us! Centuries since that eye closed never to open again."

Professor Bachmann once more returned to his writing table, trying to drive from his mind the weird idea that the shrivelled Egyptian had looked at him out of his soulless eyes and winked.

"I wonder if there really is anything the matter with me,' he questioned. "What did Oswald mean by not working to-night; he must have noticed something unusual. Perhaps I'm taking too much coffee, or too much—eh! Again! God bless us!" A soft rustling noise of slipping drapery claimed his startled attention; he stared stupidly at the mummy case. Undoubtedly there was a stirring as of life in that casket of the dead.

THE PROFESSOR essayed to rise from his chair, but his limbs doubled under him like soft cloth; he sought to question the maker of the disturbing noise but his tongue had lost its trick of speech. He had conversed with spirits at a seance but they had been expected, appealed to. This was altogether different. No longer was there any doubt about the actuality of these life sounds. Sighs and deep gasps for breath came from the mummy's resting place and next, in the Professor's vision, there loomed an arm thrust upward. His mind flashed a thousand lights upon his own condition; it worked with fierce rapidity. He was not mad, he could feel that; he was not asleep and in a nightmare; he stretched forth his hand and turned two separate sheets of the treatise on psychology; the response of the paper to his touch proved that he was awake and in full control of his faculties.

All doubt of this fact was immediately dissipated by a sharp rap on the door. The Professor pulled the cover over the box and opened the door.

DR. LEIGH-MARVYN stepped into the room, saying, blithely: "Oswald said you were here so I took the liberty of coming right up. Just dropped in to see if my tarry friend from the Nile had called yet." As Leigh-Marvyn turned he saw the mummy case; he gave it a playful kick. "Let's wake him up, Professor, and find out why the Sphinx."

Bachmann slipped his hand through Leigh-Mervyn's arm, and led him to a chair at the desk.

The Doctor looked professionally at Bachmann. "You're looking tucked up, Professor. The dust off these antiques gets into your lungs. Our kippered friend, for instance——"

Bachmann put a hand on the Doctor's arm; there was intensity in his voice as he asked: "Do you believe in the reincarnation of the dead?"

"Leigh-Mervyn checked the word "Tommy rot!" that rose to his lips and hedged: "I don't place much faith in its possibility."

"If I were to tell you, Doctor, that the Ka had returned to that Egyptian who has been dead for centuries, what would you say?"

"I'd say—Good God!" Leigh-Mervyn whirled in his chair and fastened his eyes on the mummy case from which, undoubtedly, a groan had come. His eyes flashed back to Bachmann's face; a look of placid triumph was there registered. The Professor nodded.

ONCE again there was a beat of knuckles on the library door which was at once opened by Oswald, at whose heels were two strangers. "Two gentlemen to see you, sir," Oswald said; adding, apologetically: "They insisted on coming in, sir, saying their business was urgent."

One of the strangers, speaking to his companion, said: "That's Doctor Leigh-Mervyn."

The Doctor shot a surprised look of recognition at the speaker then greeted him with, "Hello, Constable McBride—what are you doing so far away from Little Oxford?"

"We've a warrant for your arrest, Doctor."

Leigh-Mervyn stared. "For what, pray?" he asked.

"For the murder of your servant. We found the pagan's body in the house just where you left it."

"What! My servant murdered and the body where I left it!"

"Yes; packed away like a pair of old boots in a clothes closet. When I opened the door it fell out on me—gave me a nasty start, I tell you."

"But why should I kill my own servant? It's madness!"

"Well, there was an inquest, an' the jury wasn't mad. Nobody but yourself could 've embalmed the body the way that poor heathen was done up. We've been suspicious of you, an' hearin' nobody about the place we broke in—if we hadn't done that that body would 've stayed there for a thousand years without makin' a smell. Nobody would 've ever known."

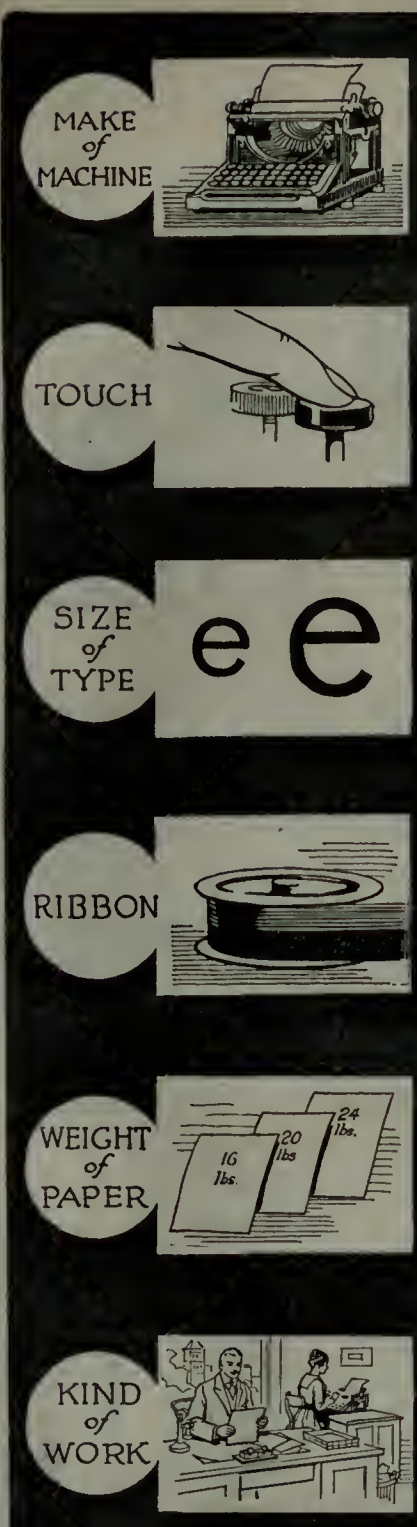
"What are you talking about?" the Doctor was plainly mystified. "I embalmed the body?"

McBride pointed at the mummy case. "Yes, and there's the devilish box that you did the black art in. What was it brought to your house and away the next day for? The murder was done while it was there!"

McBride stepped toward the mummy case; the Doctor did also; involuntarily the Professor followed.

"It's circumstantial evidence, that's what it is," McBride said in an official manner. He threw the lid off. For an instant they all craned their necks. Then McBride cried out in fear, "Oh, my God!" and sprang back, as Boodha, rising to a sitting posture, and putting his hand to his forehead said to the Doctor: "Salaam, Sahib. I was afraid and came by this manner of means to your protection. With great care I put the one who is dead in your closet."

Leigh-Mervyn turned to Constable McBride and said, "My dear Constable, go back to Little Oxford and tell its charming citizens that they've held a postmortem on a mummy that's been dead two thousand years. He may have been murdered, but I am not the murderer."



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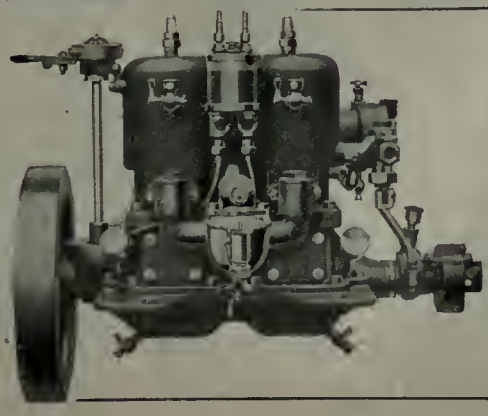
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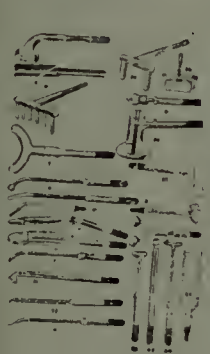
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The Business Outlook

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Business is Panic Proof

THE remarkable pitch to which business activity has been brought has been most amply demonstrated during the past two months. Events leading to the entry of the United States into the war have been coming thick and fast and it is certain that, by the time this number is out the actual declaration of war will have been made. During normal times this situation would have literally shaken business to its very foundations. Uncertainty, nay, even panic, would have been felt in all directions. As it is, Uncle Sam's move to buckle on his armor has scarcely created a ripple here in Canada and even in the United States it has not seriously upset business conditions.

There have been other developments during the period specified which ordinarily would have created a panicky feeling—Britain's sweeping new commerce regulations, food embargoes, etc.; the talk of putting the Militia Act into force; the growing certainty of at least another year of warfare. Through it all business has kept right on, getting brisker if anything all the time.

Business at present is literally panic proof. It can be set down as a certainty that nothing that can happen between now and the end of the war can upset or even materially disturb the trend of business. And a feeling of optimism is growing on the score of what will develop after the war. The prospect is no longer regarded as black.

SMALLER BUYING, HOWEVER.

Any review of present conditions, however, must take cognizance of the fact that a cautious note is now apparent in retail buying. The merchant is showing a tendency to buy in smaller quantity, in fact almost from hand to mouth. This tendency has been growing more marked and can be traced to the fact that the present high prices make large stocks a danger. If anything should happen to bring prices down, the merchant carrying large stocks of goods bought at the present levels, would face a heavy loss. However, the carrying of lighter stocks does not affect the volume, as stocks are renewed oftener. The more cautious buying tendency is merely noted to show that business men are watching things closely and are preparing for eventualities.

INDUSTRIAL PROSPERITY.

The industrial activity which has been general throughout the country, particularly in lines which have been affected by war demand, for the past year or so, and the general improvement in business conditions find reflection in the increasing dividend returns to the holders of Canadian securities. As estimated by *The Financial Post* the April dividends on common and preferred stocks of the leading industrial, public utility, trust and loan, insurance and mining companies and banks for the first quarter of the year will amount to nearly $16,000,000. This amount being paid to the public represents an important factor in our buying power and reflects directly upon general business conditions. Were the payments on various bonds including government, provincial and municipal as well as those of the industrial, public utility and other groups also estimated the total



—*From Providence Journal.*

Propagandist: "Tut, tut, Sam, it isn't dignified to fight."

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Volume XXX MAY, 1917 Number 7

A Canadian Prisoner at Ruhleben

Eighteen Months in a German Prison Camp

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The writer of the accompanying article, a Canadian by birth, lived for many years in Berlin prior to the war. After his eighteen months' incarceration at Ruhleben he was permitted to go to Switzerland for his health, and there he has remained under a measure of surveillance. For obvious reasons the identity of the writer must be kept secret.*

Pictures by Underwood & Underwood.



A picture of the officers in charge of the prison camp at Ruhleben.

"YOU ARE under arrest," was the brusque statement that fell on my ears one memorable morning in November, 1914. "You must come along. And be quick about it."

It came as a thunder clap to me so utterly unexpected was it. I could hardly believe that the private detective who uttered the words, his cold gimlet-like eye boring through me the while, was in earnest. I thought for a moment that it must be a practical joke and for one panicky moment I considered flight. But it was not a joke. It was very much grim earnest. The relentless and efficient arm of the German Secret Service had reached out and was sweeping in every atom of humanity who could be termed a British subject within the domains of Kaiser Whilhelm.

We had lived in Germany for seventeen years; consequently my brother and I had come to look on Berlin as our home. We had entered into business there, we spoke German like natives and all our friends and acquaintances practically were Germans. We never thought for a moment that the authorities would look upon us with suspicion.

There had been a great deal of talk in the press about the internment of German people in England. The wildest kind of stories circulated about the ill-treatment they were receiving and this swelled the chorus of hate. Retaliation was loudly demanded. Then the story got around that the Imperial Government had sent an ultimatum to Britain demanding the release of all German civilians interned there by November 6; failing such action by the British the order for the arrest of all British subjects in Germany from the ages of 17 to 55 was to be given.

WE DID not take this very seriously, however. As I was leaving the office where I was employed on the evening of November 5, I laughingly remarked to a group of my colleagues: "If I don't turn up in the morning, boys, you'll know I'm in gaol."

No such ultimatum had been sent so I can only regard what followed as a coincidence. For, sure enough, the summons came next day. We lived in Halensee, a suburb of Berlin. On that memorable day—the blackest of my life—I arose as usual and was having my morning tub when there came a ring at the door. My sister answered the ring and found a man there who asked for my younger brother and myself. He was not in uniform, but there was no mistaking him for anything but what he was. Police official was written all over him. My sister came back and announced him with visible trepidation. I slipped into a bath robe and went down with my brother to see what he wanted. And we got the surprise of our lives.

"Bring your bedding and blankets along with you," he ordered, after his first gruff intimation of his errand. We hastened dumbly to obey, partaking of a hurried and dismal breakfast before packing such meagre belongings as we found we would be allowed to take. We still thought that the matter would be straightened out when we reached headquarters; at any rate, we tried to keep our courage up by repeating this over our coffee. We even tried to make a joke out of it all and informed our parents that it would be an experience to heartily laugh over when the troubled times were gone. We left the house seemingly in the best of spirits. In reality I felt like a convicted criminal being led to the gallows or to penal servitude. I had a premonition that it was not a joke at all—that we were due to



The prisoners wiled the time away by all forms of recreation, and boxing matches were a favorite form. It may be pointed out that the photographs presented with this article show the brighter sides of camp life.

suffer the full brunt of German thoroughness.

We never saw our home again and a few days later we heard that our parents and sisters had decided to return to England.

LOADED down with bedding and rugs and portmanteaux and parcels, we arrived at the local police station. We were rather unceremoniously bundled into a little room which we found already crowded with other British subjects. Among them was my married brother who lived in the same district. Every few minutes more worried-looking additions to our party arrived, until finally the room was packed full to overflowing. Finally an officer in uniform came and looked us over and announced with a self-satisfied smile that he had rounded up every Englishman in the district. It is said that misery loves company, so this should have cheered us up. But we didn't cheer up in any noticeable degree. We were, in fact, a very dismal looking lot.

It was then announced that our destination was the Stadtvogtei, a prison in the heart of Berlin. We were told that we could either walk there, travel in the "Black Maria" or go in cabs—hired at our own expense. The majority elected to pay for the cabs, so in due course a string of taxis came up and we crowded in. A policeman went in each cab.

Arriving at the Stadtvogtei we were very promptly clapped into cells. This rather amazed us as we had not thought we would be treated as common criminals. We found afterward, however, that on a basis of comparison we were very well treated, indeed. Ever since the declaration of war the authorities had been picking up Englishmen from all parts of the country. In many cases these men had been locked up for weeks in solitary confinement. Before war was declared British seamen in Hamburg and other seaports had been seized and shut up in disgraceful old hulks. We subsequently met some of these men and found then that our treatment had been comparatively decent and mild.

We were not kept long in suspense as to the German intentions. At 3 o'clock that afternoon we were marched to the station through crowds that jeered and hooted at us lustily.

"Bedank Euch bei Eurem Grey," they bellowed at us time and again. This meant, "You have Grey to thank for this." The state of the German mind was very bitter against Grey at that time. He had been cartooned and lampooned as the Machiavelli of European diplomacy until the average German had come to regard him as a literal fiend incarnate.

AT THE station was a special train waiting for us and we pretty well filled it up, our party now consisting of the whole male British colony of Berlin. There were a large number of Canadians that I recognized. No intimation had yet been given us as to whither we were bound and we had made up our minds that our destination was some distant part of Germany. Consequently we were much surprised when the train stopped at the Emigration station at Ruhleben, near Spandau, about half an hour's journey from Berlin.

The station was in the hands of a squad of soldiers and we were turned over to them. They lined us up in fours and then escorted us to the Ruhleben race course. The iron gates clanged behind us and we beheld our new abode.

The grounds we found pretty well sprinkled already with prisoners who hurried over to watch us. Our arrival apparently was an event of great importance in the grey monotony of their prison life. They looked us over eagerly and in some cases found friends or relatives amongst us.

The soldiers then lined us up, each man with his own luggage, and searched us carefully for weapons, spirits, playing cards and other articles that were "verboten." Confiscations were common in practically all cases.

FINALLY we were marched in to the "apartments" that had been allotted us—a long succession of horse boxes and lofts. Imagine an ordinary stable carried out on a very extensive scale and you

will have a fairly accurate picture of our new home. Those of us who were lucky enough to be assigned to boxes were able to locate ourselves with a certain degree of comfort. My brother and I belonged to the fortunate ones. The poor beggars who drew lofts for their sleeping quarters were indeed to be pitied.

We were now lined up again—we got quite accustomed to this in a day or so—and our dinner service was handed out, consisting of a metal bowl with handles attached to the sides. No spoons were provided. A few days later we were able to buy spoons, but until that time our manner of eating necessarily reverted back to the most primitive methods. We ate with our hands. Nor were we provided with tables and chairs at first. We had, in fact, no more accommodation than the original occupants of the quarters. Later all this was changed and we were able to secure almost anything we wanted at the canteen established in the camp. Most of us also got things sent in from our houses and fixed up our boxes quite comfortably.

At the same time that we were handed our bowls we were presented with a couple of thread-bare blankets and a towel. We were uncertain at first if the towel were intended for our toilet or for the cleaning of the bowls. We learned, however, that it was intended for the later purpose. Soap apparently was an article deemed unnecessary by the authorities; at any rate we received none. And when more prisoners arrived each of us had to give up one of our blankets. Supplies were not plentiful.

Our beds, at first, consisted of a litter of straw, that was not over clean. Later we received sacks which we filled with the same straw. This did us for a few months and then we were allowed to change the straw for a filling of wood shavings. Finally, however, the authorities installed plank bedsteads. From that time on we could use the bedding which most of us had brought along. Those assigned to the lofts, continued unfortunate right through the piece, however. No bedsteads were installed for them and up to the time when I left—and probably right to the present day—they continued to sleep on their straw mattresses on the floor. Racing stables are always infested with rats and Ruhleben was no exception. Let us hope that by this time, the men in the lofts have succeeded in exterminating the rodents. The number they caught the first few nights was astonishing.

The one advantage that the loft men had over the aristocrats of the boxes was in the matter of space. We were assigned six men to a box, so that at night we were wedged in like sardines in a box.

DURING the first few days of our captivity, prisoners continued to arrive from all parts of Germany. The sweep had been a clean one. All men of military age, irrespective of occupation and connection, and without regard to matters of health, had been gathered into the police dragnet. By the end of the first month, 4,000 men were housed in the stables at Ruhleben! It then became necessary to find additional accommodation, and barracks were erected on the grounds. Finally, about 300 negroes arrived and they were housed in a special barracks.

By this time, we resembled very much a new town in a pioneer district. Men of all kinds and from all walks of life had been indiscriminately thrown together. It was almost as though we had been taken away and marooned on a desert island, with this difference, that the barest means of sustenance were provided us. We began to find it necessary to establish some form of government in order to keep law in camp. We took this matter into our own hands and soon had a kind of organization worked out. Captains were elected for each barrack and a police force organized, the members of which assembled every morning to receive orders and instructions for the day from the superintendent. The men selected for service on the force wore badges with numbers and blue bands on their sleeves, much after the order of the London policemen. The police had to be obeyed just as they have in civil life. They patrolled the grounds, prevented fighting and promptly arrested all offenders. It was a remarkable tribute to man's inherent instinct for the establishment of order that this organization was completed so quickly and was so zealously upheld. In this connection it must be said that the German authorities gave us every co-operation, allowing us to practically govern ourselves. It was, of course, in their own interests to do so, as we managed to maintain order ourselves much better than if it had been left to the soldiers in charge.

They kept, of course, a very close watch on us. There was a non-commissioned officer assigned to each barrack, who had the most complete authority. On the whole, we got along very well with these officers, although sometimes they could turn very nasty. We were lucky in our section, having in charge a non-commissioned officer whom I shall call Karl. He had two outstanding characteristics, a love for animals and a passion for strong drink. The one made him very popular with the prisoners; the other ultimately led to his disgrace and banishment to active service. He had a black poodle which he called Peter and which he always spoke of as "Ein Guter Kerl" (a good fellow). One of our company was an artist and he spent quite a little time making a sketch of Peter, which he presenter to Karl. Beneath the sketch were the lines "Ein Guter Kerl." Karl could not do too much for us for a time after that, and even went to the length of establishing a poultry yard in front of the barracks for the ostensible purpose of providing fresh laid eggs for the prisoners. As we paid him liberally for the eggs, a suspicion gradually took hold of us that his philanthropy in this was not an unmixed one; especially when it was found that most of the eggs he sold at high prices were previously purchased at the canteen. Karl's weakness for intoxicants, however, led to his undoing. Once, after being out on leave, he came back in a condition of tipsy imbecility and was very promptly ordered off to the front.

Many of the non-coms were very different, however, from good-natured Karl. The officer in charge of the barracks next to us, was a typical Prussian martinet. He delighted in the exercise of authority. His language was vile and his temper frightful. Once I saw him give an elderly gentleman a blow on the back which sent him sprawling in a huddled heap to the ground. To protest against this was useless — nay, dangerous. The commanding officer had peremptorily announced that he would severely punish any prisoner who brought complaints before him. Thus, all we could do was to grin and bear whatever burdens were thrust upon us.

Later, when



Prisoners getting a stage ready under the tribunes for the presentation of plays.

the pinch of man power was being felt, all these soldiers were ordered off to the front. From that time on, the police captains of our own selection had sole charge of order in the camp. Every night, one of our own police was on duty in each section. This very welcome change took place in the autumn of 1915.



A view of one of the Ruhleben stables where the prisoners live.

WE HAD A great many invalids in the camp and also not a few cripples. There were prisoners among us in the last stages of consumption. This was due to the fact that the order for the internment of all English civilians had been, characteristically enough, carried out to the very letter. No exceptions whatever had been made. Englishmen were hauled out of sanitariums and hospitals and bundled off to Ruhleben. No special provision had been made for them there, and they simply had to take their chance with the rest of the prisoners and without any concession in the matter of accommodation. The commanding officer of the camp, a very kind-hearted elderly man, was powerless at first, to do anything.

It was some months before these poor fellows were permitted to go back into hospitals. Naturally, a great many deaths occurred during this period. How many, we were never able to ascertain. Later, a hospital was established in the camp, but it left a great deal to be desired. At no time was any special diet provided for patients. Black tea and potatoes boiled in their jackets were doled out to everyone—the consumptive, the fever stricken, the paralytic.

The camp doctor, a clever man, doubtless, in his profession, took little interest in the cases. He had one outstanding characteristic—a wonderful faith in the healing powers of aspirin. He prescribed this for everything. Rather a funny story went the rounds of the camp, at the expense of this official. One day a chap who had a wooden leg had gone to him complaining of pain in that limb. The sufferer spoke in English which the doctor did not understand perfectly. He promptly prescribed a couple of aspirin tablets!

THE officers of the camp were on the whole civil and well intent. There were, however, a few exceptions, and unfortunately the greatest power lay in the hands of these men. The regulations governing the camp, rigid enough in themselves, were carried out to the letter. It had been decreed that leave would be granted to prisoners on only the very rarest occasions, such as the death of near relatives, or a summons to attend a lawsuit. This regulation was grimly adhered to. No excuse, however plausible, no story however heart-rending ever moved our jailors to an infringement of this rule. Perhaps the most drastic case where leave was refused was that of my eldest brother. His wife suddenly became ill and had to undergo a serious operation. Word was sent in to him that the doctor attending her deemed his presence of the utmost importance. He applied for leave but was refused.

"Your wife is not dying," said the officer in charge. "You're not needed." Luckily the operation proved a success.

Another case. A man whose business affairs were, owing to his absence, all going wrong, and who consequently, stood in grave danger of slipping into bankruptcy, applied for leave for just one day. He explained that if he did not at once personally settle his affairs, he would be ruined. The officer laughed and replied: "That is very good indeed. It is our intention to ruin you completely,"

This same officer prefaced every refusal of leave, with a question as to whether the applicant cared to join the German army. It was supposed that he was paid a commission for every recruit he secured in the camp. He did not get many, however.

THERE were a few who did join the army from the camp, but they were, without exception, men who had spent practically all their lives in Germany, could not speak a word of English and had been considered Englishmen only because their fathers had happened to be born under the English flag, or had spent a few years of their lives in England, and had become naturalized there. These fellows had remained British subjects in order to escape military service. Some of them volunteered for service rather than remain prisoners at Ruhleben.

One young fellow with us had been taken out of the army on active service and sent to the camp. The story ran that his father was a German who had lived in England years before and, as most Germans do, had become a British subject. Later, he had returned to Germany. The son was born in Germany and was as thorough-going a Teuton as I had ever seen. At the start of the war he had volunteered for service, and had served with great courage; earning promotion and even a promise of the Iron Cross. Nevertheless, when the arrest of all Englishmen was ordered, his father, who was not quite 55 years of age, was interned with the rest of us. The son heard of this and protested vigorously, with the result that he was stripped of his uniform and promptly bundled off to Ruhleben himself. When the old man turned 55 he was released and soon afterwards the son disappeared from the camp. Probably he had gone back into the army.

Many of the prisoners were forced to join the colors much against their will. In cases where parents had business interests in the country, pressure was brought to bear upon them to induce their sons to volunteer.

SO CONVINCED were the Germans of the righteousness of their cause that they actually expected a pro-German feeling in the camp. This feeling led to a very dramatic occurrence one day which I shall never forget. We were at our noon day meal—a scanty one I assure you—when the alarm bell rang. This always happened when anything special was on and was called "Appell." At the sound of the bell we had to assemble in front of our barracks. On this occasion, the commanding officer with his adjutant, the latter one of the most objectionable officers in the camp, walked from barrack to barrack, confronting each group of prisoners and putting the following question.

"Which of the prisoners are pro-German? All who are step forward."

As the question was put, the adjutant scanned us over with a menacing eye which told us plainer than words could, "Better step forward."

A good many stepped forward. It was, of course, an unfair test to put to prisoners, plenty of whom had German wives and practically all of whom had business interests centred in Germany. What could they do? Those who did not step forward faced the alternative of having all their property confiscated and their wives banished from the country. They were placed in a serious dilemna. And so a number professed pro-German sentiments.

After that the pro-German, "P.G.'s" as we called them, were separated from the other prisoners and housed in special barracks. They were promptly boycotted

Continued on page 110.

Uncle Sam At War

By Agnes C. Laut

Author of "The Canadian Commonwealth," "Lords of the North," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Readers of* MACLEAN'S *know that Agnes C. Laut's articles have sought to create in Canadian minds an understanding of the American attitude in war matters. While a united press chorused derision of Uncle Sam,* MACLEAN'S *gave space to Miss Laut's earnest efforts to teach a wider tolerance and to establish a closer friendship between the two great Anglo-Saxon democracies. Now that the United States has cast in her lot on the side of the Allies, the wisdom of this course is apparent. At the same time Miss Laut has not feared to score the American viewpoint, and, particularly during the past six months, she has told some very plain truths about the weaknesses of our neighbor. It is desired to point out also that in her articles for* MACLEAN'S *she has told the real inside facts about conditions in the United States. Practically every "revelation" of German intrigue and official chicanery that has come to light recently has been told in* MACLEAN'S *first.*



AT LAST! If ever a nation uttered a sigh of relief followed by a cheer of jubilation, that nation is the United States.

At last! Those are the universal words on all lips. Undoubtedly Wilson's message to Congress declaring that a state of war exists between the United States and Germany will go down to history as one of the noblest utterances of any statesman.

"German warfare is a warfare against mankind. . . ."

"The challenge is to all mankind. . . The wrongs against which we array ourselves cut to the very roots of human life. . . ."

"Our object is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice. . . Self-governed nations do not fill their neighbors' states with spies and intrigue. . . ."

"No autocratic government can be trusted to keep faith."

"One of the things that has served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and never could be our friend is that from the very outset it has filled our communities and even our offices of government with spies and set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot. . . ."

"The intrigues have been carried on under the personal direction of official agents of the Imperial Government."

"We now accept the gage of battle and shall spend the whole force of the nation . . to fight for the ultimate peace of the world and the liberation of its peoples—*the German peoples included* . . . for the rights of nations great and small. . . ."

"The world must be made safe for democracy. . . ."

"Its peace must be planted on political liberty. . . ."

"We have no selfish ends to serve . . . we desire no conquest. . . We seek no indemnities."

"It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war . . . but right is more precious than peace. . . . We dedicate our lives and our fortunes for the principle that gave America birth—God helping her—she can do no other."



NO LONGER is America to stand on the order of her going into the war. She is to act in full co-operation with the Allies. Instead of a gift of one billion, credits and bonds to the extent of three billion are to be provided for the Allies, with those flags the Stars and Stripes now unfurl. Instead of a beggarly army of 100,000, the United States is to have an army of a million; and universal service has come, including women and girls. Women have already joined the U.S. Navy, which is to act in full co-operation with the British Navy.

Too much weight must not be given to the filibustering tactics of Senator La Follette's utter collapse and raving incoplace, Wisconsin is pro-German. In the second, the rules of the Senate are fearfully and wonderfully made like Mr. Bumble's law, which was "an ass and an idiot." Rules of priviliges, which may be demanded by any fool, can hold up any resolution for a few days. In the third place, anyone who remembers Senator La-Follete's utter collapse and raving incoherency at a certain press function a few years ago will not place reliance on the man's mental poise.

On re-reading the President's message very carefully, the important and portentous lines are not those sections setting forth the Magna Charta of human liberties, which have been almost universally accepted since the days of the French Revolution. The important and portentous section is in that line where the President foreshadows *the freeing of the German people.* In the light of the Russian Revolution, that means only one thing—*it means that the United States will fight to end Hohenzollern rule in Germany, and that the German people in the United States will fight under the Stars and Stripes to bring about a republic in Germany.*



Theodore Roosevelt, who is mentioned prominently in all discussions of coalition governments in the United States.

Is it any wonder that Herr Ballin, of the Hamburg American Line—the most prophetic of all Germany's public men—on hearing of America's declaration, said quietly:

"The war will end by June"—the time it will take the United States to begin transporting men and supplies? Is it any wonder that even the Chancellor warns Germany that the clock of destiny is striking the hour?

And so we come back to find President Wilson the man we have always known—the polished rhetorician uttering magnificent sentiments, but coming out just at the end with that great help so sorely needed at first, when that help is practically no longer needed.

THE American nation has accepted the situation with characteristic enthusiasm and readiness. The copper men have cut prices in half for government



service. The private ship yard plants have given over their work to government contracts. Many private ship lines have assigned their vessels as auxiliary cruisers. The Federal Reserve Banks—which were shy of foreign credit but three months ago—have come openly out advocating the gift—not loan—of a billion to the Allies in the war for freedom. The demonstration for actual service on the field in Europe is growing so pronounced that military authorities are considering calling for a foreign legion of 500,000 Americans; and it is a foregone conclusion that men like Roosevelt will offer their services to muster such a force for foreign service.

On the part of the Germans and the German-Americans, there is a silence that the Secret Service do not like. Orders have been issued "not to talk." For what else orders have been issued, causes anxiety; for foreign orders are still being obeyed. Personally, I cannot conceive of German-Americans—or even pure Germans in America—risking their lives to perpetuate such a conflict here as their comrades in arms in Europe are risking Heaven and Earth to escape. I cannot conceive of their doing it even for money, or for the promise of loot from the gold-crammed vaults of American banks; but my opinion is a purely personal one; and I want to put on record that it is *not* shared by the U.S. officials, who know. One officer told me recently that an uneasy feeling of apprehension of real action pervades government circles. Two or three disagreeable incidents indicate activity behind the screen of German silence. The crews of interned vessels in Philadelphia and Southern waters made open defiant breaks for liberty under running fire. *Why?* They were perfectly safe on their vessels. Several of the prisoners sentenced for German plots have mysteriously escaped. Apparently "causeless" fires have wiped out the tracks of certain pro-German manufacturers of acids, chemicals and explosives. Now it is an even bet that no pro-German manufacturer of acids, chemicals and explosives has been able to export such products for the last year. For whom were they being manufactured, and *why?*

Of the German Reservists in the country there is a perceptible thinning out, or process of evanishment. They seem simply to have dropped through the floor. Where are they going, *and why?*

THERE is reason for the uneasiness of the authorities. During the space that intervened between the breaking off of diplomatic relations and actual declaration of war, the German propaganda went on in the United States just as before. Foreigners were actually massing for drill at such strategic points as Buffalo and Detroit—which should be interesting to Canada—and Bridgeport and El Paso. German soldiers were found masquerading in U.S. army khaki. One has just been court martialed for this down on the Mexican border, and another up in Minnesota on the Canadian border, which should also be interesting to the Dominion. It will be remembered that, when the war broke out in 1914, many German chemists rushed to the United States to establish such new industries as dyes, chemicals, small explosives. When Germany began buying up such industries here, it will be recalled the explanation was given the policy was not to use these industries, but to keep the Allies from using them. Half a dozen incendiary fires have been revealing the true animus of such industries. When the Secret Service began to wonder if such chemicals and explosives could possibly be stocked up in secret somewhere, there were fires to conceal the fact that Germans had been manufacturing chlorine in this country. It is a pretty good guess such chlorine was not for use by the Allies. It could not get across the blockade to Germany. For what, then, was it being manufactured? When the official enquiry was made, there were fires.

So, although my personal opinion is that the government will be able to keep the country under control, there is good reason for the very apparent official uneasiness.

AND IT must be recorded that the preparations are not going ahead as satisfactorily as could be desired.

True, twenty-four destroyers have been ordered; but they cannot be ready for six months or a year.

True, the Army and Navy have been ordered recruited to full strength; but in the various centres, enlistment prior to the declaration of war was going ahead only at the beggarly rate of a baker's dozen a day. State militias have been ordered mobilized: yes, but State militias were so disgusted by the graceful Mexican fiasco—which headlines have disguised as a strategic victory—that hundreds of men and officers are withdrawing.

The big metal men have pledged war materials at cost; but the big metal products were bought up by the Allies months ahead.

There is abundance of ammunition; but there are almost no guns and rifles to use it. I think the United States have fewer than 300 Lewis guns. The Allies have 30,000 now on the Western firing line.

College men and women may volunteer for service; but all the volunteers on earth are a useless, pathetic rabble without leadership; and the big men most capable of efficient leadership—men whose motives the bitterest enemy could not suspect—have been summarily turned down—I was going to add, "through German manipulation"; but I am compelled to record that it has been through the Wilson administration.

For example—no man has proved himself more capable of leadership in peace and war, or more representative of true American sentiment, than Theodore Roosevelt. Undoubtedly, small politics prevented his nomination in Chicago; but every country in this war has forgotten politics in patriotism and called to leadership the men fitted for the job, independent of party. It has been suggested that the Wilson Administration should so utilize Roosevelt's abilities as a leader and organizer in a coalition cabinet, but the Democrats have so far smiled a deprecatory smile of refusal.

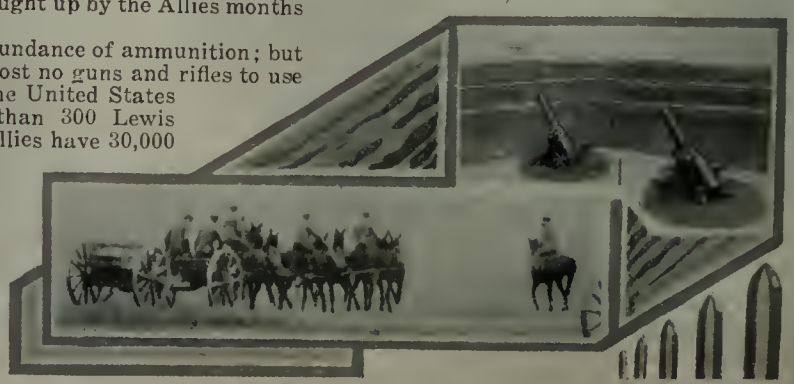
Or take the case of Major Wood. Wood's abilities need no proof. Also he has been utterly unsparing in his criticism of the inefficiency of the Bureaucrats at Washington—the men, for instance, who drove the Lewis gun out of this country. Wood has preached preparedness in season, and out of season. He has not preached "head-line" preparedness, but the soldier's preparedness. He was recently removed from the important department at New York; and on the verge of war, relegated to an obscure Southern post. The Bureaucrats have triumphed.

Or take the case of Snowden Marshall, the United States Attorney for the District of New York. Mr. Marshall has openly regarded the country as at war since the sinking of the *Lusitania*. He has been relentless in his pursuit of German plotters. He has resigned. He is succeeded by a son-in-law of the President's friend.

Partyism, bureaucracy, nepotism—do not make for union and defence. If preparation for war is to go forward in this fashion, where is the real aid to the Allies?

Now that the country is officially at war, however, there are strong hopes that all such policies will be swept aside and that the Government will profit by the mistakes of the allied democracies and prepare for war on the efficient basis which Britain and France have reached.

WAR COMES to the United States at a time when the majority of Uncle Sam's big family are on a joy-ride of the most riotous prosperity ever known by any people since the beginning of time. They don't see the storm signs. They



won't see the storm signs. America's foreign commerce has all but trebled in three years.

The price of cotton, the price of wheat, the price of copper—all have doubled in three years. Steel that used to be 2 plus cents a pound is now 7 cents. Certain steel products that used to be $26 to $28 a ton are now $70 to $80 a ton, with more orders ahead for two years than can possibly be filled.

Farmer, miner, factory worker—all are redundantly prosperous.

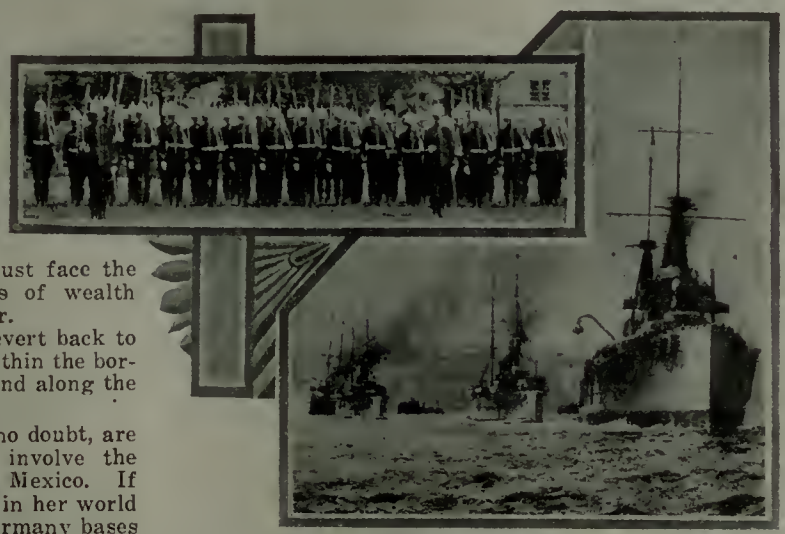
There is literally not a case of unemployment in the country to-day.

The United States has stored away in bank vaults and mints in pure gold almost seven times as much gold as the mines of the whole world produce in a year. Other nations are pawning their gold ornaments for bread, stripping their street car tracks and kitchens of copper, selling silver and plate for food. Uncle Sam has more gold and silver and copper than he knows what to do with.

Entrenched in opulence, secure against want, with workmen enjoying greater luxuries than royalty can afford in war-drained Europe, what, then, is there, to fear? Where are the storm signals? It is more than the danger of a burglar breaking into a nation's bank vault; though a nation with almost three billions of gold in reserve, while the rest of the world is destitute, must face the fact that its very overplus of wealth is a magnet drawing danger.

It is necessary again to revert back to the question of the danger within the borders of the United States—and along the borders.

First, in the public mind, no doubt, are the plots of Germany to involve the United States in war with Mexico. If Mexico would join Germany in her world aims—incidentally giving Germany bases for submarine war against the United States — Germany would guarantee to Mexico the restoration of Texas, Arizona and New Mexico. These are the promises in the famous Zimmerman note to Carranza intercepted at the border. This note was made public by Wilson at the time the filibusters in the Senate were preventing the arming of American merchant vessels against German submarines. Now *the astounding fact is not the revelations in the note. It is the suppression of the information by the American Government for two years.* Von Papen was in Mexico from 1911 to the outbreak of the Great War in 1914. In a letter written by a German Admiralty official at this period, reference is made to the advantages that may accrue to Germany from the employment of the various Mexican factions. It has been known that German gold—and German gold only—has financed every revolutionary party in Mexico from 1911. It has been known because drafts on German banks have paid for munitions going into Mexico. German funds are to-day being transferred from American banks to Mexican banks. When old Huerta was arrested on the border trying to go back to Mexico, the American Government got possession of evidence connecting Von Rintelen's plots on the border with the old Indian chief. Huerta died, and Von Rintelen was caught and imprisoned in England; but to pretend that Germany's machinations in Mexico were unknown to Washington is to act on the assumption that the American public is a fool. In fact, proof exists that the American marines were withdrawn from Vera Cruz solely because Wilson got knowledge that Germany was behind the plots to involve the United States in war with Mexico.



THE difficulties extend also to purely internal conditions. Take the great railroad strike which has been postponed by special request of the President. Now, there is no doubt that the mounting cost of living is working a terrible hardship on people of small salaried income. Bread has doubled in price. Potatoes have trebled. Meat is 50% higher; but the *prime cause of the increased cost of living is the increased cost of labor to the farmer.* Wages to farm laborers are to-day $50 a month—twice what they were ten years ago. Farmers have to charge higher for produce or go out of buisness. It is because so many have gone out of business that certain products have soared in price —milk and meat, for instance. At time of writing, the railroad leaders declare frankly if the Supreme Court annuls their eight-hour law, they will halt every wheel of commerce and industry in the United States. That a stoppage of exports would paralyze the Allies in their fight for freedom, they—the labor leaders—do not care.

It does not concern me that the railroad operators charge that these strikes are bribed by German gold. What paralyzes me is the fact that labor leaders, who are fighters for freedom, should place their own personal gains before the world's fight for freedom from despotism. These engineers and conductors, who are behind the threatened strike, are to-day earning from $200 to $280 a month—twice the average income of the preacher, teacher, doctor, who has spent seven years preparing for his job.

Or take the case of the dozen filibusters, who in the closing hours of the regular session of Congress prevented a law authorizing the arming of American merchant vessels! If you look up the constituencies of these men, you will find they come exclusively from the pro-German sections of the Middle West or the pro-Irish sections of the East. That is—*the love of Germany, or the hatred of England, was stronger in these men than their loyalty to the United States.*

It would be easy here to pause and generalize on the *why* of the suppression of facts as to Mexican plots, as to plots against Canada, as to conspiracy against India; on the lack of leadership in the President; and the lack of national cohesion among the people; on labor leaders who seek personal advantage by embarrassing their country when the nation is on the brink of war; on Senators whose hatred of England or love of Germany was greater than their loyalty to the United States. It would be easy to conclude from such evidence that the United States are not a nation, but a congerie of small nations, whose union is a rope of sand.

But the declaration of war may prove to be the tonic that will build up the nation and drive these internal disorders from the blood. The causes of dissension are quoted only as proof of the difficult position in which Uncle Sam stands. That he will rise to his stupendous task and take the part in the world conflict that he is capable of, despite the troubles in his own home, is the firm belief of all.

THE COWARD

By Alfred Gordon

O, why are you marching off to the war?
You're much too young to be there.
"A bugle blew and I thrilled all through
And I tossed my cap in the air!"

O, why are you marching off to the war?
Will you cheer like that when you die?
"'Fight,' said the King! Who's questioning,
A traitor, coward or spy?"

O, why are you marching off to the war?
Speak out, man! Are you dumb?
"I saw the star of Trafalgar,
And I heard Drake tapping his drum."

O, why are you marching off to the war,
Blanched white to the lips with wrath?
"Aloof stood I till a nation's cry
Like Christ's from the Cross rang forth!"

And why are you marching off to the war?
And why are you muttering so?
"Pah! It's always the same for the pawns of the game,
But someone's got to go."

Why are you *not* marching off to the war?
Have you mother or child, or wife?
"At home I stayed. I was afraid.
And now I must *take* my life."



Jeff goes and looks in the glass. "How do you like my new hat, Myra?"

Sunshine in Mariposa

A Play in Four Acts

Based on "Sunshine Sketches in a Small Town"

By Stephen Leacock

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This is a dramatization of Stephen Leacock's best known book. It is not, however, the version that was used by Cyril Maude under the title "Jeff." This short-lived effort was the work of an English dramatist.*

The scene of this play is laid in the little town of Mariposa in Ontario, somewhere between Toronto and the Cobalt Silver Country.

ACT I.

Jeff Thorpe's Barber Shop.

ACT II.

Four Weeks Later.

Thorpe's "Mining Exchange" (formerly Thorpe's Barber Shop), Mariposa.

ACT III.

Scene 1.—The back parlor of Smith's Hotel, Mariposa.

Scene 2.—The Vaults of the Mariposa Bank.

ACT IV.

Jeff Thorpe's Barber Shop.

CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY.
(In the order of their appearance.)

MRS. GILLIS, scrub lady and wife of Ben Gillis, caretaker of the Bank.

PETER PUPKIN, second Ledger Keeper of the Exchange Bank, Mariposa, and engaged to—

MYRA THORPE, daughter of Jefferson Thorpe, and employed in the telephone exchange.

JOSH SMITH, proprietor of Smith's Hotel.

LAWYER MACARTNEY, of the Mariposa Bar.

BILL EVANS, Town Constable of Mariposa.

JEFFERSON THORPE, once of London, England, now Barber of Mariposa.

ANDY, man of all work at Smith's Hotel.

MR. MULLINS, Manager of the Exchange Bank of Mariposa.

NORA, the new Irish help at Smith's Hotel.

BEN GILLIS, caretaker of the Bank.

MR. SLYDE, a stranger in Mariposa.

MR. HARSTONE, partner of Mr. Slyde.

ACT ONE.

SCENE.—*Jeff Thorpe's Barber Shop in Mariposa: 2 barber chairs, chairs for customers, table with newspapers, hat rack and so on. A cigar case. One corner of the shop partitioned off to the height of 6 or 7 feet, with a frosted glass door and the legend* HOT AND COLD BATHS.

At the back of the stage the big window of the shop with a thin muslin over it; through it one sees the Main Street of Mariposa, sleeping in the sun—opposite it is Smith's Hotel.

It is the noon hour of a drowsy day in June. The curtain rises on:

MRS. GILLIS, cleaning up the shop—angular, in rusty black, bare elbows. Her bonnet and light shawl are on a peg. She is on her hands and knees sweeping up stuff off the floor with a little hand broom into a waste paper basket—a litter of hair, crumpled paper and newspapers. She works energetically, talking to herself as she does so.

MRS. GILLIS.—"Land Sakes! the litter of this here place. You'd never think, to look at it, it was all cleaned up good last Wednesday. The bank's bad enough and cleaning the hotel's bad enough, but this here barber shop of Mr. Thorpe's is the beat of all. Only just yesterday Mrs. Macartney says to me, 'Mrs. Gillis,' she says, 'it ain't a woman's work, not for a woman like you——' Well! I declare (*she has picked up a thick wad of black hair and is examining it*) if Jim Kedger ain't been having his hair cut! At last!"

[*There is heard someone shaking at the handle of the street door. Mrs. Gillis goes over to the door and speaks close to the crack of it, her head sideways.*]

MRS. GILLIS.—"Mr. Thorpe ain't here. he's to his house to his dinner." (*She goes on cleaning and talking.*) "And it ain't only the hair and the shaving soap and that. What does Mr. Thorpe do but he must spend all his spare time cutting up newspapers and throwing 'em all over the place." (*She uncrumples and unfolds some crumpled newspapers that are lying on the floor and reads the title, with difficulty.*) "To-ronto *Mining Noose*—C-o-Cobalt *Nugget* — *C-o-m* — *Commercial*—Something *Times*—well, I never! That's the way its been ever since Mr. Thorpe got took up with this mining idee——"

[*She has now filled up the basket and goes and empties it over the top of the partitioned space marked* HOT AND COLD BATHS, *beating on the bottom with her hand to make it empty. Again someone tries the handle of the door and knocks at it. Mrs. Gillis again goes to the door.*]

MRS. GILLIS.—"Mr. Thorpe aint here. He's to his dinner to his house" (*A voice is heard outside making an enquiry, but the words cannot be distinguished.*) "Eh, for the excursion on the steamer? Well, he said he'd be back at one and be in lots of time to shave the folks for the excursion." (*She goes on cleaning. She fills her basket and again empties it over the top of the Hot and Cold Baths space. She then picks up a wet cloth and sets to wiping the wood work of the drawer and cupboard with terrific energy. In doing this she accidently pulls one drawer open with great force. The bottom of it falls out and a bundle of odd looking papers falls to the floor.*) "There! That comes of brim fillin' up these drawers with his old truck. You can't no more than touch anything but it falls to pieces on you." (*She picks up one of the papers and looks at it. It is a big pink certificate, with scroll work and big letters on it. She spells it out.*) "C-o-r-o-n-a, Coroney, J-e-Jewel, Mining C-o-r-p-o-r-a-t-i-o-n, Company, Coroney Jewell Mining Company—I-n-t-e-r-i-m, Internal, Certicate.— Well, now, of all the litter that man does gather up. If I didn't get in here oncet in a while to clean up, he'd have the place full of it——"

[*She gathers up the certificates, that are scattered over the floor, stuffs them into the basket and empties them over into the Hot and Cold Baths. Someone knocks again.*]

MRS. GILLIS.—"Mr Thorpe is to his—"

Voice of PETER PUPKIN outside.—"Oh. is that you Mrs. Gillis. Could you just let me in for a moment?

MRS. GILLIS.—"Oh, is that you, Mr. Pupkin?"

[*She unlocks the door. Enter Peter Pupkin, young, neatly dressed, pink and white, foolish, but good.*]

PUPKIN.—"Mr. Thorpe's not here, eh!"



"I'm giving this man a sort of rush shampoo."

MRS. GILLIS (*with a sort of simper*).—"I'll garntee it wasn't to see Mr. Thorpe that you come in, Mr. Pupkin. But if it's Miss Myra you're after, she'd ought to be here any minute. She mostly comes in on her way to work after dinner."

PUPKIN. — "Well—yes — I did half think I might—I might sort of see Miss Myra. But I really have business with Mr. Thorpe, too, bank business."

MRS. GILLIS. — "Owen-deed!"

PUPKIN.—"Yes, confidential business. The point is,—this of course is *absolutely* confidential,—his note is due to-day for thirty-six dollars and fifty cents, and we'll have to protest it."

MRS. GILLIS.—"Well now, think of that. Would they send him to jail for that, likely?"

PUPKIN (*laughs*). — "Oh, no, Mrs. Gillis, why you've no idea how many people there are here in Mariposa that have notes protested. Of course we keep it absolutely quiet in the bank—it's a sort of sacred confidence, don't you see,—but take this morning alone, Jim Eliot at the drug store, seventy-one dollars. The cement company forty-six dollars, Perry and Perry, thirty-one dollars,—only we don't *talk* about it."

MRS. GILLIS. — "Well, now! And Mr. Thorpe he owes money too! I'm right sorry for it. But I ain't surprised, Mr. Pupkin, with him running round as he is and with his mind just nowhere. Ever since he's got took with this mining idee, he's just here and there and all over the place. 'Mr. Thorpe,' I says to him last week, 'you're neglecting your business,' says I, (for I'm an old friend like, Mr. Pupkin: I remember well Mr. Thorpe's missus, that was, when they first came out from the Old Country here to Marposey years ago: and a sweet woman she was, indeed, Mr. Pupkin, so quiet like; folks said Mr. Thorpe wasn't never the same after she died, till Miss Myra began to grow up and take her place like—), 'well,' I says, 'Mr Thorpe,' I says, 'your neglecting your business.'"

PUPKIN.—"And what did he say? Was he angry?"

MRS. GILLIS.—"Angry! Mr. Thorpe don't never get angry. He just looked at me as if he felt sorry for me. 'Mrs. Gillis,' says he, 'I'm going to be a rich man.' Him rich, Mr. Pupkin! (*she gurgles*). Why every lost soul in Marposey knows he ain't paid Josh Smith no rent for this shop for six months back. 'Mr. Thorpe,' I says (for I speak to him like an old friend), 'you ain't paid no rent for six months.' 'Mrs. Gillis,' he says, 'the rent is all right. Renting this shop to me,' he says, 'is going to be the biggest deal for Josh Smith that he ever put through. When I'm rich,' he says, 'I'm going to make Josh Smith my private secretary.'"

PUPKIN.—"But, I say, Josh Smith can't read and write, not properly."

MRS. GILLIS.—"Why, that's what I said, Mr. Pupkin. I just had to laff, 'Josh Smith,' I says, 'why he can't read and write.' 'He don't *need* to read and write,' says Mr. Thorpe, 'not to be *my* secretary, I'm going to be that rich, Mrs. Gillis that my secretary won't *need* to read and write. But don't tell Smith,' says he. 'I don't want him to know it, not till I'm rich,' Mr. Pupkin, I just had to laugh, and yet I felt kind of sorry too. 'When I'm rich,' and 'when I'm rich,' and 'When I'm rich,'—that's the way he goes on all the time since he's got took with this Cobalt idee—"

[*At this moment a band is heard playing down the street — Oh Canada, Terre de nos aieux.*]

[MRS. GILLIS *and* PUPKIN *go to the window, looking out sideways and listening.*]

MRS. GILLIS.—"Yes, it's the band playing down to the wharf. They'd ought to get a big crowd to-day. That's real pretty that, O Canady, aint it Where my Ben and I was brought up (we're Nova Scotia people, Mr. Pupkin) we didn't have that. It was the Maple Leaf down there. But Oh Canady sounds real pretty, don't it?"

[*She breaks off, and points over towards the hotel.*]

MRS. GILLIS.—"Well, I declare, there's Lawyer Macartney going into the bar, over to Smith's. That's four drinks he's had since I came here at half past twelve, and yet he never don't seem to show it—and who would that be now standing over in the door——"

PUPKIN.—"I don't seem to recognize him."

MRS. GILLIS.—"I guess he's a stranger



"If I didn't get in here oncet in a while to clean up, he'd have the place full of it."

in town. He must have come in off the morning train—looks like he came from the city." (*She looks again, and speaks in a changed voice.*) "Oh, Mr. Pupkin!"

PUPKIN.—"What is it— Oh, I see—"

MRS. GILLIS.—"It's my man Ben, Mr. Pupkin—look, he's gone into the bar—Oh, Mr. Pupkin, he's started in drinking again. All this week he's been at it. And him such a fine man, Mr. Pupkin, just as long as he don't touch anything. All the two years we had Local Option (*she half sobs*) he never touched a drop. 'Ruth,' he says to me, 'I'm going to swear off.' And he kept it, Mr. Pupkin, he kept to it all the time it was Local Option. And then when they opened the bars again last year he started in again. Oh, Mr. Pupkin, can't your folks in the bank do something to stop him? He works for yous so he ought to listen to what you'd say."

PUPKIN.—"Why, Mrs. Gillis, I'm awfully sorry. We do what we can. Only last week the manager offered to dismiss him if he didn't quit. We all want to help him you know——"

[*A long steam whistle is heard.*]

MRS. GILLIS (*recovering herself.*) —"There's the one o'clock whistle. I'll just open up the shop, Mr. Pupkin. I'll go to see to Ben and perhaps you wouldn't mind staying here till Mr. Thorpe or Miss Myra comes—" (*She starts to put on her bonnet and shawl and tidy herself up; she goes to one of the mirrors.*) "Dear! Dear! The state I'm in—" (*She takes up some of the barber powders, cosmetics, etc., and fixes up her cheeks.*)

PUPKIN. — "Oh, and Mrs. Gillis, perhaps you wouldn't mind — you're sure to meet Mr. Thorpe on the street—you might just give him this note, will you? I hardly like — it's thirty-six fifty. Tell him it has to be paid to-day — but it doesn't matter—it's only a matter of form."

MRS. GILLIS. — "All right, I'll give it to him (*goes to the door*)— and here's Miss Myra coming right along now — so good-bye Mr. Pupkin."

[*Exit Mrs Gillis.*]

PUPKIN (*looking down the street left*).—"Here she comes. By Jove, doesn't she look nice! If I'm not the luckiest fellow——" (*Hurries to the door.*)

[*Enter Myra.*]

MYRA.—"Peter!"

PUPKIN.—"Myra!"

[*They embrace at the door.*]

MYRA (as *Peter leads her into the shop.*) —"What were you saying all to yourself at the door?"

PUPKIN.—"I was saying I was the luckiest fellow in Mariposa."

MYRA.—"Oh, you silly boy."

[*They kiss again.*]

PUPKIN.—"I say, you look *awfully* nice this afternoon."

MYRA.—"Don't you see why? Don't you notice anything?"

PUPKIN.—"No-o, not exactly."

MYRA.—"Oh, *Peter.* You're so provoking You never notice anything."

PUPKIN. — "I see you look awfully nice."

MYRA.—"Yes, but my hat, my new hat —(*she runs to one of the mirrors.*) Just think, only two dollars—but you should have seen it when I got it—hideous—I tore all the trimming off it, so, and threw away the band, and then bent the straw up, so, and put a little bit of muslin and the flower, so—don't you like it?"

[*Turns, facing* PUPKIN.]

MYRA.—"And you know, Peter, after all, it's awfully nice now that I have a job in the Telephone Exchange, to think that I can save money and help too."

PUPKIN.—"But I say, Myra, you didn't come into the bank this morning. I watched for you all the time. I had the savings ledger open at the very page, all ready, with *Myra Thorpe* written at the top of it It looks fine—didn't they pay your salary to-day after all?"

MYRA (*confused*).—"Yes, dear, they gave it to me—only—only I spent it."

PUPKIN (*disappointed*).—"Spent it? Why, Myra—— Oh, of course, it's all right, dear. I know, you need clothes and things. And your new hat——"

MYRA (*still confused*).—"No, no, Peter, it wasn't my hat—it was——"

PUPKIN.—"Oh, Myra—I see what you mean. You gave the money to your father again?"

MYRA.—"Yes, dear, I gave it to father. Peter, I couldn't help it. He seemed to need it so badly, Peter. Don't think that father asked me for it. He'd never, never do that. It was for a mine, the Lone Star Mine. Father said if he had thirty dollars he could turn it into three thousand in a week—and he seemed to need it so badly—and it's in my name and father says he wants us to buy a house with the three thousand, for when we're married. He's going to take me to look for one right away. Oh, Peter, do you think it possible, could father make all that money with it?"

PUPKIN (*shaking his head sadly*).—"No, dear, utterly impossible. We see it in the bank every day. It's only the big people, the inside people, that make money from the silver country. I don't want to be unkind, dear, and really I'm not thinking of the money for ourselves, but don't, please don't, give money again to your father. Only harm comes of it. Myra, you don't know how awful speculation is. We see it every day in the bank —since the silver boom began. People that had had savings with us for years—ruined—drawing out their last cent, and their hands trembling as they write—to gamble it on silver. It's dreadful. I'll never forget when the Abbitibbi mine broke and Nightgale shot himself over in the back room at the Hotel. He'd worked next to me for ten years in the bank—all his mother's money, Myra, think of it—and lost. I saw him in his coffin. They couldn't even let his mother look at him —(*he shudders*). Myra, darling, try to keep your father from it, if you can."

MYRA.—"I know, Peter, I know. I think of it all the time. But father seems so set on it all. He thinks about nothing else, and all the time at the mining exchange and the newspaper office—to-day he didn't come home to dinner at all—it was all ready and he didn't come. But he's not like the others, Peter, really not. He doesn't care for money for itself. He says he wants it for a great purpose, for a great good that he's going to do."

PUPKIN (*gently and kindly*).—"They all say that, Myra, dear."

[*Voices outside. Myra glances from the window.*]

MYRA.—"Here are some people coming. It's Lawyer Macartney and Mr. Smith. I must go. I'll talk with father."

[*Enter* MR. SMITH *and* LAWYER MACARTNEY. SMITH, *the proprietor of the hotel, is rotund, shrewd, kindly-looking.* MACARTNEY, *grim, grizzled, rusty black, a wide-awake hat—a pettifogging country lawyer and selfish. There is nothing to admire in him.*]

MR. SMITH (*as they come in*).—"Jeff aint in, eh? Don't let me interrupt——"

MYRA.—"Father will be back in a minute, Mr. Smith. Good afternoon, Mr. Macartney. If you'll wait, father'll be here in a minute. I must run now. Good-bye Peter."

PUPKIN.—"Good-bye."

SMITH — MACARTNEY. — "Good afternoon, Miss Myra."

[*Exit Myra.*]

SMITH.—"Getting a shave, eh, Pete'." (*Laughs.*)

PUPKIN.—"Yes—that is—I just ran in—I thought I'd—have my hair cut—but I guess I'll run along. They need me up at the bank——"

SMITH (*jocosely*).—"Yes, and I guess Miss Myra might need you to walk up street with her—so long, Peter."

[*Exit* PUPKIN.]

[SMITH *and* MACARTNEY *take papers and sit down.* SMITH *takes a picture paper.*]

MACARTNEY (*putting on his glasses and taking a look at the heading*).—"I see here where it says that Sir Wilfred Laurier says——" (*Jumps up with a start and dashes the paper to the table.*) "Vuff! It's the *Mail!*"

SMITH.—"What's the matter?"

MACARTNEY.—Vuff! It's the Toronto *Mail*—miserable Conservative rag"—(*he picks up the "Globe" and starts reading the headings with deep grunts and growls of internal satisfaction.*) "Big Liberal gain in Essex—hm—bye election favors Laurier—hm—Conservative party doomed. *That's* more like a newspaper."

[*There appears in the doorway* BILL, *the town constable of Mariposa. He wears a sort of uniform and carries a baton. He has a sleepy face.*]

CONSTABLE (*with a huge yawn*).—"Jeff—in?"

SMITH.—"Come in, Bill. Jeff's up street. He'll be here in a minute."

CONSTABLE.—"Well (*yawn*), I guess I'll (*yawn*) set down and wait—kind o' thought—I'd get an egg shampoo. It helps to keep a feller awake (*yawn*).

[*He takes a paper and sits down.*]

MACARTNEY.—"There's two of us ahead of you already, Constable."

CONSTABLE.—"S'all right, I aint in any hurry. Drowsy afternoon, aint it?"—(*huge yawn*).

MACARTNEY.—"I suppose you are only in a hurry when you're arresting somebody, eh, Constable? Har! Har!"

CONSTABLE.—"Aint arrested any yet—not here in Mariposa—only been here two years. Where I was before I arrested a feller once. Kind o' complicated case."

MACARTNEY.—"What was it, murder?"

BILL. — No — not altogether. Selling peanuts without a license. Made a big stir" (*yawn*).

[*The band as before heard rather faintly playing "O, Canada." A steamboat whistles.*]

SMITH (*looks out of window*).—"Playing for the excursion, eh? They'd ought to get a good crowd to-day."

[*Voices outside.*]

SMITH.—"Here's Jeff coming now."

JEFF'S voice outside (*very brisk*).—"All right, ten cents a share, fifty shares. Done. I'll take it."

[*The band continues to play "O, Canada," and in comes* JEFFERSON THORPE. *He enters with a buzz—half a sandwich in his hand, his pockets full of newspapers, mining journals and certificates, with a great air of business; he continues eating his sandwich, at the same time putting his newspapers down and changing into his barber's coat.*]

JEFF.—"Now, then, next! Whoever's first's next. Good afternoon Mr. Macartnew—Josh—Bill—if any one of you's going on the excursion I'll take him first."

[*The three all start protesting in favor of the others.*]

SMITH.—"I aint in no hurry."

MACARTNEY.—"After you, Smith, after you."

BILL.—"S'al right. You fellows go on."

JEFF (*briskly stropping his razor*).—"Now then, is any of you three boys going on the excursion?"

SMITH — MACARTNEY.—"No, I didn't think of it."

BILL (*yawning*). — "Well I kind of thought I might take it in. I'm on duty. I've gotto be *somewhere.*"

JEFF.—"All right. Come along then, I'll shave you first." (*Motions* BILL *to the chair, cranks it back with a jolt till* BILL *is nearly flat, throws a barber's sheet clean over him. Violent stropping of razor. Then he suddenly uncovers* BILL.)

JEFF.—"Hot or cold water?"

BILL.—"Hot."

JEFF.—"Hot it is." (*Covers him up again.*) "I'll just put the kettle on and boil it up."

[*He lights a very small flame, a mere taper, under a very large iron kettle. Then all at once an air of quiet leisure comes over* JEFF'S *movements. He comes back from the kettle to the chair and leans against it with his back to* BILL. *He takes a paper out of his pocket, puts on spectacles and starts to read it.*]

MACARTNEY. — "Is that the noon paper?"

JEFF.—"No. Train aint in yet (*looking through the headings*). Fair and warm. It's last night's. Ten-pound bass caught in the Lake. I was looking for a piece Johnson said was here. Aged couple celebrate—that's not it. Old beaver dam found in Toronto Park—no—new coffer dam for Welland Canal—no——"

SMITH.—"Beat's all what a lot of noose there is in summer time."

JEFF.—"Will damm all Niagara—no—Ohio breaks damm——"

MACARTNEY.—"Are you looking for a silver mine?"

JEFF.—"Why, I thought it said something about the Lone Star, but it don't seem to."

MACARTNEY.—"The Lone Star! Har! Har! You won't find it in the paper any more. Why, the thing's clean broke."

JEFF.—"Broke! Why I tell you that mine's just beginning. There's more money in that mine——"

[*Enter* ANDY, *the man of all work at Smith's Hotel. He has a club foot that drags, and a decent face, and speaks with a hunk-de-hunk in his voice.*]

ANDY (*looking toward* SMITH).—"Say, Billy sent me over from the bar. That stranger that just come in from Toronto this morning wants a drink."

SMITH.—"Well, why don't Billy give it to him?"

ANDY.—"He says he wants a Noo York Golden Fizz."

SMITH.—"Well, tell Billy to make him one."

ANDY. — "Billy says he don't know how."

SMITH.—"He don't? Well tell him to—to take about a half a pint of whiskey and—is there any eggs in the bar?"

ANDY.—"Only what was there from last week."

SMITH.—"Them'll do. Tell him to put a couple of eggs in—and anything else he's got handy—and to shake it up good. That's a *Sparkling Fizz.* And tell him to shake it *behind* the bar, see?"

ANDY.—"Behind the bar!" (*Starts to go out.*)

Continued on page 75.



The Gun Brand

A Romance of the Canadian Northland

By James B. Hendryx

Author of "Marquard the Silent," "The Promise," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards



Pierre Lapierre, the river boss, who shapes up at the start like the hero of this story.

SYNOPSIS.—Chloe Elliston, inheriting the love of adventure and ambitious to emulate her famous grandfather, "Tiger" Elliston, who had played a big part in the civilizing of Malaysia, sets out for the Far North to establish a school and bring the light of education to the Indians and breeds of the Athabasca country. Accompanied by a companion, Harriet Penny, and a Swedish maid, Big Lena, she arrives at Athabasca Landing and engages transportation on one of the scows of Pierre Lapierre, an independent trader. Vermilion, the boss scowman, decides to kidnap the party and hold them to ransom; but Lapierre, getting wind of his plans, interrupts them at a vital moment, kills Vermilion, and rescues the girl. Predisposed in his favor, she accepts him as her mentor in the wilderness, believing all he tells her, especially about one Robert MacNair, another free-trader whom Lapierre saddles with a most villainous reputation and the epithet of "Brute."

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

"WHAT does it mean?" asked Chloe, and Lapierre noticed that her eyes were alight with interest. "Who is this MacNair, and—"

For answer Lapierre took her gently by the arm and led her back to the log.

"MacNair," he began, "is the most atrocious tyrant that ever breathed. Like myself, he is a free-trader—that is, he is not in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. He is rich, and owns a permanent post of his own, to the northward, on Snare Lake, while I vend my wares under God's own canopy, here and there upon the banks of lakes and rivers."

"But why should he attack you?"

The man shrugged. "Why? Because he hates me. He hates any one who deals fairly with the Indians. His own Indians, a band of the Yellow Knives, together with an offscouring of Tantsawhoots, Beavers, Dog-ribs, Strongbows, Hares, Brushwoods, Sheep and Huskies, he holds in abject peonage. Year in and year out he forces them to dig in his mines for their bare existence. Over on the Athabasca they call him Brute MacNair, and among the Loucheaux and Huskies he is known as The-Bad-Man-of-the-North.

"He pays no cash for labor, nor for fur, and he sees to it that his Indians are always hopelessly in his debt. He trades them whisky. They are *his*. His to work, and to cheat, and to debauch, and to vent his rage upon—for his passions are the wild, unbridled passions of the fighting wolf. He kills! He maims! Or he allows to live! The Indians are his, body and soul. Their wives and their children are his. He owns them. *He* is the law!

"He warned me out of the north. I ignored that warning. The land is broad and free. There is room for all, therefore, I brought in my goods and traded. And, because I refused to grind the poor savages under the iron heel of oppression, because I offer a meager trifle over and above what is necessary for their bare existence, the brute hates me. He came upon me at Fort Rae, and there, in the presence of the factor, his clerk, and his chief trader, he fell upon me and beat me so that for three days I lay unable to travel."

"But the others!" interrupted the girl, "the factor and his men! Why did they allow it?"

Again the gleam of hate flashed in the man's eyes. "They allowed it because they are in league with him. They fear him. They fear his hold upon the Indians. So long as he maintains a permanent post a hundred and seventy-five miles to the northward—more than two hundred and fifty by the water trail—they know that he will not seriously injure the trade at Fort Rae. With me it is different. I trade here, and there, wherever the children of the wilderness are to be found. Therefore, I am hated by the men of the Hudson Bay Company who would have been only too glad had MacNair killed me."

CHLOE, who had listened eagerly to every word, leaped up to her feet and looked at Lapierre with shining eyes. "Oh! I think it is splendid! You are brave, and you stand for the right of things, for the welfare of the Indians! I see now why the factor warned me against you! He wanted to discredit you."

Lapierre smiled. "The factor? What factor? And what did he tell you?"

"The factor at the Landing. 'Beware of Pierre Lapierre,' he said; and when I asked him who Pierre Lapierre was, and why I should beware of him, he shrugged his shoulders and would say nothing."

Lapierre nodded. "Ah, yes—the company men—the factors and traders have no love for the free-trader. We cannot blame them. It is tradition. For nearly two and one-half centuries the company has stood for power and authority in the outlands—and has reaped the profits of the wild places. Let us be generous. It is an old and respectable institution. It deals fairly enough with the Indians—by its own measure of fairness, it is true—but fairly enough. With the company I have no quarrel.

"But with MacNair—" he stopped abruptly and shrugged. The gleam of hate that flashed in his eyes always at the mention of the name faded. "But why speak of him — surely there are more pleasant subjects," he smiled, "for instance your school — it interests me greatly."

"Interests you! I thought it displeased you! Surely a look of annoyance or suspicion leaped from your eyes when I mentioned my mission."

The man laughed lightly. "Yes? And can you blame me—when I thought you were in league with Brute MacNair? For, since his post was established, no independent save myself has dared to encroach upon even the borders of his empire."

Chloe Elliston flushed deeply. "And you thought I would league myself with a man like *that?*"

"Only for a moment. Stop and think. All my life I have lived in the north, and, except for a few scattered priests and missionaries, no one has pushed beyond the outposts for any purpose other than for gain. And the trader's gain is the Indian's loss—for, few deal fairly. Therefore, when I came upon your big outfit upon the very threshold of MacNair's domain, I thought, of course, this was some new machination of the brute. Even now I do not understand—the expense, and all. The Indians cannot afford to pay for education."

IT WAS the girl's turn to laugh. A rippling, light-hearted laugh — the laughter of courage and youth. The barrier that had suddenly loomed between herself and this man of the north vanished in a breath. He had shown her her work. Had pointed out to her a foeman worthy of her steel. She darted a swift glance toward Lapierre who sat staring into the fire. Would not this man prove an invaluable ally in her war of deliverance?

"Do not trouble yourself about the expense," she smiled. "I have money — 'oodles of it,' as we used to say in school—millions, if I need them! And I'm going to fight this Brute MacNair until I drive him out of the north! And you? Will you help me to rid the country of this scourge and free the people from his tyranny? Together we could work wonders. For your heart is with the Indians, as mine is."

Again the girl glanced into the man's face and saw that the deep-set black eyes fairly glittered with enthusiasm and eagerness—an eagernes and enthusiasm that a keener observer than Chloe Elliston might have noticed, sprang into being suspiciously coincident with her mention of the millions. Lapierre did not answer at once, but deftly rolled a cigarette. The end of the cigarette glowed brightly as he filled his lungs and blew a plume of gray smoke into the air.

"Allow me a little time to think. For this is a move of importance, and to be undertaken not lightly. It is no easy task you have set yourself. It is possible you will not win—highly probable, in fact, for——"

"But I *shall* win! I am *right*—and

upon my winning depends the future of a people! Think it over until to-morrow, if you will, but—" She paused abruptly, and her soft, hazel eyes peered searchingly into the depths of the restless black ones. "Your sympathies *are* with the Indians, aren't they?"

Lapierre tossed the half-smoked cigarette onto the ground. "Can you doubt it?" The man's eyes were not gleaming now, and into their depths had crept a look of ineffable sadness.

"They are my people," he said softly. "Miss Elliston, *I am an Indian!*"

CHAPTER IV.

CHLOE SECURES AN ALLY.

A SHOUT from the bank heralded the appearance of the first scow, which was closely followed by the two others. When they had landed, Lapierre issued a few terse orders, and the scowmen leaped to his bidding. The overturned scow was righted and loaded, and the remains of the demolished whisky-kegs burned. Lapierre himself assisted the three women to their places, and as Chloe seated himself near the bow, he smiled into her eyes.

"Vermilion was a good riverman, but so am I. Do you think you can trust your new pilot?"

Somehow, the words seemed to imply more than the mere steering of a scow. Chloe flushed slightly, hesitated a moment, and then returned the man's smile frankly.

"Yes," she answered gravely. "I know I can."

Their eyes met in a long look. Lapierre gave the command to shove off, and when the scows were well in the grip of the current, he turned again to the girl at his side. Their hands touched, and again Chloe was conscious of the strange, new thrill that quickened her heartbeats. She did not withdraw her hand, and the fingers of Lapierre closed about her palm. He leaned toward her. "Only quarter Indian," he said softly. "My grandmother was the daughter of a great chief."



The girl felt the hot blood mount to her face and gently withdrew her hand. Somehow, she could not tell why, the words seemed good to hear. She smiled, and Lapierre, who was watching her intently, smiled in return.

"We are approaching quick water; we will cover many miles to-day, and to-night beside the camp-fire we will talk further."

Chloe's eyes searched the scows. "Where are the two men who attacked Lena? Your men captured them."

Lapierre's smile hardened. "Those who deserted me for Vermilion? Oh, I — dismissed them from my service."

HOUR after hour, as the scows rushed northward, Chloe watched the shores glide past; watched the swirling, boiling water of the river; watched the solemn-faced scowmen, and the silent, vigilant pilot; but most of all she watched the pilot, whose quick eye picked out the devious channel, and whose clear, alert brain directed, with a movement of the lancelike pole, the labors of the men at the sweeps.

She contrasted his manner — quiet, graceful, sure—with that of Vermilion, the very swing of whose pole proclaimed the vaunting, arrogant braggart. And she noted the difference in the attitude of the scowmen toward these two leaders. Their obedience to Vermilion's orders had been a surly, protesting obedience; while their obedience to Lapierre's slightest motion was the quiet, alert obedience that proclaimed the master of men, as his own silent vigilance proclaimed him master of the roaring waters.

When the sun finally dipped behind the barren, scrub-topped hills, the scows were beached at the mouth of a deep ravine, from whose depths sounded the trickle of a tiny cascade. Lapierre assisted the women from the scow, issued a few short commands, and, as if by magic, a dozen fires flashed upon the beach, and in an incredibly short space of time Chloe found herself seated upon her blankets inside her mosquito-barred tent.

Supper over, Harriet Penny immediately sought her bed, and Lapierre led Chloe to a brightly burning camp-fire.

Near by other fires burned, surrounded by dark, savage figures that showed indistinct in the half-light. The girl's eyes rested for a moment upon Lapierre, whose thin, handsome features, richly tanned by the long exposure to the northern winds and sun, presented a pleasing contrast to the swart, flat faces of the rivermen, who sat in groups about their fires, or lay wrapped in their blankets upon the gravel.

"You have decided?" abruptly asked Chloe, in a voice of ill-concealed eagerness. Lapierre's face became at once grave, and he gazed somberly into the fire.

"I have pondered deeply. Through the long hours, while the scow rushed into the north, there came to me a vision of my people. In the rocks, in the bush, and the ragged hills I saw it; and in the swirl of the mighty river. And the vision was good!"

The voice of the man's Indian grandmother spoke from his lips, and the soul of her glowed in his deep-set eyes.

"Even now *Sahhalee Tyee* speaks from the stars of the night sky. My people shall learn the wisdom of the white man. The power of the oppressor shall be broken, and the children of the far places shall come into their own."

The man's voice had dropped into the rythmic intonation of the Indian orator, and his eyes were fixed upon the flames that curled, lean and red, among the dry stick of the camp-fire. Chloe gazed in fascination into the wrapt face of this man of many moods. The soul of the girl caught the enthusiasm of his words, and she, too, saw the vision—saw it as she had seen it upon the wave-lapped rock of the river-bank.

"You will help me?" she cried; "will join forces with me in a war against the ruthless exploitation of a people who should be as free and unfettered as the air they breathe?"

Lapierre bent his gaze upon her face slowly, like one emerging from a trance.

"Yes," he answered deliberately: "it is of that I wish to speak. Let us consider the obstacles in our path—the matter of official interference. The government will soon learn of your activities, and the government is prone to look askance at any tampering with the Indians by an institution not connected with the church or the state."

"I have my permit," Chloe answered, "and many commendatory letters from Ottawa. The men who rule were inclined to think I would accomplish nothing; but they were willing to let me try."

"That, then, disposes of our most serious difficulty. Will you tell me now where you intend to locate?"

"There is too much traffic upon the river," answered the girl. "The scow brigades pass and repass; and, at least until my little colony is fairly established, it must be located in some place uncontaminated by the presence of so rough, lawless, and drunken an element. As I told you before, I do not know where my ideal site is to be found. I had intended to talk the matter over with the factor at Fort Rae."

"What!" That devil of a Haldane? The man who is hand-in-glove with Brute MacNair!"

"You forget," smiled the girl, "that until this day I never even heard of Brute MacNair."

The man smiled. "Very true. I had forgotten. But it is fortunate indeed that chance threw us together. I tremble to think what would have been your fate should you have acted upon the advice of Colin Haldane."

"But surely you know the country. You will advise me."

"Yes, I will advise you. I am with you in this venture; with you to the last gasp; with you heart and soul, until that devil MacNair is dead or driven out of the north, and his Indians scattered to the four winds."

"Scattered! Why scattered? Why not held together for their education and betterment? And you say you will be with me until MacNair is either dead or driven out of the north. What then—will you desert me then? This MacNair is only an obstacle in our path—an obstacle to be brushed aside that the real work may begin. Yet you spoke as though he were the main issue."

Lapierre interrupted her, speaking rapidly: "Yes, of course. Bear with me, I pray you. I spoke hastily, and without thinking. My feelings for the moment carried me away. As you see, the marks of the Brute's hands are still too fresh upon me for me to regard him impersonally—an obstacle, as it were. To me he is a brute! A fiend! A demon! I *hate* him!"

LAPIERRE shook a clenched fist toward the north, and the words fairly snarled between his lips. With an effort he controlled himself. "I have in mind the very place for your school, a spot accessible from all directions—the mouth of the Yellow Knife River, upon the north arm of Great Slave Lake. There you will be unmolested by the debauching rivermen, and yet within easy reach of any who may desire to take advantage of your school. The very place above all places! In the whole north you could not have chosen a better! And I shall accompany you, and direct the building of your houses and stockade.

"MacNair will learn shortly of your fort—everything is a 'fort' up here—and he will descend upon you like a ramping lion. When he finds you are a woman, he will do you no violence. He will scent at once a rival trading-post and will hurt your cause in every way possible; will use every means to discredit you among the Indians, and to discourage you. But even he will do a woman no physical harm.

"And right here let me caution you—do not temporize with him. He stands in the north for oppression; gain at any cost; for debauchery — everything that you do not. Between you and Brute MacNair there can be no truce. He is powerful. Do not for a moment underrate either his strength or his sagacity. He is a man of wealth, and his hold upon the Indians is absolute. I cannot remain with you, but through my Indians I shall keep in touch with you, work with you; and together we will accomplish the downfall of this brute of the north."

For a long time the two figures sat by the fire while the camp slept, and talked of many things. And when, well toward midnight, Chloe Elliston retired to her tent, she felt that she had known this man always. For it is the way of life that stress of events, and not duration of time, marks the measure of acquaintance and intimacy. Pierre Lapierre, Chloe Elliston had known but one day, and yet she believed that among all her acquaintances this man she knew best.

By the fire Lapierre's eyes followed the girl until she disappeared within the tent, and as he looked a huge figure arose from the deep shadows of the scrub, and with a hand grasping the flap of the tent, turned and stared, silent and grim and forbidding, straight into Lapierre's eyes. The man turned away with a frown. The figure was Big Lena.

CHAPTER V.

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS.

AT THE mouth of the Slave River the outfit was transferred to twelve large freight canoes, each carrying three tons, and manned by six lean-shouldered canoemen. in charge of one Louis Lefroy, Lapierre's boss canoeman. Straight across the vast expanse of Great Slave Lake they headed, and skirting the shore of the North Arm, upon the evening of the second day, entered the Yellow Knife River.

The site selected by Pierre Lapierre for Chloe Elliston's school was, in point of location, as the quarter-breed had said, an excellent one. Upon a level plateau at the top of the high bank that slants steeply to the water of the Yellow Knife River, a short distance above its mouth, Lapierre set the canoemen to cutting the timber and brush from a wide area. The girl had come into the north fully prepared for a long sojourn, and in her thirty-odd tons of outfit were found all tools necessary for the clearing of land and the erection of buildings. Brushwood and trees fell before the axes of the half-breeds and Indians, who worked in a sort of frenzy under the lashing drive of Lapierre's tongue; and the night skies glowed red in the flare of the flames where the brush and tree-tops burned in the clearing.

Two days later a rectangular clearing, three hundred by five hundred feet, was completed, and early in the morning of the third day Chloe stood beside Lapierre and looked over the cleared oblong with its piles of smoking gray ashes and its groups of logs that lay ready to be rolled into place form the walls of her buildings.

Lapierre seemed ill at ease. Immediately upon the arrival of the outfit he had dispatched two of his own Indians northward to spy upon the movements of MacNair, for the man made no secret of his desire to be well upon his way before the trader should learn of the building of the fort on the river.

It had been Chloe's idea to lay out her "village," as she called it, upon a rather elaborate scheme, the plans for which had been drawn by an architect whose clients' tastes ran to million-dollar "summer cottages" at Seashore-by-the-Sea.

FIRST, there was to be the school itself, an ornate building of crossed rafters and overhanging eaves. Then the dormitories, two long, parallel buildings with halls, individual rooms, and baths—one for the women and one for men—the two to be connected by a common dining-hall in such a manner as to form three sides of a hollow square. Connected to the dining-hall was to be a commodious kitchen, and back of that a fully equipped carpenter-shop and a laundry.

There were also to be a trading-post, where the Indians could purchase supplies at cost; a six-room cottage for the accommodation of Big Lena, Miss Penny, and Chloe; and numerous three-room cabins for the housing of whole families of Indians, which the girl fondly pictured as flocking in from the wilderness to have the errors of their heathenish religion pointed out to them upon a brand-new blackboard, and the discomforts of their nomadic lives assuaged by an introduction to collapsible bath-tubs and the multiplication table. For hers was to be a mission as well as a school. Truly the souls north of sixty were destined to owe her much, for they borrow cheerfully, and repay—never.

So much for Chloe Elliston's plan. Lapierre, however, had his own eminently more practical, if less Utopian, ideas concerning the erection of a trading-post; for in the quarter-breed's mind the planting of an independent trading-post upon the very threshold of MacNair's wilderness empire was of far greater importance than the establishment of a school, or mission, or any other institution—especially when the post was one which he himself had set about to control. The man's eyes gleamed and the thin lips smiled as his glance rested momentarily upon the figure of the girl—the unwitting, and therefore the more powerful, weapon that chance had placed in his hands in his battle against MacNair.

His idea of a post was simplicity itself: One long, log trading-room with an ell for a storehouse, and a room—two at the most—in the rear for the accommodation of the three women. The whole to be erected in the centre of the clearing, and surrounded by a fifteen-foot log stockade.

Boldly he broached his plan.

"But this is *not* a trading-post!" objected the girl. "The store is a side issue and is to be conducted merely to permit those who take the advantage of my school to obtain the necessities of life at a fair and reasonable price."

"Your words were well chosen, Miss Elliston. For if you begin to undersell the H. B. C., and more especially the independents, every Indian in the north will proceed to 'take advantage' of your school and of you also."

"But they are being robbed!"

Lapierre smiled. "They do not know it; they are used to it. Let me warn you that to tamper with existing trade schedules, except by one experienced in the commerce of the north, is to invite disaster. You will lose money!"

"But you told me that you yourself gave the Indians better bargains than either the Hudson Bay Company or MacNair."

"I know the north! And you may be assured the concessions were more nominal than real."

"Very well, then," flashed the girl. "My concessions will be more real than nominal, and of that *you* may be assured. If my store pays expenses, well and good!" And by the tone of the girl's voice, and the slight, unconscious outthrust of her chin, Pierre Lapierre knew that the time was unpropitious for a further discussion of trade principles.

Chloe was speaking again: "But to return to the buildings—"

LAPIERRE interrupted her, speaking earnestly: "My dear Miss Elliston, consider the circumstances, the limitations." He tapped lightly the roll of blueprints the girl held in her hand. "Those plans were made by a man who had not the slightest knowledge of conditions as they exist here."

"The buildings are to be very simple."

"Undoubtedly. But simplicity is relative. A building that would be considered simplicity itself in the States, might well be intricate beyond the possibility of construction here in the wilderness Do you realize that among our men is not one who can read a blue-print, or has ever seen one? Do you realize that to erect buildings in accordance with these plans would require a force of skilled mechanics under the supervision of a master builder? And do you realize that time is a most important factor in our present undertaking? Who can tell at what woment Brute MacNair may swoop down upon us like Attila of old, and strike a fatal blow to our little outpost of civilization? And if he finds *me* here." His voice trailed into silence and his eyes swept gloomily into the northern reach of the river.

Chloe appeared unimpressed. "I hardly think he will resort to violence. There is the law—even here in the wilderness. Slow to act, perhaps, because of the inaccessibility of the wild country; but once its machinery is in motion, as unbending and as indomitable as justice it-

self. You see, I have read of your Mounted Police."

"The Mounted!" Lapierre laughed. "Yes—I see you have *read* of them! Had you derived your information in a more direct manner—had you lived among them—if you *knew* them—your childlike trust in them would seem as absurd, perhaps, as it does to me!"

"What do you mean?" cried the girl, regarding the quarter-breed with a searching glance. "That the men of the Mounted are—that they may be—influenced?"

Again Lapierre laughed—harshly. "Just that, Miss Elliston! They are—crooked. They may be influenced!"

"I cannot believe that!"

"You will—later."

"You mean that MacNair has——"



She turned swiftly and gazed into the face of a man who had approached from the river. She knew intuitively that the man was "Brute" McNair.

THE MAN interrupted with a wave of his hand. "What I have told you of MacNair is the truth. I shall prove this to your own satisfaction at the proper time. Until then, I ask you to believe me. Admitting, then, that I have spoken the truth, do you suppose for an instant that these facts are not known to the Mounted? If not, then the officers are inefficient fools. If they are known, why don't the Mounted remedy matters? Because MacNair is rich! Because he buys them, body and soul! Because he owns them, like he owns the Indians! That's why!

"Just stop and consider what is ahead of a dollar-a-day policeman. When his five-year term of enlistment has expired, he has his choice of enlisting for another term, or making his living some other way. At the end of the five years he has learned to hate the service with a hatred that is soul-searing. It is the hardest, strictest, most exacting, and most ill-paid service in the world; and the five years of the man's enlistment have practically rendered him unfit for earning a living.

"He has lived in the wild country. He knows the wild country. And civilization, with its rapid advance, has left him five years behind the times. Our ex-man of the Mounted is fit for only the commonest labor. And, because there are almost no employers in the north, he cannot turn his knowledge of the wilds to profitable account, unless he turns smuggler, whisky-runner, or fur-poisoner. The men know this. Therefore, when an officer whose patrol takes him into the far "back blocks" is approached by a man like MacNair, with his pockets bulging with gold, what report goes down to Regina, and on to Ottawa?

"Yes, Miss Elliston, in the northland there is law. But the law is a fundamental law—the primitive law of savage might. The strong devour the weak. Only the fit survive—survive to be ruled, to be trampled, to be *owned* by the strongest. And the law is the measure of might! Primal instincts—pristine passions — primordial brutishness permeate the whole north—rule it.

"The wolf and savage *carcajo* drag down the hunger-weakened caribou and the deer, and rip the warm, red flesh from their bones before their eyes have glazed. And, in turn, the wolf and *carcajo*, the unoffending beaver and musquash, the mink, the fisher, the fox, and the otter are trapped by savage man and the pelts ripped from their twitching bodies while life and sensibility remain. They are harder to skin when cold. And with the thermometer at forty or sixty below zero, the little bodies chill almost instantly if mercifully killed — therefore, they are not killed but flayed alive and their bleeding bodies tossed upon the snow. They die quickly — then. But—they have lived through the skinning? And that is the north!"

Chloe Elliston shuddered and drew away in horror. "Is—is—is this possible?" she faltered. "Do they——"

"They do. The fur business is not a pretty business, Miss Elliston. But neither is the north pretty—nor are its inhabitants. But the traffic in fur is inherently the business of the north—and its history is written in blood—the blood and the suffering of thousands of men and millions of animals. But the profits are great. Fashion has decreed that My Lady shall be swathed in fur—therefore, men go mad and die in the barrens, and the quivering red bodies of small animals bleed, and curl up, and stiffen upon the hard crust of the snow? No, the north is not gentle, Miss Elliston—"

"Don't! Don't!" faltered the girl. "It is all too—too horrible—too sickeningly brutal—too—too unbelievable!" She covered her eyes with her hand.

Lapierre answered, dryly. "Yes. The north is that way. It has always been so—and it always will—"

Chloe's hand dropped from her eyes

Continued on page 83.

The Romance of Power Development

How the Building of the World's Greatest Dam Typifies Progress in Canada

By W. A. Craick



Above: The coffer dam on the St. Maurice River at Shawinigan.

Left: The Grand Mere Falls on the St. Maurice River.

CANADA'S dependence on Pennsylvania coal fields for the very vitals of existence of several millions of her people is an alarming condition emphasized forcibly by the events of the past winter. A mere caprice of nature; a fit of human obstinacy; a declaration of national expediency—any of these, so precarious was the situation, would have been sufficient to bring down little short of a calamity on a large section of the Canadian people.

Details of the effects on the individual and the nation of an interruption to the coal supply are unnecessary. They were pictured sufficiently graphically in those anxious days when the danger was very near and very real. That they abundantly demonstrated the pressing need for a substitute that would at least minimize the evils of a fuel shortage is the main consideration. No longer if at all possible, should the people of Canada remain so absolutely dependent on a commodity, produced in a foreign country, subject to the control of a foreign government and liable to serious delay in its transportation and delivery.

One of Canada's best hopes for an effective substitute for the black coal of Pennsylvania rests in her immense resources of what is picturesquely described as white coal. Those immense waterpowers scattered all through the Dominion, with their many millions of horsepower thundering to waste everyday, after opportunities for development sufficient to meet every possible need of Canada's existing and prospective population for years to come. For the mine, substitute the power house; for the long, grimy coal train, moving ponderously northward over miles of track, substitute the power-line; for the furnace and the stove substitute the motor and the electric heater; and the result will be a cleaner, saner and more efficient commodity.

THE WORK of harnessing the waterpowers of Canada began some years ago and already close to two million horsepower of developed energy is available for purposes of light, heat and power. There are, for example the immense power plants at Niagara Falls, with their transmission line stretching out over hill and valley, east, west, north and south, like the tentacles of some deep-sea monster! the big hydro-electric plant at Lake Buntzoen on Burrard Inlet, supplying power to the City of Vancouver; the installations of the Calgary Power Company at Horse Shoe Falls and Kananaskis Falls on the Bow River; the various important developments, tributary to the City of Winnipeg on the Winnipeg River; the power plants on the Kaministiquia, the Severn, the Beaver, the Trent and the Ottawa Rivers in Ontario; and the various St. Lawrence River systems. All these plants and others unmentioned, varying though they do in size and importance, are yet playing their part in the gradual emancipation of the country from its dependence on coal as the basis of so many of its everyday activities.

But after all the mere harnessing of a waterfall and the diversion of its current for the development of electric power is but one phase of a yet more comprehen-



Why the La Loutre dam is necessary. The St. Maurice River in the middle of summer when the flow is at its lowest.

sive undertaking. Rivers, like human beings, exhibit varying degrees of efficiency from day to day and month to month. The flood of spring is many times more powerful than the attenuated flow of summer and numerous are the fluctuations that occur between the limits of high and low water. Yet, it is the minimum flow that determines the year-round capacity of power development on any river. No matter how much water may pour over the dam eleven months out of the twelve, it is the restricted flow of the twelfth month that prescribes the maximum degree of constancy that may be expected from that river's performance. How valuable, therefore, would any device prove that would tend to normalize the volume of water passing through the channel of a river the year round.



View showing sluice way and spillway section East Channel, La Loutre.

THERE is under way at the present time in Canada, very quietly and unostentatiously, a project for doubling the efficiency of one of the most industrially important rivers in the Dominion. The scheme is not only interesting from the novelty of the undertaking, but it is notable as well from its magnitude. It involves, in a word, the construction of a mammoth storage reservoir, double in capacity that of the largest dam yet constructed on the face of the globe. People think of the Nile as a mighty river and picture the famous Assouan dam near its headwaters as an unparalleled effort at water conservation, but when the La Loutre dam, now under construction far up the St. Maurice River in Quebec, is completed, Canada will possess a storage reservoir that will take second place to none among the world's greatest hydraulic systems.

The St. Maurice is a remarkable river —one, the importance of which the average Canadian perhaps does not yet appreciate to the full. From the power standpoint, it is the Niagara of Quebec and yet it has several additional titles to fame which the Niagara River lacks. It has been in its day and still continues to be one of the great lumbering rivers of the Dominion, millions of feet of timber having been driven down its turbulent course and sawn up in the various sawmills on its banks during the past century. It has become a centre for a paper manufacturing industry surpassing in its output that on any other river in Canada. It has attracted to its various power sites millions of dollars of capital which have been invested in industries of the first importance. It is scenically very attractive, while from the sportsman's point of view it affords access to a vast territory abounding in fish and game.

Three hundred miles and more back in the hinterland of Quebec, the St. Maurice takes its rise amid a network of lakes and tributary streams, which are hidden away in a wild, untrodden land known only to the Indian and the trapper. Until the builders of the National Transcontinental Railway penetrated the region immediately to the south, it was a territory practically unmapped and inaccessible. From the River's source for two hundred miles down to the town of La Tuque, there is no settlement except for the camps of lumber companies, the lodges of fishing and hunting clubs and the lonely stations along the railway line. Only at La Tuque do there appear those first evidences of that industrial activity for which the St. Maurice is becoming increasingly famous.



View showing trestle and downsteam cofferdam floating into position. The closure.

THERE are to-day four important centres of population on the River — Three Rivers at its confluence with the St. Lawrence, midway between Montreal and Quebec; Shawinigan Falls, twenty-one miles up-stream, the scene of the greatest power development in the Province of Quebec; Grand Mere, twelve miles beyond, where the immense paper mills of the Laurentide Company are located, and La Tuque, already mentioned, one hundred miles inland, a growing town with great industrial possibilities. These four places comprise a little group whose collective importance, thanks to the resources of the River, is growing steadily greater.

Shawinigan Falls is naturally an ideal place for water power development. Just above the Falls, the River widens into a lake, while below the Falls there lies a second lake. This brings the upper and lower water-levels within a short distance of each other, providing an extremely economical location for a power plant at the foot of the slope between them. The water rights at this point are owned by the Shawinigan Water and Power Company, which sells a portion of the water to local manufacturing concerns and with the remainder operates its own 150,000 h.p. hydro-electric plant.

Through various subsidiary companies, the Shawinigan Water and Power Company distributes electric energy as far



La Loutre Falls Power. Intake and Head Gate.

west as Montreal and as far east as Quebec. while it controls the light, power and traction systems of Three Rivers. In the town of Shawinigan Falls itself, it operates plants producing carbide, carbon electrodes, metallic magnesium and other important electro-metallic products and provides the power for such notable industries as those of the Belgo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Co., the Northern Aluminum Co., and the Canadian Electro-Products, Limited.

The dependence of the thriving City of Three Rivers on the power development at Shawinigan Falls is almost absolute. Here a considerable number of large industries, including sawmills, pulp and paper mills, textile factories, tanneries and boot and shoe factories, are located, all deriving their power plant at the Falls.

At Grand Mere Falls the head of water is 75 feet being only about half that at Shawinigan Falls. The power site is controlled by the Laurentide Power Company, in which the Shawinigan Water and Power Company holds an interest. The available power amounts to 100,000 h.p., part of which will be taken by the Shawinigan Company to supplement the output of the present plant. The Laurentide Company, in its paper mills, consumes about 10,000 h.p.

At La Tuque Falls there is a head of eighty feet, with development possibilities of 75,000 h.p. Only 3,500 h.p. is at present utilized, the power being controlled by the Brown Corporation, which operates large pulp mills in the town of La Tuque.

In addition to the three falls enumerated, there are at least eight other water-powers on the St. Maurice River, which are still in their natural state. Within a few miles of Three Rivers are the falls of La Gabelle and Les Gres, with heads of ten and forty feet respectively. These have recently been acquired by the Shawinigan Water and Power Company, which will develop them later on when the water powers of Shawinigan Falls and Grand Mere are taxed to the limit. Seven miles above La Tuque are the Sans Nom Falls, with a head of 128 feet. Farther on are the Vermillion, the Blancs, the Grand Cœurs, the La Grace and the De L'Ile Falls, varying in size from 16 to 136 feet and still in the hands of the Crown.

HAVING observed the extent and importance of the power developments on the river; the wide territory served by the several power companies and the dependence of so many large industries on the constant supply of electric energy from its water falls, the significance of the following statement must be apparent. *The proportion of the flood to the minimum flow on the St. Maurice River is as* 30 *to* 1.

This bald statement, when dissected, means that the volume of water passing down the channel of the River when the spring freshets are at their maximum is thirty times as great as the volume of water carried by the River during the time of the summer drought. Thirty to one is a big variation. On the St. Lawrence the difference is only two to one, while on the Ottawa it is but fifteen to one.

With so much at stake, it is small wonder that the Quebec Government and the power companies on the St. Maurice River were led to consider rendering the flow of water more even throughout the year. Their deliberations culminated five years ago in the determination to construct a vast storage reservoir far up the River, in which the flood waters could be preserved and served out as they were needed so as to maintain a steady flow all the year round. The provincial government in December, 1912, passed an Act empowering the Quebec Streams Commission to proceed with the undertaking as a public work, and since then plans have been prepared, contracts let and construction proceeded with.

It is quite safe to say that, without the existence of the National Transcontinental Railway, the gigantic enterprise could not have been undertaken. The railway has rendered access to the scene of the project comparatively easy. As those who have made the interesting journey over this road between Quebec and Cochrane are aware, the new transcontinental line strikes the St. Maurice River at La Tuque and follows the river valley for many miles on its westward course. It is an exceedingly picturesque section of the line. The River winds between bold and rocky hills and the track, skirting the edge of the River, now runs along a narrow ledge right over the flood of water and again sweeps back through some wooded valley. Views all along the road are of a wild and rugged grandeur.

At the junction of the Manouan River with the St. Maurice, about 85 miles north west of La Tuque, the railway leaves the latter river and strikes west to Parent. It is at this point, at a station caled Sanmaur, that one must make a digression from the Transcontinental to reach the dam just above the rapids of La Loutre. The river itself to La Loutre is 52 miles though this has been slightly shortened by the construction of a railway for part of the way. As far as the Chaudiere Falls, 32 miles from San-

Contd. on p. 101.



End view of block at chainage. 2 x 76 East. Concreting La Loutre.

The Woman Who Understood

By Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Prairie Wife," "The Anatomy of Love," etc.

"UNCLE MOSE, oughtn't somebody to shoot that old hound?"

The decrepit negro turned slowly about and blinked at the two youthful figures in glimmering white. Then he looked down at the dog asleep in the sunlight.

"No, indeedy, Mis' Margot! Dat's mah houn'! Mis' Jinny's boy done gib me dat dawg!"

"But he's so old!"

The girl ran a hand along the dog's wrinkled back. The movement was dainty yet pitying. "And Susan says his teeth are gone."

The taller of the two girls opened a pale green parasol and moved closer to the little group, stepping with fawn-like fastidiousness over the lush grass still steaming in the sunlight. The aura of youth about her slender body was like the languid airiness of a silver-birch in early summer.

"How old is he, Uncle Mose?" she asked abstractedly.

The old servant raked through the snow-white kinks of his head with a meditative finger. Then he put down his polishing-cloth.

"How ol' is dat houn' o' mine, Mis' Effel?"

THE May sun shone down out of a sky of cobalt blue, the cobalt blue of an Ontario sky in May, shone onthe nickel rims of the motor-lamps which Uncle Mose had been making a pretence of polishing, on the warm, red brick garage, on the billowing white and pink of a snow-apple tree in full bloom above a yellow-painted lattice summer-house, on the vivid green of the lawn grass still wet with hose-water. Pigeons cooed from the stable-roof. On the grape-trellis behind the summer-house fluted a spring robin. The hum of bees filled the afternoon with a lazy drone. A soft breeze fluttered the skirts of the two girls in white. The old hound, with his nose flat between his fore-paws, raised an indifferent eyelid and then lowered it again.

"How ol' is dat dawg?" ruminated Uncle Mose, as he sat down on the white-rubbered running-board of the newly washed car and solemnly contemplated the hound that lay as prone as though anæsthetised by the warm spring sunlight. "Why, Mis' Effel, I raikon dat dawg's clean as ol' as you and Mis' Margot put t'gether!"

The younger of the two girls laughed softly.

"That would make him almost forty, Uncle Mose!" she remonstrated.

"Dere's some animiles lives a uncommon long time, Mis' Margot," avowed the old negro. "Mos' as long as some niggers!"

"But not dogs and horses, Uncle Mose!"

"Indeedy dey do, Mis' Effel. Dey do in *some* famblies. De animiles in Mis' Jinny's fambly always got dreffu! ol'. It was always de humans what died young. An' it was Mis' Jinny's boy gib me dat dawg."

"He used to call Judge Howell's wife Miss Jinny," explained the older of the two girls. "That was Garnet's mother."

THE younger girl, who had been listening to the robin, nodded her head. A cloud passed like a dark wing across the grass. It lasted only a moment. The sun came out again, strong and white.

"Dat's right, Mis' Effel; Masta Gahnet was Mis' Jinny's boy. An' I raikon you notice how dat ol' dawg lif' his head when you say his name dataway. He knows. He's the wises' ol' dawg I ever see. He's mos' as wise as Jo-Anne was."

"Who was Jo-Anne?"

"Jo-Anne was Mis' Jinny's hoss. Dey was a team, Dahby and Jo-Anne. You see, Mis' Effel, Mis' Jinny was a Pinkney, one o' the Virginia Pinkneys. Her folks come no'th to Canada 'bout the close o' the Wah; dey was sent off by the Yankees for suttin s'ditious acts an' specchifyin'. I come along wid the folks, for I was the Major's hoss-boy. Dey bought the Buthnott Fahm, and Major Pinkney he laid out to run dat fahm. Dey had a hawd time in dis country—mos' things was so diff'rent, and in dose days the ol' Major he always called it a dam' wilderness. I ain't tryin' to argufy the ol' Major was 'zackly set aginst dese yere C'nadian folks, Mis' Effel, for dey shore allus treat dat ol' gen'l'man wif respeck. But all dem days he was kind o' eatin' his ol' heart out f'r Virginia, wifout lettin' you N'thern folks know he was pinin' f'r his own people. I was always his hoss-boy, an' the ol' Major he says to me, 'Mose, I'se gwine to bring up some Virginia stock and show dese Eskimmo blue-noses what hoss-flesh is!' But dem Pinkneys was too biggety-feelin' for truckin' an' tradin', an' the ol' Major wasn't the managin' kind, no how. De fahm she jes' went to rack an' roon, clear to rack an' roon. After the Major had his stroke, me and Mis' Jinny we done the bes' we could!

"Mis' Jinny was jes' a girl in dem days—Lo'dy, jes' look at dat ol' houn' wag his ear when he catch the soun' o' dat name! But Mis' Jinny was the mos' high-speerited girl ever took a seben-bar gate 'stead of gettin' outen the saddle to unlock 'im, an' many a day I see her lop over a rail-fence 'stead of ridin' roun' by the gap. She was the fines'-lookin' girl in Kent County, was Mis' Jinny, an' the summer the ol' Major had his second stroke an' Jedge Lowell come out from the county seat for to see 'bout the law papers, I raikon the Jedge was took wif Mis' Jinny fust day he clapped eyes on her.

"Seems I was a-puttin' the Jedge's team up 'bout six times a week, dat summer. 'Bout the las' word the ol' Major says to me was: 'Mose, don't you 'low our Jinny to hitch up wif no Eskimmo blue-nose.' But two mont's af'er the ol' Major was put away, Jedge Lowell he come to me an' say: 'Mose, Mis' Jinny says if she comes wif me, you's got to come too! How 'bout dat?' I says I's done willin' to go where Mis' Jinny fixes to go. The Jedge he was a cold man an' I raikon twict the age o' Mis' Jinny. But he laughed and he says, 'We all think a heap of Mis' Jinny, Mose!' I allow he was dead right 'bout dat.

"So when the Jedge marry Mis' Jinny an' dey move in the big red-brick over yonder on the ribber, I comes along too. And when the Jedge takes up the mohtgage on the ol' Buthnott Fahm an' buys it in for Mis' Jinny, Lo'dy, Lo'dy, how dat girl did carry on an' cry. You see, Missey, the Jedge was a rich man. He weren't like the ol' Major. Ev'rything he teched jes' seemed to tuhn into money. He had a powerful cold eye an' he never cussed and laughed wif no nigger the way the ol' Major would. But he was mighty good to me, jes' for Mis' Jinny's sake. I raikon no men folks, white or black, was ever kinder to deir wimmen.

"THE secon' year dey was married he bought her the team, the team I tol' you 'bout, Dahby and Jo-Anne. Dey was a couple o' blue-grass thoroughbreds, a roan an' a bay, an' the Jedge he send me down to Covington for to fetch 'em across the Line. And I was powerful glad to git back, for the Souf ain't the Souf it used to be; an' Lo'dy, I don't even talk like dem States niggers no moah! How dem ponies could trabbel! Mis' Jinny she rigs me out wif tight pants, an' boots wif yellow tops,, an' a green coat wif shiny buttons; and she sets me up on the rumble, an' ev'ry week we go zippin' out to the ol' Buthnott Fahm an' Mis' Jinny wanders roun' the ol' house an' looks over the o'chad and digs up some o' the roots outen the ol' flower-beds for to fetch back for the new town-house.

"One day the Jedge he comes to me an' says: 'Mose, I don't want Mis' Howell drivin' dat team o' colts no moah!' An' I says: 'Den we all better draw dem shoes and git 'em out to the Ol' Fahm!'—for I knew Mis' Jinny'd keep on a-drivin' dem colts, no matter what the Jedge said. So he looks me in the eye and says: 'I raikon you're right, Mose! We'll jes' tuhn 'em out to grass for a few mont's!"

"Den b'fore the snow came Mis' Jinny had her li'l baby. Dat was Masta Gahnet!

"Mis' Jinny mos' died havin' dat baby. But the fus' day she send for me, an' when I goes in kind o' scary, she han'd Masta Gahnet up to me an' says: 'Mose, dat's mine! *mine!*' An' she cry a li'l and tak' him back an' I say: 'Gawd strike me daid, Mis' Jinny, but dat's the mos' beau'f'l baby I ever clapped my ol' eyes on!' Den she laugh and cry a li'l more an' say: 'Mose, you a ol' black fool!'—say it 'zact-the same as the ol' Major'd say it. And dat made me think of the ol' days, an' I up and says to her: 'Lo'dy, Mis' Jinny, but wouldn't the ol' Major be clean out'n his boots to see you wif a chile like dat?'

"When the Jedge come in and see Mis' Jinny cryin' again, he tak's me down to the lib'ry an' pours me out a tumbler of ol' poht wine an' den shakes han's wif me an' den tries to say something an' den walks to the windah blowin' his nose. Den he jes' pushes me out'n the lib'ry doah an' shets hisself in. My, my, I never see a father so proud 'bout havin' a chile. You

see Missy, the Jedge he was 'bout fohty years ol' den, an' I raikon he nebber understan' what havin' one of his own flesh and blood kind o' means to a man.

An' when the spring come and Mis' Jinny got strong again, he sent for me for to fetch the team in from the ol' Buthnott Fahm. An' ev'ry day him an' Mis' Jinny and Masta Gahnet dey go drivin' through the country, gittin' me to fill up the kirrige wif apple-blossoms an' wil'-plum flowers an' enough field-posies for a fust-class funer'l. An' I seen Mis' Jinny hol' dat baby up aginst the nose of Dahby and Jo-Anne and say: 'I want my boy always to love animiles!' An' Lo'dy, but dat chile 'd pat dem sniffin' noses an' squeal and laugh an' weren't no more scairt of a hoss 'n you is of a kitten. An' his mammy 'd say to me, 'Mose, dat boy's a Pinkney, sure 'nough!' An' b'fore Masta Gahnet 'd cut his front teef dat team *knew* dat baby.

"One Sunday when the Jedge was readin' his law-books under the big ellum, Mis' Jinny put Masta Gahnet on Jo-Anne's back, an' let 'im ride dat mare all by hisse'f, roun' an' roun' the grape-ahbor. An' when Masta Gahnet slap the reins and pull Jo-Anne in under a ol' black-heart cherry tree, the lowes' branch scrapes Masta Gahnet off'n his back, sam as my hand 'd scrape a fly off'n dis fender. Dat mare jes' *know* she's 'sponsible for dat chile, for she stan' dere all a-tramble, not so much as liftin' one foot till the Jedge come an' hol' her haid while Mis' Jinny gits Masta Gahnet from b'tween her feet. Hurt? No, Mis' Effel, dat boy weren't hurt nohow, 'sceptin' for the scare. By the time he was six year ol', he was ridin' dat hoss all over the town and across the Big Ditch culberts, wif six or seben dawgs trailin' behin'. For Masta Gahnet always was a great han' for dawgs. Dey was all kinds o' dawgs, an' dey all jes' natcher'ly took to dat boy, same as a hoss did. Why, Masta Gahnet 'd ride Jo-Anne clean up the gal'ry stairs, wif the Jedge gettin scary an' warnin' him to stop, an' his mammy c'mmandin' him to go ahead! But do you all s'pose dat Jo-Anne 'd let another chile, white or black, sit on his back? No, indeedy, not for a minit!'

"DEM was gran' times! Lo'dy, but dat boy did bring the joy o' life into dat ol' red-brick house on the ribber! Not dat Masta Gahnet was a *bad* boy. He was jes' high-speerited, like Mis' Jinny—an' where dere's only one in a fam'bly dey natcher'ly git a li'l indulged-like. He was sure a Pinkney. I raikon dat's what made his mammy understan' the boy better'n the Jedge did. Not dat the Jedge didn't wo'ship the groun' dat boy walked on. Lo'dy, he jes' lived and wohked an' planned for dat boy, all his days. But Masta Gahnet an' Mis' Jinny was kind o' closer togedder, wid all the li'l secrets dat two young folks has.

"An' dat boy sure did like music. He'd play a mouf-organ or a banjo or a pianny, jes' by the ear, same as his mammy. Many's the time Masta Gahnet an' Mis' Jinny an' ol' Mose sot up on a peck-measure and a couple o' overturned buckets in the kerridge-shed, when the Jedge was off on his circuit—mis' Jinny wif the banjo an' Masta Gahnet wif his mouf-organ and me singin' bass, an' scandalize dem blue-nose No'thern folks singin' 'S'wanee Ribber' an' 'Dixie!'

"Dem was great ol' days, Mis' Effel! I mind the afternoon—dat was 'long 'bout Christmas — when the Jedge and Mis' Jinny an' Masta Gahnet come drivin' home in the cuttah from the Buthnott Fahm, all wrapped up in the b'ar-skin robes an' the team a li'l sudsy on the flanks an' the air nippy an' the sleighin' good. Mis' Jinny she threw down the reins and I cotch 'em up and say: 'Dat mus' been a gran' ride, Mis' Jinny!' She sot back in the cuttah an' look at the big red sun drappin' behin' the pine trees an' she says: 'Mose, I'm *happy!*" Den she sit on the sleigh while I onhitch the team, jes' dreamin' like. 'Mose,' she says after a while, 'dose' preachin' folks talk 'bout a Heben after dis life! But I raikon dis is jes' Heben 'nough for me!'

"'Bout dat time nex' spring we all staht Masta Gahnet off to school. He was a powerful smaht boy. But the Jedge he allowed dat chile weren't over-stiddy wid his book-larnin'. Masta Gahnet was jes' too high-speerited to be shettin' hisself up wif a lot o' books. He was always hankerin' to be out wif the hosses, or tryin' to mend up the ol' pea-rifle w'at I kep' hid in the harness-room for him, or traipsin' off wif his dawgs, or buildin' a raf' up roun' the bend o' the ribber. He saved up an' bought a ol' rabbit-gun for a dollar, a sure-'nough gun dat'd shoot mos' ev'ry time. But the Jedge took dat away from him. Den he swapped a ridin' saddle for a ol' boat. He had her mos' all rigged up for a pirit-ship—an' many's the time dat boy made me cook vittles for all dat pirit-crew o' his'n—an' he was plannin' a pirit-raid on the Lower Ribber Gang b'fore the Jedge ever suspicioned he owned dat boat. Lo'dy, I mind the day the Jedge raided dat pirit-ship an' Masta Gahnet an' his brudder pirits all took a high dive off'n the tail end. Dey dove deep an' swum the ribber. The Jedge he went white, yes'm, white as chalk, for dat man never even knowed Masta Gahnet c'd swim a stroke!

"BUT the bigges' trubble come along 'bout the time Masta Gahnet staht to spindle out in the laigs an' took to smokin' cedar-bahk an' char-cane. Nex' thing we knows he's tryin' a puff at t'bacca, scarin' me out'n my wits les' the Jedge ketch him dere in the kerridge-shed an' hol' me 'countable. Masta Gahnet an' the English chu'ch preacher's boy ust to git up on the sunny side o' the stable-roof an' near choke deirselves to deff. Den dey jes' natcher'ly got bruk in to it. Mis' Jinny she did take on bad when she foun' dat out. Masta Gahnet couldn't fool his mammy for long. She jes' *knew* when dere was somethin' in the wind. So she sent for dat boy an' shet herse'f up wif him. An' I mind she promise him a slide trombone and a bicycle on his sixteent' burfday, if he c'd come to her and say he'd never tasted t'bacca from dat day on. An' he meant to do dat, for he come to me and say: 'Mose, heah's dem cubebs an' dem odder cig'rettes I bought down to the drug stoah. Dey'll do you good. I ain't a-goin' to smoke no moah!'

"The nex' day Mis' Jinny call me in an' shet the doah an say: 'Mose, dere's nothin' on dis earth nearer an' dearer to me 'n dat boy o' mine. I want for him to be a good boy. I ain't a-axin' for you to tittle-tattle on him, for I know you wouldn't, nohow! But I want you for to help me make my boy a good man an' a hones' man! And if you ever give dat boy a pinch o' t'bacca, *I'll skin you alive!*"

"An' I sure would never tittle-tattle on dat boy, for ev'ryone thought a heap o' Masta Gahnet, the same as ev'ryone thought a heap o' Mis' Jinny. He was the kindes' boy you ever see, an' 'specially wif animiles. He had dat red brick fuller's sick dawgs an' lame dawgs an' no-home dawgs 'n a ant-hill is full o' ants. But I raikon he loved dat houn', ol' Kaiser dere, better 'n all the res'!

"'BOUT dat time, too, he got powerful fond o' the water, slippin' off t' the ribber ev'ry chanct he saw. Many's the time Mis' Jinny sends me scootin' over to the ribber, for to root Masta Gahnet out'n the cave dem rapscallions set a stove up in, where dey set roun' on nail-kegs eatin' half-cooked cohn and kerrits. Den Masta Gahnet he bought his secon' boat, a ol' duck-boat, and make me tote kerridge-paint down behind the saw-mill, while he do her over an' gaudy her up and put in mos' all his spare time workin' over the leaks. Even Mis' Jinny neber knew 'bout dat boat. Leastways she neber knew 'bout it till the night Kaiser come whimperin' and scraitchin' at the doah, when the Jedge an' Mis' Jinny been sittin' dere puzzlin' over Masta Gahnet not gettin' home for supper. Den I jes' busts out an' tell dem the truf. An' the Jedge steadies his hand and pats Kaiser and says, 'Good dawg!' an' 'Take me to 'im, Kaiser!' An', Lo'dy, from the way he set his face I know he jes' s'mise dat chile is sure drownded. An' when I see Mis' Jinny's face I snuk out'n the house and kneel down behin' the lilack-bushes, wif the rain beatin' on my ol' haid, an' I says: 'Gawd A'mighty, spah dat chile! O Gawd A'-mighty, spah dat chile for Mis' Jinny's sake!'"

"It was gettin' dahk when we staht out, wif the thunder barkin' like a sheep-dawg at our heels. So we all took lanterns and kerrige-lamps and stahted for the ribber. Mis' Jinny she went by the road, along wif Jo-Anne and the ol' surrey. Kaiser an' the Jedge takes one side o' the ribber, and I takes the other. Oh, Golly, dat was a trip, through bahn-yards and chicken yards an' fahm-yards an' grave-yards, wif the Jedge callin' out 'cross the water ev'ry so long, and Kaiser whimperin' and yelpin' and leadin' the Jedge straight to where the ol' duck-boat stood under a big buttonwood. I could see the Jedge hol' his light all over dat boat. An' she sure was empty.

"Den, Lo'dy, I heard something up in the air whisperin' to me! I heard dat voice say, 'Mose!' an' all my ol' ha'r jes' unkink itself an' stand up on end. Den I staht to aidge dway, but I hear dat voice still sayin', 'Mose, you black debbil, if you fix for to run I'll sure brain you wif dis brick!' Den I looks up at the top o' the firin' kiln, and dere I sees Masta Gahnet's haid stickin' over the aidge. Bimeby I understan' dat aint no ghos'. 'For the lub o' Gawd, Masta Gahnet,' I says, 'whad you all doin' on dat kiln-top at dis time o' night?' 'Keepin' wahm,' he says. 'I aint got no clo'es.'

"An' dat was the truf. Dat chile got het up rowin' down the ribber, an' when he come to the ol' Foote Fahm, he jes' natcher'ly peeled off and tuk a swim. An' when ol' Foote's cows come for to swim the fohd, dat chile raikoned he'd ride one o' dem cows acrost. Ol' man Foote gib him the chase, an' stole his clo'es, an' when the rain come on, dat

Continued on page 80.

Arthur William Brown and his work. The centre is from an admirable likeness of Mr. Brown, painted by James Montgomery Flagg. At sides are samples of illustrations, showing Mr. Brown at his best.



Canadians in New York

By Beatrice Redpath

CANADIANS in New York! Where are they, you wonder, and where are they to be found? You ask the first American whom you meet, but he appears vague.

"Canadians in New York?" he responds, blankly. No, he has never heard of them. For the truth is that the Canadian who has come to New York has been so successful that the New Yorker claims him as his own.

But there are plenty of Canadians in New York, and this is realized by referring to the various Canadian societies in the Metropolis.

Perhaps the most interesting of these, and one with the most national spirit, is the Canadian Society. Its ex-president, and one of its most active members, is Dr. MacPhee, who was born in Prince Edward Island, and who was a gold medallist before he came to New York to take up the study of nervous and mental diseases. He is now a professor of mental and nervous diseases at the New York Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital.

Dr. MacPhee is a staunch Imperialist, and his aim has been to make the Canadian Society stand for Imperial Unity, for Canadian Nationalism and Anglo-American amity. He contends that in another country a Canadian society will not represent public opinion if it does not stand for the Empire.

"A society of this description must be a charitable one," he says; and in his efforts in this direction he has lived up to his ideals. He has always subordinated his own interests to those of the club, assisting it largely financially and with his time and interest.

DURING the war the Canadian Society has suspended its public banquets, and the members do not expect to hold any national functions until the war is ended. The reason for this is that they are fearful of appearing to attempt the influencing of public opinion. Also they wish to devote all their resources to the relief of the dependents of the Canadian soldiers living in the States. Apparently no provision was made by the Canadian Patriotic Society for the families of these men. and the Canadian Society in New York has the satisfaction of being able to say that they have provided for all the applicants on this side of the border without any aid from Ottawa. This has been due in a very large degree to Dr. MacPhee, although he declines to admit it.

This society has also a bed endowed at the Presbyterian Hospital, and a fund for sending indigent Canadians back to Canada. It is almost with surprise that one learns of the numbers of Canadians living in the States who have gone over to France to join the Allies. It would have seemed as if after years spent in another country they would have become more or less dis-associated with the land of their birth, but there appears to be no diminishing of nationality in the hearts of the Canadians living in New York. They are eager to be known as Canadians, though at the same time cautious in their speech on the subject of nationality, feeling as they do the sensitiveness of their friends, the Americans, because of the manner in which they feel their real sentiments have been misrepresented to the world.

AN interesting club that has grown up in New York and that now has a long list of prominent members, is the Canadian Camp. Its object, like that of the Canadian Club in New York, is purely social, its purpose being to create a feeling of friendliness between sportsmen, its only requisition being that a member must have at some time camped in Canada.

The idea of the Camp was originated by Dr. Curtis about fourteen years ago, and he has been entirely responsible for its success. The members meet once a year at a large banquet. Speeches are made on all subjects of interest to sportsmen, such as forestry, natural history, and travel, by men who know their subjects thoroughly. Besides this, they attempt to have an unusual menu of different kinds of vegetables and animal flesh not usually found in our markets, so as to show the members how different food may be prepared so that in case of shortage of provisions on an exploring trip, they could make the most of what they found growing in the neighborhood. There are quite a number of Canadian members who every year make a point of attending the dinner.

THERE are so many successful Canadians in New York that it is only possible to mention a few. It seems as though in all parts of the world Canada was beginning to stand for success whether on the blood-stained fields of Flanders, where the name of Canada has been spelled in blood and tears, to here in a neutral land, where, whether in art or literature, business or politics, medicine, or any other profession, those from Canada seem to win through to achievement in whatever they undertake to do. There are so many that it is possible in this article to deal only with one class of successful Canadians; and it has been elected to deal with those who have made headway in arts and letters.

Consider first one young Canadian who has in a literal sense interpreted New York to the New Yorkers. As O. Henry has done for Broadway, so has Harvey O'Higgins done for the East Side. He has depicted largely the life of the Irish who have settled there. He has done it with a humor, an Irish drollery, and a pathos that have made his stories a permanent contribution to the literature of "Gotham." The day laborer, the night watchman, the mother of the tenements,

the little servant, they are all here. Mr. O'Higgins has portrayed them all with an infinite humor and tenderness and with a realism that brings both a laugh and a tear.

HARVEY O'HIGGINS was born in London, Ontario. While at Toronto University he made up his mind to be a journalist, so he devoted most of his time to the study of history and fiction. To help out his rather meagre resources, he worked as a purser during the summer months on one of the Niagara River Line steamboats.

His first journalistic work was done for the Toronto *Star* as a reporter, and during this time he did some work that received recognition. But, not satisfied with the prospects ahead of him, he threw up this position to go to New York, his mind filled with dreams of what he would accomplish there.

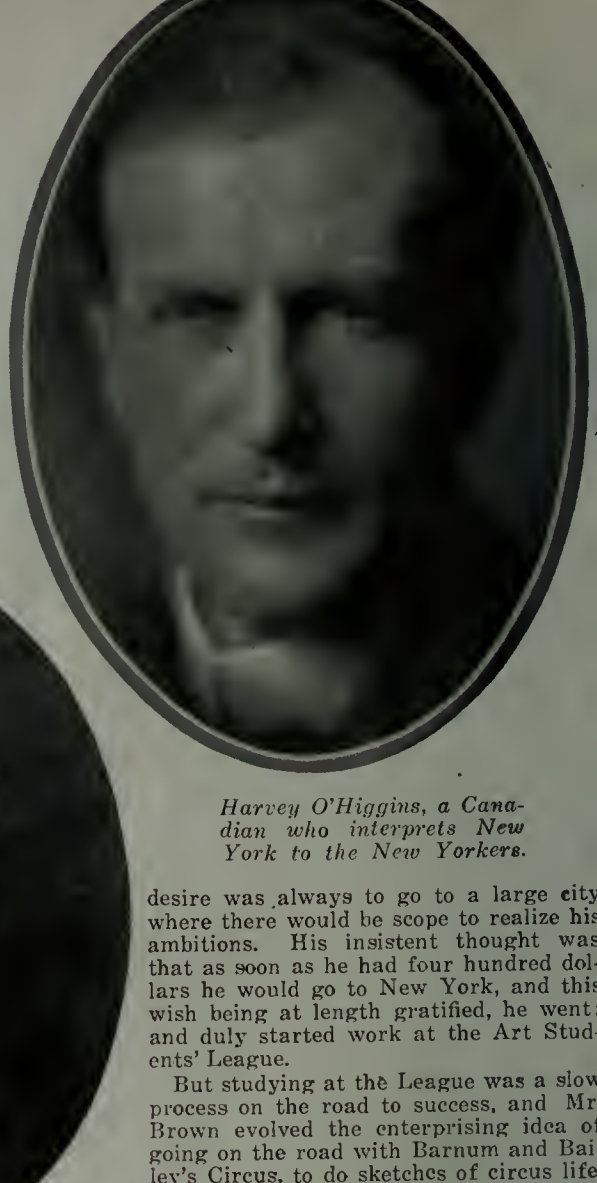
It took six years of hard work. From space writing for Sunday papers at from five to ten dollars a column, he went into more active newspaper work, doing special assignments as an interviewer and as a telegraph editor.

"I wrote up everything from Chinatown to Harlem, and then I went on the telegraph desk of a daily till I had some words with the editor and he told me that I couldn't write English, and so I went back to newspaper work," relates Mr. O'Higgins. And all the while he was sending in stories to the magazines, refusing to be discouraged by rejections. At length he wrote a prize story for Collier's Weekly, for which he received twelve hundred dollars. About this time he was doing stories of the New York Fire Brigade, which later were published in book form as "The Smoke Eaters."

Mr. O'Higgins tells an amusing incident about this series of stories. He had a fireman friend in the Greenwich Village district, and he would go in to see him. One of the men in this fire department remarked to his friend that he didn't think much of Mr. O'Higgins' stories.

"They're not literature," he said. "It's what any fireman knows. That book wasn't written by an author. Some fireman wrote it."

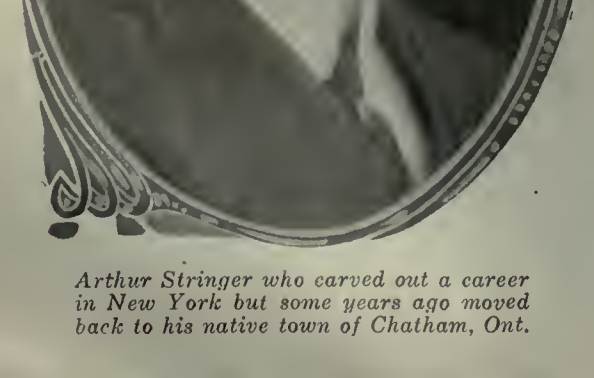
It is interesting to know that during these days, Harvey O'Higgins, Arthur Stringer, and Arthur MacFarlane shared a flat together in Greenwich Village, and together these three young Canadians dreamed, worked and struggled towards recognition and success. And now that success has come to all of them, they are still friends, with a friendship born of the struggle.



Harvey O'Higgins, a Canadian who interprets New York to the New Yorkers.



Arthur E. McFarlane, Canadian author, who makes his headquarters in New York, but is at present living in the West



Arthur Stringer who carved out a career in New York but some years ago moved back to his native town of Chatham, Ont.

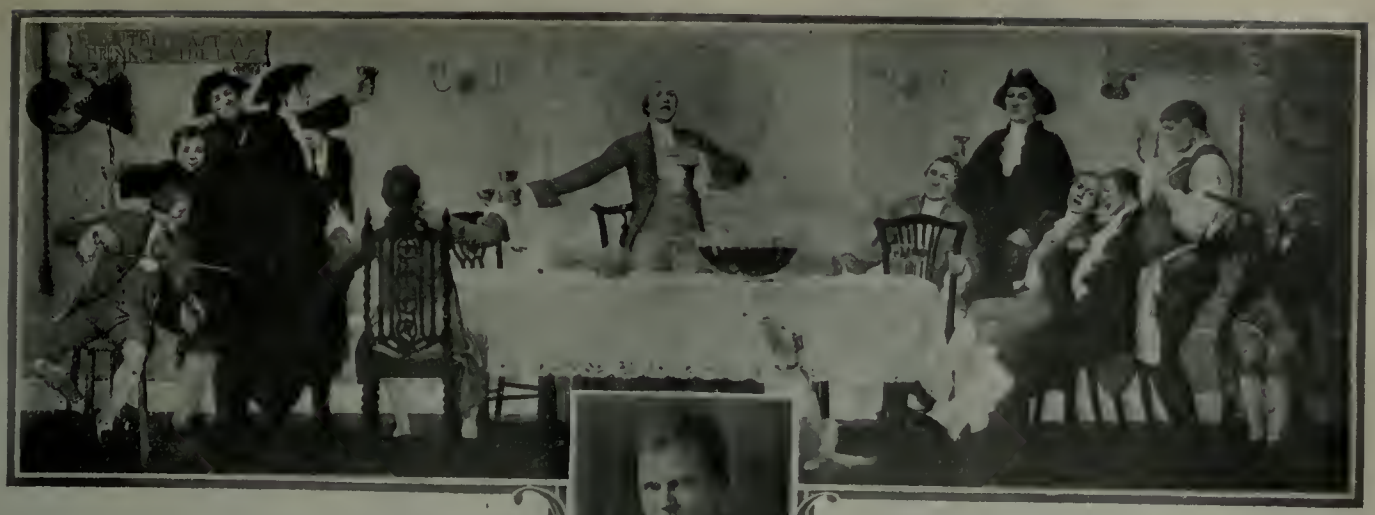
O'Higgins' first novel, "Don o' Dreams," was finished before he commenced to write Irish stories of which, by the way, he has written over a hundred. Among his most successful plays are, "The Argyle Case," "the Dummy," and "Polygammy."

The New York papers proclaim Mr. O'Higgins as "the one man who can write Irish stories."

ANOTHER interesting Canadian and one who has been unusually successful at a very early age, is Arthur William Brown, whose illustrations are to be found in any of the best current magazines. Born in Hamilton, his great desire was always to go to a large city where there would be scope to realize his ambitions. His insistent thought was that as soon as he had four hundred dollars he would go to New York, and this wish being at length gratified, he went; and duly started work at the Art Students' League.

But studying at the League was a slow process on the road to success, and Mr Brown evolved the enterprising idea of going on the road with Barnum and Bailey's Circus, to do sketches of circus life The originality of starting a career with a traveling circus appeals so much to the imagination that you feel that the man who carried it through will undoubtedly have succeeded. Slivers, the clown, who killed himself so tragically about a year ago, was the clown of Barnum and Bailey's at the time, and Mr. Brown, who says he found him an interesting and unusual character, would often assist him in the ring, taking the part of a clown himself At the time he looked upon his circus experiences in the light of a joke, but it was the first step towards success for his sketches, which he sold to the *Saturday Evening Post*, brought him recognition But, even so, it was a struggle, and for some years Mr. Brown was glad to have the opportunity of doing trifling work of any description for the magazines.

Arthur William Brown is now one of notable group of illustrators which also includes F. R. Gruger, Wallace Morgan and Henry Raleigh. Like all in this group, his idea of illustrating it is bring the personality into the picture His people are alive and vital, the people you know, the people you see every day. He has a special fondness for doing young girl and boy illustrations at the falling-in-love stage. His illustrations for Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen," are, I



considers his best work to date. He is perhaps best known for his baseball pictures, many of which have appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*. To do these, Mr. Brown does not sit in his studio and draw what he fancies will delineate what he desires to express. Instead, he either goes to the spring training camp or travels with one of the major league teams. There he gets the expression, the living personality, the real spirit of baseball; and that is why his people live and are not dead clay — puppets that the author pulls about by wire. Mr. Brown's illustrations could of themselves tell the story without the need of an author at all.

Mr. Brown is the youngest of this group of illustrators and with a vivid personality and a large amount of energy, he will unquestionably go far on the road to his ambitions.

ARTHUR CRISP, the mural artist, is another Canadian who has accomplished much by continuous hard work. Work, he says, has been the dominant thing in his life.

He met with an accident when very young, and most of his boyhood was spent as an invalid. Consequently, his parents thought that he would never be able to stand the hard work of an office day by day, and so they began to think of something easier, some less laborious work for him to do. So one day seeing him busily at work drawing pictures, they decided that the problem was solved. He would be an artist!

"They could not very well have thought of anything that entailed more hard work," says Mr. Crisp now, "especially as mural decoration was the form that appealed to me. When executing a large canvas, I am like a day laborer, running up and down ladders all the time."

Arthur Crisp went to New York when he was nineteen. He worked in the office of the Art Students' League at night and attended the classes during the day. After a year and a half he left the League and did not attend any school after. For a time he designed book plates at his studio on Fifth Avenue. Then he did decorative pen drawings, magazine covers, and so on, step by step, until he finally reached the goal of his ambition, mural painting, the oldest art, and, in his opinion, the highest. He got his first opportunity in this line from David Belasco, who commissioned him to paint seven mural panels for the Belasco Theatre, covering a space of one thousand square feet. It was



Arthur Crisp and a mural panel that shows him at his best.

while executing this tremendous piece of work, he says, that he really learned to paint.

"Mr. Belasco didn't know that I had never done any mural decoration before," laughed Mr. Crisp. "But you can do anything if you have to, and those panels are among the most successful I have ever painted."

Any man with ideas and ambitions such as these is sure to be successful, so it is with no surprise that one learns he has won a medal for a portrait of the Pan Pacific Exposition, and the first Hallgarten prize at the National Academy, as well as the collaboration prize at the Architectural League. He has three of his panels in the Robert Treat Hotel in Newark, New Jersey, and is at present working on another for the same hotel, besides doing a large panel for a private house.

Although his success has come to him young, Mr. Crisp has not arrived where he is without hard times. He says it makes him smile to read of the Chicago Board of Health planning how it is possible to feed a person on forty cents a day. Two dollars a week was his average allowance for food when he first came to New York, and he says he has never enjoyed life more than when living with five or six other artists equally poverty-stricken. They were all struggling to get on, not caring how little they had nor what they went without.



Francis G. Wickware.

TO be an editor and a publisher at the age of thirty-three, appears to be something of an achievement, especially when it is attended with such success as in the case of Francis G. Wickware, the editor of the American Year Book.

Mr. Wickware seems to have all the necessary requisites for a career—an indefatigable spirit for work, a quiet strength, and a capability for sustained thought and effort being among his chief characteristics, as his article published in the American Year Book of 1915 is proof of.

This article concerns the history "of the reactions of the European war in America," and is an intensely interesting treatise on trade conditions and international law. It touches also on the American notes regarding the outrages on American shipping, and in fact deals with everything that has affected America during the period of the war.

Mr. Wickware was born near Smith's Falls, Ontario. He graduated at McGill, and there took his degree, at present being President of the McGill Society in New York, spending a large portion of his time seeking out the McGill students who come to New York. After a course in Mining Engineering, in which he led his class, he was appointed to the Dawson Fellowship in Mining, and became an instructor in both engineering and English, while during the summers he undertook some surveying and railroad work in British Columbia.

But before he had served the full year of the Fellowship, and at the age of twenty-three, he was offered the associate editorship of the leading engineering monthly of both New York and London. Leaving college to become an editor seems so unusual as to be almost unheard of. Suc-

Continued on page 93.

Jordan is a Hard Road

Concluding Instalment of this Strong and Stirring Serial

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Author of "The Weavers," The Right of Way," "The Money Master," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

NATURE HAS HER SAY.

BRIBERY answering blackmail is not the highest form of diplomacy, but it was successful in the case of Robert Simeon Struthers, who sailed from Vancouver on the last sea-voyage he would ever make. Minden had some heart-searching as to the propriety of the course he had taken, but anything likely to injure his daughter caused him to harden his heart. To make her happy was an obsession. That was why he focused his interest upon the Sink-or-Swim Mine. Through it she could be provided with an "elegant" husband and a fortune also. He believed in the mine now even more fanatically than Sheldon. So it was that when Sheldon came to him in great anxiety, because of injury to the mine by fire and the break-down in machinery, also in regard to costs of the law suit which, though he had won, were heavy, Minden met him with a cheerful eye.

"How much do you want?" Minden asked him, going straight to the heart of the business.

Sheldon hesitated a moment, then he said, "I don't like telling you, it seems such a big sum. The break-down and the fire and the law costs will eat up ten thousand dollars, but——"

He paused. There was something on his mind and he hesitated to say it.

Minden came to his rescue. "Well, what is it, youngster? Got brain congestion? Out with it! Don't mind me."

The young man pulled himself together and returned Minden's look firmly. "Of course I ought to speak out frankly to you as a partner, but I feel you're risking so much on my——"

"I'm risking nothing at all," interjected Minden with a chuckle. "I know what I'm doing'. If there's one dollar in that mine there's millions, and I saw from the start you'd got to have more money. There's nothing in working a big mine penuriously. On your present plan there's a good livin' and there's twenty per cent. or more on capital; but another forty thousand put into machinery, development and hands 'd make the profits three hundred per cent. I know what I'm talking about. You want ten thousand dollars for break-down and the law costs. Settled; you've got it. Then there's forty thousand dollars that's wanted for development before we float the Company for five million dollars. Settled; you've got it—anyhow you'll have it in three days."

Sheldon was staggered. When he could get his breath he said: "It doesn't seem possible you mean it—but yes, of course, you do. You're not loaning all this money to the mine without a mortgage on my share?"

"No mortgage if I know it. I want another quarter of the mine; then you and I'll be goin' halves, and I'll think I got it cheap."

Sheldon's face lighted. "I'm glad you said that," he replied. "By rights you ought to have three-quarters of the mine, because I mightn't have had anything out of it, if it wasn't for you. I'm mighty glad you can do it."

Minden nodded. "So am I. But I am saying this too, son, that as soon as this matter is fixed, you're goin' to have ten thousand a year for managing the biz."

SHELDON made a protesting gesture. "Oh, I don't mind that for the present! When I'm married though I want more cash. It doesn't cost me much to live now, but ten thousand dollars a year won't be too much then, of course."

"Yes, it doesn't cost you much to live now," remarked Minden. "As near as I can figure, you spend 'bout as much as one of your workmen; but you've got to have somthing like what you're worth when you get married. To my thinkin' you'll have fifty times what you're worth when you're married, Sheldon," he added meaningly.

A warm, happy look crossed over Sheldon's face. "Yes, she's worth fifty times what I am, Mr. Minden," he replied.

"You don't think you'll ever repent marrying a girl like her, seein' what you've come from?" Minden asked, his eyes searching the other's face closely.

Sheldon laughed happily. "She's a lady, isn't she? Is there anything the matter with her manners? When the Governor's wife passed through, did you see any difference 'twixt her and Her Excellency?"

Minden chuckled. "Goin' just as easy with Her Excellency as with me," he answered—"talkin' as if they were sisters."

"Well, that's being a lady," answered Sheldon decisively. "What more do you want? I've seen a shoemaker as well bred as any royalty."

"You wouldn't want to give her up then?" asked Minden lightly, but with an inquisitorial look.

"That's what I'm always afraid of," answered Sheldon. "I don't want to give her up, but I might have to if she took a fancy to someone else."

"Then why don't you marry her at once?" queried the other.

"Because I want the mine to be steadied down to its work and going strong, so that she won't see any trouble in my face as there was in it to-day."

Minden smiled. "That's right, son, that's right; you've got the hang of the thing. You be good to her always like that. I guess you can get your marriage license out. With the fifty thousand dollars I'm going to pay for another quarter share, you can bet that mine'll run with greased wheels — like a snake down a hole."

"Well, I think you're right," answered Sheldon.

"Then go and see the lady and fix the day," urged Minden, "for you never can tell what'll happen. Better take things when the fit's on. I've got a fit on for the Sink-or-Swim, and you've got a fit on for the finest girl ever was; then let's act while it's on—while it's on."

They shook hands with a great swing and parted. Minden looked after the athletic figure with pride in his eyes. "There's a lot in good blood," he said. "You can breed men same as you breed animals."

This conversation occurred at the City Hall within the Mayor's office.

AS MINDEN stood ruminating on the departure of Sheldon upon a mission which brought back vividly the boisterous joy of his own courtship twenty-five years before, a misshapen figure in the open doorway of the room disturbed his vision.

"Well, Kernaghan, what brings you here? Isn't the cheque all right?" he said, remarking the green-looking paper in Kernaghan's hand. He saw it was a cheque he had given Kernaghan the day before for some casual work.

"Aw, Mr. Mayor, sir," answered Kernaghan sadly, "I took this cheque to the bank, an' they sez to me this morning, 'Put your name on the back of it,' they sez. 'I'm not paid for doing that,' sez I. 'Well, you'll get no money unless you do,' sez they to me. An' there I stood in the arly marnin' with my strength not come full, writin' me name on the back of a cheque. Then what d'ye think happened? I was just passin' it in, an' they was countin' out the money behind the bars of the cage, where they kep it, when in comes the Young Doctor, and what d'ye think he said? He wasn't lookin' very well. Shure, he always had a kind word for me no matter what time o' day it was, but in he comes an' just nods to me. Then he goes to the counter. 'I want to see Mr. Bristow' he sez—that's the Manager, you know. Just then Mr. Bristow comes into the cage behin' the bars. 'Good morning,' he sez to the Young Doctor. 'Good morning, Bristow,' sez he. 'Here's a pretty bad business,' sez he. 'What's that?' sez Mr. Bristow with a sharp look. 'Prince's Bank is gone,' sez the Young Doctor. 'It closed it's doors this marnin'. I have a telegram. Ten cents on the dollar I s'pose,' sez he; 'an' I had five thousand dollars in it?"

AT THE name of the bank, Minden paled, and a sort of film came over his eyes. His hand had been in his beard as he listened to Kernaghan, and at the mention of the bank-catastrophe the fingers clutched the beard so that his lower lip was dragged into an involuntary grimace of torture. That was all. He stood rigid and dazed.

"Prince's Bank! Prince's Bank—are you sure that's what the Young Doctor said?" he asked huskily.

"Aw, it's Prince's Bank in Winnipeg, all right," answered Kernaghan. "There's no mistake about that. It's the same that's on this cheque you give me yisterday. Am I to be losin' it, Mr. Minden? Is it that

Continued on page 94.

She Was a Peach!

By Hopkins Moorhouse

Who wrote "The Centre of Gravity," "What the Gods Send," etc.

Illustrated by Ben Ward

WITH complete dissatisfaction Mr. Arbuthnot Shoebottom eyed the gnawed bones that littered the little square of sawdust in which he squatted. There was also a sprinkling of peanut shells a few peach-stones and a banana-skin which a small boy had insisted on dropping into the cage.

Mr. Shoebottom's eyes smouldered as he looked upon the long toe-nails of his two bare feet, upon his brown hairy shanks, upon the girdle of leopard-skin and the black matted hair of his chest and arms. In the little hand mirror, hanging directly in front of him, he could get a glimpse of a great shock of long coarse black hair that cascaded about his head, of two eyes gleaming through it, of a big brown nose protruding and a wide mouth that just now was grimly shut.

Mouth, nose, eyes—these were genuine Shoebottom property while the black matted hair grew amid the pores of Mr. Shoebottom's skin and was accordingly genuine; the shanks—and the hair upon them—were likewise genuine, Mr. Shoebottom having used them for walking purposes ever since he was fourteen months old. But the great shock of long coarse, black hair had once switched flies from the flanks of an old nag while the brown tint of all the human cuticle in sight had come out of a can of walnut stain!

For the small sum of ten cents, one dime, you could have mounted the plank platform, walked over to the square wooden box arrangement covered with red bunting, and through the meshes of the wire cage that projected above it you could have convinced yourself that Mr. Arbuthnot Shoebottom was from the jungles of the Phillipines and was wild! Only you wouldn't have known that his name was Shoebottom nor would you actually have seen him "eat 'em alive!"

BUT it was not the knowledge that he was a humbug which bothered Mr. Shoebottom. Nor was his discontent born of the fear that his salary would not be forthcoming; "Old Boy Week" in Ontarioville was proving quite a windfall for most of the show people who had transferred their tents and paraphernalia at the close of the neighboring county fair. No. But it was the first time necessity had driven Mr. Shoebottom to link up with "a bunch of pikers!"

Just that—the whole caboodle from the animal circus gang right down to "Papita, Queen of the Gipsies," who told fortunes and financed all the fake gambling games on the grounds. The way things were conducted jarred upon Mr. Shoebottom's delicate sense of the artistic; the crowd wasn't given a run for its money. As for Nelles, his own boss,—he had as much business brains as a bug and there were fresh scratches on Mr. Shoebottom's bare shoulder where the rummy had *really* punched him with the steel prongs fixed to the stock of the whip! The way the "Buried Alive!" show quit had put the finishing touch to Mr. Shoebottom's contempt for his present associates; instead of getting busy, Williams, the "barker," had contented himself with trying to sell tickets by pointing to the banner that topped the tent, with the result that the public didn't seem to care whether the "Professor" stayed buried under six feet of earth without food or drink till Judgment Day. When Mr. Shoebottom thought of the possibilities if that show was handled right—! Decidedly this atmosphere of dimes and dirty collars was no place for him!

Mr. Shoebottom might have kept right on till he had developed a bad case of the reveries if Nelles hadn't mounted the "ballyhoo" out front and began to beat a brass gong. It was time for the first "spiel" of the afternoon and wandering sightseers were beginning to thicken to some semblance of a crowd. Mr. Shoebottom tossed away the end of his cigarette and listened to Nelles clumsily launching into his harangue.

"If this wiuld and savage crea-chure ever escaped," concluded the showman, "there would be no hope—*no-o* hope for any poor mortal who crossed his path! Ig-a-loo, the Wild Man of the Jungles, would tear 'em *limb from limb*, just as rep-re-sented in the picture before you!"

With his whip he slapped the canvas spread, lurid with paint. It was the signal for Mr. Shoebottom to leap to the top of the cage, clinging to the heavy wire meshes and shaking the structure till it rocked.

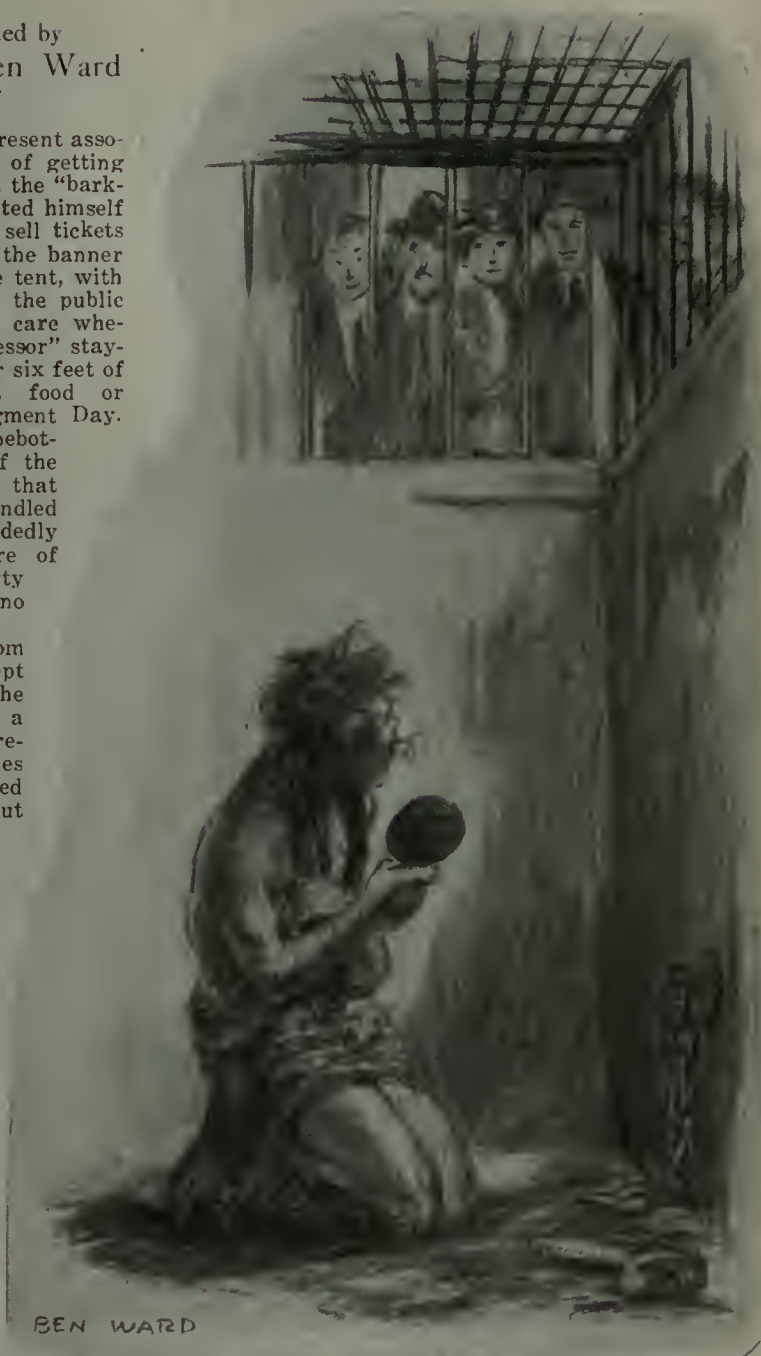
"Down, sir! *Down*" thundered Nelles, drawing his revolver and running over to the cage with raised whip.

A sharp prod with the prongs in the stock of the whip warned Mr. Shoebottom that he was clinging longer than usual. He dropped back out of sight with a snarl. He had been staring at a girl in a red tam-o'-shanter who stood in the front row, holding timidly to the arm of a big, young man. The latter was looking at her with a questioning grin.

"Gee, she's a peach!" muttered Mr. Shoebottom.

"Step right up, ladies and gentlemen. Only a dime. Better take off that red hat, lady," Nelles cautioned. "He's awfully fond o' bright colors—might try to snatch it, y'understand."

The two stool-pigeons who were paid $1.25 per day for leading the "rush" for tickets at the end of every "spiel" were



Mr. Shoebottom was grimacing into the little mirror and twisting it about in his hands.

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already at the cage, pointing into it with delight and wonder. When the girl peeped cautiously over the edge, clutching the lapel of her escort's coat, Mr. Shoebottom was grimacing into the little mirror and twisting it about in his hands.

"Some class all right!" murmured Mr. Shoebottom under his breath. "A queen for fair! Clean, strong guy she's with, too; looks like an easy mark, but Lord help the markers if he found out!" He caught sight of the gold band on the third finger of her left hand.

"Married!" grunted Mr. Shoebottom to himself. He threw the little mirror into the sawdust and, grabbing the chain with which he was fastened, pulled at it till the great muscles on his shoulders bulged to thrilling proportions.

"Oh Joe, look—the poor thing! I just think it's a shame to abuse a poor wild creature like that! Look at those scratches!" Her cheeks flushed with excitement. "The man said he liked bright colors and I'm going to give him my tam."

She stuffed it through the cage as she spoke and the "poor thing" reached for it with a gibber of delight. He caught a glimpse of her eyes, swimming with tears of pity, before her husband pulled her hastily away.

"Gee, she's a peach!" muttered Mr. Shoebottom wistfully.

AND then right on top of that there was a shuffle of feet and three faces grinned down into the cage. One belonged to Nelles; one to Williams, erstwhile "barker" for the defunct "Buried Alive" show; one to "Professor" Smith himself. The three faces were promptly withdrawn.

"What d'yuh know 'bout that!" gasped Nelles.

"Quick!" growled Williams. "Pipe the gink's phiz so yuh'll know 'm. That's the yap we got a string on. Fi' thousand cold an' you're in on it, Nel. See yuh later an' put yuh wise. Some pickin's, believe muh!"

Mr. Shoebottom listened, his jaw sagging. He leaped to the top of the cage and shook it wrathfully. He saw the girl and the big young man wending their way towards the animal circus. Williams and the "Professor" were descending the steps out front and Nelles was beginning his "spiel" once more.

II.

ONTARIOVILLE usually put out the cat and crawled between the covers not later than ten o'clock. After that hour it did not take the showgrounds long to become deserted; by midnight the flaring gasoline torches had gone out, tent-flaps were dropped and guy-ropes tightened, only the litter of paper bags remaining as souvenirs of the departed crowd. Here and there dull dots of lantern light glowed through the canvas of the smaller living tents at the rear and presently most of these faded out. Only a heavy-eyed watchman or two prowled about half-heartedly, frequently yawning.

The hour was propitious for little games of poker—and the hatching of mischief. There were no playing-cards or chips spread on top of the pine box around which the three men sat in "Professor" Smith's tent; the space was occupied by a couple of whisky bottles, a siphon of soda, glasses and a box of twenty-five cent cigars.

Even so. For it must be said that, when the eminent Ontarioville barrister, Mr. J. Cronyn Fennel, city father and petty grafter, set out to do a thing he did it with a fine appreciation of the psychological importance of frills. The grandest residence in the "South End," the fattest bank account, the strongest political pull—these are things compatible with twenty-five-cent cigars; besides, Mr. Fennel had long ago discovered that cats'-paws work better when well buttered.

The chestnuts the eminent gentleman was after just now belonged rightfully to Joseph Crawford, a young farmer from the neighboring county, whose mother owned a very desirable factory site in Ontarioville—a piece of property against which Fennel held a mortgage for $5,000, falling due within a week. In view of the fact that J. Cronyn Fennel had drummed up a chance to sell the property for a good round sum to the Dolliver-Grant Manufacturing Company, of Boston, it was unfortunate that Joseph Crawford had been carefully saving up his money to lift the mortgage as a present to the old lady when it fell due on her birthday. Fennel had been too much surprised at this unexpected news to think clearly until with equal unexpectedness he had run across an old political henchman in the trustworthy person of "Bat" Smith—otherwise Professor Smith—Under the stimulation of this meeting and a few drinks it was easy to see that if Joseph Crawford was parted from his five thousand dollars there would be nothing to prevent the foreclosure of the mortgage and the consummation of the deal with the Boston people.

Supposing that Mr. Smith and a couple of trusty friends had an option on some vacant property that Fennel owned; that Mr. Smith had a nephew who was private secretary to Mr. Dolliver, of Boston, and had received inside information that the Dolliver-Grant Company was going to locate its factory on the aforesaid Fennel property—supposing these things, would it not be possible to form a little syndicate to buy the Fennel property and hold up the factory people for a stiff sum? Wouldn't it be a splendid opportunity for a local man with some ready money to make a quick turn-over? It was easy to see that such a frame-up would divert suspicion from J. Cronyn Fennel. And this was the scheme, hatched in the wily Fennel brain that the three of them around the pine box—Smith, Williams and Nelles—were discussing.

"THE slick part of the thing," enthused Williams, who undertook to explain the deal to Nelles, "is that Punkin-Seed hands over his fi' thousand to a gazabo he's acquainted with down in Fennel's office. He puts up the coin in—in his crow, an'—"

"In his wha—at?"

"*In escrow*, you poor boob!" scowled Professor Bat Smith, helping himself to his fifth drink.

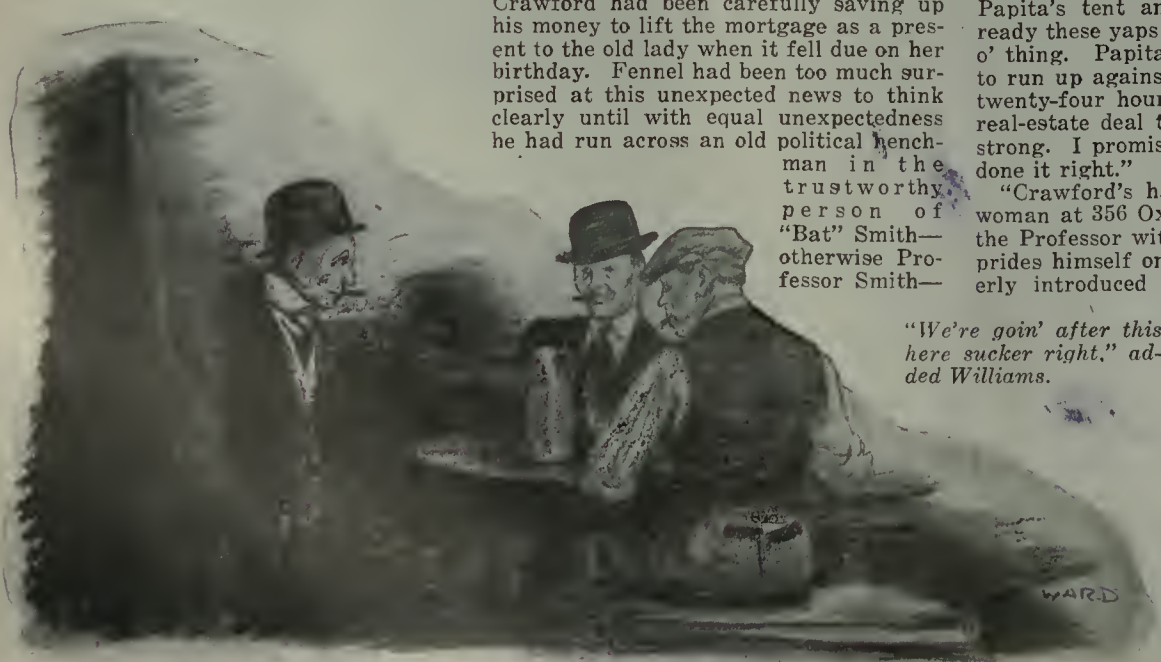
"I knowed it was somethin' like that. It's law lingo, Nel., meanin' sort o' stakeholder, y'understand."

"I'm having some cards printed for you, Nelles," nodded the Professor. "You'll meet Crawford Monday night and as manager of the Boston firm, all you got to do is to say you've decided to buy from us and are ready to hand over a check to our syndicate on the spot. That releases Crawford's coin an'—we flit."

"We're goin' after this here sucker *right*," added Williams. "He was doin' the whole works here to-day. Him an' his girl had their fortunes told over in Papita's tent an' yuh know 'bout how ready these yaps is to believe in that kind o' thing. Papita told 'em they was due to run up against a bunch o' luck within twenty-four hours—said it looked like a real-estate deal to her. She advised 'em strong. I promised Pap a hundred if she done it right."

"Crawford's hangin' out with the old woman at 356 Oxford St.," supplemented the Professor with the air of a man who prides himself on detail. "We got properly introduced an' laid our lines this afternoon. He's keen for it an' his money'll be posted in the morning." He yawned.

Very cautiously Mr. Arbuthnot Shoebottom backed out beneath the bottom of the tent. The disused coffin-box, in which the Professor had been buried alive for such a short and unprofitable time, was between Mr. Shoebottom and the



"We're goin' after this here sucker right," added Williams.

group near the tent-pole; it had afforded splendid concealment while he listened to the confab and now it completely protected his noiseless retreat.

For, although he was more or less of a humbug, Mr. Shoebottom didn't belong among "pikers" like these. He knew his duty. Anyway, she was a *"peach."*

BUT his plans for stopping the villainy that was afoot were completely upset next day. He was in his cage, waiting for the opening of the afternoon session, when Nelles mounted the staging, accompanied by McNulty, one of the animal circus men. With sudden misgiving Mr. Shoebottom noted that Nelles has donned a brand new suit of clothes which might readily have been worn by the manager of a concern like the Dolliver-Grant Manufacturing Company, of Boston.

"Goin' to look over the town with some friends this af, Shoebottom," he announced as the pair reached the cage. "Mac here will be ready to do the spiel in a few minutes an' you help him all you can. Here's your salary to date an' there's an extra 'V' in it fer yuh if yuh do real good this p.x. Looks like pickin's to-day."

Mr. Shoebottom merely nodded as he stowed his salary inside the tight-fitting trunks beneath the leopard-skin girdle.

"Seems there was a reporter took my spiel yesterday down in shorthand," grinned Nelles amiably. "Son-of-a-gun made quite a yarn of it—'bout you bein' some dangerous if yuh ever got loose an' so on. Good business, eh? You're doin' well, Ig. Eat 'em up! Horrify 'em! S'long."

Nelles and McNulty had no sooner withdrawn than Mr. Shoebottom began to do some rapid thinking and it may be recorded at once that the Shoebottom thinker at full speed could travel fast. The fact of the matter was that he had been figuring he had until Monday to perfect his plans, as yet but half formed. Apparently the three conspirators had found the plum so ripe they had decided to pluck it and partake of the fruit without waiting over the week-end and running unnecessary chances.



He swung at anchor. His long legs wobbled. He was scared dumb.

Cautiously "Ig-a-loo, the Wild Man of The Jungles," raised himself till he could sweep a hurried glance over the grounds. A big blue automobile was standing at the far end of the Midway and Nelles was walking briskly towards it. There was no mistaking the two waiting occupants; the Professor was in the driver's seat and Williams was lounging in the tonneau, smoking a cigar and laughing. There was an insolent cock-sureness in the fellow's attitude that made Mr. Shoebottom grit his teeth.

HE dropped back onto his feet, his mind made up. Unless something were done at once to prevent the appointment with Crawford the deal would be consummated and the young farmer would not wake up till Monday to the fact that he had been buncoed. By that time the precious trio would be far away. There was no time to send a messenger with a note to Crawford, even a trustworthy messenger. Mr. Shoebottom had a plan that promised better than that.

He chuckled at the daring of it as he reached quickly in behind the loose board at the bottom of his cage and grabbed up two articles. The red tam-o'-shanter for a mascot he thrust inside his girdle; an unopened can from his supply of walnut stain followed suit.

Seizing the huge combination of bludgeon and tomahawk, supposed to be his native weapon in the days when he ran wild in his jungles, Mr. Shoebottom pulled away a second loose board and slipped through the opening. He crawled quickly along under the plank platform till he could peer out over the grounds in hasty survey.

Then gathering his hairy brown legs beneath him and drawing in a big breath, he suddenly sprang out into the glare of the afternoon sun. With a genuine blood-curdling yell he brandished his terrible club around his head and sped like the wind, heading as the crow flies, straight across the lot.

III.

DINNER was over, the dishes washed and Ontarioville just sallying forth for another afternoon of it in white dresses and ribbons, crash hats and post-prandial cigars. Quite a crowd had already foregathered in the neighborhood of the "Tented City." The newspaper review of the "goings-on" had caught the Old Boy carnival spirit with clever fidelity; the half serious description of

Continued on page 106.

Records of Success

A department given over to sketches of interesting Canadian men and women

America's Best Wheat Grower

By Norman Lambert

ABOUT ten years ago, at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, a scientific mind applied itself to the production of a grain of wheat which when planted in the rich soil of the Western plains would grow and develop so rapidly that it would mature into a fully ripened crop ten days to two weeks earlier than any other kind of seed. The object which the scientist had in mind in doing this, was to enable the prairie farmer to secure his wheat crop from the ravages of frost, which so often have been felt in the West toward the end of August. Without sacrificing the quality or the quantity of the Western wheat crops but at the same time ensuring an earlier harvest, the scientist finally evolved a variety of grain which since has become widely known as "Marquis."

Early in the spring of 1911, a small five-pound package of this Marquis wheat was sent from the Central Farm at Ottawa to an obscure little farm near Rosthern, Saskatchewan. In April of that year it was duly sown, and in the following August, from an area comprising one-twentieth of an acre, a crop of wheat was taken which yielded at the rate of 80 2-3 bushels per acre. In October, at the New York Land Show, a bushel of this same wheat was on exhibition, in competition with bushel lots of wheat from every part of America. It was a world competition, and the specimen from the little farm at Rosthern won the highest honors, which were in the form of a thousand dollars in cash and a fine silver loving cup. That was the way in which Seager Wheeler, of Rosthern, Saskatchewan, was introduced publicly to the people of Canada. Since 1911 he has exhibited samples of his wheat at International land shows and farming congresses in different parts of the United States and Canada, and three times he has captured the first prize, entitling him to a world reputation as a grower of grain.

In Western Canada, Seager Wheeler is famous from one end of the prairie plains to the other. He is known as the wizard of seedsmen. His ability to select the best kind of grain to plant in the ground each spring has been the secret of his success. He has applied gardening methods to grain-growing on the boundless prairie. In the West, the standard of a man's success on the land is only too apt to be the number of acres he possesses. But Seager Wheeler brought with him from the old country certain principles of thoroughness in his relationship to the soil which he never forgot even on the prairie where the temptation to deal in wide areas often overcomes any inherent desire to practise agriculture intensively. While others were breaking up vast tracts of prairie and becoming the owners of thousands of acres of partially developed land, he remained content with his homestead, improving it by thirty and forty acres at a time, and finally transforming it into one of the most carefully cultivated farms in Western Canada.

SEAGER WHEELER was born at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. He came to Canada in the Spring of 1885, and arrived in the Northwest in time to see something of the Rebellion. He had no capital and very little experience with which to support himself on a prairie farm at that time. The C.P.R. was being built across the plains in 1885, and Seager Wheeler went as far West as he could make his way. He found himself at Moose Jaw in the month of May, and a few months later trekked northward 175 miles to a friend's farm, near the present City of Saskatoon. There, he learned the stern lessons of a pioneer farmer on the prairie. It was necessary to trail to Moose Jaw every fall and spring for supplies. Speaking of the first crop of wheat he harvested in Canada, Mr. Wheeler said on one occasion, that he and his friend managed to prepare thirty acres for wheat, the seeding of which was done by throwing the grain broadcast. "Farm implements were pretty scarce in those days," he said. "The grain was sown mostly by hand, and I have seen men harrow it with branches of trees. Needless to say, we did not have big yields in those days."

After two years of pioneering on his friend's farm, Seager Wheeler returned to Moose Jaw to work on the new railway. He spent two years with the C.P.R., saved some money, and then left again for the northerly part of the country where he filed on a homestead bordering on the banks of the Saskatchewan River. Speaking of his work on this first farm of his own, he records that he did not attempt "to farm large acres." "I used to pick over my seed by hand," he said, "in order that all weed seeds and inferior grains



Snapshots of Seager Wheeler taken on his Rosthern farm.

should be taken out. I wanted to sow the very best grain even in those days." Finally, after doing well on the homestead located beside the Saskatchewan River, Wheeler decided to move still farther north to a better piece of land, near the town of Rosthern. This was in the late nineties, and he has been in the same place since that time, believing as he has testified many times that his particular soil cannot be beaten for grain growing by any other in America. Some time ago the writer had the privilege of calling upon Seager Wheeler in the middle of the crop season. His snug little farm cottage was nestled in the midst of a grove of trees and shrubbery, which spoke eloquently for the first work which the little Englishman did upon locating near Rosthern. He had planted hedges of Southernwood, Caragana, maples, Russian poplar and willows. At the time of the Queen Victoria Jubilee, Lady Aberdeen sent out to the settlers in the West, small packets of lilac seed obtained from the grounds of the Government House at Ottawa. Wheeler had received a packet, and had carefully planted the seeds. Today, the healthy, vigorous bushes that have sprung from those seeds, bloom luxuriantly and add a touch of beauty to that well cultivated little farm at Rosthern which could not be equalled by acres of golden wheat.

"It was always my object," he told me, "to do things thoroughly on the farm, as far as I was able. I am a book farmer and an indoor farmer as well. We often hear uncomplimentary things about such men, but show me the farmer who does not read and I will show you a poor farmer. Problems are worked out in the arm chair by the fire as well as observing outside during the daytime." This man also said that he was a subscriber to one daily, three weekly and five farm papers. A strict devotion to the details of agriculture, working out little, knotty problems at night-time with pencil and paper and above all being particular about the quality of the seed he plants each year. have contributed to the success and marked achievements of Seager Wheeler. For instance, the bushel of wheat which took the first prize at the New York Land Show was practically hand picked and thoroughly cleaned. "It was cleaned," he said, "in the same manner as I clean my own grain every year for seed purposes. There were no broken grains in it, no immature grains, no useless immaturities and no smut. It is just this giving attention to small details that counts."

SEAGER WHEELER was simply one of the many "green Englishmen" who have been seen in all parts of this new country during the past twenty years. But if he was green at one time, he was never careless. Probably there is no other one grain grower living in the Middle West who has done as much to add to the sum total of Canada's wealth as Seager Wheeler of Rosthern, Saskatchewan. His crops are not now grown for the grain exchange. They are produced for other farmers to plant. His seed has been sought and secured from all districts of the West. His crops have in this way increased a million fold. Dr. Charles Saunders, in the laboratories at the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa, discovered the early Marquis wheat for the prairie farmer. It was Seager Wheeler, however, who cast this seed into the ground and saw it bring forth much fruit. He demonstrated its practical qualities, and incidentally brought great credit and international fame to his country and himself through his work.

The Artful Forks

By Mary Gaunt

Illustrated by J. W. Beatty

"A BLOOMIN'——" the older man paused to give weight to an entirely unprintable adjective—"fool! That's what I reckon a chap who takes the trail with the thermometer at anything below forty-five degrees; an' when he calkilates on toddlin' along on his lonesome an' negotiatin' them Artful Forks—Well——" He let out a blast of profanity that ought certainly to have raised the temperature even in the heart of the Yukon at midwinter.

"And why particularly the Artful Forks?" asked Chinnery, impatient to be off. He had lingered too long already helping old Pete Taylor, and he wanted to reach Lockhart's Crossing before Nan Magary had left, and she was going back to Lenana to-morrow. If he wanted to see her (and he did want to see her badly), he must be there to-night. It could be done, even though the temperature was low.

"Them Artful Forks is deceivin'," said Pete, turning over the quid in his cheek and spitting thoughtfully on the stove; "partic'larly when the temperatoor' is low and there ain't no sun. They got O'Rafferty. Bin on the trail longer nor any man in the Yukon, he had, but we picked him up in March on all fours, a stiff un, up False Fork. An' they done for Compton an' O'Donnell, two of 'em together!"

"I've been along pretty often," said Paul Chinnery, tying on his moccasins preparatory to setting out, "and I've never had any difficulty."

THE Artful Forks had a sinister reputation among the scanty inhabitants of the district. Four rivers met there in a marshy, open space to form Lockhart's River, which eventually flowed into the Yukon; and the little frozen rivers, in the winter time, were the roads into the interior. One went down to Anderson's claim, abandoned now; another, the one Paul Chinnery was on, led past old Pete Taylor's cabin to the Lenana Mission station, where Daniel Clark and his niece, Nan Magary, ministered to the Indians.

A third, carefully followed, ran to another small Indian encampment; but it was the fourth that had the evil name. It went away into the northern wilderness beyond the ken of white men, and it was whispered there was something uncanny about the False Forks. It enticed men to their doom.

There was O'Rafferty, and he did not drink, so no man knew why he had gone up the False Fork, instead of up the Little Fish to Pete Taylor's and Lenana; and there were the two men Compton and O'Donnell, who, going *down* the river to Lockhart's were still enticed into the False Fork and perished, leaving no word of the why and wherefore of their having turned from the righ road.

"You ain't bin along it, son, with a temperatoor' at fifty below an' no sun. That's when them Artful Forks does the trick."

Paul Chinnery did not believe in the legend of the Artful Forks, but he had no doubt for the rest that old Pete Taylor was right. It was not wise to travel, and to travel alone, with the temperature below forty-five degrees.

But a girl's word rang mocking in his ears.

"Slacker!" he heard she had said. "I call a man who does not join up when his country wants him, a coward!" and he felt that her mouth had shut with that determined air it wore when she was laying down the law to a small rebel in her class at the mission school.

Oh, Nan Magary was sweet and tender and charming, but she had a mind of her own, and he felt it bitterly that she should hold him up to scorn. He wondered she did not know that it was she who kept him in Alaska, and he wanted to tell her that it was only since the last mail had come in, that unexpected chance mail, that he had thoroughly realized the call the Great War was making on the sons of the empire, realized that he ought to go.

HE HAD gone to Lenana to tell her so; and behold, she and her uncle were making a rare visit to Lockhart's Crossing. He felt if he started out in the great cold he had some chance of seeing her there, of spending the evening with her, of explaining and thrashing out the whole matter before they parted for perhaps—since he was going to the front—ever. He had left a letter for her, but he must go.

What if it was cold? As long as things went well, the cold didn't really matter. Nine hours to Lockhart's Crossing, and his gear was already there. What could happen to him in nine hours with Nanook to keep him company? And as for the sinister Artful Forks, he had hit the right trail so often he really did not see how he could go astray.

Anyhow, he was willing to risk it, and he tied the last string of his moccasins, pulled his parka over his face, and whistled cheerily to his dog.

"So-long," said he to Pete Taylor, and he and Nanook slipped out of the door



In two minutes a great fire was dancing on the snow, and the missionary was stripping off Paul's footgear.

and down onto the ice of the frozen stream.

Nanook was a handsome silver-grey malemuit with a sharp black muzzle and a bushy tail, a little depressed now, as if he were not quite pleased at leaving the warmth of the fire and traveling in such cold.

IT *was* cold. It smote Paul Chinnery in the face and took his breath away. But though he paused for a moment, he took the trail, the narrow, dark trail that curled and twisted and ran in and out and up and down across the gentle, snow-white undulations around him.

It was all dead white far as the eye could see. Overhead was the clear sky without a cloud, but the light was soft and gray and subdued. There was no sign of sun—there would be no sun. This mitigated daylight was all he could hope for on the 20th of December so far north.

Oh, and it was cold! The ice was forming on his lips and stiffening them; there were icicles on his eyebrows, and the hair of his parka was frozen by his moist breath against his cheeks. Again and again he put up his mittened hand to brush away the ice, and again it formed. Over Nanook's head was a little misty cloud.

Well, he was bound to go if it was seventy-five degrees below, and he was glad he was traveling light. He musn't come to grief, though, that was certain; for there would be no one out on the trail to help; and having come to that comfortable conclusion, he tried to whistle cheerily to Nanook, and laughed when he found he could not. His beard and mustache were frozen into a sheet of glass. Clearly he must avoid accidents. And there was no need to whistle to Nanook. He was trotting along very soberly beside him, his gay tail, that usually curled defiantly over his back, lowered despondently.

It occurred to him for the first time that the dog didn't like the weather.

"Cheer up, Nanook," and he put out a mittened hand and patted his head. "We're not likely to come to grief, you and me." And again he looked round on the white waste in the subdued light, and thought a poor lookout for him it would be if he did.

TWO hours—three hours—the going was good. He was nearing the Forks. He would stop there and build a fire, and rest by it and eat his noonday meal, the biscuit and bacon that he carried inside his jacket, with just a little titbit to make the noontide halt pleasant for Nanook, and show him that he was not forgotten.

The cold against his bare face was painful, and even his hands inside his mittens, for all his brisk exercise, were tingling. Forty-five degrees below—perhaps it was more than forty-five, and he spat because he had read somewhere that spittle would crackle as it hit the ground at fifty degrees below. There was a sharp little snap almost under his nose, and he stood still for a second.

It had cracked in the air! What did that mean? Nanook looked up at him gravely, questionably. And Paul Chinnery slapped his mittened hand against his thigh. If it meant anything, it meant that the temperature was considerably below fifty degrees, more than eighty-two degrees of frost!

"Nan, Nan," he said aloud, and his voice sounded strange and lonely and feeble in the cold stillness, eighty-two degrees of frost. At least I can't be called a slacker any more," and even as he spoke the ice gave way and he sprang back hastily.

There were springs in this stream that never froze, even when the river was solid to the bottom as it was now, and to get into one of them would necessitate a stop and a fire to dry himself. They were not easily seen, for the top was frozen, and over that again lay a thin coating of snow.

He had evidently hit one of them.

"That was a near shave," he said, and his voice seemed smaller and lonelier than ever; and to counteract the feeling he sank his mittened right hand into Na-

nook's thick fur and, turning, scrambled up the bank and looked around. Seeing the danger of the springs, perhaps, it would be better if he kept off the river.

BUT IT was impossible. Away, away stretched the snowy landscape, grey white, subdued, soft, with every angle rounded, every rough corner smoothed; away till it mingled with the sky in one toneless blend of gray whitness that threatened—yes, threatened.

The sun would have made it dazzling; every snowflake would have glinted and reflected his rays like a jewel; but there was no sun, and the white grayness under the twilight sky was sinister. It was so still, too; nothing moved; there was no sound of bird or beast, and it seemed to him that his own footsteps and those of the dog in the heavy, dry snow were trespassing on the silence of the secret places that was indefensible and inexcusable.

And the snow was everywhere. It covered all the driftwood piled along the banks. The stunted spruce and willow were half buried in it; their branches were heavily weighted with it, and beyond the timber it covered up all the inequalities of the earth. Before he had taken half a dozen steps he knew, as he had known all along, that the only possible going was on the little river. It would be impossible to make Lockhart's Crossing any other way, and he turned back almost with a sigh of thankfulness.

The loneliness was not so impressive, so overwhelming down on the river. The stream stood between him and an empty world.

He stood on the bank for a moment, looked over his shoulder with a faint shudder, patted Nanook between his prick ears with a strange sense of thankfulness for his presence, and then, because the bank was a little steeper here, swung himself down onto the ice and—went in up to his knees.

HE WAS out again in a moment, but the thing was done. He sprang for the bank again, and as he scrambled up he felt the icy cold gripping his feet and ankles in a vice. And then, before he had gathered together a pile of dry grasses and driftwood on the snow to make a bed for the fire, all feeling had died out and the numbness was creeping upward.

"My God!" he cried in alarm. Who would have thought the cold could have been so quick? His instincts had been right. Terror *did* brood over the gray loneliness, and he hastily tossed together the driftwood and the grass under a willow tree and felt in his pocket for the tobacco box in which he carried some strips of rag well soaked in kerosene to serve as tinder.

He got it out, but the tin top stuck and his hands in his mittens were too clumsy to unfasten it. He dragged off a mitten, and the tin box-lid stuck to his fingers—and even as he looked he saw his hand grow white and dead-looking, felt it numbing.

He hastily tore the box away, beat his hand back to tingling life again, and thrust it inside his jacket and shirt against his flesh.

And now he could no longer feel his feet. He was standing there certainly; but he had to look down to make sure he was standing on his own feet. All sensation had gone. Nanook settled himself down with his big bushy tail like a blanket drawn over his nose and paws and his wise little eyes looked out approvingly.

His master was going to light a fire. That is what he thought he ought to do. That is what by his drooping tail he had been trying to convey to him was the proper course. But the fire was not lighting, and he looked up with a little friendly remonstrant whimper.

And Paul suddenly felt desperate. He *must* get that fire, *must* get it, even at the cost of frozen fingers. If he lost his fingers and toes he might yet save his life. He snatched out his hand again, ripped off the mitten, got the matches, and struck one. The little yellow flame was strangely friendly in the dim gray sameness. He applied it to the nearest bunch of dry grass.

It was too close under the tree, it was too far from the little platform he had made for the fire, but he had no time to choose, and it flared up cheerfully.

But his hand was frozen again.

He thrust it inside his jacket, and with the other still mittened he flung on small branches and dried twigs. It was imperative he get off his moccasins. The firelight was leaping and dancing, and Nanook uncoiled himself and sat up straight looking into the flames.

FEVERISHLY Paul worked. He was numb past his knees now, and one hand was helpless, but he must get the fire so big there would be no fear of its being quenched by the melting snow.

There was grave danger of that here among the timber. The little trees were laden with it, and even if he had had the time he had not the power to carry the life-giving flame beyond their range. If he would save his feet he must act quickly. He stooped to unlace his moccasins.

The cords were stiff wires, the leather was cast-iron, and as far as his sensations were concerned his feet were not inside them. One hand he kept inside his shirt, beating it feebly against his body in the vain hope that he could thaw it, and the other in the mitten was clumsy beyond words. He went closer, closer to the dancing flames, and a glow of thankfulness came to his heart when he found the hard leather of his moccasins growing moist and soft. Now surely——

Something stirred, something else moved, there was another sound beside the crackling of the flames. He looked over his shoulder with a strange feeling of dread, and before he could even think how he was to safeguard himself he saw that all the snow-laden little tree beneath which he had built his fire was moving.

He looked at it, dazed with the feeling that he ought to do something to save his precious fire, his life-giving fire. Something might be done he was sure if he were only quick enough, but he felt tied and bound as in an evil dream, and the snow, with a soft, slurring sound, melted underneath by the heat of the fire, slipped from the branches, for a second little by little and then with a great rush, and all his dancing flames, the flames that just made the difference between life and death, were gone, buried beneath a miniature avalanche.

It was so small, so pitifully small, but it did the trick for him. The friendly yellow flames were gone, and the grayness and the still silence of a midwinter day beyond the Arctic Circle settled on the scene once more.

It spelled death—death. He knew it. Death. That was what threatened him when he looked out just beyond here. And Nan Magary was not so very far away, but he was well on the road——

He would not die! He would *not!* It only wanted a fire to save him. He had matches, he had tinder, he had fuel heaped up, and by the armful! Why should be be conquered by the cold?

HE TOOK out his frozen hand and looked at it as if it belonged to some one else. He put it back in his furs. His feet were like logs, but his left hand was still good, and he piled up with it small branches and dried grass, and in the midst he put the tin box full of kerosene rags that he could not open, and then he got out his matches again.

But to strike a match with one hand helpless and the other in a fur mitten is well-nigh impossible. He tried to put it in his mouth, but because of the fringe of icicles he could not get it there.

"Damn!" he said; and then recognizing his own helplessness, "O God! O God! help me!" and the numbness was creeping up his legs.

Yes, death had threatened. Death was more than threatening now. Yet if only he could get the fire, all might still be well. Nanook blinked at him out of his wise little eyes fringed with white hoar frost that made him look like an old, old dog; and then he sat up, listened, gave one long-drawn howl that sounded intensely mournful and lonely in the stillness, and settled down again with his tail arranged over his paws.

Ah, Nanook could afford to wait, but his master was desperate. And old Pete had warned him against the Artful Forks. He thought of O'Rafferty, the man who had been found on all fours—"a stiff 'un" — and he put the matches back in his pocket and started to run. It was hopeless he had been told, but clearly it was equally hopeless to stand here fumbling with the matches. If he took the mitten off his other hand, that would freeze, too. He must get a little warmth into his limbs before he attempted such a thing, and he dropped down onto the river again and began helplessly running on his way, abandoning the precious box with its tinder and the grass he had gathered for a fire.

HE KNEW he was running, but how he was doing it he did not know, for into his feet came not the smallest sensation. Still he moved on over the ice, and he might have been gliding in the air just fighting a little against a weight which dragged him down.

At first he ran madly, but then he sobered down. If he must die, at least he would die decently. He must be more than ten miles from old Pete's, and though he had still twenty-five miles to go before he could reach Lockhart's Crossing, he still went on. He could not reach old Pete's unaided; that he knew. Still less could he reach Lockhart's Crossing; but if there was going to be anybody on the trail—and he laughed a bitter laugh at the thought, no one was likely to be such a fool as he had been—it would be between the Artful Forks and Lockhart's Crossing.

He thought of old Pete's warning about the Artful Forks. Well, it couldn't make much difference to him which fork he turned up. It struck him he was going to

end it here in the wilderness. The gray waste that threatened had him, had him fast.

He was nearing the forks, too. The stunted, snow-covered timber on the banks was evidently a little heavier, and the river was opening out.

And now he was going to die, he said to himself; he was going to die. Well, he had offered his life for his country. He was sorry it should be of no account; sorry that, perhaps, after all, Nan Magary would not understand.

THERE came to him the thought that he would not die as O'Rafferty had died, on all fours, and if he stumbled on like this that is how it would end. He would stop and try once more to make a fire, and if he could not, then he would lie down in the snow and wait for the end. It would be better, more dignified, and he derived a curious satisfaction from the thought that he would die in more dignified fashion than O'Rafferty had done.

He could not have climbed high banks now, but here were no banks. In all probability during the brief summer it was all marsh, and he turned aside and sought feebly for grass and autumn leaves. Nanook came after him evidently interested. He yelped and whined, and when after the most futile effort Paul sat down, the dog crept up to him and put his muzzle against his cheek.

It comforted him in his loneliness, and he wondered pitifully what would become of the dog when he was dead. Poor, faithful dog. There were so many men in Alaska who could not appreciate a good dog. If he could only have written and asked Nan Magary to take him. But his right hand was dead, dead. He was beginning to feel sleepy, and if he slept—

The dog was tugging at his jacket, tugging and lifting up his voice and yelping. So he knew his master was going, and Paul derived a certain strange satisfaction from being thus mourned before he was dead. It took away from the loneliness that was pressing in on him. He had dared the cold wastes of the north, and the north was demanding his life as a just and fitting sacrifice.

"Old chap!" he said, and again he felt how small a thing was his own voice, "old chap! Good dog!"

But the dog would not let him die in peace. He yelped, the yelp rose to a howl, and he rose up and ran a little way down the river, looking back over his shoulder as if inviting his master to follow. And for a moment Paul hesitated.

Surely he had done enough, suffered enough, and if the dog liked to desert him —and then because the loneliness was more terribly oppressive than ever without his companion, he made an effort and rose to his feet, and looked round, for the last time he felt, over the waste.

HE STOOD now just a little higher than the surface of the river, and he could see that he had arrived at the meeting place of the waters. It was cold, cold and gray, the heaped-up snow that covered everything was gray, cold and gray, the surface of the river was cold and gray.

This was the Artful Forks where four little streams met, and as he looked out drearily and hopelessly, his eyes following the dog, a darker mark on the frozen grayness, he felt he understood why men had taken the wrong turning and gone on into the wilderness. He was not sure, now, that he could hit the river that led to Lockhart's Crossing.

Not that it mattered. The death that had threatened had his hand on his shoulder, and Nanook had gone. He seemed to stand outside himself and to see himself pitifully watching the dog, his last friend, fleeing down the icebound river, deserting his master in his extremity.

It was cruel, cruel. It brought home to him the hardship of dying as nothing else could have done.

"Nanook! Nanook!" he called, and put all his failing strength into the shout so that it seemed to echo and re-echo through all the waste places, "Nanook!"

But Nanook the faithful, the obedient, never looked back, and he called again, "Nanook!"

It was hopeless to overtake him, hopeless to think of moving now. Oh, the bitterness of being abandoned even by a dog!

He called once more, and felt he would never speak again. It was too awful calling into the gray desolation. "Nanook!"

AND THERE came an answer. A weird, long-drawn call it seemed to him; a call that might have come from the very spirit of the frozen waste. To his failing senses it seemed not articulate, not of this world.

It came again. A long-drawn-out cry. With his mittened hand he rubbed his eyes. It came from the north, from the False Fork.

Another cry, a little nearer. There was the way he had come, there was the way to Lockhart's Crossing nearly due south, there was the river that led to Anderson's old claim, and there was the False Fork leading straight into the desolate north—and the cry came from there.

He was going mad. He was! He rubbed his eyes again, and it seemed to him there was a sled drawn by six dogs and two people with it, and Nanook was bounding along beside them, leaping and dancing and running on ahead.

It was impossible— he was dreaming—he was dreaming—this was an illusion.

And the sled had drawn up, and Nanook, like a thing demented, had his paws on his master's shoulders and Paul Chinnery was looking into the eyes of Daniel Clark, the missionary in charge of Lenana, and beyond—beyond—the eyes that looked out of the fur hood were surely the dancing brown eyes of Nan Magary!

"My God!" said the missionary, taking in the situation at a glance. "Just in time!" and without another word he felt in his pocket for a piece of dried birch-bark, and in two minutes a great fire was dancing and leaping on the snow, the girl was heaping on fuel, the dogs were lying blinking at it, and the missionary was stripping off Paul's footgear.

"Come and rub his hand, Nan Magary," he said. "We're in time, I think. but only just. He'll lose his toes."

"But," said Paul when he had gathered his wits together, "what were you doing on the False Forks?"

The missionary looked up from his rubbing, and Paul saw a scared look come into his eyes.

"The False Forks," he repeated. "We were just scooting home quick as we could go because we got word last night little Arthur, the half-breed, was very sick, and Nan thinks they won't take proper care of the poor child unless she's there to look after him. And she's about right, too. I don't hold with traveling with the thermometer so low, but two of us—" and then he broke off. "The False Fork, did you say?" he repeated. "I guess it was lucky we saw the dog and heard you call——"

"Indeed I'm grateful," said Paul, and he felt the pain of returning life in his feet, and his voice broke though he tried to make light of it. "But I guess honors are easy. I've come down from old Pete Taylor's just now along this river, the turning for Lenana's——"

The girl broke down and hugged the frozen hand against her warm bosom.

"Oh, Uncle Dan! Uncle Dan! The Artful Forks were getting us after all! Oh, Uncle Dan! We'd just turned into the False Fork when Nanook came along! Oh, Paul Chinnery, if you hadn't come along!"

GRAY, gray and desolate was the sunless world. Away to the north it threatened as it had threatened all the morning, but here, a miracle, was the —leaping, dancing firelight, and here, a greater miracle, surely, was the girl he loved looking at him with tender, love-lit eyes. Painfully the life was coming back to his limbs, and in his heart was the joy too great for words.

"A man's a fool that travels with a temperature below forty-five degrees; alone or in company he's a fool. I've always said it, and I ought to have stuck to it," and Daniel Clark spoke low. He himself, an old-timer, had been rescued from the fatal False Fork.

But the girl bent forward and the look in her eyes was a caress.

"We'll go back along the river to Lenana," she said with a quiver in her voice, "and look after you properly there. Surely only the good God could have arranged we should meet at the Artful Forks in time to save each other from death."

And Nanook gave a joyful yelp. "Don't forget my share in the business!" said he.

Four splendid short stories will appear in the June issue from Sir Gilbert Parker, Hopkins Moorhouse, A. C. Allenson and Arthur Beverly Baxter. : : :

REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

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The New Rulers of Russia

A Review of the Men at the Head of the Provisional Government.

ASIDE from the war itself the Russian revolution is the greatest event of the century from the historical standpoint. It is still so recent that the world has failed to realize yet its full significance. It is epochal, immeasurably important in its bearing on the future of the human race.

What form the new government will take has not yet been decided and the chief interest at present centers in the provisional government that has been formed. In this connection it is interesting to quote from an article by Isaac Don Irvine in the American *Review of Reviews*, describing the leaders of the revolution who now control the destinies of the Russian nation:

Dangers there still are in the path of the new Russia, but the new government is composed of men of sterling ability and profound vision. The Committee of Safety proceeded to form a new Cabinet as soon as the old government had been overthrown. It is the most fortunate, the most gifted, the most expert Cabinet that ever took over the helm of a nation after a revolution. It represents the cream of Russia, the noblest sons of which have been drafted into its ranks. It has the ability to steer Russia safely to victory and an era of light and liberty and justice. It has the vision and the idealism necessary to make Russia not a mere member of the family of democracies in the world, but a great and fit leader of humanity.

Prince George Lvoff, the new Russian Premier, is the Russian Lloyd George. A man of royal extraction, for he is a descendant of Rurik, the first Russian ruler, Lvoff is a democrat to the last fibre of his constitution. A man of prodigious working capacity, of enormous business experience accumulated in the course of his Presidency of the All-Russian Zemstvo Union, of penetrating vision, Lvoff is also a great humanitarian. His heart as well as his house is open to all. Charming in his humility, mild-tempered, but steadfast, the Prime Minister of the new Russia is the only man in the empire who can command the respect of all factions and parties.

Perhaps the latter trait is the most important of all. For party strife is more bitter in Russia than in the United States or Great Britain. Russia and France will fall into the same category in regard to factionalism. Every big Russian leader is necessarily an active party man. Prince Lvoff is probably the only eminent Russian liberal who has never become an active party man. Nominally he is a member of the Constitutional Democrats. In actuality he devoted himself to constructive work under the old regime, while the other Russian liberals indulged in fiery oratory and futile denunciation.

The Russian revolution is in a great measure the product of one man's work. This man is Prince Lvoff. History will in all probability call him the father of the Russian revolution. For the Russian revolution could not have been successful without the army. And no man in Russia did more toward winning the army than Lvoff. He created the All-Russian Zemstvo Union, which began thirty months ago with fifteen men and has developed into an organization numbering one million social workers. These workers have done and are doing but one thing—helping the army. The latter slowly came to appreciate the work of the Zemstvo Union. It perceived that it was not the government but the Zemstvos who took real care of the army, who supplied it with food, medical assistance, munitions, reading-rooms, and actual support and affection. The Zemstvos thus alienated the army from the Czar, with the resulting overthrow of autocracy and the possible erection of a Russian republic. And Prince Lvoff, history will remember, has brought about the transformation of the army's traditional status.



—*From the Evening Post (New York).*

The Duma now holds the sceptre.

Russia's Foreign Minister, Paul Miliukov, is to-day the most capable Foreign Minister in the world. The speaker of about a dozen foreign languages, a student of history, an author and journalist of note, Milinkov is also

a practical statesman of first rank. He is the leader of the Constitutional Democrats, the editor of the great liberal paper, "Retch," and undoubtedly the foremost authority in the world on the Constantinople and the Dardanelles question. For ten years he led the Russian democracy. His speeches in the Duma were historical events. He wrecked the Sturmer Ministry with his memorable indictment of Sturmer for pro-Germanism from the platform of the Duma on November 15 last. He hammered ceasely and convincingly at the tottering institution of Czarism. No single man in the empire did so much toward the creation of liberal sentiment in the nation and the solidification of the popular opposition against the government.

At the head of the War and Navy ministries has been put Alexander Guchkoff, the head of the Committee for the Mobilization of War Industries. Next to Prince Lvoff, the new War Minister is the foremost expert in the Cabinet. He is the Russian counterpart of the French Albert Thomas, only his achievements have been more marvelous. To mobilize Russia's industries, and to create new ones there, is many times more difficult than to do the same in France. For Russian is industrially the most backward nation in Europe. But the war's demands were so tremendous and the government's incompetence so glaring that all organization was created with help of the Duma for the purpose of increasing Russia's production of war materials. At head of this organization stood Guchkoff. What this organization did is hardly credible. It developed and transformed industrial Russia to the highest state of efficiency. It multiplied Russia's output of munitions hundredfold. And without this body the Russian army would have never delivered that staggering blow at Austria in 1916. The army appreciates this. To put Guchkofl at the head of it means pushing the war to the limit with an army that has the fullest confidence in its chief.

Russia's Minister of Agriculture, Shingareff, is another phenomenal person. He is a graduate of a medical college, and was a rural physician years ago. His works on the sanitation of peasants had attracted wide attention. A man of keen observation power, of enormous capacity for work, Shingareff became one of the leading members of the Duma when elected a Deputy there from Petrograd. At the outbreak of the war he identified himself with the Military Committee of the Duma. He soon developed into its leading genius. Cooperating with Guchkoff, he contributed a vast amount of work to the cause of national defense. Last year he visited the allied countries as a member of the Parliamentary delegation. He studied England's, France's, and Italy's war preparations and brought home with him much knowledge that he was prevented from applying to conditions in Russia by the old regime.

Shingareff is considered the foremost organizer in Russia. His appointment will be hailed with universal joy by the people. For the Ministry of Agriculture has charge of the food situation. Shingareff is sure to solve it quickly and satisfactorily. He will then devote his energies toward the improvement of the moujik's lot. His career began in the midst of the peasantry and he will be happy to be able to ease the conditions of the hundred and twenty million Russians who till the soil in the sweat of their brow without opportunity to partake of life's benefits and opportunities.

A spectacular and revolutionary individual is the new Minister of Justice, Kerenski. He is the only socialist in the Russian Cabinet. A brilliant orator, a gifted lawyer, he was elected to the Duma as a representative of the Labor party. No man in the empire would fit the post of Minister of Justice better than Kerenski. Justice is his passion, his ruling idea, his very soul. When General Sukhomlinoff, the traitorous ex-War Minister, was captured by the people in the course of the revolution and was about to be executed Kerenski suddenly appeared at the place. If Sukhomlinoff was a traitor, pleaded the Minister of Justice, he will be executed by the government. He asked to let the courts determine if he was guilty. His argument calmed the crowd and the ex-War Minister was handed over to the authorities and held for trial.

Russia is to become fully civilized within the briefest time possible. The new Minister of Education will see to that. The ex-president of the Moscow University, Professor Manuilov, symbolizes in the new Cabinet erudition and free thought. He is the editor of the great Moscow daily, *Russkia Vedomosti.* The Russian *intelligentsia* will welcome Manuilov to the post of Minister of Education, for he has suffered with the rest of Russia at the hands of the autocratic regime. He was ousted from the presidency of the Moscow University by the reactionary government. No better man could have been chosen for the important post he holds.

A fierce advocate of the rights of oppressed nationalities is N. V. Nekrasoff, the newly appointed Minister of Communications. He has had a great deal of experience in connection with transportation problems while serving on the various Duma committees which tackled the country's transportation difficulties. Nekrasoff was Vice-President of the Duma. He was also one of the leading members of the Constitutional Democracy.

A. Konovaloff, Minister of Trade and Commerce, is the son of a famous Moscow merchant and the head of a great mercantile establishment. He has early identified himself with the Russian liberal movement, for the corruption dominating the old regime, more than anything else, proved to him the unfitness of the Czar's government. Konovaloff is not the only professional business man in the Cabinet. Terestchenko, the Minister of Finance, is another. The latter is one of the wealthiest men in the country. He is Russia's greatest philanthropist. He comes of a celebrated Kieff family and is a radical by nature. It would be hard to find a man in Russia to match Terestchenko as Minister of Finance.



—*Bernard Partridge in Punch, London.*

THE ROAD TO VICTORY.

Germany: "Are we nearly there, All Highest?"
All Highest: "Yes, we're getting near the end now."

The new Controller of the State, Godneff, has been one of the Duma's most industrious workers. Godneff is on Octobrist, representing the moderate element in the nation. Before the war the Octobrist party was a conservative body. The war has made it very progressive. Rodzianko, the head of the Committee of Safety, is also the leader of the Octobrists. Rodzianko's reluctance to take office has probably led to the appointment of Godneff. As a leading member of the Duma's financial committee, Godneff will undoubtedly prove the right man for the post.

The new Russian government is nearly ideal. It is not headed by professional revolutionists, visionary agitators, or narrow doctrinaires. At the helm of Russia to-day stands a group of men representing civilization at its best, democracy at its highest stage, sane statesmanship and decisive action.

The revolution began in the Duma. Circumscribed though its political powers were, the Duma gradually came to exercise a broad influence on public opinion in Russia and in that manner paved the way for the outbreak. Arthur Ruhl contributes to *Collier's* an interesting picture of the Duma:

In general appearance and arrangement the Russian Lower House is not unlike similar gatherings in our part of the world. The deputies sit at desks in a semi-circular hall, lighted from above, with a president or speaker looking down on them from a desk a little above the tribune into which each deputy ascends as he addresses the house. Reactionary delegates sit on the right, and the house grows more liberal the further left you go, through the moderate liberals of the center to the Social Democrats of the extreme left. There are a dozen or more political groups, but nearly three-quarters of the 442 members now act together in the "Progressive *bloc.*" This coalition occupies the center of the house and includes the Octobrists—so called from the Constitutionalist Manifesto of October, 1905—led by Mr. Guchkoff; the Constitutional Democrats, or Cadets, the best-organized and most active party in the house; and the Progressives, who sit between them.

There are a few peasant deputies with trousers tucked into their boots, and on the right several priests with hair falling on their shoulders, blue cossacks, and crosses on chains hung about their necks. Most of the other deputies wear frock coats or business suits and look much as such gatherings would elsewhere. Some, indeed, particularly in the center of the house are quite "western"—Mr. Maklakov, for instance, one of the Cadet leaders, and perhaps the best speaker in the house. He was introducing an interesting and important bill increasing the rights of peasants on one of the days when I visited the Duma. The chamber was full that afternoon, as it always is when he speaks, several rather long-drawn-out discussions of what was happening in the cold-storage warehouses were abridged, and the deputies, most of whom had gone out for a glass of tea, Russian-fashion, before Maklakov's turn came, were all ears when the Cadet deputy ascended the tribune.

CONFEDERATION ARTICLES

On July 1, the Dominion will be fifty years old! The July issue of MACLEAN'S will contain a number of extremely good articles and stories dealing with Confederation.

The Defences of New York

How the American Metropolis Would Stand Siege From the Sea.

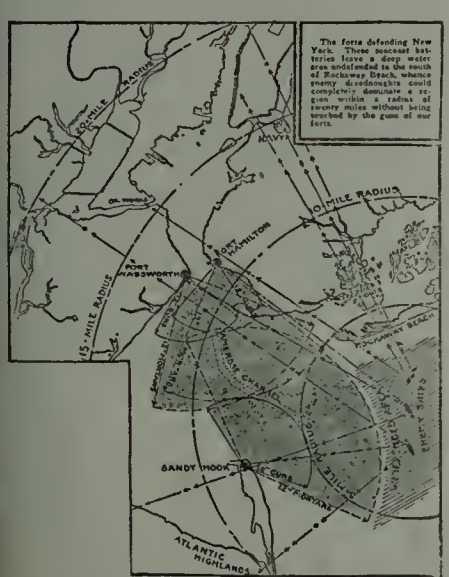
CITIZENS of New York, now that their country is at war, are beginning to ask themselves what would happen if German warships stood off Long Island and started to drop shells in the direction of Manhattan. The Woolworth Building would make a grand target for naval gunnery.

A writer in the New York *Sun*, Mr. Robert G. Skerrett, asks and answers the questions: What is the present state of New York's defenses? In what do they consist?

Perhaps it is not generally known that according to international law New York is technically a fortified city, and as such is properly open to bombardment. This is because the military authorities have placed at strategic points along the shore approaches great rifles and batteries of hidden mortars which have a range over wide areas of near and distant waters. When these guns and batteries were first placed in position it was planned that they would hold the enemy so far off that none of his projectiles could fall within the city's limits. This calculation, however, has been wholly upset by the great increase in the range of battleship fire. The only thing that would now prevent a bombardment from the shore would be the intervention of our own fleet.

This leads Mr. Skerrett to consider the practical question whether our navy could intercept a determined enemy and prevent him from getting within striking distance of New York. On the Atlantic coast to-day we have thirteen dreadnoughts, one pre-dreadnought, and two armored cruisers. Then there are battleships and armored cruisers constituting the reserve force of the Atlantic Fleet, numbering in all nineteen ships. Among these ships, however, many are out-of-date and incapable of doing more than constituting a second line of defense and at the present time there are not enough men available to man them. Mr. Skerrett thinks it is doubtful whether more than a third of this reserve force would be able to render a good account of itself in an engagement with swift battlecraft of the up-to-date sort.

We have with the active fleet fifty destroyers in the Atlantic, and none in reserve to make up for losses or break-downs. Thus, in case of hostilities, our battle fleet would be hampered in maintaining an effective screen, or in dealing promptly and vigorously with enemy submarines. As to the latter class of vessels our force on the Atlantic seaboard is composed of twenty-three craft, six of which are stationed in the Canal Zone; three others are assigned to experimental work and are not considered effective military units. This leaves immediately available but fourteen submarines for the defense of the Atlantic seaboard, with a total stretch of 2,435 nautical miles. It is said that Germany has one submarine for every two miles of her North Sea coast, and so has been able to safeguard her shores against Great Britain's vastly superior sea strength.



Suppose now that an European power at war with the United States should decide to risk sending an army of invasion 100,000 strong. Such a situation has, in fact, been dealt with by the Navy Department as one of its "problems." Assuming the enemy's fleet to be somewhat stronger than our own, it was found that their battle-cruisers would have no difficulty in reducing our scouting line by more than one-half in the first attack, because the enemy's battle-cruisers had more speed than any of our cruisers, and also had very much more powerful batteries. Having driven our scouts in on our main body, the enemy knew exactly where our heavy ships were located and was able to land his troops from the transport ships. This outcome of a problem in naval strategy was reported about a year ago to some inquiring Congressmen by Rear-Admiral Sims. It would seem that our navy's lack of proper scouting craft makes it possible for a powerful foe to elude our main battle fleet, while luring it away from the point chosen for the landing of an invading army. If, then, New York should be the enemy's objective what may be counted on as a means of defense?

As already explained, an enemy's fleet does not have to be exposed to the sweep of our 12-inch rifles and mortars mounted at Sandy Hook or Forts Wadsworth and Hamilton at the Narrows, but by taking station in the deep water south of Rockaway Beach it might destroy the Brooklyn Naval Yard, the oil works at Bayonne, or bombard a large section of the city without fear of injury from any of our sea-coast batteries.

It would take too long to build and mount the 14-inch and 16-inch guns now required to hold off an enemy from New York Bay, but several smaller pieces have been placed at Rockaway Beach.

The eastern approach to Long Island Sound remains to be considered. There, too, it has been the intentiou to place 16-inch guns in a heavily armored turret, but the plans are not yet finished. A hostile army could be landed inside of Montauk Point and from there the Long Island Railroad would furnish a comparatively easy path of approach to the city, which might soon be brought under the fire of siege guns. In that event the only chance to block the enemy would be to meet him as far from the city as possible, and to interpose an equal if not larger force. It would be necessary to cover a front extending from the north shore of the island to the Atlantic side. As to transport service, it has been estimated that there are available in Greater New York enough automobiles and auto trucks to move 150,000 fighting men in a short time. This kind of transport might be greatly needed in checking an enemy's advance on Long Island.

A New Cure for Rheumatism

Remarkable Results Are Ascribed to the New Treatment.

THE announcement of a new method of treating rheumatism is contained in an article contained in an article from Henry Smith Williams, M.D., in *Hearst's Magazine*. It is a somewhat revolutionary treatment and the writer very frankly anticipates the opposition of the medical profession or, at best, a long continued degree of skepticism. His description of the new method, which consists of the administration of non-specific proteins, is a somewhat technical one, but is quoted herewith for the interest it must hold as an important medical discovery:

It is interesting to recall that the discovery of the value of the non-specific protein method in this connection was made by my colleague quite by accident. A patient suffering from the exceedingly painful condition termed rheumatoid arthritis — technically called *arthritis deformans* because it tends to bring about the disability exemplified by the "ossified man" in the circus—was being treated with non-specific vegetable proteins for quite a different malady. Presently the patient called attention to the fact that she was beginning to use her hands, as she had not been able to do for a long time. For example, she could button her clothes. Moreover, her pains, hitherto very persistent and exasperating, were relieved.

Improvement was progressive. Swelling and tenderness of the joints decreased. A large measure of freedom of movement was restored. The patient could now use her hands for all ordinary purposes, whereas for many months before they had been absolutely useless. She was now able to write, and could use a needle in sewing. The bony changes about the joints were not modified, but the surrounding inflammatory swellings decreased and there was entire freedom from pain.

As the case had proved utterly intractable to all previous methods of treatment, it seemed reasonable to suppose that the improvement might be ascribed to the protein medication. To test the matter, the same treatment was administered to a second patient suffering from rheumatoid arthritis of a very severe type that had absolutely resisted a great variety of therapeutic measures, including careful dieting, regulation of functioning of the digestive tract, and the administration of a variety of vaccines. At the time of her first visit this patient suffered intensely from inflamed rheumatic joints of the hands, wrists, elbows, ankles, and knees. She was carried into the office, being unable to walk. Pain was so intense that she took large doses of anodyne regularly.

Under non-specific protein treatment (administered hypodermically, of course) the patient's improvement was gradual but definite, and she finally reached and maintained a state of health satisfactory in every respect. The infiltration and thickening of soft tissues about the joints was entirely relieved; pain disappeared, so that anodynes were no longer required; and normal activities were restored. During the course of the treatment the patient gained twenty-four pounds in weight. Her general health became excellent. Presently she was able not only to conduct ordinary household activities, using her hands with perfect freedom and comfort for such mechanical operations as writing, fine sewing, and the like, but she was also able to indulge in such vigorous outdoor recreations as playing tennis and swimming.

In a word, she was restored to a condition of functional normality; and this was fully maintained when the patient was last seen, many months after the cessation of treatment.

After such results were noted, the treatment was applied, as a matter of course, to other cases, and our confidence in the method has seemed to be abundantly justified. And latterly, reports have begun to appear in which other physicians, working quite independently, and using various protein extracts, record comparable gratifying experiences. Sometimes it happens that the physician who first uses a new line of treatment gets results that others are not able to duplicate. In this case, however, the new method is demonstrating its efficacy in various hands. The results appear to be definite and unequivocal.

Thus we find two Chicago physicians reporting recently a series of cases of acute,

sub-acute and chronic rheumatism treated with non-specific proteins with very striking results. These physicians adopted a more heroic dosage than we think advisable, giving thirty minims of a four per cent. protein solution, whereas we usually begin with five minims of a two per cent solution and increase the dose gradually. When their supply of specially prepared protein ran short, they substituted the proteins comprised in the bodies of dead typhoid bacilli—not because they conceived that there is any relation between typhoid fever and rheumatism, but because they believed the action to be a general response that could be invoked by one form of protein as well as by another.

The results justified the expectation. Of the first ten cases of acute rheumatism thus treated, three were seemingly cured by a single heroic dose (150,000,000 dead typhoid bacilli). A fever was induced which terminated by crisis, and the joint tenderness began to disappear almost immediately, and within from twelve to twenty-four hours the joints were apparently normal. The seven remaining cases yielded completely after receiving three or four doses.

Results no less satisfactory were obtained in cases of subacute rheumatism of from three to nine months' duration. Great relief followed a single injection, and after three or four injections the patient could move his joints with comfort, could dispense with his cane, and in general showed most gratifying improvement.

Such results, where a malady hitherto so intractable as rheumatism is in question, are nothing less than spectacular. Personally I do not recommend or use the heroic dosage employed by the Chicago physicians. Nor do I think it advisable to use typhoid or any other pathogenic (*i.e.*, disease-producing) bacteria, so long as non-toxic proteins may be extracted from numberless vegetable substances. But these are technical details that sink into significance in comparison with the broad general observation that the protein method furnishes a new equipment—medicines, etc.—for the physician in dealing with one of the most painful and hitherto baffling of maladies.

It remains to say a few words as to the probable manner in which the non-specific proteins operate to produce the spectacular results above quoted. Here we enter the realm of theory, but not without guide-marks of a pretty definite character. The clue is found in the observation that rheumatism is very commonly associated in its origin with some source of infection, from which there is absorption of septic matter. Not long ago it was pretty generally supposed that the infection might usually be traced to a particular type of bacterium called a diplococcus, the favorite haunt of which is the tonsil. Acting on this hypothesis, it became customary to make a culture of this diplococcus, and from this culture to prepare a vaccine to be used in the treatment of rheumatism. This treatment, associated with the removal of the tonsils, sometimes produces very gratifying results. But, on the other hand, it was frequently disappointing, the rheumatic condition continuing after the supposed source of infection had been permanently eradicated.

Then it began to be apparent that the sources of infection might be much more general; and gradually the idea has gained ground that the underlying cause of the disturbance that manifests itself in inflammatory conditions about the joints is a disturbance of protein metabolism of whatever origin—that is to say, a failure of the bodily organism to make effective disposal of the albuminoid matter that comes to it, whether through the agency of bacteria or merely as partly undigested food products. That is why an excess of meat in the diet may tend to induce the rheumatic condition, by unduly taxing the organs of digestion and assimilation.

But if, as thus suggested, the rheumatic condition implies an excess of protein-products in the system, how can we hope to remedy this state of things by introducing more proteins?

That does seem a puzzle. But the solution is found in the fact that the non-specific proteins introduced hypodermically as medicaments are of a different type from the proteins already present, and that the system responds to these new intruders in a manner more vigorous than that of its response to the agents to which it has become accustomed. The nature of the response consists in the calling out of the bodily agents capable of dealing with protein products. These agents, according to the newest theory, are the blood corpuscles; in particular, the type of leucocytes known as large monocytes (to deal with the full-sized protein molecule) and the red corpuscles (to deal with the end-products of protein digestion).

The new treatment, thus interpreted, furnishes another illustration of the modern doctrine that safety against disease is to be found rather in the fortification of the bodily mechanism than in the search for specific remedies. If your system is in really robust condition, you are practically invulnerable to the attacks of the disease germs. There is every premium on "preparedness." It is wise to avoid undue exposure to the elements (getting chilled, wet feet, etc.), which reduces your store of bodily energy and makes you susceptible to infections; but it is wiser still to endeavor by proper hygiene to keep yourself in such condition that your reserve energy will suffice to guard you against unpleasant consequences should you, on occasion, be caught out in a storm without rubbers or umbrella.

The British Army of To-day

A Word Picture of a Wonderfully Efficient War Machine.

THE British army as it is constituted to-day is a wonderfully efficient machine. So James H. Simonds describes it in the *American Review of Reviews*. He says, in part:

My readers are familiar with the fact that I have been at times a severe critic of the British army, although most of my criticisms have agreed with the comment of British writers themselves or have been justified by the evidence that became available in the end. It was for this reason that I found my visit to the British front of great interest. In the course of it I met Sir Douglas Haig, the commander-in-chief, the commanders of two of the five armies, and also two of the generals commanding corps in the sector which is now attracting world-wide attention.

As a result of this experience I should say this: In all the things that are considered the machinery of an army, the British have now passed both the Germans and the French. Their equipment, their armory of heavy artillery, their stocks of munitions, are unequalled, and their soldiers are cared for and provided for as are no other troops about whom I know anything. In the mere matter of heavy artillery the British are now firing four shells to the Germans' one, and at the Battle of the Somme their air service took and retained absolute control of the air.

In the first battles the British faced heavy artillery and machine guns with field artillery and rifles, they were destitute of all the utensils of trench war, and the Tommy was compelled to manufacture his bombs out of meat tins. To-day the British have as many trench weapons as the Germans, and many of their best weapons, the products of American invention, surpass those of their opponents. Nor can one fail to realize, riding over the roads, how many thousands of motor trucks have been brought over and what a wealth of transport has been assembled. Whole new railway lines have been created and the old French lines have been double-tracked. Calais and Boulogne have become industrial cities given over to army work, and Havre outranks Liverpool as a port of call for British ships.



—From Saturday Evening Post.
The Amateur Stepmother.

Of the British army, one might say that it reminds an American of all that he has heard of the Army of the Potomac when Grant came to it in 1864. It is a volunteer army largely commanded by civilian officers, with its high commanders drawn from the old regular army, but proven by long test and representing the survival of the fittest. It represents in rank and file the best of the manhood not alone of the United Kingdom, but of Canada and Australia.

I do not think anyone would claim for this army the military efficiency that belonged to the German army that entered Belgium in August, 1914; I do not believe anyone would claim for its staff and army commanders quite the combination of ability and training which belonged to the army that halted the Germans at the Marne and made the Battle of the Marne the greatest battle in all French history. In the same way one would not have compared Grant's army with the army of Moltke, which six years later disposed of the French Imperial forces.

But the new British army is something of the same thing that Grant's army was; it is an immense sledge hammer, made up of men coming from the best manhood of the nation, and the Germans, like the French, have already lost their best troops in battle. It is a volunteer army, because the troops raised by conscription have only just begun to cross the Channel, and it is a volunteer army led by men who have the experience of more than two years of war, and its ranks are filled with the survivors of all the battles from Mons to Bapaume; it is a veteran army.

And the spirit of the British army is this: For two years the men in the ranks have fought off the Germans and held on while they lacked all the resources of modern warfare which belonged to Germany; they have opposed bodies to shells, and rifles to machine guns. Having in this long time successfully held on, they are now conscious of having a superiority in all that machinery means in war, and their spirit remains the spirit of the men who died at Ypres when the odds were five to one and the losses approached actual annihilation.

I have listened to the stories of young officers, whose duty it was to head forlorn hopes in the old days, or to hold on under conditions that held out no chance of victory, and in these stories I have found the key to the present temper of the British army. In those days these soldiers, officers and men, knew that they had no chance of victory, little chance of life; to-day the whole British army feels that it has better than an even chance. It knows the slow but sure decay of German morale going on before it, and it has a conviction of victory growing as the lines creep forward, but based rather on the human equation than on the war map.





Sketches at the French front.



—By Henriot in La Baionnette.

Heroism of Big Game Hunter

A Tribute by Theodore Roosevelt to the late Frederick Selous.

ONE of the heroes of the great war whose death caused world-wide regret was Frederick Courteney Selous, the great African explorer and big game hunter, who is said by some to have been the original of Rider Haggard's "Allan Quartermain." A tribute to the memory of the great hunter is paid by Theodore Roosevelt in The Outlook. He says, in part:

Last December, just before reaching the age of sixty-five years, Selous, the great hunter-naturalist and explorer, was killed in action against the Germans in East Africa. In the brief press despatches it is stated that he was shot and mortally wounded, but continued to urge forward his men until he was hit a second time and killed. It was a fit and gallant end to a gallant and useful life. In John Guille Millais's delightful "Breath from the Veldt" the frontispiece, by Sir John E. Millais, shows the "Last Trek" of a hunter, dying beside his wagon in the wilderness. The hunter in this picture is drawn from Selous. Many of us used to think that it was the death he ought to die. But the death he actually met was better still.

Selous was born on the last day of the year 1851. Before he was twenty years old he went to South Africa, and a year or two later he embarked on the career of a professional elephant hunter; a career incredibly wearing and exhausting, in which mortal risk was a daily incident. For a quarter of a century he was a leading figure among the hard-bit men who pushed ever northward the frontier of civilization. His life was one of hazard, hardship, and daring adventure, and was as full of romatic interest and excitement as that of a viking of the tenth century. He hunted the lion and the elephant, the buffalo and the rhinoceros. He knew the extremes of fatigue in following the heavy game, and of thirst when lost in the desert wilderness. He was racked by fever. Strange and evil accidents befell him. He faced death habitually from hostile saveges and from the grim quarry he hunted; again and again he escaped by a hair's breadth, thanks only to his cool head and steady hand. Far and wide he wandered through unknown lands, on foot or on horseback, his rifle never out of his grasp, only his black followers bearing him company. Sometimes his outfit was carried in a huge white-topped wagon drawn by sixteen oxen, while he rode in advance on a tough, shabby horse; sometimes he walked at the head of a line of savage burden-bearers. He camped under the stars, in the vast wastes, with the ominous cries of questing beasts rising from the darkness round about. It was a wild and dangerous life, and could have been led only by a man with a heart of steel and a frame of iron.

There were other men, Dutch and English, who led the same hard life of peril and adventure. Selous was their match in daring and endurance. But, in addition, he was a highly intelligent civilized man, with phenomenal powers of observation and of narration. There is no more foolish cant than to praise the man of action on the ground that he will not or cannot tell of his feats. Of course loquacious boastfulness renders any human being an intolerable nuisance. But, except among the very foremost (and sometimes among these also, as witness innumerable men from Cæsar to Marco Polo and Livingstone) the men of action who can tell truthfully, and with power and charm, what they have seen and done add infinitely more to the sum of worthy achievement than do the inarticulate ones, whose deeds are often of value only to themselves. Selous when only thirty published his "Hunter's Wanderings in Africa," than which no better book of the kind has ever been written. It at once put him in the first rank of the men who can both do things worth doing and write of them books worth reading. He had the gift of seeing with extraordinary truthfulness, so that his first-hand observations—as in the case of the "species" of black rhinoceros—are of prime scientific value. He also had the gift of relating in vivid detail his adventures; in speaking he was even better than in writing, for he entered with voice and gesture so thoroughly into the part that he became alternately the hunter and the lion or buffalo with which he battled.

Elephant hunting in South Africa as a profitable profession became a thing of the past. But Selous worked for various museums as a field collector of the great game; and as the pioneers began to strive northward, he broke the trail for them into Mashonaland, doing the work of the roadmaker, the bridge-builder, the leader of men through the untrodden wilderness; and he continued his hunting and exploration. His next book, "Travel and Adventure in Southeast Africa," was as good as his first. He now stood at the zenith of his fame as the foremost of all hunter naturalists.

Soon after this he left South Africa and returned to live in England. But he was not really in place as a permanent dweller in civilization. He longed overmuch for the lonely wilderness. At home he delivered lectures, rode to hounds, studied birds, and lived in a beautiful part of Sussex. Whenever he got the chance he again took up the life of a roaming hunter. He made trip after trip to Asia Minor, to East Africa, to Newfoundland and the Rockies, to the White Nile. He wrote various books about these trips. One, "African Nature Notes," is of first-class importance, being his most considerable contribution to field science—a branch of scientific work to the importance of which, in contradistinction to purely closet science, we are only just beginning to awake.

The eighteen or twenty years he passed in this manner would of themselves have made a varied and satisfactory career for any ordinary man. But he was not wholly satisfied with them, because he compared them with the life of his greater fame and service in the vanguard of the South African movement. Speaking of the fact that his "Nature Notes" sold only fairly well, he remarked one day, "You see, all the young men think I am dead—at any rate, they think I ought to be dead!" He read much, but only along certain lines. I was much interested, on one occasion, to find him fairly enthralled by the ballad of "Twa Corbies." He himself possessed all the best characteristics of simplicity, directness, and strength which marked the old ballads and ballad heroes.

Then the great war came, and for months he ate his heart out while trying in vain to get to the front. But they blundered in various ways—Ireland offers the most melancholy example. The cast-iron quality of the official mind was shown by the rigid application of certain rules which in time of stress become damaging unless made flexible. The War Office at first refused to use Selous—just as they kept another big-game hunter, Stigand, up the White Nile doing work that many an elderly sportsman could have done, instead of utilizing him in the East African fighting. Selous was as hardly as an old wolf; and, for all his gentleness, as formidable to his foes. He was much stronger and more enduring than the average man of half his age. But with a wooden dullness which reminded me of some of the antica of our own political bureaucracy, the War Office refused him permission to fight and sent him out to East Africa in the transport service—his letters on some of the things that occurred in East Africa were illuminating. However, he speedily pushed his way into the fighting line, and fought so well that the home authorities grudgingly accepted the accomplished fact, and made him a lieutenant. He won his captaincy and the Distingushed Service Order before he died.

It was my good fortune to know Selous fairly well. He spent several days with me at the White House; he got me most of my outfit for my African hunt. He went to Africa on the same boat, and I came across him out there on two or three occasions. I also saw him in his attractive Sussex home, where he had a special building for his extraordinary collection of game trophies. He was exactly what the man of the open, the outdoors man of adventurous life, who is also a cultivated man, should be. He was very quiet and considerate, and without the smallest touch of the braggart or brawler; but he was utterly fearless and self-reliant and able to grapple with any emergency or danger. All men of the open took to him at once; with the Boers he was on terms of close friendship. Indeed, I think that any man of the right type would have found him sympathetic. His keenness of observation made him a delightful companion. He never drank spirits; indeed, his favorite beverage at all times was tea.

It is well for any country to produce men of such a type; and if there are enough of them the nation need fear no decadence. He led a singularly adventurous and fascinating life, with just the right alternations between the wilderness and civilization. He helped spread the borders of his people'a land. He added much to the sum of human knowledge and interest. He closed his life exactly as such a life ought to be closed, by dying in battle for his country while rendering her valiant and effective service. Who could wish a better death, or desire to leave a more honourable heritage to his family and his nation?

How Conscription Works in Britain

An American Estimate of John Bull's Tremendous Task.

IN the course of an article under the title "What the war has done to the English." William Hard tells in the Metropolitan, of the way in which conscription is worked in the Mother Country, linking the recital up with a discerning and kindly estimate of the effect

The war has undoubtedly made the English really gentler and kinder. It has made them, in a good sense of the world, softer.

Testimony on this point is virtually unanimous. The best witness about it would be a man who was not an Englishman but who had observed the English for a long time not only during the war but before it. Such a man I found in Edward Price Bell, London correspondent of the "Chicago Daily News." He has been here nineteen years. I asked him if the English were being brutalized. He replied without any hesitation:

"No. Not in the slighest degree. In fact, instead of becoming more brutish, they are becoming more human, more humane. The war has ploughed up England's heart. It has released England's feelings. There is more goodwill now, more inward light, more sensitiveness to things of the spirit, more piety."

Now I am convinced that one reason why the English have not been brutalized is that they have not been militarized. To have militarism it is necessary that the military shall be top-dog. But the military are no nearer being top-dog in England to-day than they were in August, 1914.

I will illustrate this fact by describing the "tribunals" which administer the Compulsory Service Acts. They are the most English institutions I have ever seen in England. And they are ridiculous. They are ridiculous, that is, from the standpoint of militarism, from the standpoint of militaristic "efficiency."

To begin with, they are not appointed by the army. They are not appointed even by the nation. It seems incredible, but they are appointed by the "local registration authorities," by bodies like our aldermen and county commissioners. The general rules, issued from London, provide that "Labor" shall be given "adequate representation." It gets it. So does every other important local interest. There may be five members in a tribunal. There may be twenty-five. They summon the prospective soldier before them. They also summon the army. The army comes by a representative, who is called the "military representative." But this "military representative has no vote. He is there simply to argue on behalf of the army, just as a barrister in court argues on behalf of a client. The decision is to be made by an assemblage of local civilian interests.

So much for how the tribunals are organized. Now for what they do. Case by case, they decide whether it is "expedient" to take a man for the army or "expedient" to "exempt" him. They are supposed, in certain classes of cases, to follow certain general rules and to arrive at certain general sorts of decisions. In other classes of cases they are supposed to use their own judgement. That is the theory of it. In practice the "tribunals" seem to use their own judgement almost all the time. One tribunal will exempt a man who is growing carrots; because England has to have carrots. Another tribunal will conscript a man who is growing carrots; because England has carrots enough. It is chaos. Some tribunals are "lax" in sending men into the army; they incline toward the view that England, to win the war, must maintain its industries. Other tribunals are "stringent" in sending men into the army; they incline toward the view that England, to win the war, must win battles. Both views are correct. A balance has to be struck between them. It gets struck. But how? Not by a master-mind in London. Above all, not by a military master-mind in London. No. It gets struck by the give-and-take of thousands of ordinary minds drawn from all elements of the population in 24 Metropolitan "tribunals," 255 Borough "tribunals," 660 Urban "tribunals" and 531 Rural "tribunals," scattered all over England, each one of them being a magnificent and an absurd embodiment of all the sense and of all the nonsense in its own locality.

I finally saw where it was that we Americans got our early passion for local option in government. The English are actually administering national conscription on a sort of local-option basis.

Yet, in the end, three results emerge.

1. The army does, somehow, get all the men it can really equip and use. I doubt if many Americans realize that England in this war is bearing four burdens, three of which touch its Allies either lightly or not at all. England must find millions of men, literally millions, for the tasks of the sea—for operating hundreds of warships, for operating countless patrol-ships, for operating thousands of freight-ships to and from all corners of the world, for building new ships of all classes (to replace incessant wastage) and for manufacturing the immense and intricate equipment and digging the unending coal which all these ships require. England must then find other millions of men to manufacture war-supplies and other supplies of innumerable sorts for all its Continental Allies, and England must—it cannot escape from this task—it absolutely must continue to manufacture ordinary commercial goods for ordinary commercial export in order to secure the financial strength out of which it can—and does—advance about two million dollars a day to the treasuries of certain of its Allies. Only when it has found the men for these three tasks, which are peculiarly its own, can England go on to find men for its army. Nevertheless it has now found more than five million men for its army (which means as much for England as twelve million men would mean for the United States); and its preposterous "tribunals" do continue, somehow, even if weirdly, to pour thousands of new recruits into the training camps every day.

2. There have been no riots like the draft riots that took place in the North during the Civil War. The "tribunals" have carried conscription gradually, little by little, to a people who are temperamentally anti-conscriptionist; and they have carried it to them successfully, with no disturbances.

3. The military authorities have remained subordinate, utterly subordinate, to the civil authorities, in organization and in feeling, not only at the headquarters of government in London but in every little hamlet throughout the length and breadth of Britain.

Americans who fear that swaggering militaristic officers will soon begin to push stock-brokers and plumbers off the sidewalks in England may take heart. It will not happen. It cannot happen. In our early American state constitutions there was frequently a provision that the military arm must remain inferior to the civil arm. We derived that principle from England. England, as I have seen it this year, is just as faithful to that principle to-day as on the day when it gave it birth. The question now is whether or not a state so faithful can survive. England is staking its existence on the chance that the answer is "yes." For if it is not "yes," England would prefer to do what Pitt once spoke of—wrap its flag about it and sink in its ocean.

Three Kinds of Heaven

Different Classes of Spiritualists See the Future Life Differently.

EVERY reasonable and convincing plea to the public to avoid embracing spiritualism, which is sweeping in so many of the brightest minds in Europe as converts, appears in the Fortnightly Review from the pen of John Beattie Crozier. He argues for a very careful consideration of all phrases, even in the face of the conversion of so outstanding a man as Sir Oliver Lodge. Many of the reasons that the writer advances for his own disbelief in spiritualism are good but the most striking is given in the following paragraphs:

I had a kind of contempt, even horror, of the revelation which these trances of Mrs. Piper betrayed—of poor bewildered spirits wandering about in the shades, conscience-stricken, and wringing their hands; because of what? Because they had mislaid some door-key or other trifle on earth, some forty or fifty years before! When talking the matter over with Mrs. Chandler Moulton, the American poetess, some time after, we both shuddered at the thought of such a future existence, and agreed that a belief in it would only add a new terror to death.

And now for my more positive and practical objection to all these phenomena—drawn from Medical Science and Psychology, and a wider outlook on the world.

The last of these nearly killed my faith in the Spiritualists' account of the "other world" at the outset. It was this: that not only the ordinary Spiritualist "mediums," but the great Initiates, Mahatmas and Seers of Spiritualism, when asked what they saw in the other world and in Paradise, instead of agreeing, always saw what was taught in the *particular* religion in which they had been brought up. The Yogis and Hindoo Seers declared there was no one there at all! but what they called the "Eternal One"—or Deity—into whom all souls, after successive re-incarnations, resolved themselves. The great Mohammedan Spiritualists, on the other hand—the Sufis, as they are called—declare that they see, with their second sight, bright-eyed women in Paradise, lounging along its languid streams, waiting to be the spoil of the ever-lustful, but faithful Arab or Turk—precisely as in the Koran; while the great Christian Seers, like Swedenborg, see in their trances the same spirits, quiring, like cherubim and seraphim with their harps, around the throne of God—as in Handel's "Messiah," and the Revelation of St. John. Now, if all three could see the *same* Paradise so differently, what could I think but that the things they professed to see were but reflections of *their own minds*, and not of future world-realities at all? This hit the Spiritualists badly, I thought; but I did not despair of them altogether, until on reflection I found that no "medium," even among the greatest of them who are supposed to be in touch with the Eternal Himself, had ever revealed through Spirit agency (even if what they said were true) any information of the slightest value for human souls, either in this life or another. For I observed that they had never revealed any new Law of Nature, until it was first discovered by the ordinary human faculties; and only *after* they had picked the brains of those who had discovered them; no law of Physics, Mechanics or Chemistry (else why does not Sir Oliver Lodge's son tell him the constitution of the Ether, which still baffles and perplexes him so much); no law of Astronomy or the Newtonian Gravitation; no Darwinian or other hypothesis of Evolution; no laws of the evolution of Civilization and States—nothing but "vibrations," as a substitute for the laws of the Mind; the "vital principle," for the explanation of Life; and, if they were pressed, I suppose the "principle of Baldness," for the loss of the hair!

Handling British Food Supply

A Review of the Work Done by the New Food Dictator.

IN the course of a review of the work of the new British Ministry, a writer signing himself Auditor Tantum deals in the Fortnightly Review with the handling of the food problem in Great Britain. He does not believe that the situation has been well handled in the main though he praises Devonport's moderation. The situation has been changed somewhat since the article was written but it is interesting to quote in part what was said on the question of food dictatorship:

One of the primary objects of his (Lord Devonport's) appointment was to protect the long-suffering general consumer from the exploitation of traders, both wholesale and retail, to keep prices within reasonable bounds, and to see fair play all round between the rival interests. But when the enemy's submarine menace became intensified, another of his duties acquired an even greater importance. That, of course, was the conservation of the nation's food supply, which has led him along the path of voluntary food rations. To conserve the food supply is his special duty, while that of the Board of Agriculture is to increase it, and Mr. Prothero has been devoting all his energies to persuade farmers to produce the last ounce of food from every acre of land. But then came a succession of knock-down blows. Lord Devonport's prices were fixed not for their encouragement, but for the protection of the consumer; and the War Office dealt "the staggering blow" of earning for immediate service 30,000 of the skilled men still left on the farms.

It cannot be pretended that the situation has been handled with conspicuous ability. There has been a lot of loose talk, quite out of keeping with the actual facts of the case. The governing factor of the agricultural position has been for many months the grave deficiency of labour. It does not improve, but grows worse with every skilled man who is taken from the farms, for no substitute can replace him. The Government do not seem to have made up their minds whether they are in grim earnest or not about the absolute necessity of increasing the home production of foodstuffs. If they are, they would set at once an absolute limit to the number of men whom they will allow the War Office to withdraw from the farms, and they would call for agricultural recruits in very different language from that which they now employ. They would also have taken practical steps before this for setting the 6,000 German prisoners, who are skilled agriculturists, to actual work in the fields. They would also have made arrangements whereby men with agricultural experience in the home-service units could have been rendered available for training the raw substitutes whom the War Office is now distributing over the countryside. But there still seems no passionate conviction in high quarters that the increase of home food production is a matter of equal urgency with the filling up of the ranks of the Army, and the result is that instead of an increase in the home-grown crops this year over those of 1916, many good judges are afraid that there will be an actual decrease. All the physical conditions have been adverse, but worst of all has been the farmer's perpetual uncertainty as to what his position was going to be in the immediate future. Prices have been fixed for what he produces; but prices have not been fixed for what he has to buy. The British farmer is proverbially a first-class gambler; and he has many characteristics which expose him to effective criticism. But in the present case his grumbling has very good justification, for it is useless for the Government to tell him to produce more, when at the same time they take away his best men, and no limit to the prices of his fertilisers and feeding-stuffs, and shrink from giving him any guarantee of prices over a reasonable term of



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years. It would have been a miracle if confusion had been avoided, for the country has not had a national agricultural policy for seventy years, and it is only after hundreds of thousands of tons of our merchant shipping have been sunk that Radical politicians have been torpedoed out of their cynical refusal to give practical encouragement to the home production of foodstuffs. Mr. Prothero knows quite well what ought to be done for British agriculture. He has done what he could in the reorganisation of his Department, in the preparation of surveys by the Agricultural War County Committees, in the provision of tractors, etc. But he has been overridden, in the crucial matter of labour, by the War Office, and in the matter of prices by the Food Controller, acting in the superior interest of the general consumer. It is not fair to put a Minister under duress and then blame him for not being a free agent, and Mr. Prothero's rather pathetic observation, that he was sure he had the sympathy of the House of Commons, however much members might differ from him, fairly sums up his actual position. It is not he who gave the fantastic order to plough up part of Richmond Park, for he has continually insisted that it is far more important that the land already under tillage should be fully cultivated, than that new and inferior acres should be laid under the plough. Perhaps a stronger man would have put up a more successful fight against the War Office, for imminent danger of actual starvation in this country would weaken the military strength of Great Britain and the Allies far more than a deficiency of a few thousand men in the fighting ranks. It is not at all likely to come to that, but it is disquieting to know that the farmers will almost certainly produce less foodstuffs in a season when it was most desirable that they should produce more.

Hitherto the Food Controller and his Department have escaped serious criticism, though they have already issued a considerable volume of orders. The reason for this immunity doubtless is that the Food Controller has felt his way very cautiously before coming to decisions, which up to the present have been distinguished by mildness rather than by severity. Himself a successful man of business, Lord Devonport has known the value of establishing friendly relations with the leaders of the industries with which he is compelled to interfere, and it has been the invariable practice of his Department to lay the position frankly before them, and invite their suggestions as practical men of affairs, before issuing such orders as have seemed to him to be required by the general public interest. There is nothing novel in such a procedure, though it has not been uniformly followed by other Government Departments.

Departmental interference of any sort inevitably causes serious business disorganization, and by imposing a minimum of inconvenience upon the affected trades the Food Controller has sought to carry the traders along with him and secure their co-operation. Moreover, his policy has obviously been to leave to the public as liberal supplies as possible for the immediate enjoyment of to-day, consistent with the public safety of to-morrow. Thus he has shown himself hitherto a not very formidable autocrat of the breakfast and dinner-table, and those who feared the advent of a Dictator, using dictatorial powers in a dictatorial way, have been agreeably surprised at the suavity of the orders issuing from Grosvenor House, where the Food Controller performs the combined functions of Pharaoh's Chief Butler and a Roman Præfectus Annonæ.

Indeed, in view of the extreme gravity of the submarine menace, many would have welcomed orders of a much more drastic nature, and would have cheerfully accepted a declaration from the Food Controller that, until he saw the national food supply absolutely secure till next harvest, he would take no risks whatever, and would put considerations of public safety above the comfort and convenience either of traders or of the consuming public. Food reserves and all strict necessaries first is the only safe principle for these days, and a good deal more could have been done in this direction without the introduction of compulsory food rations. That, of course, will come as a last resort, if other devices fail, and the Food Controller has very properly caused

to be made that the framework of the necesary organisation is being prepared in advance. But a system of compulsory rations would require a host of officials to carry it out—and the country is already rather dismayed at the new army of civil officials which has been created—while the experience of Germany and Austria has shown that it is easier to frame compulsory food rations than to secure their general observance, without causing hardships such as large sections of the working classes of this country would most bitterly resent. Of this the politicians are well aware, and probably nothing influences their decisions more. They shrink from putting the patriotism of the industrial masses, especially in certain centres, to a test which has proved almost too much for German docility.

Must Austria Be Dismembered?

Can Peace Only be Obtained by Breaking Up the Hapsburg Empire?

MUST Austria-Hungary be dismembered as a step to permanent peace in Europe? The point is answered very emphatically in the affirmative by Henry Wickham Steed in an article in the Edinburgh Review. He deals largely with the problem of the Slavic races in the northern portions of Austria-Hungary but broadens his argument to take in the problems of peace terms. He writes:

There existed in Serbia a noticeable tendency, not, indeed, an actual party, in favour of a far-reaching political and economic agreement with Austria, while the motto of the Austro-Hungarian Southern Slavs was then 'Union: within the Monarchy if possible, but, at all costs, Union.' But it would have needed an Austrian Cavour to read the signs of the times and to carry through a policy which could have secured for the Hapsburgs a predominant influence in the Balkans, and would at the same time have given them a solid basis for retrieving their former independence in Europe. In view of these possibilities no surprise can be felt that Germany should have moved every lever in Austria and in Hungary to force an anti-Southern Slav attitude upon Vienna, and to preclude any pro-Hapsburg solution of the Southern Slav question. Indeed, on looking back over the years between the annexation crisis and the outbreak of the present war, the hand of Germany appears even more visible in the policy of Vienna than it was to contemporary observers on the spot. All the Austrian and Hungarian politicians and writers, including the notorious Dr. Friedjung, who were most prominent in the anti-Serbian and anti-Southern Slav campaign, were precisely those who were most intimately connected with Berlin. This phenomenon—the identity of anti-Southern Slav propagandists with the agents and dupes of Germany—has also been noticeable during the war, and is too significant to be lost sight of in any consideration of the terms of a lasting European settlement.

Like the establishment of an ethnographically complete Rumania and a reunited Poland the objects which the Allies are admittedly pledged to obtain—the creation of a united Southern Slav State is now incompatible with the continued existence of Austria-Hungary. The false solicitude for the welfare of 'those people, the Austrians,' ought therefore to militate against either Southern Slav union or the formation of an independent Bohemia, or Czecho-Slovakia. It is necessary clearly to recognize that in no case can Austria-Hungary continue to exist as a self-controlled monarchy. If she be not dismembered by the Allies in the interests of European security, she will be transformed and directed by Germany in the interests of Pan-Germanism. It is for this reason that the 'Pro-Austrianism' of the Clericals, of Cosmopolitan High Finance, and of some deluded publicists and diplomatists among the



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Once you make the acquaintance of the Park it soon develops into a friendship which lasts as long as life itself. Everything that is dear to the heart of the lover of out-door life is to be found in the Algonquin Provincial Park, and the reserve has the advantage of being easily reached from all centres in the eastern and central portions of the Continent.

For those who want to enjoy the pleasures of the pathless woods, and yet secure all the comforts of good service and social companionship, there are first-class hotels. For those who care little for hotels in the ordinary sense, yet cannot adopt altogether the idea of the "simple life" under canvas, there are log-cabin camps, which can be used as headquarters while exploring the Park. At these camps there is a large central lodge or meeting-place, and in close proximity to it there are series of individual log cabins, comfortably furnished, and with modern conveniences, including bath rooms with hot and cold water. The large lodge is used for a general rendezvous and the log cabins furnish privacy for families or parties.

The Park is a paradise for the canoeist, containing, besides numerous rivers, over one thousand lakes, varying greatly in size. Most of these lakes are connected by deep, still-water channels, or racing streams of strong water, making it possible for the canoeist to paddle fifty miles without having any long portages.

The abundance of fish in all the waters of the park assures the angler of plenty of sport. Among the special varieties to be caught are the genuine square-tailed brook trout, redspotted or speckled; the gamey black bass of the small-mouthed variety, ranging from half a pound to four pounds, and the black-spotted salmon, or its near relative, the grey trout.

Wild life roams unmolested inside the Park and splendid pictures are taken by the camera enthusiast. The prohibition of hunting greatly adds to the opportunities of the picture-hunter, since the wild creatures are much more approachable than in localities where they are persistently hunted. Bathing, boating, tennis, and billiards may be enjoyed at the Highland Inn. An excellent tennis court and a sandy bathing beach are among the facilities which have been added at the Inn, which is situated directly at Algonqin Park Station (the Park Headquarters), and overlooks beautiful Cache Lake.

The log-cabin camp hotels are also operated by the Grand Trunk Railway System —Nominigan Camp being situated on the shore of Smoke Lake and Camp Minnesing on Island Lake. The roads are now being rapidly developed in the Park, and for those who take pleasure in long "hikes" through the bush there are many walks which it would be hard to surpass. Of these the tramps from the Algonquin Park Station to Nominigan Camp—seven miles—and to Camp Minnesing—ten miles —are especially favored.

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Allies, is, in effect, but a form of Pro-Germanism. The argument that to add the German provinces of Austria to the present German Empire would be to 'strengthen' Germany, will not bear examination. There are, at most, between nine and ten million Germans in Austria. (Those in Hungary are *enclavés* and isolated.) The addition of these Austrian Germans to the German Empire would hardly make up numerically for the losses Germany would sustain by the inclusion of the Duchy of Posen in a reunited Poland, the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France, and possibly of Schleswig to Denmark, while the subtraction of the other 42,000,000 Hapsburg subjects from the political and military command of Germany, and the organization of most of them into independent States, would create, on the basis of the principle of nationality, a new counterpoise against the German block. It is, besides, improbable that the inclusion of 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 Austrian Germans in the German Empire under a Hapsburg Sovereign would leave unaltered the composition of the Federal Council or the balance of forces in the Empire itself.

From what has been said it should be clear that a chief corner-stone of any solid and lasting European reconstruction must be the creation of a united Southern Slav State consisting of the kingdoms of Serbia and Montenegro, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Croatia-Slavonia-Dalmatia, and the purely Slav portions of Istria, Carniola and Styria, with due allowance for the necessity of fixing a practicable geographical boundary. Unless this State is formed, the main purpose of the Allies—the destruction of the power of Prussian militarism—can scarcely be achieved. The German road to the East will not be blocked, the principle of nationality will not have been vindicated, and the seeds of future wars will have been sown. It is a grave error to regard the Southern Slav question as merely an isolated issue in the Great War, a thing which the Allies can attend to or neglect without affecting substantially the quality of their victory. It was the immediate cause of the war. Hence the importance of understanding it thoroughly and of facing betimes the difficulties by which it is surrounded.

Some idea of these difficulties may be gleaned if it be remembered that the interests of Roman Catholic and Orthodox 'clericalism,' as well as the claims of extreme Italian 'nationalism,' militate against the complete unification and fusion of the Southern Slavs; while, within the Southern Slav family itself, differences of development and tradition require the most careful and far-sighted treatment. By Orthodox 'Clericalism' is meant the tendencies associated with the Russian Holy Synod in its narrower manifestations, which are apt to oppose any 'inquination' of Serb Orthodoxy by the association of the Orthodox, or Serb, with the Croat and Slovene, or Roman Catholic Southern Slavs in one and the same State. By Roman Catholic 'Clericalism' is meant the tendencies which would fain keep the Catholic Southern Slavs politically segregated from the Orthodox, lest political unity and the establishment of complete religious equality hamper Roman Catholic propaganda. I do not for a moment believe that the religious interests of either Church would be adversely affected by Southern Slav unity. Rather the contrary. By extreme Italian 'nationalism' is meant illiberal claims to the annexation by Italy of considerable tracts of purely Southern Slav territory, partly for ill-defined 'strategic' reasons, partly in the name of historical memories extending from the Roman Empire to the fall of the Venetian Republic, and partly out of a desire to prevent the establishment of any strong State on the eastern shore of the Adriatic. Apart from the general consideration that to sanction the application of the 'strategic principle' against the Southern Slavs, in defiance of the principle of nationality, would deprive the Allies, including Italy, of any moral right to combat the equally 'strategic' claims of Germany in Belgium, there is the practical consideration that the deliberate creation of an anti-Italian Southern Slav Irredentism would tend to perpetuate those very causes of unrest which helped to bring on the present war. Unless the new European settlement removes all the main causes of Slav unrest by reuniting the Poles,



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and uniting the Czecho-Slovaks and the Southern Slavs, it will be halting and precarious. There is the less reason to run this risk in that a fair and amicable settlement of the Italian and Southern Slav claims in and around the Adriatic is perfectly feasible without doing grievous wrong to either. Once in possession of Trieste, with a sufficiently deep littoral and defensible border extending from the present Italian frontier eastwards and southwards round the Gulf of Trieste, and including at least the western half of the Istrian peninsula with Pola and the Riva Arsa; with the Istrian Islands, besides Lissa and Vallona, the Italian strategic situation in the Adriatic would defy attack without infringing any essential Southern Slav rights. There would remain the question, which naturally appeals strongly to Italian sentiment, of preserving the traces of *italianita* at the few points on the Dalmatian coast where they remain 'in being,' and, in particular, of assuring the position of Italian-speaking minorities of the population. No experienced student of the Southern Slav question can anticipate any real difficulty on this score, provided that the Italian Government and the Southern Slavs alike be persuaded that agreement and co-operation are essential to both, and take their stand frankly on the principle laid down by the Italian Premier Sigr. Boselli in the Chamber on the 7th of December, that peace, to be lasting, must be based upon 'an equilibrium built up 'upon the rights of nationalities.' Lord Robert Cecil said truly, at the inauguration of the British Italian League on the 24th of November, that there is no real conflict between the Southern Slav and the Italian National ideals. 'I am certain,' he added, 'there is room for both. It only wants clear 'understanding on both sides to avoid misconception.'

The United States Going Dry

Prohibition is Keeping Pace With the Sweep of Democratic Dominance.

PROHIBITION is gaining ground so rapidly in the United States that it is now considered quite possible that a nation-wide dry campaign will have been brought to a trumphant culmination by 1920. The facts are concisely marshalled in World's Work, an interesting anology between prohibition and Democratic dominance being drawn. The article reads, in part:

Draw a map of the states that re-elected President Wilson and then place beside it a similar map showing the states that now have the prohibitory law. These two exhibits suggest certain startling possibilities. Though in spots the maps show variations—Wyoming, Utah, California, and Texas are not yet prohibition—in their essentials they are the same. Thus the South is almost as solid against alcohol as it is solid against the Republican Party. Prohibition has swept the territory west of the Mississippi to a degree that can be compared only with the success of the Democratic candidate. New England has one solitary state—New Hampshire—that voted for Mr. Wilson; likewise it has one solitary state, Maine, that flies the anti-alcohol banner. The great populous Eastern states that have always, since the Cicil War, determined Presidential elections—New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois—are now strongholds of Republicanism, and they also stand out stalwartly against the prohibition crusade. Of the four states that adopted prohibition in November, two—Nebraska and Montana—also cast their electoral votes for the Democratic candidate. In Missouri the battle was so close that only the brewery-ridden town of St. Louis saved the day for alcohol.

By force of circumstances, therefore, the Democratic Party must now add another issue to its fighting strength. Mr. Bryan himself,







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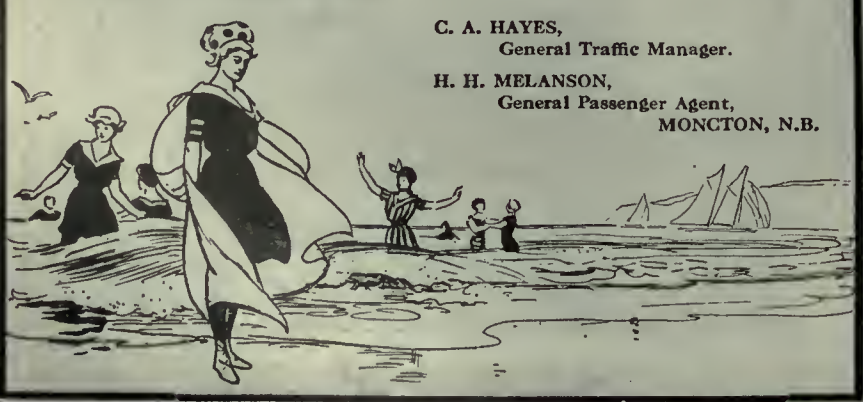
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its most popular campaign orator, already says that national prohibition will lead all other issues in 1920. By that time the issue may have disappeared, for it is not impossible that the constitutional amendment enforcing national prohibition may have become effective. When three or four years ago, the Anti-Saloon League raised the cry of a "saloonless nation by 1920," the ambitious programme was generally derided. But consider a few facts: a constitutional amendment requires the ratification of three fourths of the states, that is, thirty-six. At the present moment 85 per cent. of the territory of this nation, comprising 63 per cent. of its people, is under some form of prohibitory law. Twenty-three states have state-wide prohibition. Others will soon place themselves on that side; thus Utah elected a Democratic governor on the Prohibition issue, and the successful Democrat in Florida, the Rev. Sydney J. Catts, defeated his opponent in the primary on the prohibition question. In other states the prohibition cause is gaining so rapidly that it will probably win in the next two or three years. Indeed if the teetotalers make as much progress in the next quadrennium as they have in the last, they may easily have the thirty-six state votes needed to place 100,000,000 people under a prohibitory law.

Technical Sides of Submarine Menace

The Speed of the U-Boat—New German Method of Provisioning.

THE submarine menace is one of the outstanding phases of the war and it is clear that Britain faces a very great danger indeed. However, in *Cassier's Engineering Monthly*, "A Naval Architect," says that "in Sir Joseph T. Maclay, the Shipping Controller, the country has, in common opinion, for once in a while got the right man for the right job." In discussing the building of standard ships the writer thus refers to the manner in which the mariner meets the submarine menace:—

"In the matter of speed, experience has shown that in general 10 to 11 knots is sufficient to enable a cargo boat to evade the attention of enemy underwater craft. There is, therefore, no call for any greater speed than this. The latest type of U-boat, it is true, is credited with a considerably greater speed than 11 knots, when at the surface, but with a good gun and expert gunners, with which the national freight carriers will, of course, be supplied, there need be little to fear from the attack of a submarine. Shipmasters generally are of one opinion in regard to the potency of a gun in dealing with the submarine. As a rule, the latter will not come to the surface if he sees the quarry is armed, and, in view of this some enterprising commanders have had dummy guns fitted on their vessels, it is stated, with good results. In attacking an armed merchantman the submarine usually relies on his torpedoes, and, as his supply of this weapon is strictly limited, after a trial or two, he finds it necessary to return to his base—that is, he is partially out of action for a time."

Another writer in the same magazine calls attention to an important scheme that is receiving the attention of the Government. Remarking that in the shipbuilding trade specifications have been issued for a number of cargo steamers of the single-deck type to carry 8,000 to 10,000 tons dead weight, to be as simple and inexpensive in design as possible, the writer goes on to say:—

"The hulls and machinery are to be standardized, and the vessels are to have priority in construction. These specifications have been in the hands of the builders for some time, and already it is stated that orders for some twenty ships have been placed on the Clyde and that a like number are in process of being contracted for on the North-East Coast and elsewhere. Before long it is esti-

mated that forty to fifty of these vessels will be in hand, and as nothing is to stand in the way of their construction, early delivery is expected. As completed they will be taken over by the Admiralty and engaged in trades essential to the nation, chiefly grain and food carrying. After the war is over the vessels will be offered for sale to private owners, and will then find ready buyers. It, therefore, looks as though before the year is half spent the country will be in possession of some 400,000 to 500,000 tons of useful shipping ready for employment in supplying the nation with food and raw materials."

In the *London Magazine* Percival A. Hislam, writing on "The Truth About the U-boat Peril," says:

"Apart from the gun and torpedo-carrying submarines and their minelayers, the Germans have made arrangements for supplying their ocean-going U-boats with supplies at sea by means of other submarines, which take out fuel, stores and ammunition, and meet the U-boats proper at prearranged rendezvous. The idea is obviously practicable. If the *Deutschland* can get out of the North Sea with marketable merchandise for the United States, and other submarines with torpedoes and shells for the murder of British seamen, there is clearly no reason why yet others should not take out reserves of oil and stores for the craft engaged in the work of commerce-destruction.

"An ordinary submarine, when normally cruising on the surface, uses only ten tons of fuel for every thousand miles she travels; and as the normal storage capacity can be increased very largely by filling the greater part of the ballast tanks with fuel, it is quite possible that there exist to-day submarines with a cruising radius of 10,000 miles, or even more. Only recently the German Admiralty announced with gusto that a submarine had returned after a successful cruise at sea extending over fifty-five days, without entering any harbor or receiving any external help. At the moderate average speed of eight knots, this represents a journey of no less than 12,000 miles, showing to what extent, geographically, the U-boat menace may yet extend."

Unrest in Bohemia

The Czechs Have no Heart in the War and Hate Their Rulers.

STORIES of the disaffection of the people of Bohemia, the Czechs who have been oppressed by the Saltzburgs for centuries, have been current ever since the war started. The Czechs, being a Slavic race, have had no heart in the war against their brother Slavs of Russia and Serbia. The extent of this unrest is indicated in an article appearing in the Bohemian Review, a periodical published in New York by the Czechs in the United States. The following paragraphs tell graphically what the real situation is:

Our people were thunderstruck by the imperial order commanding the enlistment of men up to the age of 51. Bohemians looked upon it as a deliberate attempt of the Vienna and Berlin rulers to slaughter the Austrian Slavs. As it was impossible to protest in parliament, which had not been called together during the war, Bohemian deputies attempted to protest in print against the drafting of elderly men, but declarations signed by the Bohemian Club and by the Socialist Club, comprising together all the Czech deputies, were confiscated and never saw the light of day. The irony of it was that the government in its proclamations cynically assumed that these elderly men would joyfully sacrifice their lives in company with their sons in the defense of the Austrian "fatherland"

The new recruits must report upon a certain day, according to the year of their birth, and are at once sent to Hungary or Saltzburg. Bohemia, on the other hand, is filled with Rumanian, Magyar and German recruits.



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They are very bold in their contact with the public, conscious of their privileged position in the empire. In Pilsen soldiers of a Magyar regiment treated women and all civilists with indecency and violence in full daylight. In Stara Boleslav, Dr. Saroch, mayor of the city, greatly esteemed in the whole district, was brutally beaten by soldiers of the local garrison, when he reproved them for their violence. In Hungary the contrary is true. In Szegedin our soldiers had to suffer insults from the civil population and were virtually decimated by the terribly insanitary state of the barracks. Several thousands of Bohemian conscripts were here packed into dirty, delapidated barracks, their sleeping quarters were filthy and infested with vermin, and two hand pumps in the square furnished all the facilities for the ablutions of thousands. The toilets were in an unspeakable condition. The result was an epidemic of typhus and cholera. A young friend of mine, not quite eighteen years old, touched with tuberculosis, dared to complain that he was sick. For that he was chained to the wall and left in chains until he fainted.

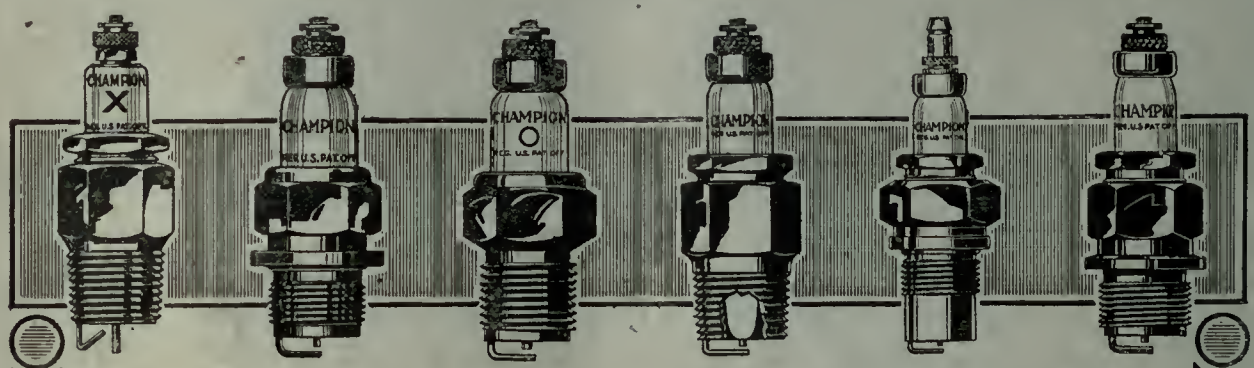
The stories we heard were hard to believe, but occasionally some desperately sick man came back and verified the rumors. Once I received a postal card from a friend who was in Szegedin as a so-called one-year volunteer. He wrote "It is not true that our life in Szegedin is hell, that typhus and cholera rage here. It is not true to say that when a Czech soldier goes by the people here raise their hands to imitate the sign of surrender and that we are insulted. There are no trenches and wire entanglements in this neighborhood. And it is not true, as the rumor says, that 15,000 Roumanians fled from this region into Roumania. We are having a fine time, lots of fun and think of you often." Why did my friend write "it is not true"? I never said or wrote to him anything of that sort. It was the only way he could inform me that the things he denied were facts.

Terrible are the straits amid which our nation lives. The military rulers of the state send our people to the slaughter, and the percentage of killed among our countrymen will be much higher than among the Germans and Magyars. And yet we are not discouraged. We shall not perish, neither shall our children.

The Future of the Aeroplane

THE future of the aeroplane is discussed by Orville Wright in *Harper's Magazine* in the form of an interview, the writer being Burton J. Hendrick. He deals with many very important points, but chief interest perhaps attaches to his prediction that the aeroplane will be a potent factor in ending war. On this point he says:

"I really believe that the aeroplane will help peace in more ways than one—in particular I think it will have a tendency to make war impossible. Indeed, it is my conviction that, had the European governments foreseen the part which the aeroplane was to play, especially in reducing all their strategical plans to a devastating deadlock, they would never have entered upon the war. Possibly they foresaw something of the pre-



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sent development, but not definitely. When I was in England several years ago I found the British Government not at all enthusiastic about the aeroplane, since the English military experts regarded it as a menace to England's isolation. This was the time when the nation was aroused over the fear of a German invasion; there was a widespread belief that the Germans were planning a descent in several forms of aircraft, and many very sensible people regarded such an enterprise as not impossible. Naturally they looked with suspicion upon any instrument, such as the aeroplane, which might facilitate such an operation. This illustrates the mistaken notions which were entertained concerning the practical uses of the aeroplane in warfare. Most of us saw its use for scouting purposes, but few foresaw that it would usher in an entirely new form of warfare. As a result of its activities, every opposing general knows precisely the strength of his enemy and precisely what he is going to do. Thus surprise attacks, which for thousands of years have determined the event of wars, are no longer possible, and thus all future wars, between forces which stand anywhere near an equality, will settle down to tedious deadlocks. Civilized countries, knowing this in advance, will hesitate before taking up arms—a fact which makes me believe that the aeroplane, far more than Hague conferences and Leagues to enforce peace, will exert a powerful influence in putting an end to war."

"I presume you would welcome such an outcome?" I said.

"Yes, indeed," answered Mr. Wright, quickly. "I should hail this as the aeroplane's greatest triumph. My main interest is in the aeroplane as a real promoter of civilization. Recent events have made us regard it almost exclusively as a weapon of war. Probably many people believe that, as soon as peace is signed, the thousands of aeroplanes that have contributed so greatly to it will be scrapped. That is not my belief. After the war we are told we shall have a new world and a new type of civilization; in my opinion one of the factors that will contribute to this changed order will be the part which will be played in it by the aeroplane. We shall have an entirely new form of transportation, which will serve many ends and contribute in many ways to the welfare and happiness of mankind."

"Yes," I remarked, "we have many prophets who tell us of the wonderful future in store for your invention."

"Yet I am not one of those," answered Mr. Wright, "who entertain extravagant ideas concerning its future. All sorts of ridiculous notions are afloat, largely fathered by people of lively imagination and of limited information. I do not believe that all transportation in future will be through the air. The aeroplane will not supplant the railroad, the trolley-car, or the automobile. All our present methods of transporting passengers and freight will continue to render excellent service; the aeroplane will merely be another agency for performing a similar kind of work. There are certain things that it will do better than the railroad or the automobile, and its use will therefore be limited to these, for we must realize at the start that the aeroplane has decided limitations. In saying this I am discussing the machine as we know it to-day. It is not impossible that other forms of aircraft, built upon other principles, may be invented, which may accomplish all the wonderful things certain imaginative people prophesy for the present aeroplane. We see numerous pictures to-day of aircraft as large as ocean-liners, but these are merely vain imaginings. We shall have no aeroplanes as large as the *Lusitania*. Any one who understands the fundamentals of air mechanics will immediately understand why this is so. The aeroplane is built essentially upon the same principles as a bird; it has the same flying capabilities as a bird, and precisely the same limitations. The best flyer among birds is the humming-bird. Have you ever noticed how it poises itself in the air, in almost identically the same place, perhaps for an hour at a time? The humming-bird is one of the smallest of birds; and certain insects, which are much smaller, such as the dragon-fly, are also wonderful flyers. It is a law of nature that, the larger the bird, the poorer its flying ability. The barnyard fowl has



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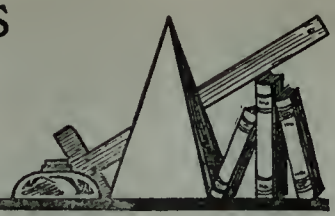
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great difficulty in getting over a fence, while the ostrich does not fly at all. All creatures that live in the air are small; we have nothing, among flying animals, which can be compared in size to the horse or the elephant. There are excellent mechanical reasons for this. The main one is that, as a bird increases in size, its weight increases at a much greater rate than the area of its wings. Thus, if a bird doubles in size, it would need, to lift itself in the air, not twice as much power, but eight times as much. That is, its weight increases as its cube, whereas the area of the wings increases as its square. You can easily see where that mathematical principle will soon land you. This is the principle that limits the size of birds, and it is also the principle that limits the size of aeroplanes, which fly just as birds fly. Each increase in size demands a much greater proportional increase in motive power, the result being that we have to add so enormously to the weight that the aeroplane soon reaches a size where it connot leave the ground. Many attempts have been made to make bigger machines, but nothing is gained in economy or usefulness by making them. The aeroplane is a method of transportation that works best and least expensively in small units. We can get better and cheaper service out of two aeroplanes of moderate size than we can get out of one which is twice as large. There are other factors that will limit our present aeroplane practically to its present size, but it is unnecessary to go into the matter in greater detail. Ten passengers have already been carried comfortably, yet it is a fact that a large car carrying ten passengers would not be so economical or efficient as ten little cars each carrying one."

What Schools Should Teach

Some Practical Suggestions for Educational Reforms.

PRACTICAL suggestions for reforms in educational matters are put forward by Louis A. Springer in the course of an article in Munsey's magazine. His ideas on what the schools of the future should teach are condensed into the following summary:

As higher education reaches its greatest usefulness when it functions in service to society, so must elementary education prove itself by functioning in service to the individual child. Spelling, for instance, must function in correct writing, grammar in correct speech. No method which fails to attain this practical result will be tolerated. Theoretical grammar has no place in the schools of the future.

History is valuable in life only as it deals with events that have survived in their influence on the institutions of civilization. The schoolboy of the next generation will be spared the dreary study of long campaigns and "famous victories" that have left no actual impress on the life he must live. Dr. Arthur Benson, president of Magdalene College, Cambridge, believes that the histories of the future will be largely written upon economic and biographical lines, paying special attention to the growth of political institutions and to the "development of the ideas that lead to the peaceful combinations by the name of civilization."

The geography of the future will give a real picture of the world as it is, not crushing the childish imagination with a mass of unrelated facts and tongue-twisting names, but stimulating it by a vivid presentation of the commercial and esthetic relations of the whole world to the learner's experiences.

Science on general lines will assume increased importance in the schools of the next generation. Many educators, notably Dr. Edward L. Thorndike, professor of educational psychology at Teachers College, Columbia University, believe that in a combination of vocational and scientific training lies the future of modern education.

"The schoolboy of the future will know more about the care of a gasoline engine than he will about the capes and bays of the African coast," said Dr. Thorndike. "The schoolgirl will have a clearer idea of the chemistry of the family milk-bottle and the mechanism of a typewriter than she will about cube root or Greek mythology."

There will be little place in the schools of the future for the classical languages. Greek will more than ever be related to the specialists. Latin, when retained at all, will be only for the youth with pronounced linguistic gifts. Modern languages, on the other hand, will play a larger part than ever before in the new education.

Americans are probably the worst linguists in the world, not even excepting the English, our only possible rivals for this doubtful honor. The practically complete failure of American pupils to acquire a living knowledge of foreign languages is a severe indictment of the schools and colleges that have devoted years to their instruction. The recent ruling of the Boston School Committee, which requires that all teachers of modern languages shall prove their ability to converse in such languages, offers a suggestion of hope for the future, while furnishing a significant commentary on the methods of the past.

The new education will teach languages as tongues, not as literature or as mental discipline. The demand for linguists in this country is urgent and insistent. The Federal Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce has always had great difficulty in finding young Americans with sufficient knowledge of languages to fill the positions it offers.

The high schools have long been a bone of contention in the public school system. The original tradition of the high school was that of a preparatory school for college. To this idea it has clung tenaciously, long resisting every effort to bring it into the line of public service. Its equipment has been more costly and its teachers more highly paid than those of the elementary schools, yet only a very small percentage of the children of the country were financially or intellectually able to make use of the advantages it offered.

But the high schools, too, have felt the healthy unrest in the educational world, and have modified their remoteness from the life of the every-day citizen. A number of American cities—including Chicago, Milwaukee, Los Angeles, and Newton, Massachusetts—have thrown overboard the old "college preparatory" tradition, and have opened their high schools to all children of proper age without entrance examination, or without regard to the previous school record. If the old courses cannot attract and benefit these children, courses are introduced that will do so, whether they be vocational, scientific, or something else.

If Germany Should Win

What This Would Mean to the United States.

ALMOST frank avowal of the close continuity of interest that exists between the United States and Great Britain, is contained in an article in *World's Work by Edward G. Lowry*, under the heading, "If Germany should win." The crux of the article is contained in the following paragraphs.

Consider this dramatic fact: There are between twenty-five and forty fighting ships, with their auxiliaries, flying the British flag, now lying at naval bases along the North Sea coast of Great Britain, that control the food supplies of millions, the rate of exchange all over the world, the political destinies of hundreds of millions, and the growth or decay of democracy on this planet. If by hook or crook the Germans could destroy the British heavy battleship fleet in a night the whole direction and destiny of humanity would be changed. The downfall of the

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Roman Empire was a momentous event in the history of the world, but it was gradual. Society had opportunity to accommodate itself to its changes. But the fate of this world as it is organized to-day hangs on that little group of engines of war off the north coast of Scotland and the men who control it. They mean more to us and to posterity than any one quite realizes. Verdun and the Berlin-Bagdad ideas, great conceptions as they are, dwarf into trivialites. Should this little group of floating gun platforms fail in its appointed task, we would feel the effects, next to Great Britain, more than any country or people in the world. It would mean that England would be starved into submission. It would mean that we would probably lose all the money that we have lent to England and all that she owes us. It would mean a financial panic such as the world has never seen. Credit would dry up. Exchange would break down. All the fabric of international commerce would be destroyed. All the relationships that have been established between nation and nation and people and people would have to be reconstructed on a new basis. It would mean nothing less than the reconstruction of the civilization of the whole world. Every trade route, every financial arrangement, every political agreement, and every international policy would have to be modified and shaped to meet the new and unreliable conditions. No finite vision can comprehend in definite, actual terms the extent and full effect of such a calamity. It is worth thinking about and worth speculating about here in the United States, remote as is the possibility, if it brings home to the people here how closely our destinies in the world are linked with Great Britain's. The two countries are indissolubly bound together in this world. Their fortunes cannot be separated. They must fail or prosper, rise or fall, together. Neither can go ahead at the expense of the other. Every day since this war began has proved that. If the United States had not supplied Great Britain and her Allies from our financial, industrial, economic, and agricultural resources the war against Germany could not have been waged as it has been. If Great Britain, through the employment of her sea power, her fleet, had not kept the sea lanes open, the condition of stagnation that came at the outbreak of the war would have prevailed, only to a lesser degree, to-day. We should have had no market for our produce and we should have suffered. We would have been isolated. Our activities would have withered. Factories would have been closed. Hundreds of thousands of idle men would clamor for employment. You can draw the black picture for yourself of what would happen if this country's activities were arrested and crippled.

Discoveries That Are Possible

The Results That are Obtainable From Industrial Research.

THERE is a stong feeling in Canada that industrial research, with a view to improving our position in regard to world trade, after the war, is one of the live topics of the present moment. Consequently interest will attach to the following extract from an article by Raymond F. Bacon, Ph.D., in *Scientific American*:

The possibilities of new discoveries in almost every field of industrial endeavor are almost limitless. Hundreds of men gifted with the genius for research could give their lives to investigation in the field of some industry and still that field would not be exhausted of research opportunities. In fact, research is in that regard different from certain ordinary lines of business; the greater the number of researches, the greater is the progress in a given field; but every new development in manufacturing creates new problems and the opportunities for discoveries become continually greater as we learn more and more of the possibilities of the materials with which we ordinarily deal in the manufactures and arts. In illustration, I shall cite some instances from the domain of iron and steel. We see tremendous advances made in imparting new properties to those old metals by means of mere traces of other metals. For example, it has been found that a mere trace of copper gives to steel the desirable property of resisting corrosion, while the addition in small amounts of vanadium or tungsten to steel affords a supersteel with certain physical properties far beyond those of any ordinary steel. We see the addition of magnesium giving to aluminum new properties of strength and casting quality which immediately make this metal available in a large way for use in automobiles, aeroplanes, etc. Such matters as these, where a metal has conferred upon it entirely novel properties and thereby enters an immense new field of usefulness by the addition of very small amounts of some other metal or metals, belong in the field of those things that cannot be predicted by existing scientific theories. The only way such discoveries can be made is by patient and careful application of cut-and-try, and, when one considers that the number of possible combinations runs literally into the hundreds of thousands, it will be seen how much work is open in this field of "dilute alloys." It is said that the application of copper to steel, which has grown into the immense industry of making certain types of non-corrosive steel, was somewhat of an accidental discovery, occurring in this way: There was a bridge in Mexico which had not been properly protected by paint and which had still resisted corrosion to a very unusual degree. An analysis of the metal used in the construction of this bridge revealed traces of copper and the following up of this result eventuated in the discovery that copper, within certain limited percentages, does impart to steel marked resistance to corrosion. It may be predicted that in the next few years the development of new types of alloys along the above general lines will exert a tremendous influence on certain industries and very especially on the motor-car industry.

General Lyautey and His Work

What Various Writers Say of the Character and Methods of the New Military Dictator of France.

THERE is a story of the new French War Minister which typifies the man. Years ago he was in Tonking under Gallieni that indefatigable coloniser. The order came for him to return to France, and gladly he accepted it, for he was worn out. No one saw him on board, he was down below resting tired brain and muscle. At Colombo a telegram was handed to him from the French Government saying it required him in Madagascar. What was he to do? Return to France and thence take a steamer? Not a bit of it. He learned that at Aden, six days further on, a French boat for Madagascar would cross his. That was good enough. At Aden, then, he transferred himself, bag and baggage, to the other ship, and speeded over the waters to his new post. His fellow-*voyageurs* noted that he was no longer tired—for France had need of him. The following brief sketches quoted from the *Contemporary Review* give some illuminating picture of the

character of this interesting soldier and statesman:

General Lyautey combines intellect with energy. His colonial work for France is a happy blend of the two. "Not so long ago, the idea existed that a man of action and a man of thought were irreconcilable," said the new Minister, in a famous address delivered at the Lycee at Oran in Algeria. "But such a notion," he continued, "is disproved by the most glorious periods of humanity: Hellenic civilization and the Italian Renaissance."

"When you root out a nest of pirates, remember that you have to plant a market on the morrow," was Gallieni's advice to his military commanders. It is the principle upon which Lyautey has always acted in Algeria and Morocco. *Ense et aroto* (by the sword and by the plough) was as much his motto as Bugeaud's. He thought always of the market or the school or the bridge or the road that he would "plant there" on the morrow.

General Lyautey has written some remarkable pages describing what he calls the social or civil *role* of the officer. Amongst subject-races he must uplift the banner of civilization, he must advance the native in the arts of peace. At home, especially since the rigid application of universal peace, he must devote himself to the moral, as well as the physical, well-being of his men. Universal service, he says, should not be regarded as a sterile or a burdensome task, but as an opportunity for extended social service. Let the young officer learn also that, though the privileged caste has disappeared, there is still a public necessity for discipline, respect, and self-sacrifice.

The author is particularly interesting when he defines this enlarged duty of the officer. Now that every young man passes through his hands in the barrack square or on the training ground, he has become the great educator of the nation.

In the *Outlook* we read:

Why did the choice for this all-important office fall on General Lyautey, a man whose name was hardly known outside France? Because Lyautey has proved himself to possess exactly the powers required, by practically conquering and then splendidly organizing a territory, turbulent and warlike, which is actually larger than France—the great territory of Morocco, which has for a dozen years been the chief diplomatic battleground between France and Germany. Gustave Sabin, the writer who knows most about the work of the French in Africa in their immense colonial empire which measures more than four million square miles (larger by a third than the continental United States), has thus summarized Lyautey's work in Morocco: "It would be impossible within the limits of an article to present all the fruits of the prodigious and fecund activity which manifests itself with equal success in all domains, military, economic, political. . . . The first, perhaps, of his qualities is an extraordinary power of work, a prodigious vitality. A cold flame, which reflects itself in his clear blue eyes, upholds this man, who needs only a few hours of sleep each night, and remains in his green maturity miraculously vigorous and full of force. And the Mussulmans, great admirers of physical power, who have seen him, always the first, at the head of their wildest cavalry expeditions, were perhaps allured as much by his dash, his skilful daring, as by the eloquence, intimate, rapid, full images, which he brought, to convince them, to the service of his supple diplomacy, his incessant desire to please and to attach to him whoever approached him; to gather together, to enroll defenders, co-operators in his magnificent work."

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Biology and the Nation's Food

How a Readjustment of System Can Increase Production and Lower Food Prices.

WE MAY, without argument, assume that at least a part of the recent risa in prices is due to the wastefulness of war. We know also that the crop year now closing was below normal, not only in this country, bnt also in others. If the entire difficulty were due to these two causes we might look forward to the future with complacency, for wars come to an end and bad seasons are only occasianal.

That there are other and more permanent causes is shown in a recent article in *The Scientific Monthly*, and the facts given here apply in a general way to Canadian conditions.

During the last decade of the last century, says the writer, tha average price of farm land in the United States rose 108 per cent. During the same time there was an average increase of 67 per cent. in the price of farm products. Thus far in the present decade both these rates have been exceeded.

This increase in the price of land is dua to two principal causes. In the first place, by tha early nineties the more desirable portiona of the public domain had been settled, and those who a few years earlier would have homesteaded new land were now confronted with the necessity of buying. This greatly increased competition, and prices rose accordingly.

But the very fact that good farm lands were not coming into cultivation as rapidly as formerly lowered the rate of increase in production. Thia caused higher prices for farm products, and this in turn a further increase in the price of land. It appears, therefore, that we have arrived at a period or are rapidly approaching it, when increase in production of food no longer keeps pace with increase in population. Let us now consider a few of our leading food resources to see whether this conclusion is justified.

The average annual production of wheat in this country by ten-year periods for the last three decades has been, in bushels per capita, 7.3, 7.8 and 8.0, respectively. These figures indicate a slight increase in production as compared with increase in population. But these are ten-year averages. The area of our wheat crop for each of the last ten years, ending with 1915, has been, in millions of acres, 47, 45, 48, 47, 46, 50, 46, 50, 54, and 60, respectively. The marked increase last year may be attributed to the stimulating effect of the high prices incident to war.

While wheat is our most important bread crop, corn is a far more important crop when considered in its entire relation to our national economy. It occupies nearly twice the acreage of ony other crop, has a total value more than twice as great, and is the principal basis of meat production in this country. Even the great crop of last year was only equal to that of three years earlier. It is evident that we have reached a point where increase in the production of corn is not nearly keeping pace with increase in population.

It may not be out of place to remark that the present abnormal price of potatoes is due neither to the European war nor to an approaching shortage in this crop. The crop planted last spring was in fact unusually large, and in some localities production was a maximum. But in several large producing centers there was an almost complete failure of the crop because of unfavorable weather. That potato production is keeping pace with increase in population is strongly indicated by the per capita production for the last four census years, which was 3.5, 3.5, 3.7 and 4.7 bushels. The figures for recent years confirm this conclusion. The only present menace to this crop is the possible introduction and spread of fungus diseases, which it is the province of the biologist to prevent. In this connection it may be noted that only recently quarantines were in force against the importation of seed potatoes from infected regions.

There was a time when the American people were probably the equal of any people in the world as consumers of meat. That was when we had an excess of good agricultural land.

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For the Caucasian race at least the per capita consumption of meat is closely related to the surplus of available farm land. At present we stand third in this respect, being exceeded by Australia and New Zealand, and closely followed by Argentina and Canada. The per capita figures for these five countries are 262, 211, 171, 140 and 137 pounds, respectively. At the present time Australians eat fifty per cent. more meat than we do. As already intimated, the per capita consumption of meat in this country is decreasing. For the year 1900 it was 182, and for 1909 it was 171 pounds, a decrease of 11 pounds in nine years. That this decrease will continue seems highly probable, though not necessarily at this rate.

The important food-producing animals of this country are, in the order of their importance, cattle, swine, poultry and sheep.

From the standpoint of our problem cattle must be considered in two classes, namely, dairy and beef, though there is considerable duplication in these classes. Dairying is, or can be made, a relatively intensive type of farming. For this reason its status can be maintained even when population becomes quite dense. At present the number of dairy cows in this country is increasing approximately in the same ratio as population, and there is reason to believe that this increase may continue for several decades at least. A future supply of butter and cheese seems assured, but there is some difficulty in the matter of supplies of market milk for our growing cities. This is largely due to the greatly increased cost of the methods which now appear to be necessary in the distribution of this product. Whereas milk was formerly retailed from cans it must now be bottled. The big problem here seems to be that of reducing the cost of distribution. Improving the quality of the cows as a means of reducing the cost of production is also urgent.

The supply of beef cattle in this country has fallen off very materially in recent years. During the last census period, there was an increase of about twelve per cent. in the number of swine in this country as compared with a twenty per cent. increase in population. There was a decrease of about eight per cent. in per capita production of pork products. Poultry farming is even more intensive than dairying. It is more or less prominent in China, where population is so dense as to exclude almost every other type of meat-producing animal. There is, therefore, no economic reason why poultry and eggs should not continue indefinitely to furnish the basis for breakfast and for the Sunday dinner as they have done from time immemorial. In fact the decreasing supplies of other meats, especially beef and mutton, greatly emphasize the importance of the feathered tribe.

Sheep husbandry as ordinarily conducted represents the least intensive form of live-stock farming. These animals can subsist were no other domesticated animal can live. Hence they occupy the dry regions of the earth, especially of Asia, Australia, Argentina and the Western United States. But these regions can no longer supply any considerable proportion of the needs of mankind for the products of these animals. Partly for this reason and partly because of the increasing scarcity of beef, the price of mutton has risen very materially in recent years, so much so in fact as to raise the question whether sheep may not again become an enterprise on the ordinary farm.

To recapitulate. Our principal bread crops already occupy so large an area that there can be no large increase in them except as new lands come into use, a process necessarily slow, and as we increase the acre yield. The increase last year in the acreage of wheat and corn, brought about by abnormal prices, was mainly on land ordinarily devoted to pasture and hay. This is significant in connection with the decreasing supply of beef. The production of fruits and vegetables can increase practically indefinitely, but even then the saving of acreage by increased yield is an advantage not to be ignored.

There is no economic reason why dairy and poultry farming should not continue to increase in magnitude as the need for their products increases. It is easily seen, however, that on account of the magnitude of these enterprises any considerable increase in production per cow and per hen, which we know need not entail a proportionate increase in feed consumed, may result in an enormous saving, most of which may readily be utilized in the production of beef, mutton and pork.

Business Girls Who Accomplish

How Brainy Women are Blazing Profitable Trails in the Financial World.

WHY shouldn't there be women financiers, women bankers, women bond "salesmen," women managers of security departments? Is it not of official record that half of the Pennsylvania Railroads 100,000 stockholders are women, and that the percentage in the New Haven and stocks like American Sugar Refining are even larger? Also that the science—and it has become a science—of filing the millions of documents, letters, statistics, etc., handled by such institutions as the J. P. Morgan and Company has been evolved almost entirely by women and would never be entrusted to men. According to a writer in *Every Week*, Wall Street offers more and better opportunities for earnest, educated, persevering young women than any other field.

Miss Annette L. Smiley, of J. P. Morgan & Company, who has established more filing systems for great financial firms than any man or any other woman in America, feels that a service can be rendered by warning young girls against leaving school before it is absolutely necessary for them to do so. Many girls who could go through college regard such a course as unnecessary to equip them for business. Miss Smiley declares that few young women can hope to reach the more important places in the financial world unless they have the ground-work of a full education.

Miss Smiley has the reputation of being able to do as much work in one year as most people can do in five. When she entered the Morgan firm in 1914 the books and records of the firm and its individual partners were not systematized. She has corralled and co-ordinated every letter, record, pamphlet, periodical, and book in the place, and to-day J. P. Morgan & Company's library, while not among the largest, is recognized as among the best extant.

The rise of the City Bank of New York to first place among the country's national banks has been facilitated in no slight measure by Miss Florence Spencer, who is a walking financial encyclopedia, consulted more often than any officer in the bank. She is more familiar with what is going on in finance, in commerce, and in industry, here and abroad, than most mere men.

Graduating from the famous Armour Institute of Chicago, Miss Spencer's ability attracted notice, and ten years ago she was given charge of the library of New York's largest bank. By starting work early in the morning, she was able to look over every worth-while newspaper and periodical, clip from them every pertinent article or paragraph, digest the whole mass, and place on the president's desk every item calculated to interest him or the other officers, the whole classified and neatly attached to cardboard. She developed what the newspapers call "a nose for news," and became extremely expert in distinguishing the important from the unimportant, the useful from the useless—the wheat from the chaff.

"What path or paths should young women enter in order to attain success in Wall Street?" I asked.

"First of all," said Miss Spencer, "aspirants should be naturally equipped with a keen and intelligent interest in current events and their relation to banking and finance. The best way to 'learn the ropes' is by apprenticeship in some firm or bank. Courage, energy and keen discrimination are absolutely essential to success."

The woman who knows the greatest number of bankers in America is Miss Marian R. Glenn, who originated a unique plan to supply all kinds of information to the 16,000 members of the American Bankers' Association, with which she is connected. Miss Glenn started her nation-wide work with nothing but an idea, enthusiasm, and a pile of old magazines and pamphlets strewn on a floor. To-day, if any one of these 16,000 bankers wants the very latest facts or arguments about any subject short of astronomy, all he has to do is to telegraph or write, and off to him will go a "Package Library" covering the whole subject. Miss Glenn has scores of these mail-order libraries constantly traveling to and fro.

At a pinch, she even outlines speeches for members of the unaccustomed-as-I-am-to-public-speaking order of bankers. Her specialty is not ponderous volumes of ancient vintage, but an amazingly complete compilation of up-to-the-minute articles from newspapers, periodicals, pamphlets, etc.

Miss Alice Carpenter, the suffrage leader, has been captured by Wall Street. She is now manager of a women's department in a prominent Stock Exchange firm, and has livened things up so much that competitors are worried. She made her first sale after only two weeks' experience, and now she can hold her own with the best of the male gender. Several other investment houses are breaking in women to undertake selling campaigns. The possibilities in this sphere are unlimited.

Miss S. Eugenia Wallace began her library training as a copyist at Columbia University. From this humble start she went through the library's various departments, and then resolved to invade the financial district. She is now at the head of a department employing thirty men and women in the Guaranty Trust Company, the largest in the country.

"Not enough is expected of women; that's why so few of them have done anything really worth while down here," Miss Wallace impressed upon me. "Office boys are expected to progress; but it is thought all right for girls to remain indefinitely without advancement. Before engaging a young woman I once called up a leading insurance official and asked him if the girl had any initiative. "Why, we never expect any initiative in girls," he replied. "We simply provide nice, comfortable nests for them until they are married off." When more is expected of women, more will be forthcoming.

The qualities that women most need to cultivate to win success begin with the letter *c*—courage, confidence and conscience. I mean, of course, that higher conscience that will not be content to do or achieve less than the *very highest* of which one is capable. A woman who lacks the courage to grasp opportunity, or the confidence to shoulder a big responsibility, is robbing her employer of her finest efforts and herself of the development that can come only as a result of constant growth.

Miss Beatrice Elizabeth Carr, who has graduated from the position of librarian to that of "unofficial partner" of a well known investment firm, attributes her success to hard work and incessant watchfulness against inaccuracy. "Lack of thoroughness," she declared, "is perhaps the most common defect and the most fatal one of the majority of the younger girls who come into Wall Street offices. Given a good education, a girl possessing a reasonable amount of common sense, a capacity for hard work, and an abhorence of slipshod methods, can hope to make more or less of a mark."

The employment director of a financial organization that employs several hundred women recently explained to me that some of the girls came to work in dresses more appropriate for a ball-room than an office. He pointed

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to one or two who happened to pass. They were arrayed in very fluffy-ruffles finery, low at the neck and high at the ankles, and the ruddy glow on their cheeks may or may not have come from inside the skin.

"See that; isn't that awful?" he protested. "I am trying to devise some method whereby a few of the more sensible girls will take the lead in instituting reforms in this matter of dressing for business."

Miss Carr puts "dress well and suitably" among the first of her injunctions to those who seek her advice. The girl in business must be careful not to wear clothes that distract attention. Other maxims indorsed by Miss Carr include: Cultivate personality, develop tact, have self-confidence, show infinite patience, acquire adaptability—and possess a sense of humor.

Let me emphasize one point: the young woman who has learned—really learned—one or more foreign languages has an asset that will raise her above mediocrity at the very start of her professional career. Now that this country is doing more than $7,500,000,000 of foreign trade a year, covering every corner of the earth, there is a keen demand for stenographers, clerks, secretaries, etc., able to speak and write alien languages, notably Spanish, German and French.

Plotting to Become Emperor

The Real Story of the Attempted Coup by Yuan Shi Kai.

EVERSHADOWED by the war and gaining only a small part of the attention that they would otherwise have been accorded events of remarkable importance and fascinating interest having been happening in China. The outstanding event was the sudden setting up of an Imperial throne by President Yuan Shi-Kai and his brief terms of absolutism. The "real story of Yuan Shi Kai's plot for a throne" is told by Samuel G. Blythe in *Saturday Evening Post.* It tells how the wily Oriental plotted for seventy years to seize the throne and then reached out his hand when it was too late:

The Chinese-Japanese War was largely due to Yuan Shi Kai's Korean operations.. The story of the beginning of that conflict is too long and too complicated to tell here; but the war came, and when it came Yuan Shi Kai left Korea, marching as a chair carrier in a procession of chair carriers who were supposed to be carrying Yuan himself. He took no chances, but had an underling in his chair, made up to resemble the Chinese Imperial Resident, who at the moment, and because of the advance of the victorious Japanese, was the Chinese Imperial Emigrant.

He vegetated for a time, but always remained in Chi-li, near the throne; and in September, 1898, he was put in charge of an army corps, and then and there began his work of getting the support of the army. He was governor of Shan-tung in 1900, which is a northern province adjoining Chi-li, and had the great good sense to keep out of the Boxer business. The Empress Dowager sent him many telegrams ordering him to attack the foreign devils with his army; but Yuan tore up the telegrams, assisted the foreigners, and when called to account he blandly claimed that he never received the orders. After the Dowager Empress returned Yuan was made viceroy of Chi-li, the position held for so long a time by Li Hung Chang. Then he was properly placed, for during the next three years he took a masterful and useful part in remaking the Chinese Army, in modernizing it and arming it, and incidentally in holding it together for his own purposes, which were regal.

The imperial idea which had taken root in the devious brain of Yuan Shi Kai began to sprout as the army sprouted under the advice and with the control of Yuan. He knew that nothing is possible in China without the support of the army, and that anything is possible with the support of the army.

So he coddled the army and its controlling generals, and by the time he was made grand councillor, in 1907 he was rather sure of his own power with it.

His ascendancy at the court continued until early in January, 1909, when he was dismissed from office by the Prince Regent and sent home. He remained quietly in Honan, fishing; but he wasn't fishing for fish. He was fishing for greater military control. Presently the first revolution began, in 1911; and Yuan, though urged to join the rebels, and promised all there was to promise, did nothing, and ostensibly remained loyal to the Manchus. He also refused command of the imperial land and maritime forces. Eventually he accepted that command, after he had made some terms with the Prince Regent, and proceeded to the front. There was great confusion in Peking. Prince Ching was dismissed, and Yuan, the one strong man who was in support of the Manchu dynasty, then tottering and about to fall, was made president of the Council of Ministers, or premier, and given command of all the forces in the vicinity of Peking.

This was in November, 1911, and at that moment the plots and intrigues of Yuan began to bear fruit. He was in a most advantageous position. He was the strongest man in Peking, acting for and with the Manchus, and he was also in a position to deal at first hand with the rebels, who were winning victories in the south, and who had established a provisional government with Sun Yat Sen at its head as first president of China. Yuan saw his advantage, and he pressed it. He apparently remained loyal to the dynasty; but he also remained exceedingly loyal to Yuan. He was at the top of his powers—a crafty, farseeing, expert politician. He knew that if he let the Manchu dynasty fall without using it to his own advancement he could expect little from Nanking Republican Government; and he knew, also, that though the dynasty was *in extremis*, the Nanking Government, new and untried, and largely theoretical in its workings, was not so sure of its own ground.

Yuan played one against the other. He did not let the Manchus know that he had the rebels where he wanted them—practically defeated; and he did not let the southern rebels know that he had the Manchus at his mercy. The Manchus aought in every way to hold him. Three times Yuan was offered the title and rank of marquis, but each time he refused it. He was playing for a bigger title than that.

He secured from the Manchus the secret edict of abdication on February 3, 1912; and having that in his possession, he proceeded to work on the Nanking Government, and get rights and emoluments for the fallen court. As soon as he had taken care of his former patrons he began to look out for Yuan Shi Kai. He had seen to it that the abdication edict gave him full power to organize a republican form of government, in conference with the republican leaders. He was most careful to have that designation in the official document.

Then he shooed the Manchus off the throne, published the abdication edict on February twelfth, and telegraphed down to the Nanking Government that, inasmuch as he was empowered to deal with that government, and inasmuch as it had in mind the establishment of a republic, he—Yuan Shi Kai—felt that a republican government might, after all, be the solution of the difficulties in which China found herself. "Therefore," said the wily Yuan, "I suggest that the most meritorious manner of composing affairs will be to become president myself; and in support of the exceeding virtue of that contention I call to your attention the fact that I have the delegated authority from the dynasty which has ruled China for many years; that I have a very good army to support that delegated authority; and that, morever, I want the job, for I firmly believe at the moment that a republican form of government is the proper form of government for China, provided, of course, your humble servant, Yuan Shi Ksi, is placed at the head of it.

He was an ardent and lifelong republican from the date of publication of the abdication decree. Also, he had the atrategic advantage. Also, he had the courage. The Nanking Government acquiesced. Yuan Shi Kai was too strong for them. He was elected provisional president by the Nanking Government on February fifteen and took the oath of office in Peking on March tenth. He was formally elected President of China on October sixth, and inaugurated four days later.

The story, as told by Mr. Blythe, covers a long and tortuous campaign, directed secretly by Yuan Shi Kai himself, to educate the people against the Republican form of government. A Peace Society was formed, to influence opinion. Petitions were circulated, calling for a return to old form of Government. Through it all Yuan Shi Kai affirmed, his adherence to constitutional government and his desire to leave public life and return to the streams and mountains and his native Honan.

Yuan Shi kai could not withstand the pressure. He had made all the face necessary by thrusting the throne from him once. He declared, in a mandate issued on the night of December twelfth, which quoted this second petition in full, that his former declaration was "the expression of a sincere heart and not a mere expression of modesty"; but, nevertheless, he would take the job. And he did. It had long before been decided to call the new dynasty the Dynasty of Hung Hsien, signifying Brilliant Prosperity; and on that December day the twenty years of plotting of Yuan for a throne seemed to have culminated successfully. He was Emperor of China.

Three days later the representatives of Japan, Britain, France, Russia and Italy again counseled Yuan to delay the change—and let it go at that.

However, the Era of Brilliant Prosperity became dimmed within a few days. By December twelfth, or eight days after Yuan was selected as Emperor, it was certain that a revolution was about to come to a head in the province of Yunnan, which is in the south. General Tsai-ao, one of the most capable of the younger of the Chinese soldiers, and several other revolutionary leaders, had appeared in Yunnan-fu, having arrived by way of Indo-China. They were amply provided with funds. They sent an ultimatnm to the emperor on December twenty-third, reciting to Yuan that he had violated his oath of office by accepting the throne, demanding that he should repudiate the monarchy and execute those responsible for it, giving a list of most of the Thirteen Imperial Guardians as subjects for decapitation. Failing this, Yunnan would secede, and the ultimatum would expire at ten o'clock on the morning of December twenty-fifth, Christmas Day. Yuan made no reply, and Yunnan declared for revolution and seceded as announced.

No serious doubt has ever been cast on the claim that Japan financed this revolution against Yuan to the extent of several million yen.

The revolution grew in proportions. Others besides the Yunnanese came in. Its progress need be touched upon only for purposes of this article, though it had a determining effect on the fortunes of the emperor-elect. There was fighting during January and February. Yuan was deeply concerned and began to show the effects of the strain. He had been a man of decision. He became hesitant. He lost flesh. He was peevish, dilatory, vacillating. His closest advisers were alarmed. They sought to keep him up to the requirements of his position, and early saw that the only way out of a situation that was becoming dangerous to Yuan and his supporters was to proceed instantly with the enthronement ceremony, in order that Yuan might be vested fully with the powers of his position. He was emperor-elect and functioning as emperor, but he had not be crowned.

To the end of getting Yuan actually upon the throne the Thirteen Imperial Guardians bestirred themselves again. They sent men about the country and flooded Yuan with petitions urging him to proceed at once with the actual ascension of the throne. Yuan was urged, threatened, cajoled; but he couldn't decide. He was not the Yuan who had origin-

Continued on page 71.





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Increased Production

The Movement to Mobilize Canadian Mankind for Larger Crops.

THE cry for increased production is meeting with an instant and very general response. Men who are so placed that it is impossible for them to get to the front are preparing to do the little that lies in their power at home by turning their hands in idle moments to the increase of production.

The agitation is double-fold. In the first place it is directed toward what has been termed "back-yard gardening." If city men would rise *en masse*, roll up their sleeves and turn their back yards into miniature truck farms, the result would be a very marked increase in the production of vegetables. This would be beneficial in two ways: It would bring down the price of vegetables and leave the public with more money to buy government war bonds; and it would mean a larger surplus for export.

The back-yard gardening idea has met with an almost universal response. The average man, anyway, has an inbred love of the soil. It is the spirit of land-tilling ancestors refusing to be subdued by generations of city-living and desk-slavery and crying out for expression. Most men are never so happy as when they are out in the garden, pipe in mouth and spade in hand, planning a big campaign in beets and a special effort in sweet peas.

The other side of the production agitation is addressed to the question of finding help for the over-worked farmer. Now that the young men have exchanged their cowhides for khaki, it is impossible for the farmer to increase his output unless some means is devised of getting him help. And so "production clubs" are being formed in the cities, the members of which bind themselves to spend their holidays on farms. It is a great conception this, business men giving up their usual lazy vacations and going off to some hard-pressed farmer to help him with his crops to tend his horses, to do their humble bit in this very useful if inglorious way. And it is "catching on." From the present viewpoint the exodus to the farms this summer will be a remarkable one.

Plotting to Become Emperor

Continued from page 68.

ated this bold plan to get a throne. He was fast becoming a doddering old man. In the end, on February twenty-third, he issued a mandate saying that he would postpone the question. He had lost his nerve.

Kweichow Province had seceded and joined the rebels on January twentyfirst and Kwangsi Province announced its independence on March thirteenth. Disquieting news also came that Japan was getting ready to intervene "to protect foreign interests"; and those close to Yuan began to think that the game was up.

Yuan decided to quit. He had made his great stroke and had lost in the winning. Many of his close friends and advisers urged him to fight it out, and go down, if need be, with the banner of Hung Hsien flying over him; but he was a broken Yuan, a weak old plotter instead of a valiant warrior. One hundred days from the time he became emperor-elect he issued a mandate canceling the monarchy and restoring China's Republican

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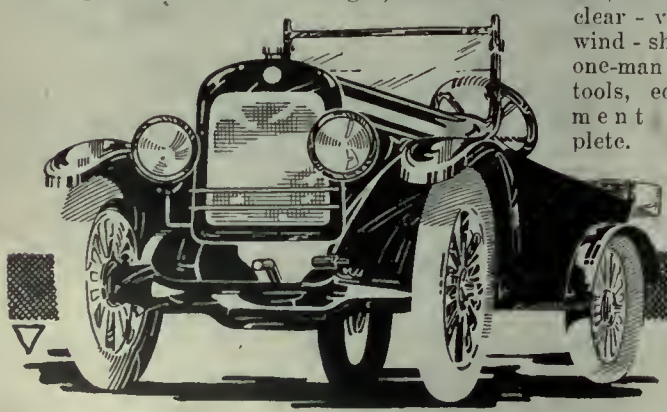
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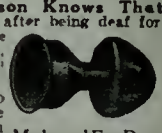
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Government. He said he showed his sincerity and modesty in refusing the honor when it was first tendered to him; that he was willing to bear the sins and crimes of all the people in all parts of the country; and that he would, therefore, cease being Emperor. He retained enough of his former decision to continue as president of the revived republic. He wasn't so far gone as to relinquish that.

All laws that had been revoked were restored, and the government went about its business of being republican with cheerful ease, except in the presidential yamen. Things were in bad shape there, for the seceding provinces did not return to loyalty to the republic of Yuan. They remained rebellious and demanded that Yuan should get out of office entirely. They formed a provisional independent government at Canton.

It became known to a few that Yuan was seriously ill. He had broken under the humiliation of his defeat and the loss of his crown. He was suffering from Bright's disease, with its consequent weakness, loss of mental alertness, irritability and lack of concentration. There were peace parleys; and while these were on there came serious fighting at Tsinanfu, in Shan-tung Province, in which Japanese soldiers joined with the revolutionists against the troops of Yuan.

Foreign doctors were engaged for Yuan; but what they did for him had little effect, for Yuan's Chinese wives insisted on treating him with Chinese medicines. As soon as the foreign doctors left, the Chinese wives followed the doctors' medicines with doses of the messes the Chinese use as medicine. The result was tough on Yuan. He failed rapidly. He had about decided to leave the country, thinking there was no way to defeat the rebels. He was preparing to seek asylum in the United States, and, upon his request, had been promised by our Government a guard of marines from the American Legation Guard, in Peking, to escort him from the palace to the railroad station, protection by American soldiers at Tientsin, and possibly a convoy to our shores, as a distinguished gentleman."

The rebels did not know this. Very few people knew it until now. If the rebels had known it there would have been a different face on affairs. As it was, the rebels began to have fears that they might not win at about the same time the sick president had his qualms. It was arranged that an emissary with power should go from Peking to treat with the rebels in Shanghai, with the terms of the abdication of Yuan in his pocket. Just as that emissary was about to leave Peking for Shanghai a telegram came to Peking from the rebels, requesting him to come to hear what the rebels had to propose. Both sides were wobbly.

This man, a very strong, clever man, versed in Chinese politics, went to Shanghai to get what he could for Yuan; but knowing that, after the bargaining was done, Yuan would quit. In the midst of these negotiations, while telegrams were passing between Shanghai and Peking, between this emissary to the rebels from Yuan and Yuan's friends in Peking, at three o'clock on the morning of June 6, 1916, Yuan died. The news was held in the presidential yamen until half past five o'clock that morning. Then Li Yuan-hung, the vice president, was informed, and told to get ready to assume the presidency of China.

Li Yuan-hung's dislike of responsibility was known to the men who sent him the message.

"Suppose he refuses?" said one of the men present.

"Shoot him instantly!" said all the rest.

Li Yuan-hung knew this, and did not decline. He was sworn in as president at eleven o'clock that morning.

So ended Yuan Shi Kai's great plot to make himself Emperor of China and to found for his forty children the Dynasty of Hung Hsien. It was a remarkable adventure by a remarkable man, and it left China in a state of confusion that will not be composed for years to come.

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AUTOMATIC Electric Lighting System fulfils all these conditions, and more. It is a guaranteed Electric Lighting Service—a chcaper service than light from acetylene or atorage battery plants, and so aimple that a lady can run it. No expert attention is necessary —no charging—it works automatically; all you have to do is to keep the lanks supplied. Hundreds in use, giving delight to users in Canada.

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is not just like ordinary coolers—it is better—its construction is vitally different—no ice, or the water from melted ice can come into contact with the drinking beverages—no other cooler has this feature—and its advantages are apparent—the drink is kept cool and pure to the very last drop. This insures a healthful, full flavored drink that gives refreshing satisfaction and creates that "I'll come here again" attitude.

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Its appeal is irresistible.

It is a fundamental factor in modern everyday life.

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This year Willys-Overland Motor Cars comprise the most comprehensive and varied line ever built by any one producer.

The economies of our greater production are shared alike by every car in the line.

In thus broadly applying the established Willy's-Overland policy of greater production — greater economy, higher quality lower price—we extend the benefits of our economical advantages to include virtually every class of purchaser.

The Willys-Overland dealer is in a peculiarly pleasant position to frankly and honestly discuss with you your needs and requirements in a motor car.

For whatever your need he has the car to fill it and he is prepared to demonstrate to you that he is offering you the dominant value among cars of its kind.

See him to-day—talk it over—let him show and demonstrate the car you ought to own to ride the road to happiness.

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Country Club	$1110

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Sunshine in Mariposa

Continued from page 21.

SMITH. — "Yes—and say—(ANDY *is now outside the door*). Tell Billy them Golden Fizzes is fifty cents apiece—or sixty cents for two if he wants another."

ANDY (*off stage in the street*).—"Alright."

SMITH (*gets up and speaks through the door*). — "Or, Andy! Tell Billy sixty cents—he won't want two."

MACARTNEY.—"Who is this stranger, Josh?"

SMITH.—"Dunno. Come in this morning's train."

JEFF.—"Mining man, do you think?"

SMITH.—"Dunno. Come in off the early train. Asked for a room with a bath."

MACARTNEY and JEFF.—"Room with a bath!"

BILL (*putting his head up from under his sheet*).—"A room with a bath!"

JEFF.—"What's his idea in that?"

SMITH.—"Why, they say it's all the go now in the big hotels in the city. If you have a room with a bath right in it, no one need ever know if you take a bath or not."

JEFF.—"That's it. Get down again, Bill. I haven't forgotten you. Quick shave you want, I know. The water's just heating. Well, you boys were just talking of the Lone Star Mine, and I was just going to say——"

[*Door opens and there enters* MR. MULLINS, *manager of the Exchange Bank, Mariposa. Neat and business-like, light grey suit, clean shaven.*]

MULLINS.—"Thorpe here? Good morning, Jeff."

JEFF.—"Good morning, Mr. Mullins. You're next. I was just giving Bill a hurry-up shave, but I guess he can wait if you're in a hurry——"

MULLINS.—"No, no, it's all right (*picks up a paper*). Well, Jeff (*jocosely*) how are stocks and shares to-day? Made your fortune this morning?"

JEFF.—"Why, I was just starting to tell the boys about the Lone Star Mine."

MULLINS.—"Oh, yes, that's the one that you say the city crowd were scrambling for, eh?" (*laughs*).

JEFF.—"Yes, sir, she's the biggest proposition between Cobalt and the Hudson's Bay to-day." (*Looking around among his shelves and pulling out papers*) "There's the shares of her—no, that's not. That's the Kippewa—four cents a share, ten per cent. cumulative preferred. That's a big thing, too. I just had an argument with Johnson. He said she was no good. So I bought in his shares. There (*taking a blue certificate*) that's the Lone Star (*gives it to Mullins*). See what it says."

MULLINS (*reading*).—"Lone Star Mining Company, Limited, par value one dollar. Well, what about it?"

JEFF.—"Well, I bought them for twenty cents. There's eighty cents clear profit right at the start."

MULLINS.—"Why, no, not necessarily."

JEFF.—"Oh, I know it might be more. Might go away above par. Of course, the Nipissing and some of them big mines, with a par of one dollar have gone clean to five, ten and fifty dollars a share. But I'm not reckoning on that. That's mere speculation. I say, take it simply at par——"

MACARTNEY. — "Par! Pough! Par! How will it ever get to par?"



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CANADIAN NORTHERN

JEFF.—"It would get there alright if they give the mine a chance. But they won't. I bought her at twenty. What was she next day? Eighteen cents. Then sixteen, and inside a fortnight *ten* cents. Then I knew they were trying to *shove* her down, the city crowd. I let them shove. They worked her down to five cents. I hung on. They got her down to three cents. All right, I says, you can't make me quit, you can't make me let go, my grip's firm, says I. Come on!" (JEFF *is acting in Pantomine the struggle for the shares.*) "They beat her down to two cents—I clung to her. Then to one cent."

MULLINS.—"And then?"

JEFF—"They shoved her clean off the market. Put her out of the newspapers. But wait, wait, I tell you, gentlemen—the day's going to come—you'll see it come. Wait, you'll see it come. (JEFF *speaks with a sort of suppresed excitement, half to himself, moving about and arranging towels and things without seeing what he is doing.*) There's a fortune—I know it—a big fortune."

MULLINS.—"And then you'll be endowing a university?"

JEFF (*turning about*).—"When I get my money, no university nor no professor shall ever see a cent of it. Let the professors work."

MULLINS. — "What then, public libraries?"

JEFF.—"Not one cent."

MULLINS.—"What will you do with it?"

JEFF.—"Do with it? It'll be my money. I'll do with it what I want to do with it."

SMITH (*his tone is quiet, as if concerned for Jeff's avarice*).—"Jeff, you'd do better to let it all alone. There's no money in that Cobalt country. I've seen it all, from the Mattawa clear down to the Bay—just rock and pine and desolation. For a dollar in silver you find in it you lose ten in getting it. Jeff, quit it. There's nothing to it."

JEFF. — "I don't say it's all good. There's some of it——"

[*The door opens and* NORA, *the new Irish help at Smith's, enters. She comes in in a hesitating way. The men turn and look at her. She is very pretty.*]

JEFF.—"Good morning, Nora."

NORA.—"Good morning, Mr. Thorpe. Oh, Mr. Smith, the strange gentleman sent me out to get cigars."

[*At the sound of Nora's voice Bill comes up from the sheet and remains looking at her open mouthed.*]

SMITH. — "Aint there cigars in the hotel?"

NORA.—"He says the ones over there aren't good enough. He wants two for half a dollar (*showing the fifty cents*).

SMITH.—"He wants two for half a dollar. Well, he'll get 'em. Jeff, what have you got in the case there?"

JEFF (*looking over the case carefully*).—"I've some pretty good ones here. *Claridad* perfectos, eight cents each—two for twenty. And I've the *Idealas*—they're a good cigar—twelve cents each."

SMITH.—"All right, Jeff—give her two of them. Wrap them up in something—separately. It looks better."

[JEFF *looks about him. Picks up what is evidently a mining share (a big pink certificate, lying on a shelf and evidently the same as the ones* MRS. GILLIS *threw away), tears large bits off it and wraps up the cigars.*]

NORA (*giving* JEFF *the fifty cents*).—"Is that right, Mr. Thorpe?—twelve cents each, two for half a dollar. I don't understand the Canadian money."

SMITH (*breaking in*).—"No, but you'll get on to it after awhile. It's quite easy."

NORA (*about to go out*).—"And the stranger gentleman wanted to know where he could get a quick shave."

JEFF.—"Right here, Nora. Tell him right here."

NORA.—"All right, Mr. Thorpe, I'll tell him."

[*Exit* NORA.]

MULLINS.—"Who's the girl?"

SMITH.—"She's the noo help over at my place. Came yesterday."

BILL.—"Some help, all right. Her voice is peculiar. Where's she from (*yawn*)—Lower Canada?"

SMITH.—"Ireland."

BILL (*with a yawn*).—"I noticed there was something in her voice. In the police business we get pretty quick at sizing up voices." (JEFF *is stropping a razor.*) "Oh. say, Jeff, I forgot. I didn't want a shave. What I wanted was an egg shampoo."

JEFF.—"An egg shampoo?"

BILL.—"Yes, it sort of freshens a fellow up."

JEFF.—"A *quick* shampoo?"

BILL.—"Yes."

JEFF.—"All right—now. Just sit up in the chair a little higher. There! Now then—a quick shampoo—an egg shampoo—now where have I put the eggs? They were here last week all right." (JEFF *starts moving about the shop looking for the things he needs and talking to himself.*) "Egg-shampoo—egg-shampoo — a quick-egg shampoo." (*In looking about he picks up the other part of the certificate that he tore up for the cigars and holds it up and half looks at it as he says*)—"no, I don't say that all the mines are good—egg shampoo—here's one where I got stung—egg shampoo."

MACARTNEY.—"What is that?"

JEFF (*giving him the scrip*).—"Read what it says—egg shampoo."

MACARTNEY (*reading the first half of the certificate that is still complete*).—"Corona Jewel Mining Corporation Interim Option Certificate—I see—I see. In consideration, etc. I see—the sum of five cents lawful money of the Dominion, etc., etc., J. Thorpe, Esq., of Mariposa—I see—Option to purchase etc., etc. One share, etc. Further payment of 25 cents. Oh, yes, I see—you paid five cents as an option and can pay twenty-five cents more to own the share outright."

MULLINS (*laughing*). — "Well, you don't lose much on that deal, Jeff. That's only five cents."

JEFF (*still hunting for eggs and speaking abstractedly*).—Egg-shampoo. One share, Mr. Mullins?—I've got about four or five hundred of them somewhere in the shop — I thought — egg shampoo — they were in that drawer, but they don't seem to be—egg shampoo."

SMITH. — "How did you get them shares?"

JEFF. — "Off a feller that wanted a trade. Traded him my winter coat. I don't need it in summer. And then Jim Eliot and three or four of the boys took a lot of the same shares. Then later when they found they couldn't sell them they put the blame on me—egg shampoo—for leading them into it they says. So I took the whole lot off their hands—just not to have any bad feeling. As I say, I've got, I guess, five hundred shares—but you see they're no good—and a feller'd have to go and pay cash money down, twenty-five cents a share before he'd own them anyway—egg shampoo."

MACARTNEY (*still examining*).—"And you'd have to take them up pretty quick—see what it says—payable at the Head Office of the Company or at any branch of the Exharge Bank of Canada. Why, it's through your bank, eh, Mullins?"

MULLINS.—"Is that so? I didn't know it. They make out options like that every day. But we hardly keep track of them Nobody ever takes them up."

MACARTNEY.—"Well, Jeff'd need to be pretty quick. It says, the option's to expire at 2 p.m. of June 30, nineteen hundred—why that's this afternoon"

JEFF.—"Is it? Well, it's all the same to me—egg shampoo. They ain't worth nothing anyway (*he shuts the drawer decisively*). I ain't got any eggs, Bill. I'll have to give you a Roman massage instead."

SMITH.—"Ain't got no eggs. Hold on a minute." (*He goes to the door and calls.*) "Andy, go into the bar and ask Billy for a half a dozen eggs."

JEFF.—"No, sir. with shares like those you got to just write them off. That's the only way in business—in big business. If you gain anything you count it so much to your credit; if you lose, then you write it off, see——"

[*Enter* ANDY *with an old black hat with six tough-looking eggs.*]

ANDY.—"Billy says he doubts they're very fresh."

JEFF.—"That's all right. They's no call to be fresh, not for a shampoo."

[*Exit* ANDY.]

[JEFF *takes out the eggs from the hat and puts them on the ledge. He takes one in his hand as if to break it on* BILL'S *head.*]

JEFF.—"You see, boys, when you begin to get an insight into big business——." (*Now and in what follows he constantly makes a motion as if about to smash the egg on Bill's head, and is constantly checked either by his own talk or someone else's.*)

[*Enter* GILLIS (*caretaker and messenger of the bank, a heavy, shambling, unkempt man with thick black hair, bloodshot eyes and the loose stoop of a drunkard. He stands, half swaying in the doorway.*]

GILLIS.—"Mr. Mullins here?"

MULLINS (*briskly*).—"Yes."

GILLIS.—"They want you right away up at the bank."

MULLINS.—"What's the trouble?"

GILLIS.—"I don't know. Mr. Pupkin says it's confidential. I heard him explaining it to the folks in the bank. But the place is so full of people I couldn't understand right—but he said it would be two o'clock in fifteen minutes—unless you came right away. That's all I understand."

MULLINS (*getting his hat and stick in hurry*).—"Yes, I guess it is. (*Contemptuously*) See, here, my man, you've been drinking. You're drunk."

GILLIS.—"I'm not drunk."

MULLINS.—"You're drunk and you're drunk while you're on bank business. Now, I've warned you once. I warn you again. Let me see you drunk again in bank hours and out you go. Do you understand, out you go——"

GILLIS (*with dark anger in his eyes*).—"Don't you threaten me or boss or no boss, by God I'll——" (*he lurches forward with his fist closed*).

SMITH (*interposing and taking hold of*



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STUDEBAKER

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him).—"Here, Ben, don't be a damn fool. (*He leads him by the arm to the door.*) Mr. Mullins is right. You're drunk. Go over to the hotel and sit down in the bar and get sober—for your wife's sake, now, go and sit in the bar." (*He puts Gillis out.*)

MULLINS.—"If it weren't for his wife I wouldn't keep that drunken brute a day! Well, I must get up to the bank."

[*Exit.*]

JEFF (*going on with his egg preparation*).—"So as I was saying, every loss should be written off well before it happens——"

[*Enter* SLYDE. *Well dressed, city man, air of a crook; over-polite.*]

JEFF.—"Come in, come right in, sir. I'm just giving this man a sort of a rush shampoo. You're next."

SMITH.—Jeff, this is the gentleman from Noo York that we was speaking about, over to the hotel. Mr. Slyde, shake hands with Mr. Thorpe (*they shake hands*) And this is Mr. Macartney. And this is Bill—of the police."

SLYDE (*with sudden apprehensive start at the word police*).—"Eh?"

BILL (*with a great yawn*).—"Police—and detective-service (*yawns, and practically falls asleep as he sits*).

SLYDE.—"I've been hearing a lot about you Mr. Thorpe. They tell me down in the city you're one of the big men in the mining business up here."

JEFF.—"Oh, I wouldn't say that. I wouldn't put it that way. No, not one of the big men. They said big, did they?"

SLYDE.—"Yes, that's what they say."

JEFF.—"Big, well—no—I'm free to say there are thousands of men—yes hundreds of them that know more than I do about the mines—dozens of them—half a dozen, anyway. There must be half a dozen—I should think—somewhere."

SLYDE.—"Well, I don't know anything about mines. It's not my business. But I said to some friends of mine, pretty big men in the city, I've got to go up to Mariposa and I think, I'll pick up a few hundred dollars of mining stock. 'All right,' they said, 'you go to Jeff Thorpe.'"

JEFF.—"They did, eh?"

SMITH (*with a laugh*).—"Sell him some of that mine you wrap cigars in!"

JEFF.—"No, no, I wouldn't sell a man a thing like that. But here, now did you ever hear them talk in the city of the Lone Star." (*Takes out certificate.*)

SLYDE.—"No, I can't say——"

JEFF.—"No, I guess they're keeping it pretty quiet. They've got her shoved off the market. But that mine——"

MACARTNEY.—"That's a wonderful mine. Pretty near as good as the Corona Jewel, itself."

SLYDE (*quickly*).—"Corona Jewels? Is that the name? I'm not used to these names. Have you got some options on that?" (*Smith looks up.*)

JEFF.—"About five hundred, but I wouldn't sell you them. They're just waste paper. That'd be cheating you."

SMITH.—"Say, stranger, what made you call them options? Who said they was options——"

SLYDE.—"Why——"

[*Voices outside.*]

"Toronto morning papers—noon edition—Toronto morning papers——"

SMITH and MACARTNEY.—"There's the papers in off the train."

[*Exit* SMITH *and* MACARTNEY *hurriedly.*]

BILL (*wakes with a yawn*).—"Finished, eh? (*looking in the glass*). Say that looks fine—feels a lot better, too. Nothing like a shampoo to make a feller feel fresh. What is it, Jeff, twenty-five——"

JEFF (*absent-minedly*).—"No, twenty without massage. I don't think I gave you a massage, did I? Twenty—all right—good afternoon, Bill."

[*Exit* BILL.]

SLYDE (*more quickly and decisively, with the air of a man who knows his own mind and wants to make the most of a limited time*).—"Mr. Thorpe, if you got any interim options on the shares of the Corona Jewel Mine, I'd like to buy them from you (*checking himself a little*). That is, just for fun."

JEFF.—"Why, Mr. Slyde——"

SLYDE.—"Oh, I'm not a mining man. I don't know anything about the mine, or any other mine. but I thought being here (*he takes out a roll of bills*) just for fun now. I'll pay you five cents a share for the five hundred——"

JEFF.—"Why, it's this way——"

SLYDE.—"Come, I'll pay you ten cents."

JEFF.—"I couldn't do it, Mr. Slyde. You see if you were in the mining business, I'd do it in a minute. Between two mining men any deal's fair. But you're just a plain, honest outsider. You say to me, 'Thorpe, I don't know anything about the mine.' I answer, 'All right, I do, and I won't sell it to you. It's not worth a cent.'"

SLYDE.—"That's all right now. You've got your price. Name it."

JEFF.—"What do you mean, I've got my price?"

SLYDE.—"I mean I know what you're up to. If twenty cents a share won't buy the shares, what will?"

JEFF (*indignantly*).—"Do you think I'd lie about them shares? You think I'm that kind of——"

[*Enter* MYRA *hurridely.*]

MYRA.—"Are you Mr. Slyde?"

SLYDE.—"Yes."

MYRA.—"I'm from the telephone exchange. Long distance is calling you. New York wants to speak to you, and they said it's a hurry up call."

SLYDE.—"Is there a 'phone here?"

MYRA.—"No. You can go up to the exchange, or across to the hotel."

SLYDE.—"I'll be back, Mr. Thorpe."

[*Exit.*]

MYRA.—"Father, who is that man? (*looks after him*). I don't like him."

JEFF (*with a certain indignation on him*).—"Like him? I guess not. He as good as called me a cheat, a liar."

MYRA.—"Father!"

JEFF.—"Over a mining deal—shares he wanted to buy. The Corona Jewel mine. Thought I was running the price up on him—thought I was dishonest about it. Can't a man buy and sell shares and he honest?"

MYRA.—"Oh, father, it's about that I've been wanting so much to talk to you."

JEFF.—"Why, Myra!"

MYRA.—"You won't be angry, will you, father?"

JEFF.—"Angry?"

MYRA.—"No, I know you won't. But. father, don't you think it's all a mistake, you trying to buy and sell mines?"

JEFF.—"A mistake? Why, look at *that* and *that* (*getting certificates from the shelves and drawer*). There, the Lonely Lake. I bought that for 20 cents a share, two hundred shares. Suppose it rises to a dollar—to five dollars—to ten dollars a share—suppose it rises to a hundred—"

MYRA.—"I know, father, but——"

JEFF.—"Didn't the Mattawa go to five hundred dollars a share. Didn't the Nipissing? "

MYRA.—"I know, father, and, of course, I know how clever you are and how easily you could make money but father, is it worth it all?"

JEFF.—"Worth it?"

MYRA.—"Yes worth it. Surely we were so content and so happy and nice when you came home, and I got supper for you and you told me all about what had happened in the day. And now, it's getting all so changed."

JEFF.—"Changed?"

MYRA.—"Yes, father, changed. Everything around is. Father, I didn't mean to say it, but even your friends, even people like Mr. Smith, that like you so much, see it and they're saying——"

JEFF.—"Yes, they're saying——"

MYRA.—"That—that—you've altered, that you've grown different, so eager and anxious for money. You think only of money——"

JEFF.—"They—are—saying—that?"

MYRA.—"Yes."

JEFF.—"That I think—only—of money——"

MYRA.—"Father, father. I didn't mean to hurt you."

JEFF.—"That I think—only—of money. Is that it? Do they think, do you think, I want money just for myself, or even just for you. Myra, I didn't mean to tell you now, it's for your mother's sake, Myra, for your mother's memory that I want the money. Something I want to do."

MYRA.—"Father!"

JEFF—"It was something that she wanted done, if we ever got rich, she and I, here in Canada. I never told you this, but—she was 'in service,' your mother was (*Jeff speaks with a sort of sudden and bitter passion*). That's what they call it, 'in service.' Yes, and more than that, before that, she was a workhouse child, my Martha was. And it was the bread of charity she ate the bread of charity and tears."

MYRA.—"But, father, you needn't have kept it back from me. I could love mother's memory just as well."

JEFF.—"Her memory! Aye, I'll see to that. Give me the money and I'll see to that. You don't know the old country, Myra. It's not like this, the old country. Here it's a land of hope and sunshine—and there's a chance for all But there it's hard—bitter hard—for the poor—for folks like Martha and me. And we were married — that's five and twenty years ago—and come to Canada—and we thought, as they all think, that some day we'd be rich—and we planned she and I did—what we'd do—that we'd take money and found a home—a real home of kindness and sunshine—for destitute children like my Martha was. That's how we planned it. And I worked and waited and some how the fortune didn't come. There were no mines then—and then, and then—just after you were born—I lost her——"

MYRA.—"Father!"

JEFF.—"Even at the last she spoke it—her hand in mine—her voice so faint—'Don't forget,' she said, 'I have never forgotten. I waited. There seemed no chance. Then the silver mines were found, here close beside us. And I knew, I knew, that it had come (*Jeff is greatly agi-*

tated). Too late for her, but it had come. Martha! Martha!" (*He is greatly moved and stands with his hands clenched at his side, gazing into space. There is a moment's pause before* MYRA *speaks.*)

MYRA.—"Oh, father, there are people coming. They seem excited. I'll go out this way."

[*Enter* MACARTNEY, SMITH and BILL. *They are in a state of great excitement,* MACARTNEY *brandishing newspaper.*]

SMITH. — "Say, Jeff, here's one for you, all right."

MACARTNEY. — "Say, wouldn't that wake a feller up——"

JEFF (*recovering himself from his emotion*).—"Eh—yes—eh?"

SMITH.—"Listen to this. Read it out to him, lawyer. There's something big doing."

MACARTNEY.—"Here it is—noon paper (*reads*). 'Toronto, June 30. Great silver strike in Cobalt. It is rumored in mining circles that startling disclosures will be made within the next twenty-four hours. It is being said on the exchange that a vein of silver of almost fabulous richness has just been discovered in one of the newer mines. It appears that the mines in question was not regarded as a paying proposition and the company professing to operate it was only organized for speculation purposes. Interim options had been unloaded on the buying public with no expectation of real delevopment. It now appears that the new mine, the name of which is being zealously guarded, is likely to prove. . . . At the time of going to press the whole exchange was in commotion with wild bidding for favored shares.'"

JEFF.—"What's the mine? What's the mine? Don't it say the name?"

MACARTNES.—"No, it doesn't say."

BILL.—"Don't they know. Somebody must know."

SMITH.—"What sort a fool newspaper" (*all together*).

JEFF (*excitedly starting to strop a razor*).—"I know it. It's the Lone Star. I always knew it was a fortune. Here, I've got the shares of it—here and here—or, no, I bet it's the——"

[*Enter* SLYDE, *hurriedly and eagerly.*]

SLYDE.—"Now, Mr. Thorpe, our little deal. Let's close it up, eh? Five hundred options—or what was the name of it—the Corona Jewel—wasn't that it? I'll buy ——"

SMITH.—"Hold on with that. Buy shares off him? Ain't you heard there's a million dollar boom on? Not a share do you buy off Jeff. All he has is his'n. Jeff ain't selling anything now."

SLYDE.—"Why, I——"

[*Enter* MYRA, *hurriedly.*]

MYRA. — "Father, those shares you spoke of. Don't sell! The news has just come——"

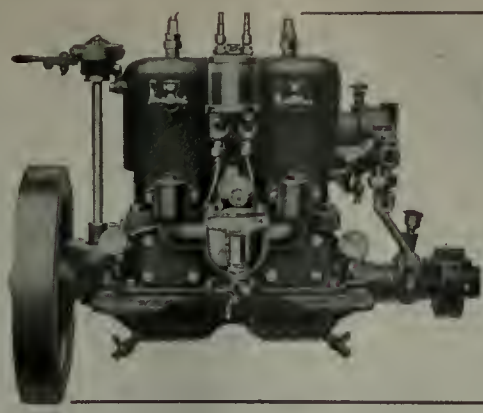
JEFF.—"Myra, Myra. Keep calm, don't be excited. It's only business (*stropping a razor in violent agitation*). Who's next—who wants a shave?"

MYRA.—"I heard it over the telephone wires and came right out. I'll lose my place for telling it—the mine——"

[*Voices outside of newsboys on the street, "Special edition Mariposa 'Newspacket.' Corona Jewel Mine. Great silver strike. Corona Jewel Mine."*]

[*Enter* NORAH.]

NORAH.—"Mr. Thorpe, they want you right over at the hotel on the telephone."



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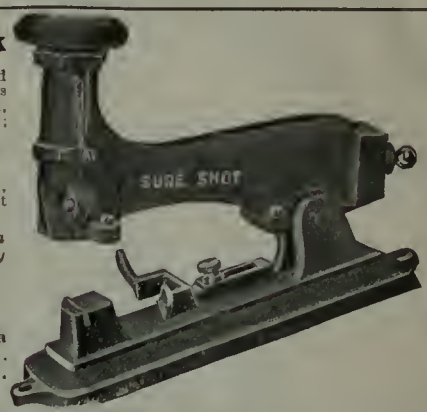
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JEFF. — "Telephone, yes, telephone" (*trying to change his coat*).

[*Exit* NORAH, *enter* ANDY.]

ANDY. — "Mr. Thorpe, the telegraph office is calling for you to come up there."

[*Voices of men outside, "Corona Jewel —Corona Jewel—Great silver strike."*]..

JEFF.—"The telegraph, yes, the telegraph" (*trying to brush his hair*).

[*Enter* PUPKIN, *wildly excited.*]

PUPKIN.—"Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Thorpe—right away. Come to the bank. The manager—Corona Jewel option——"

JEFF.—"Yes, yes, the bank. I'll just shave."

PUPKIN.—"By two o'clock—ten minutes. It's millions—Mr. Mullins has the transfer ready. He says hurry the shares —buy the shares. He says it's confidential."

JEFF.—"Yes, the shares, Corona Jewel shares. Here they are. Where are they? There are five hundred shares——"

MACARTNEY.—"My dear Thorpe — my dear fellow—congratulations. Keep calm —get the shares."

SMITH.—"Keep steady, Jeff—don't you know——"

JEFF.—"Yes, right here in that drawer. (*They all make a run at it and tear it open*)—or in this (*another run*). No, up here in the shelves" (*general scramble*).

JEFF (*pausing and regaining calm a little*).—"They were here, they were here yesterday. I've mislaid them."

MYRA.—"Father, I know. Mrs. Gillis when she cleaned——"

JEFF.—"That's it—Mrs. Gillis."

MACARTNEY and BILL.—"Mrs. Gillis!"

Continued on page 81.

A Woman Who Understood

Continued from page 30.

chile jes' natcher'ly had to keep wahm; so he made for the firin' kiln. An' I raikon if he weren't took powerful sick for the nex' week or two the Jedge sure might 've wallopped dat boy!

"But I see his mammy come out 'n the Jedge's study wif her eyes all red, and I raikon she begged the Jedge for to spare her boy. You see, Mis' Effel, she jes' *understood* dat boy! Dey was alike inside, bof of 'em was jes' pirootin' an' high-speerited, like all the Pinkneys. The Jedge, he was dif'rent. When Mis' Jinny and her boy knowed the Jedge was goin' to be away for a spell, dey was always carryin' on around dat ol' red brick, rampin' through the house like two chilluns, an' water-fightin' wif the gahden-hose and hoss-racin' down the lane. An' dat boy never had a school-fight or a tech o' skin trubble or a spell o' puppy-love widout his mammy knowin' all about it. An' Masta Gahnet hisself he jes' sprung into a powerful big boy, wif the Pinkney eyes and the Pinkney laugh and the Pinkney way o' gittin' fun out 'n things. Dat's 'bout the time the trubble stahted!

"DAT trubble didn't staht out 'n nuffin' more 'n a briar-root pipe what Masta Gahnet bought from the Cap'n of a lake schooner unloadin' white pine at the Van Allen lumber yahd. It cost him a dollah an' a half—I knowed dat, for he borrowed fohty cents off 'n me—and dat pipe, he 'splained,' had been smoked by mos' all the Crowned Haids o' Yurrup. The Cap'n tol' him dat. Lo'dy how dat boy loved that pipe. He tol' me he'd nail me down in the cistu'n if I ever breaved a word 'bout him ownin' sech a thing. Why, dat pipe jes' made Masta Gahnet into a *man*. I raikon he owned it for or five weeks b'fore he ever lit her up. But dat was 'bout the fust time he ever fooled his mammy. An' he took to smokin' again.

"I never jes' knowed how the ol' folks foun' out 'bout Masta Gahnet and dat pipe—but I always suspicioned a ol' she-hen what was doin' sewin' for Mis' Jinny by the day. But the Jedge he foun' out 'bout Mis' Jinny's boy smokin'. When he called 'im into dat study, Masta Gahnet was jes' natcher'ly scairt, an' I raikon dat chile didn't tell the truf. An' dat fixed the Jedge.

"Mis' Jinny, I mind, she locked herself up in heir baidroom; I was back on the dryin'-green beatin' rugs. Den the Jedge comes to me, hahd as iron, and he says: 'Git me a strap!' Lo'dy, I know'd what dat meant. So I goes to the hahness-room and unbuckles a check-rein off 'n the little mare's hahness an' takes it in to the Jedge. He looks at dat baby-strap an' shies it 'cross the room and goes out for to git the strap off 'n the ol' Gladstone neck-yoke. B'fore he can git back, I skips over to the window and opens her wide. 'Oh, Masta Gahnet,' I pled wif dat boy, 'limbah out, limbah out, b'fore you cotch it! I'll take the blame, I sure will!'

"But Mis' Jinny's boy jes' stands dere, wif his ahms folded, an' his Pinkney eyes flashin' an' his face 's white 's the Jedge's. He was a Pinkney, thro' and thro', wif his laigs straight and his mouf shut—and I jes' crept out to the kerrige-shed and sat down on the ol' surrey-step and blubbered like the ol' fool I was, wif all Masta Gahnet's dawgs creepin' round, whimperin' jes' as if dey knowed something was wrong.

"It was mos' dahk b'fore anybody come near dat shed. When I looks up, I see Masta Gahnet dere. Dat stahted me off again, but dere weren't a teah in dat boy's eye. He'd a bundle o' clo'es an' things what he'd wrapped up in a gunnysack an' tied wif a hame-strap. 'Mose,' he says, 'I'm goin' away!' Den I ax and ax for him to take me wif him. But he says no, I mus' take keer o' his dawgs for him. Den he staht sayin' good-by to dem dawgs. I couldn't stan' seein' dem 'dum' animiles lickin' his tremblin' hands and caryin' on dat-way, so I clar out. When I git back Masta Gahnet is gone.

"Lo'dy, Lo'dy, dat ol' red brick was a dif'rent house from dat day on, mos' as quiet as a tomb, and Mis' Jinny and the Jedge never sayin' much, and ev'rybody jes' waitin', waitin' for Masta Gahnet to come back. I raikon the Jedge thought for sure dat boy 'd be comin' back 'fore long. But he didn't. And the snow was flyin' and winter come b'fore the ol' folks gave up ever hearin' from him. Den the Jedge he et crow, and stahted the search. But nothin' come of it. Den another winter come. But dey kep' sendin' off letters and watchin' the post. Dey kep' feelin' he'd sure come back. But 'tweren't no use.

"MIS' JINNY was took sick, the nex' spring, and the Jedge he done changed a powerful lot. His ha'r done change from salt an' peper clean into salt, an' he walked to the post ev'ry day jes' like an ol' man. The nex' winter two o' Masta Gahnet's oldes' dawgs up an' died. Den another winter slipped by, an' den still another. Bimeby I raikon Mis' Jinny an' the ol' Jedge done give up. It was powerful dahk and quiet roun' the ol' red brick all them years.

"I raikon it was the nex' spring after dat, 'bout the middle o' May, dat Mis' Jinny got the fust word 'bout her boy. *Masta Gahnet was comin' home!* He'd been mos' all over the world, doin' dis and dat, an' den he turned soljer an' 'listed, same as the Pinkney boys did in wah-time. Dat chile 'd been fightin' Germans 'way over in the No'th o' France and holdin' a bridge-haid wif a m'chine-gun all by hisself when dey shot 'im thro' the ches'!

"Yes 'm, him not twenty years ol' an' fightin' in a ahmy! And gittin' shot thro' the ches'! But he was gittin' on fine, the ahmy folks write to the ol' Jedge, tho' dey 'lowed he'd bes' go home and res' up a bit.

"And, Lo'dy, Lo'dy, what goin's on dere was when dose news come to the ol' folks, gittin' the rooms done over, an' slickin' up the gahdens and the greenhouse, an' paintin' up the ol' surrey, an' cuttin' a new window in the boy's room, so 's he 'd git more sun! I sure did fix for to have ol' Jo-Anne and ol' Dahby shinin' like two-year-ol's, wif blue-ribbon plaited in deir manes, an' all the hahness-brass a-shinin', dat day Mis' Jinny's boy come home!

"When dey helped dat boy off'n the train and I see dem thin laigs an' dat white face, I was jes' 'bliged to stoop down and fuss wif ol' Jo-Anne's bellyband, for I sure weren't goin' to make a ol' fool of myse'f b'fore all dem folks. But I knowed Mis' Jinny's boy 'd be aixin' for me mos' the fust thing. An' he did, sure 'nough. But I jes' helt back, for I knowed he b'long to his mammy and the Jedge's much as he done to me. An' dat houn' Kaiser he jes' le'p' up and lick dat chile's face and whimper and let the teahs run down his nose an' cry an' shake an' den lick Masta Gahnet's boots. An' when Masta Gahnet hug his mammy, he could on'y use the one ahm, on 'count o' the ches' wound. When he gits in the kerrige and the Jedge tuck him up, he hugs Mis' Jinny ag'n, kind o' hongry-like. Den he laughs an' cries an' fights back the teahs and tetches his mammy's haid and says: "Oh, Mammy, dere's a white ha'r, an' dere's another, sure as I'm alive!' An' he d'clares he's taller 'n the Jedge hisse'f, and he swears he never see Jo-Anne and Dahby lookin' so gran'. 'Deedy, he do mos' all he can for to cheer the ol' folks up. But somehow it jes' weren't no use. All dat time Mis' Jinny she was jes' 's quiet, like she suspicioned from the fust the truf 'bout dat boy o' hers.

"You see, Mis Effel, dot ches' wound done give Masta Gahnet a powerful weak lung. Doctorin' weren't no use, an' nussin' weren't no use. The ahmy folks knowed dat all 'long. Dat's why dey sent 'im home. He jes' drapped away a li'l, day by day. An' Mis' Jinny she let

the ol' Jedge have dat son of his'n most all the time she could spah him, for she raikoned his daddy 'served him more 'n she did. *She* 'd always had 'im. Wif the Jedge it 'd been dif'rent: he didn't understan'—not till after all dem yeahs an' his boy come back again!

"ALL DAT spring the ol' Jedge and Masta Gahnet 'd go drivin' out to the ol' Buthnott Fahm, an' bring the kerrige back clean loaded down wif wil'-plum and apple-blossoms. An' 'bout the end o' June Masta Gahnet he passed away. Mos' the las' thing he toldt me, Mis' Effel, was to be sure an' be good to poor hab the wrong kind o' name. The Jedge an' hab the wrong kind a' name. The Jedge an' Mis' Jinny dey was mos' kind to me dose days—an' dey was hahd days. I was the only one o' the help dat Mis' Jinny 'd 'low to tech any o' Masta Gahnet's things. She kep' his rooms jes' like it always was, th' ol' slide-trombone over the doah, an' the ol' rabbit-gun in the corner, an' the busted banjo on the she'f jes' as dat boy o' hers lef' 'em. The ol' Jedge he jes kep' breakin' down ev'ry time he see dose things.

"I never ketch Mis' Jinny, tho', drappin' a teah. She'd jes' sit in dat room by the hour, thinkin' and thinkin'. But in two-three yeahs her ha'r git mos' 's white ' mine. An' when Dahby and Jo-Anne git too ol' for the road, the Jedge he had 'em took out to the Buthnott Fahm an' 'low no one to lay a han' on dem hosses. Dey jes' lazy roun' dere an' live on the fat o' the lan', dat team, an' 'bout once a mont' Mis' Jinny 'd drive out an' whussle at the pasture-gate and dat tem 'd come trottin' up and eat a apple out 'n her han' and rub deir poses agin' her knees. But bimeby deir teef got bad an' deir joints got stiff. A hahd winter come on, an' one day Lige, the fahm man, he calls me out behin' the granary and 'lows dem hosses is in mis'ry an' is sure got 'o to be shot.

"When the roads dry up again wif spring, an' Mis' Jinny an' the Jedge git drivin' out to the Buthnott Fahm again, Lige an' me we keep lyin' like troopers and sayin' the ol' team is back in the bush—yes 'm 'way back in the bush and fat 's butter! Den one day bimeby Mis' Jinny she's jes' set on seein' dat team, an' me and the fahm man we 's jes' natcher'ly 'bliged to tail what happened.

"Lo'dy, Lo'dy, but poor Mis' Jinny did sob and cry 'bout dat ol' team. 'Dey's all dat's lef'! All dat's lef'!' she kind o' whispers to me when she wipe her eyes. B'fore we gits home she says to me, she says, 'Mose, never you tail the Jedge 'bout Dahby and Jo-Anne bein' gone! Never, mind you, nohow!'

"But, b'fore the nex' mont' slip away the Jedge he ax for dat team hisse'f. When me and Lige shows 'im where dey 's buried, back in the bush, he stays out dere all by hisse'f, mos' all mornin'. 'Mose, mind you never let poor Mis' Jinny know what happen to dat team—never, nohow!'

"An' when the ol' Jedge died the nex' winter, Mis' Jinny she says to me, 'Mose, dere's jes' you and me an' ol' Kaiser lef'!' An' the next spring she stahted goin' downhill herse'f, goin' fast. One day she set up in baid an' sen' for Kaiser an' me and say, 'Mose, d' you all raikon you c'd string dat ol' banjo o' Masta Gahnet's?' An' I gets the ol' banjo an' strang 'im; an' Mis' Jinny say, 'Give us Dixie, Mose!' But, Lo'dy, I's sech a ol' fool I bruk down an' cry like a baby, an' Mis' Jinny kep' sayin', 'Poor ol' Mose! Poor ol' Mose!'—jes' like dat.

"Den the young doctah come in and shak' his haid an' say niggers and houn'-dawgs weren't no good for the sick. An' Mis' Jinny she turn herse'f roun' an' light into dat young doctah and tol' him if any blue-nose No'thern trash lay a han' on dat dawg or tech dat ol' nigger *she'd sure skin 'em alive!* An' 'bout the las' thing she says to me is, 'Mose, I aint a-goin' to ax you to be good to dat ol' dawg. He was masta Gahnet's dawg. I knows dat's enough.' . . . And dat's the same dawg dere, Mis' Effel, dat ol' Kaiser. And Lo'dy, the man dat talks 'bout shootin' Kaiser 's sure got to shoot ol' Mose fust! Yais, indeedy!"

Sunshine in Mariposa

Continued from page 80.

SMITH. — "She's right across there cleaning the hotel steps, Mrs. Gillis!" (*He rises*).

MACARTNEY and BILL.—"Mrs. Gillis!" (*They all three make a rush to drag her over from the hotel*).

JEFF (*still hunting*).—"They were here—or else there—or no—here——"

[*Re-enter* SMITH, MACARTNEY *and* BILL *hauling in* MRS. GILLIS.]

SMITH.—"The shares——"

MACARTNEY.—"When you cleaned——"

BILL.—"The Corona Jewel——"

JEFF.—"Keep calm." ?

MRS. GILLIS—"Land sakes! What——"

MACARTNEY (*dominating everybody with his voice*).—"Stop! Stop! Don't fluster her—don't shout at her—now, Mrs. Gillis, I put it to you with all the brevity and clearness of which I am capable. When you cleaned, swept up, dusted, and otherwise, adjusted, tidied—any word you like—this room—premises, shop—call it what you will—did you or did you not see any interim option share certificates! Good God! Can language be plainer? —of the Corona Jewel Mining Co., Incorporated——"

MRS. GILLIS (*her mouth falling open*). —"Oh, Coroney Jewel——"

ALL.—"Yes! Yes! Corona Jewel."

MRS. GILLIS. — "Why sure enough — when I came in here to dust what should I see but a whole packet of them there lying on the floor."

ALL.—"Yes, yes, and what did——"

MRS. GILLIS. — "Why, I thought Mr. Thorpe will want them put away somewhere and so——"

ALL.—"Yes, yes."

MRS. GILLIS.—"Why, I packed them all away in there" (*points to the Hot and Cold Baths*).

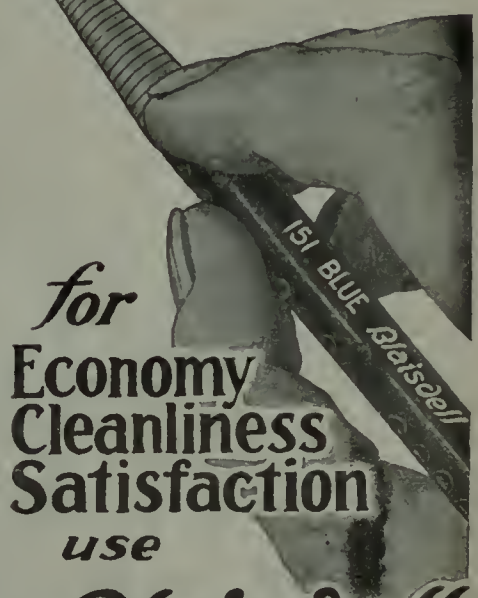
[*The men make a rush for the place, bursting open the door.*]

MACARTNEY.—"Here they are, Thorpe. Here they are, my dear Thorpe. Ten, fifty——"

[*Re-enter* PUPKIN.]

PUPKIN.—"For heaven's sake, in five minutes, it'll be too late and Mr. Mullins

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says you must bring the money, in cash, to take up the option. Twenty-five cents a share—a hundred and twenty-five dollars."

JEFF.—"A hundred and twenty-five dollars?"

PUPKIN.—"Yes, don't you see? It has to be cash, paid before two o'clock, to hold the option. Don't you see?"

JEFF.—"A hundred and twenty-five dollars—why, Peter (*in blank despair*) I haven't got it!"

SLYDE (*who has been all this time a spectator*).—"Why, Mr. Thorpe, here's where perhaps I can be of some help. (*Taking out money.*) I'll go in with you in this. I'll pay the hundred and twenty-five and take half and half on all that—"

SMITH.—"You will like hell! Them shares is Jeff's. (*He strides to the door and calls across the street.*) Billy, take the money in the bar, all the money—give it to Andy to bring over here. Yes, all right, put it in that! Hurry, Jeff. A hundred and twenty-five——"

[*Enter* ANDY *with an old satchel.* SMITH *grabs it and dumps out a mass of money—coppers, silver, bills—on the table.*]

SMITH.—"There! That's what my bar can do. Here, Pete, ten, twenty, fifty—that's right. You take it, Pete. Come on boys to the bank. Hurry—scoot!"

[*Exit* PUPKIN *with the money accompanied by* SMITH, MACARTNEY *and* BILL—*in a flock.* SLYDE *follows them out.*]

JEFF (*his back to the wall, all excited and yet collected*).—"Are they still in time? Look from the window."

MYRA (*looking sideways from the window*).—"Yes, yes, I think so. I can't see well. There's such a crowd in front of the bank. Yes, yes, they've gone in (*turns and comes swiftly to him*). Father, you're ill!"

JEFF.—"No, no, only faint. It's nothing—it's sudden—it's been so long—never thought it would come—her wish. Look, look again. I daren't look. Are they in time?"

MYRA (*clapping her hands*). — "Yes, yes. Oh, father, there's Peter—he's come out of the bank. He's waving his hands and shouting. It's all right. It's all right. There's Mr. Smith. He's telling the band to play. Oh, father!"

JEFF.—"It has come. I'm rich—rich—rich. Martha! Martha!"

[*The band plays "O, Canada" as curtain goes down.*]

ACT TWO.

TWO MONTHS LATER.

SCENE: *Thorpe's Mining and Land Exchange, Mariposa, formerly Thorpe's Barber Shop.*

The place is transformed. The Hot and Cold Baths are gone. There is a glazed side door (leading evidently to an inner room) with the words "Mr. Thorpe, Private." Round the walls are big placards, stock sheets, bond advertisements, etc.—especially one of Cuban Land Company; big pictures of Harbor of Havana, etc., etc. In one corner is a clumsy old-fashioned safe with big combination wheel lock. There is one barber's chair in a corner, but no sign of mugs, razors or appliances. The curtain rises on MYRA *seated at a typewriter table, operating a machine.* MRS. GILLIS *is cleaning the windows outside; one gets an occasional glimpse of her through the window and hears the swish as she swabs the water against the panes. She is only in sight now and again.*

[*Enter* JEFF. *Very neat and spruce, Panama hat, sportive-looking green suit, arm full of letters and mail.*]

MYRA.—"Oh, father, what a lot of letters!"

JEFF.—"A good many, a good many—naturally—can't run a business the size of mine without getting a lot (*dumps the letters on a table then starts picking them up one by one looking at the addresses and reading them*). 'J. Thorpe, Esq.,' 'Thorpe's Mining and Land Exchange,' 'The Thorpe Land Agency,' 'Jefferson Thorpe, Law and Mining Agent.'" (*He reads them in a self-important voice.*) "'Jeff Thorpe, Barber, Mariposa'—hump! Ignorant ass! How do you like my new hat, Myra?" (*he goes and looks in the glass*).

MYRA.—"Awfully nice, father."

JEFF.—"A hundred dollars."

MYRA.—"Oh, father! I didn't think there was a hat in Mariposa that cost that much."

JEFF.—"There wasn't—special price—just for one. They sent to Panama for it. Feel how light it is, eh?"

MYRA.—"It seems awfully expensive, father."

JEFF.—"Not at all—not for a man in my position. Only yesterday Mr. Slyde said to me, 'Mr. Thorpe, you *ought* to wear a hundred-dollar hat. People expect it.' Do you know what Mr. Morgan's hat in New York costs, Myra?"

MYRA.—"No, father."

JEFF.—"A thousand dollars. Slyde said so himself. And, anyway, now that I'm to be a director of the Land Company (Mr. Slyde and Mr. Harstone both insist I'm to be on the Board) I'll have to dress up to it. Slyde says so every day."

MYRA (*a little weary*). — "Father, I wish you didn't always quote Mr. Slyde so much. I *don't* like him."

JEFF. — "Nonsense, Myra. You took against Slyde because what he did a few months ago. You were quite wrong, all wrong about it. Ask Peter. Slyde is a big-hearted man—big-hearted. What he was trying to do that day—he's told me so—was to save me pain, to save my feelings. He meant to buy in the shares and then hand them over to me (*breaking off*). Where's Andy?"

MYRA.—"He went up to the painters about the new sign to go over the door. He's not back yet."

JEFF.—"Oh, no, Myra. Slyde is a big man. And so's his partner, Mr. Harstone. I owe them a lot. Without them I'd never have got into the Cuban Land Company. I'd still have been bothering away with Cobalt Silver mines and small things like that. But as Mr. Harstone says, 'you may make a quarter million in Cobalt—But what of it? That's all you'll make. Come in with us and you'll roll over a million in the next six months.' Roll it over. That's what he said. Did I show you the telegram from General Perrico?"

MYRA.—"No, father. Who is he?"

JEFF.—"The head of the company in New York. This is what he says. "Willing to place Mr. Thorpe on board of directors of company on receipt of fifty thousand dollars, unless Rockefeller or Morgan objects.'"

To be continued.

The Gun Brand

Continued from page 25.

ıd she faced him in a sudden burst passion. Her sensitive lips quivered d her eyes narrowed to the rapier-ıde eyes, that were the eyes of Tiger liston. She tore the roll of blue-prints bits and ground them into the mould th the heel of her boot.

"*It will not!*" Her voice cut sharply, d hard. "What do you know of what e north *will* be? You know it only as has been—as it is, perhaps. But, of. future you know nothing. I tell you e north will change! It is a hard land cruel—elemental—raw! But it is *big!* ıd, when it awakens, its very bigness, e virile force and strength of it, will rn against its savagery, its cruelty, its utishness; and above all other lands it ll stand for the protection of the weak d for the right of things to live!"

The quarter-breed gazed into her face th a look of undisguised admiration. h, Miss Elliston, you are beautiful, w—beautiful always—but, at this mo-ent—radiant—divine—." Chloe seemed t to hear him.

"And that is to be *my* work—to awak- the north! To bring to its people the mforts—the advantages of civiliza-n!"

"The north is too big for you, Miss liston. It is too big for *men*. Pardon, t it is not a woman's land."

The girl's eyes flashed. "Suppose we ve sex out of it, Mr. Lapierre. They id of my grandfather that 'the harder ey fought him, the better he liked 'em,' d that 'he never knew when he was ked.' Maybe that is the reason he ver *was* licked, but lived to carry civil-ation into a land that was a thousand ars deeper in savagery than this land And to-day civilization—education—ristianity exist where seventy-five ars ago the chance visitor was tor-red first and eaten afterward."

Lapierre shrugged. "It is useless to gue. I am in sympathy with your un-rtaking. I admire your courage, and e high ideals of your mission. But rmit me to remind you that your grand-ther, whoever he was, was *not* a woman. lso, that here, in the north, Christianity ıd education have failed to civilize—e educated ones and the converts are orse than the others."

THE girl's eyes darkened and the man noticed the peculiar outburst of the hin. He hastened to change the subject. "I am glad you have abandoned those ans. They were useless. May I now oceed with the building?"

Chloe smiled. "Yes," she answered, by all means. But, as this is to be y undertaking, I think I shall have it y way. Build the store first, if you lease—"

"And the stockade?"

"There will be no stockade."

"No stockade! Are you crazy? If lacNair—"

"I will attend to MacNair, Mr. La-ierre."

"Do you imagine MacNair will stand uietly by and allow you to build a trad-ıg-post here on the Yellow Knife? Do ou think he will listen to our explanation ıat this is a school and that the store is ıerely a plaything? I tell you he will



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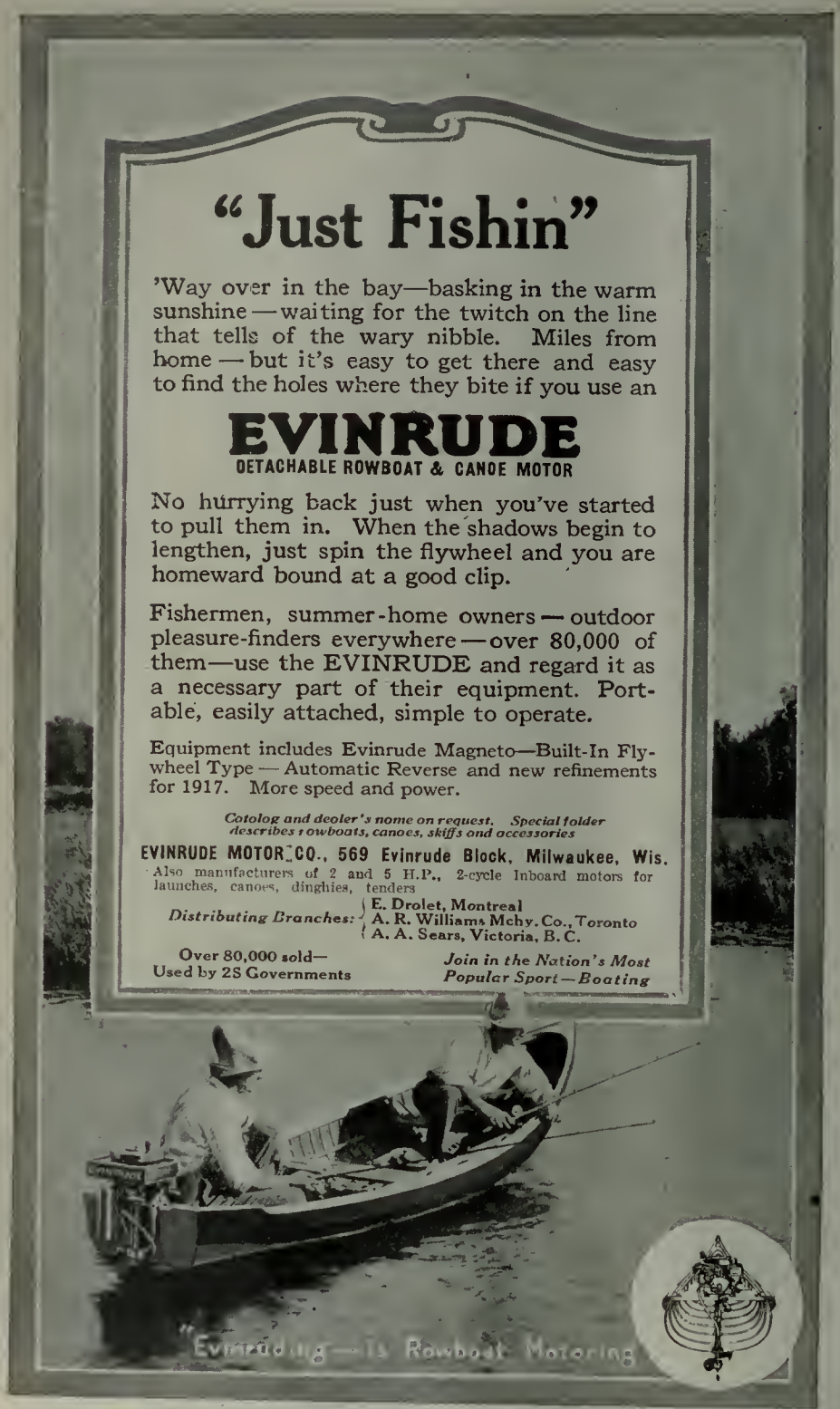
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countenance neither the school nor the post. Education for the natives is the last thing MacNair will stand for."

"As I told you, I will attend to MacNair. My people will not be armed. The stockade would be silly."

Lapierre smiled; drew closer, and dropped his voice to a confidential whisper. "I can put one hundred rifles and ten thousand cartridges in the hands of your people in ten days' time."

"Thank you, Mr. Lapierre. I don't need your guns."

The man made a gesture of impatience. "If you choose to ignore MacNair, you must, at least, be prepared to handle the Indians who will crowd your counter like wolves when they hear you are underselling the H. B. C. When you explain that only those who are members of your school may trade at your post, you will be swamped with enrolments. You cannot teach the whole north.

"Those that you will be forced to turn away—what will they do? They will not understand. Instead of returning to their teepees, their nets, and their traplines, they will hang about your post, growing gaunter and hungrier with the passing of the days. And the hunger that gnaws at their bellies will arouse the latent lawlessness of their hearts and then—if MacNair has not already struck, he will strike then. For MacNair knows Indians and the workings of the Indian mind. He knows how the sullen hatred of their souls may be fanned into a mighty flame. His Indians will circulate among the hungry horde, and the banks of the Yellow Knife will be swept bare. MacNair will have struck. And with such consummate skill will his hand be disguised, that not the faintest breath of suspicion will point toward himself."

"I shall sell to all alike, while my goods last, whether they are members of my school or not—"

"That will be even worse than—"

"It seems you always think of the worst thing that could possibly happen," smiled the girl.

"'To fear the worst, oft cures the worst,'" quoted Lapierre.

"'Don't cross a bridge till you get to it' is not so classic, perhaps, but it saves a lot of needless worry."

"'Foresight is better than hindsight' is equally unclassic, and infinitely better generalship. Bridges crossed at the last moment are generally crossed from the wrong end, I have noticed." The man leaned toward her and looked straight into her eyes. "Oh, Miss Elliston—can't you see—I am thinking of your welfare—of your safety, I have known you but a short time, as acquaintance is reckoned, but already you have become more to me than—"

Chloe interrupted him with a gesture. "Don't—please—I—"

Lapierre ignored the protest, and, seizing her hand in both his own, spoke rapidly. "I will say it! I have known it from the moment of our first meeting. I love you! And I shall win you—and together we will—"

"Oh, don't—don't—not—now—please!"

The man bowed and released the hand. "I can wait," he said gravely. "But please—for your own good—take my advice. I know the north. I was born in the north, and am of the north. I have sought only to help you. Why do you refuse to profit by my experience? Must you endure what I have endured to learn



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what I offer freely to tell you? I shudder to think of it. The knowledge gleaned by experience may be the most lasting, but it is dearly purchased, and at a great loss—always." The man's voice was very earnest, and Chloe detected a note of mild reproach. She hastened to reply.

"I *have* profited by your advice—have learned much from what you have told me. I am under obligation to you. I appreciate your interest in—in my work, and am indeed grateful for what you have done to further it. But there are some things, I suppose, one *must* learn by experience. I may be silly and headstrong. I may be wrong. But I stand ready to pay the price. The loss will be mine. See!" she cried excitedly, "they are rolling up the logs for the store."

"Yes," answered the man gravely, "I bow to your wishes in the matter of your buildings. If you refuse to build a stockade we may erect a few more buildings—but as few as you can possibly manage with, Miss Elliston. I must hasten southward."

Chloe studied for some moments. "The store"—she checked them off upon her fingers—"the school-house, two bunkhouses, we can leave off the bathrooms, the river and the lake will serve until winter."

LAPIERRE nodded, and the girl continued. "We can do without the laundry and the carpenter-shop, and the individual cabins. The Indians can set up their teepees in the clearing, and build the cabins and the other buildings later. But I *would* like a little cottage for myself, and Miss Penny, and Lena. We *could* make three rooms do. Can we have three rooms?"

Lapierre bowed low. "It shall be as you say," he replied. "And now, if you will excuse me, I shall see to it that these *canaille* work. LeFroy they do not fear."

He turned to go, and at that moment Chloe Elliston saw a look of terror flash into his eyes. Saw his fingers clutch and grope uncertainly at the gay scarf at his throat. Saw the muscles of his face work painfully. Saw his color fade from rich tan to sickly yellow. An inarticulate, gurgling sound escaped his lips, and his eyes stared in horror toward a point beyond and behind her.

She turned swiftly and gazed into the face of a man who had approached unnoticed from the direction of the river, and stood a few paces distant with his eyes fixed upon her. As their glances met the man's gaze continued unflinching, and the soft-brimmed Stetson remained on his head. Her slender fingers clenched into her palms and, unconsciously, her chin thrust forward—for she knew intuitively that the man was "Brute" MacNair.

CHAPTER VI.

BRUTE MACNAIR.

ESTIMATES are formed, in a far greater measure than most of us care to admit, upon first impressions. Manifestly shallow and embryonic though we admit them to be, our first impressions crystalize, in nine cases out of ten, into our fixed or permanent opinions. And, after all, the reason for this absurdity is simple—egotism.

Our opinions, based upon first impressions—and we rarely pause to analyze first impressions—have become *our opin-*

ions, the result, as we fondly imagine, of our judgment. Our judgment must be right—because it is our judgment. Therefore, unconsciously or consciously, every subsequent impression is bent to bolster up and sustain that judgment. We hate to be wrong. We hate to admit, even to ourselves, that we are wrong.

Strange, isn't it? How often we are right (permit the smile) in our estimate of people?

When Chloe Elliston turned to face MacNair among the stumps of the sunlit clearing, her opinion of the man had already been formed. He was Brute MacNair, one to be hated, despised. To be fought, conquered, and driven out of the north—for the good of the north. His influence was a malignant ulcer—a cancerous plague-spot, whose evil tentacles, reaching hidden and unseen, would slowly but surely fasten themselves upon the civilization of the north—sap its vitality—poison its blood.

IN the flash of her first glance the girl's eyes took in every particular and detail of him. She noted the huge frame, broad, yet lean with the gaunt leanness of health, and endurance, and physical strength. The sinew-corded, bronzed hands that clenched slowly as his glance rested for a moment upon the face of Lapierre. The weather-tanned neck that rose, columnlike, from the open shirt-throat. The well-poised head. The prominent, high-bridged nose. The lantern jaw, whose rugged outline was but half-concealed by the roughly trimmed beard of inky blackness. And, the most dominant feature of all, the compelling magnetism of the steel-gray eyes of him—eyes, deep-set beneath heavy black brows that curved and met—eyes that stabbed, and bored, and probed, as if to penetrate to the ultimate motive. Hard eyes they were, whose directness of gaze spoke at once fearlessness and intolerance of opposition; spoke, also, of combat, rather than diplomacy; of the honest smashing of foes, rather than dissimulation.

All this the girl saw in the first moments of their meeting. She saw, too, that the eyes held a hostile gleam, and that she need expect from their owner no sympathy—no deference of sex. If war were to be between them, it would be a man's war, waged upon man's terms, in a man's country. No quarter would be given—Chloe's lips pressed tight—nor would any be asked.

The moments lengthened into an appreciable space of time and the man remained motionless, regarding her with that probing, searching stare. Lapierre he ignored after the first swift glance. Instinctively the girl knew that the man had no intention of being deliberately or studiously rude in standing thus in her presence with head covered, and eyeing her with those steel-gray, steel-hard eyes. Nevertheless, his attitude angered her, the more because she knew he did not intend to. And in this she was right—MacNair stared because he was silently taking her measure, and his hat remained upon his head because he knew of no reason why it should not remain upon his head.

CHLOE was the first to speak, and in her voice was more than a trace of annoyance.

"Well, Mr. Mind-Reader, have you figured me out—why I am here, and—"





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THE MANAGER

"No." The word boomed deeply from the man's throat, smashing the question that was intended to carry the sting of sarcasm. "Except that it is for no good—though you doubtless think it is for great good."

"Indeed!" The girl laughed a trifle sharply. "And who, then, is the judge?"

"I am." The calm assurance of the man fanned her rising anger, and when she answered, her voice was low and steady, with the tonelessness of forced control.

"And your name, you Oligarch of the Far Outland? May I presume to ask your name?"

"Why ask? My name you already know. And, upon the word of yon scum, you have judged. By the glint o' hate, as you looked into my eyes, I know—for one does not so welcome a stranger beyond the outposts. But, since you have asked, I will tell you; my name is MacNair—Robert MacNair, by my christening—Bob MacNair, in the speech of the country—"

"And, *Brute* MacNair, upon the Athabasca?"

"Yes. Brute MacNair—upon the Athabasca—and the Slave, and Mackenzie—and in the haunts of the whisky-runners, and 'Fool' MacNair—in Winnipeg."

"And among the oppressed and the down-trodden? Among those whose heritage of freedom you have torn from them? What do they call you—those whom you have forced into serfdom?" For a fleeting instant the girl caught the faintest flicker, a tiny twinkle of amusement, in the steely eyes. But, when the man answered, his eyes were steady.

"*They* call me friend."

"Is their ignorance so abysmal?"

"They have scant time to learn from books—my Indians. They work."

"But, a year from now, when they have begun to learn, what will they call you then—*your* Indians?"

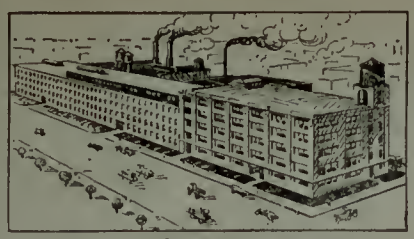
"A year from now—two years—ten years—my Indians will call me—friend."

CHLOE was about to speak, but MacNair interrupted her. "I have scant time for parley. I was starting for Mackay Lake, but when Old Elk reported two of yon scum's satellites hanging about, I dropped down the river. By your words it's a school you will be building. If it were a post I would have to take you more seriously—"

"There will be a—" Chloe felt the warning touch of Lapierre's fingers at her back and ceased abruptly. MacNair continued, as if unmindful of the interruption.

"Build your school, by all means. 'Tis a spot well chosen by yon devil's spawn, and for his own ends. By your eyes you are honest in purpose—a fool's purpose—and a hare-brained carrying out of it. You are being used as a tool by Lapierre. You will not believe this—not yet. Later—perhaps, when it is too late—but, that is your affair—not mine. At the proper time I will crush Lapierre and, if you go down in the crash, you will have yourself to thank. I have warned you. Yon snake has poisoned your mind against me. In your eyes I am foredamned — and well damned — which causes me no concern, and you, no doubt, much satisfaction.

"Build your school, but heed well my words. You'll not tamper, one way or another, with my Indians. One hundred



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11

and seventy miles north of here, upon Snare Lake, is my post. My Indians pass up and down the Yellow Knife. They are to pass unquestioned, unmolested, unproselyted. Confine your foolishness to the southward and I shall not interfere—carry it northward, and you shall hear from me.

"Should you find yourself in danger from your enemies—or, your *friends*"—he shot a swift glance toward Lapierre, who had remained a pace behind the girl—"send for me. Good day."

CHLOE Elliston was furious. She had listened in a sort of dumb rage as the man's words stung, and stung again. MacNair's uncouth manner, his blunt brutality of speech, his scornful, even contemptuous refernce to her work, and most of all, his utter disregard of her, struck her to the very depths. As MacNair turned to go, she stayed him with a voice trembling with fury.

"Do you imagine, for an instant, I would stoop to seek *your* protection? I would die first! You have had things your own way too long, Mr. Brute MacNair! You think yourself secure, in your smug egotism. But the end is in sight. Your petty despotism is doomed. You have hoodwinked the authorities, bribed the police, connived with the Hudson Bay Company, bullied and browbeaten the Indians, cheated them out of their birthright of land and liberty, and have forced them into a peonage that has filled your pockets with gold."

She paused in her vehement outburst and glared defiantly at MacNair, as if to challenge a denial. But the man remained silent, and Chloe felt her face flush as the shadow of a twinkle played for a fleeting instant in the depths of the hard eyes. She fancied, even, that the lips behind the black beard smiled—ever so slightly.

"Oh, you needn't laugh! You think because I'm a woman you will be able to do as you please with me—"

"I did not laugh," answered the man gravely. "Why should I laugh? You take yourself seriously. You believe, even, that the things you have just spoken are true. They *must* be true. Has not Pierre Lapierre *told* you they are true? And, why should the fact that you are a woman cause me to believe I could influence you? If an issue is at stake, as you believe, what has sex to do with it? I have known no women, except the squaws and the *kloochmen* of the natives.

"You said, 'you think, because I am a woman, you will be able to do as you please with me.' Are women, then, less honest than men? I do not believe that, In my life I have known no women, but I have read of them in books. I have not been to any school, but was taught by my father, who, I think, was a very wise man. I learned from him, and from the books, of which he left a great number. I have always believed women to be uncommonly like men—very good, or very bad, or very commonplace—because they were afraid to be either. But, I have not read that they are less honest than men."

"Thank you! Being a woman, I suppose I should consider myself flattered. A year from this time you will know more about women—at least, about *me.* You will have learned that I will not be hoodwinked. I cannot be bribed. Nor

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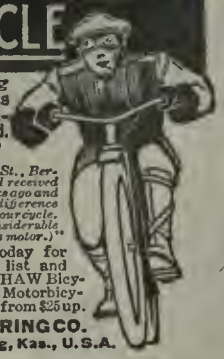
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can my silence, or acquiescence in your villainy, be bought. I will not connive with you. And you cannot browbeat, nor bully nor cheat me."

"Yes?"

"Yes. And of one thing I am glad, I shall expect no consideration at your hands because I am a woman. You will fight me as you would fight a man."

"Fight you? Why should I fight you? I have no quarrel with you. If you choose to build a school here, or even a trading post, I have no disposition—no right to gainsay you. You will soon tire of your experiment, and no harm will be done—the north will be unchanged. You are nothing to me. I care nothing for your opinion of me—considering its source, I am surprised it is not even worse."

"Impossible! And do not think that I have not had corroboratove evidence. Ocular evidence of your brutal treatment of Mr. Lapierre—and did I not see with my own eyes the destruction of your whisky?"

"What nonsense are you speaking now? My whisky! Woman—never yet have I owned any whisky."

Chloe sneered—"and the Indians—do they not hate you?"

"Yes, those Indians do—and well they may. Most of them have crossed my path at some time or other. And most of them will cross it again—at Lapierre's instigation. Some of them I shall have to kill."

"You speak lightly of murder."

"Murder?"

"Yes, murder! The murder of poor, ignorant savages. It is an ugly word, isn't it? But why dissimulate? At least, we can call a spade a spade. These men are human beings. Their right to life and happiness is as good as yours or mine, and their souls are as—"

"Black as hell! Woman, from Lefroy down, you have collected about you as pretty a gang of cut-throats and outlaws as could have been found in all the north. Lapierre has seen to that. I do not envy you your school. But as long as you can be turned to their profit your personal safety will be assured. They are too cunning, by far, to kill the goose that lays the golden egg."

"What a pretty speech! Your polish—your *savoir-vivre*, does you credit, I am sure."

"I do not understand what you are saying, but—"

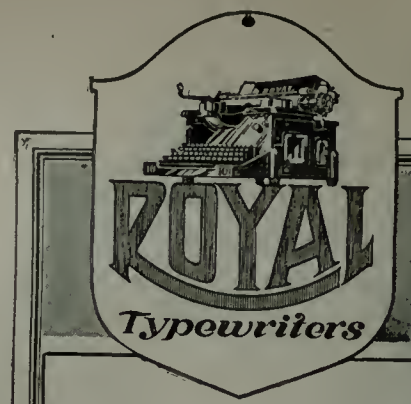
"There are many things you do not understand now that perhaps you will later. For instance, in the matter of the Indians—*your* Indians, I believe you call them—you have warned, or commanded, possibly, would be the better word——"

"Yes," interrupted the man, "that is the better word—"

"Have commanded me not to—what was it you said—molest, question, or proselyte them."

MacNair nodded. "I said that."

"AND I say *this!*" flashed the girl. "I shall use every means in my power to induce your Indians to attend my school. I shall teach them that they are free. That they owe allegiance and servitude to no man. That the land they inhabit is their land. That they are their own masters. I shall offer them education, that they may be able to compete on equal terms with the white men when this land ceases to lie beyond the out-



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"I'll see, Sir," said Doyle, "Out of my own knowledge I don't know, but I will look into the matter."

So Doyle 'phoned White, the representative in his territory of Darling Brothers, Limited, specialists in all matters pertaining to steam.

White arrived the next morning, and he, Doyle and the President, had a conference on the subject. White explained that the hot condensation of the steam, in which oil was frequently present, was the cause of the roof damage, and that according to the direction and strength of the wind, the localities and areas of damage to the roof of the National Piano Company and of adjacent structures were explained. "Put on a Wright Cyclone Exhaust Head," said White, "and your trouble of this sort will end."

"The cost?" challenged the President.

"For your factory, about $150."

"Go ahead," said the President, "It's cheap. We've paid five times that cost, one way and another in the last five years. And Doyle," proceeded the President, "I wish you'd go over this whole plant, and see where we can reduce expenses, and prevent losses by insurance devices. Let me have a report on this just as soon as you can."

Doyle, the superintendent, found White a good friend in this new task, and was amazed to discover how many things White had in his catalogue, all of them real money-savers.

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posts. I shall show them that they are being robbed, and cheated, and forced into ignominious serfdom. And mark you this : if I can't reach them upon the river, I shall go to your village, or post, or fort, or whatever you call your Snare Lake rendezvous, and I shall point out to them their wrongs. I shall appeal to their better natures—to their manhood, and womanhood. That's what I think of your command! I do not fear you! I *despise* you!"

MacNair nodded, gravely.

"I have already learned that women are as honest as men—more so, even than most men. You are honest, and you are earnest. You believe in yourself, too. But you are more of a fool than I thought—more of a fool than I thought any one could be. Lapierre is a great fool—but he is neither honest nor earnest. He is just a fool—a wise fool, with the cunning and vices of the wolf, but with none of the wolf's lean virtues. You are an honest fool. You are like a young moose-calf, who, because he happens to be born into the world, thinks the world was made for him to be born into.

"Let us say that the moose-calf was born upon a great mountain—a mountain whose sides are crossed and recrossed by moose-trails—paths that wind in and out among the trees, stamped by the hoofs of older and wiser moose. Upon these paths the moose-calf tries his wobbly legs, and one day finds himself gazing out upon a plain where grass is. He has no use for grass—does not even know what grass is for. Only he sees no paths out there. The grass covers a quagmire, but of quagmires the moose-calf knows nothing, having been born upon a mountain.

"Being a fool, the moose-calf soon tires of the beaten paths. He ventures downward toward the plain. A wolf, skulking through the scrub at the foot of the mountain, encounters, by chance, the moose-calf. The calf is fat. But, the wolf is cunning. He dares not harm the moose-calf hard by the trails of the mountain. He becomes friendly, and the fool moose-calf tells the wolf where he is bound. The wolf offers to accompany him, and the moose-calf is glad—here is a friend—one who is wiser than the moose-kind, for he fears not to venture into the country of no trails.

"Between the mountain and the plain stands a tree. This tree the wolf hates. Many squirrels work about its roots, and these squirrels are fatter than the squirrels of the scrub, for the tree feeds them. But, when the wolf would pounce upon them, they seek safety in the tree. The moose-calf—the poor fool moose-calf—comes to this tree and, finding no paths curving around its base, becomes enraged because the tree does not step aside and yield the right of way. He will charge the tree! He does not know that the tree has been growing for many years, and has become deeply rooted—immovable. The wolf looks on and smiles. If the moose-calf butts the tree down, the wolf will get the squirrels—and the calf. If the calf does not, the wolf will get the calf."

MacNair ceased speaking and turned abruptly toward the river.

"My!" Chloe Elliston exclaimed. "Really, you are delightful, Mr. Brute MacNair. During the half-hour or more of our acquaintance you have called me, among other things, a fool, a goose, and



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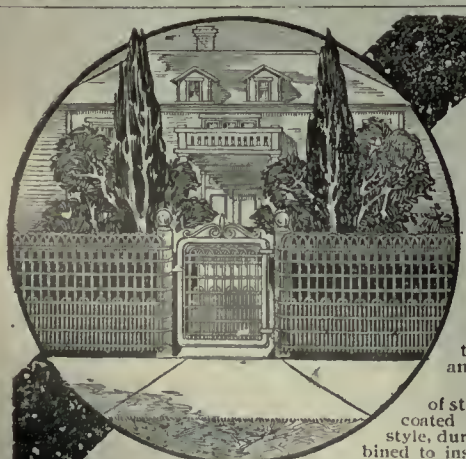
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a moose-calf. I repeat that you are delightful, and honest, shall I say? No; candid—for I know that you are not honest. But do tell me the rest of the story. Don't leave it like 'The Lady and the Tiger.' How will it end? Are you a prophet, or merely an allegorist?"

MACNAIR, who was again facing her, answered without a smile. "I do not know about the Lady and the Tiger, nor of what happened to either. If they were pitted against each other, my bet would be laid on the tiger, though my sympathy *might* be with the lady. I am not a prophet. I cannot tell you the end of the story. Maybe the fool moose-calf will butt its brains out against the trunk of the tree. That would be no fault of the tree. The tree was there first, and was minding its own business. Maybe the calf will butt and get hurt, and scamper for home. Maybe it will succeed in eluding the fangs of the wolf, and reach the mountain in safety. In such case it will have learned something.

"Maybe it will butt and butt against the tree until it dislodges a limb from high among the branches, and the limb will fall to the ground and crush, shall we say—the waiting wolf? And, maybe the calf will butt, learn that the tree is immovable, swallow its hurt, and pass on, giving the tree a wide berth—pass on into the quagmire, with the wolf licking his chops as he grinning points out the way."

Chloe, in spite of herself, was intensely interested.

"But," she asked, "you are quite sure the tree is immovable?"

"Quite sure."

"Suppose, however, that this particular tree is rotten—rotten to the heart. That the very roots that hold it in place are rotten? And that the moose-calf butts 'til he butts down—what then?"

There was a gleam of admiration in MacNair's eyes as he answered:

"If the tree is rotten it will fall. But it will fall to the mighty push o' the winds o' God—and not to the puny butt of a moose-calf!" Chloe Elliston was silent. The man was speaking again. "Good day to you, madam, or miss, or whatever one respectfully calls a woman. As I told you, I have known no women. I have lived always in the north. Death robbed me of my mother before I was old enough to remember her. The north you see, is hard and relentless, even with those who know her—and love her."

THE girl felt a sudden surge of sympathy for this strange, outspoken man of the northland. She knew that the man had spoken with no thought of arousing sympathy, of the dead mother he had never known. And in his voice was a note, not merely of deep regret, but of sadness.

"I am sorry," she managed to murmur.

"What?"

"About your mother, I mean."

The man nodded. "Yes. She was a good woman. My father told me of her often. He loved her.

The simplicity of the man puzzled Chloe. She was at a loss to reply.

"I think—I believe—a moment ago, you asked my name."

"No."

"Oh!" The lines about the girl's mouth tightened. "Then I'll tell you. I am Chloe Elliston—*Miss* Chloe Elliston.

The name means nothing to you—now. A year hence it will mean much."

"Aye, maybe. I'll not say it won't. More like, though, it will be forgot in half the time. The north has scant use for the passing whims o' women!"

To be continued.

Canadians in New York

Continued from page 33.

cess has come to Mr. Wickware so easily, with none of the struggle with which most men are familiar who have started out on the road to their ambitions.

After five years as editor of this engineering magazine, he was offered the editorship of *The American Year Book.* This is an annual encyclopedia of general information, including scientific subjects.

Mr. Wickware has also a general editorial supervision over Appleton's serious books, and he is now editing a two-volume Municipal Encyclopedia in conjunction with Clinton Rodgers Woodruff, Secretary of the National Municipal League.

Meeting Mr. Wickware, you would not imagine that the making of Encyclopedias occupied so much of his time, for he has a sense of humor and a mind that does not despise the more frivolous side of things.

"It all sounds very serious," he says, speaking of his life, "but it has been a very full and interesting one."

PROFESSOR SHOTWELL, of Columbia University, who is one of the most prominent Canadians living in New York, is oftenest to be found sitting in his study in a building situated close to the gold figure of the enthroned Alma Mater, who guards the entrance to this splendid college, for Mr. Shotwell has a mind seriously inclined toward work, having written as many as two hundred and fifty articles for the Encyclopedia Britannica, besides other literary work of value.

Professor Shotwell was born in Strathroy, Ontario, and is a graduate of Toronto University, through which he made his own way by doing private tutoring in his spare time, later going to Columbia University on a Scholarship. At first he followed the study of literature, but later turned his attention to history, the study of the moral and economical forces that are the structure of civilization, appealing more to his very serious turn of mind. At one time Mr. Shotwell worked on the London *Times*, during a leave of absence from the University.

THEN there is Julian Street, famous novelist and magazine writer. "He is a Canadian," any one in Canada will tell you. "He was educated at Ridley College. His family come from St. Catharines." "But he is an American," the New Yorker insists. "He was born in Chicago."

In any case, Mr. Street appears to have an inherited fondness for Canada. "There is an atmosphere of romance there," he himself says. "This country (the United States) is a country of commercialism."

Mr. Street was at one time a reporter, and he has also done dramatic criticism for a New York paper. Besides numerous



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other books, for the last few years he has been writing travel sketches which are lightly and amusingly written. They are not the record of a tedious journeying from place to place, with minute and wearying descriptions, but contain, instead, the personal note, the little human experiences that happen to all of us when we start out on our travels, but which the general run of writers so sadly ignore. In his books you feel the spirit of the place of which he writes, the little humorous idiosyncracies of the people who live there.

In "Abroad at Home," he starts off on his travels saying, "that the typical New Yorker really thinks that any man who leaves Manhattan Island for any destination other than Europe or Palm Beach must be either a fool who leaves voluntarily or a criminal taken off by force. For the picturesque criminal he may be sorry, but for the fool he has scant pity." But Mr. Street evidently cares little whether the man from Manhatten takes him for a fool or a criminal, for he has started another book of the same description, this time having started on his travels through the South.

"It is such a big undertaking to give a fair view of the South," he says, "with its troublesome race question, that I feel like a man starting out to build a skyscraper all by myself." Mr. Street is slight and dark, with a very boyish manner. The afternoon that I met him he was more engrossed with a plate of buns than anything else having forgotten his luncheon in his pressure of work.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This is the first of a series of artieles by Mrs. Redpath. The next will appear in an early issue.*

Jordan is a Hard Road

Continued from page 34.

I'm not to have me money because the bank's broke?"

Minden reached out and took the cheque.

"Of course whin the Young Doctor spoke up like that to that man in the cage," continued Kernaghan, "they grabbed the money they was paying out to me, an' put it back in the till. So what was I to do but bring that back to you."

Without a word Minden took from his pocket a handful of bills. Counting a number of them he handed them over to Kernaghan. Kernaghan took them eagerly; but seeing the strange troubled look in Minden's face, he said:

"Would it be hurtin' you, Mr. Minden, the breakin' of that bank? Had they anny great stacks of your money? Shure, the Young Doctor's losin' five thousand dollars—you didn't have that much in the bank, did ye?"

"Five thousand dollars—five thousand dollars, well, yes, I had that much, Patsy," replied Minden in a low voice. "Get out, Patsy, I got some business to do."

Patsy made for the door, but suddenly came back. "I don't think I'll take the monney, Mr. Mayor," he said. "I'll not be needin' it. Shure, I've got plenty somewhere."

Minden took him by the shoulders and turned him round. "Be off with you.

Patsy," he said. "D'ye think that'd save me if I was in trouble?"

Patsy pocketed the money. "Aw well," he remarked without any ulterior thought —"aw well, if you've lost a lot of monney, shure you always know where to get more, as you got what you lost."

A moment afterwards, seated in his chair at the mayorial desk, Minden raised his head from a long reverie, and repeated Patsy Kernaghan's words: "Shure, you always know where to get more, as you got what you lost."

IF THE bank had failed, then he was, in the language of the West, stony-broke; for very lately he had removed from his bank at Montreal all the money he had to Prince's Bank at Winnipeg. Ten cents on the dollar! What would that mean to him now? That which was to be a fortune for his girl and Sheldon, where would it be? If Prince's Bank was gone, then his girl's future was in danger. There was the hotel of course, but that on a sudden sale, would never bring what he paid for it; for the success of the Rest Awhile temperance hotel was due to his own notorious personality, and right well the public knew that. If what Patsy Kernaghan had said was true, all he had left was the temperance hotel; and the mine would be gone and the fortune it promised.

A stupefying gloom settled upon him, until Patsy Kernaghan's words came to his mind, "You always know where to get more, as you got what you lost." How had he got what he lost? By the robbery of trains, by breaking the law, by the highwayman's methods; by the life which he had put forever behind. Yet here it was staring him in the face with its dreadful allurement and the drag of ancient habit, the perilous joy of criminal enterprise. With a strange apprehensive, yet furtive look in his face, on which a light was playing such as plays through a crevice upon the grim architecture of a cave, he left the City Hall and went into the street. There he met the Young Doctor, who had evidently regained his composure.

"You've heard what's happened about Prince's Bank?" the Young Doctor questioned.

"I've heard," Minden answered calmly.

"I had five thousand dollars in it, and I suppose it's all gone," remarked the Young Doctor. "It took a lot of making, that five thousand. I hope you haven't lost much?"

"Not so much that I can't replace it," answered Minden with a strange smile, and passed on.

The Young Doctor's eyes followed him. "I don't like the look of his face," he said to himself. "It seems to hide a lot and yet it betrays a lot, too. I suppose that he hadn't all of his eggs in one basket, anyhow."

MINDEN'S face, as the Young Doctor had seen it, was the mirror of his mind. Everything was in disorder there. All his plans and hopes were overturned; a blow had fallen which splintered into fragments the edifice so carefully builded during the past months. He had thought himself saved by the sacrifice of Calvary, and since his conversion it had not seemed too hard, his emotions being what they were, to steer the narrow way; but all at once, in the presence of his ruined hopes, he saw by the flames which burned



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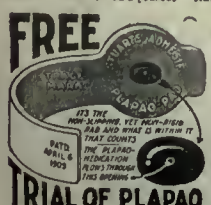
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up his designs, Bill Minden of old beckoning him back to the dark trail of the past.

The night of the day when he learned of the ruin of Prince's Bank, he walked the prairie with a smouldering fire in his brain, with a sullen remorse and despair coursing through his being. He had thought he was "saved by the blood of the Lamb," but in the black passions possessing him now, he knew that he had only, as he said to himself, *felt* good, not *been* good. He realized now he was not good in the sense that the class-leaders in the meeting-house understood it. In his agitated courses on that night of destiny he passed the meeting-house. The prayer-meeting was ending, and the prayer-people, as he had called them, were singing a hymn to close their exercises—

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

He could detect among the singers the voice of Mrs. Finley. He knew that rapt, rather piercing, falsetto tone which had in it the loving passion of the fanatic. He knew now that his own guilty stains had never been washed away; that he was still Bill Minden who had defeated the law and been defeated by the law. He had an impulse to enter the meeting-house and standing up before these real Christians blurt out his repudiation of all he had said and done in the name of religion and of all religion had done for him—as everyone and he himself had thought.

It was as though the Bill Minden of old was whispering in his ear. He had the most curious illusion that he was standing outside himself; as though, indeed, he had an astral body, and that the Bill Minden who had been notorious on a continent was telling the Bill Minden who had ruled the town of Askatoon and kept a khan for the wayfarer, that he had for months been in a trance, was the victim of an aberration.

As he passed on, the singing growing fainter, two hands seemed knocking at the door of his mind. One was that of the little misshapen Celt, Patsy Kernaghan, who had said: "If you've lost a lot of money, shure you always know where to get more, as you got what you lost." The other hand was that of a man in Vancouver—Jim Starboard, a criminal friend of old days—who had written a week before, telling him of a train that would be carrying a half million dollars to the next steamer for Japan. Starboard had suggested that they should hold it up at a station where it was due at midnight. The passengers would be asleep, the express-van would only be guarded by two men, and the game would be worth the risk. Jim Starboard had, in his day, been almost as expert as Bill Minden, and had been even luckier in escaping the penalties of his crimes.

NOW, AS Minden paced the prairie, all that Starboard had written kept besieging his brain. At first there was only confusion. He was tossed between the waters of the harbor and the sea. He had been in harbor now for a whole eloquent and peaceful year; but now the sea of ancient habit and elementary passion fell upon the breakwaters which his resolutions had erected; and at last it swept them away. Beyond everything else he had wished to see Sheldon and his daughter married, and to feel that the girl owed

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to him her fortune—some compensation for his being her father. For Sheldon to lose all now, for his girl not to have what he had planned for her—the inevitable, the indispensable thing—was a torture to his storm-tossed brain. As the night wore on, he heard a voice from Vancouver forever saying to him: "There's a way, there's a way!"

Yes, with it all, something that had come to him out of his new life kept holding him, as a child lightly holds the hand of one it trusts. In sudden emotion he fell upon his knews in the stubble and prayed. He did not know what he said. It was the cry of the agonized, unstable nature of one who in its natural bent towards wickedness was strong with the selfishness of the materialist; the emotions of a character vain, irresponsible and weak, if kind and generous.

His strivings were of no avail. Nothing came to help him; there was no response to his call. It was as though he had only appealed to the Power beyond, because he could say, when another crime would be added to his record, that he had prayed for grace to resist, and it had failed him. Who can tell! Such dual personalities have their own tragedies. Grimly he rose from his knees as dawn touched the hills. He saw the faint glimmer of saffron, then turned his back upon the eastern sky and faced the mountains in the West.

A few hours later he sent a telegram in language which only Jim Starboard could understand. It was not adressed in Starboard's own name. A few hours later still he sent a letter addressed to Starboard to an hotel at a railway station about eighty miles west.

IN ASKATOON things moved smoothly on. A few people had been hurt by the failure of the bank, and no one had the faintest idea of how much it had meant to Minden. He went his way as usual, and only two people in the place had the faintest idea that something was deeply disturbing his mind. Only the Young Doctor saw some subtle change in him, something that lay secluded in the depth of his eyes; while Cora Finley, seeing his face pale attributed it to some slight illness which table delicacies could cure.

Minden had promised Sheldon that he would give him a cheque for fifty thousand dollars within three days. On the morning of the third day he handed it to him, saying: "Good luck to us, and don't waste it! It's cost a lot."

After Sheldon left his office to deposit the cheque in the bank, Minden sat long at his table in a kind of dream. At length something like a smile came upon his face; the trouble which had hovered over it for days passed away, and he said aloud:

"That's settled it! He's got the cheque, and he's got to have the money. I can't go back on that."

It would take several days for the cheque to go to the bank on which it was drawn at Montreal, and the money would be there if all went well.

IN THE dead of night a stranger visited Minden in his office coming by the back garden, as Sheldon had come. After a long interview the stranger's last words were:

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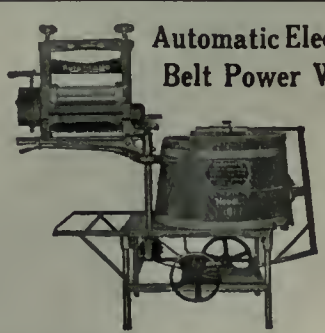
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Minden nodded. "You've got it, Ji Settled."

"I knew you'd come back to us, Bill the other said. "You was the greate war-boss that ever faced the guns. W all take off our hats to you. That was great game of your playing 'Saved' a preachin' here at Askatoon; but I don see what you was driving at. You've do it in style, but I don't git it."

"You don't have to git it," was Mi den's reply. "You couldn't if you tried

The other prepared to go, and opene the door. The room was as dark as t night and he could not be seen from ou side. "Well, good-bye, Bill," he sai "This ain't the first time we've been harness together an' it won't be the la neether."

They shook hands, Jim Starboard di appeared, and the door closed.

"You're wrong. It is the last tim Jim. I've got sense enough to know tha It's the last, last time of all. If it com off. I'm off East or West; it if doesn come off—no, it's got to come off! I' risking it for her, an' I know I'm riskin her too; but it's too late to turn back. got to go on with it now. It's the las last time though, so help me God!"

CHAPTER X.

SOME ONE MUST PAY.

IT SEEMED as though the foot-hill were in rebellion against the moun tains and that hundreds of ruined reg ments were breaking in blind disorde upon the plains. Never, perhaps, ha the long escarpment of the Rockie known such a storm, or the plains bee swept by a wider flood. Like some re native of the northern wilds who mut lates himself in frenzy to show how muc the human frame can bear, so on th night, Nature, the benign mother, ravage her own bosom, tore out her own eye shrieked the agony of her own making— abandoned, merciless, a cynical, siniste hag. It seemed as though she made th massive turmoil in sheer contempt of a human order by sheltering in her cloak c storm one reckless man who, havin shamefully sinned and repented of his si was again returning to the sins he ha forsaken.

In all the days of all the years he ha lived, Bill Minden never had such an op portunity for carrying out his dark pur poses; and at Goldmark Station, in th savagery of the tempest, the thing wa done which Starboard and himself ha planned to do.

The man who takes refuge with th devil must pay the devil's fees; and th man who robbed the train at Goldmar found, as the night went on, that Nature

which had given hi mthe shelter of the storm, in derision made him the victim of the storm. In the hours when he worked the linemen's hand-car, as had been arranged, over the rails, up the grade and down the incline through the foothills and out upon the prairie, he was punished by a thousand whips of rain and wind and hail, until at last he reached the point where he must forsake the hand-car and take the trail to his home in Askatoon.

IT WAS just before the break of dawn that, like one who had been man-handled by an army, with haggard, bloodless face, and deep sunken eyes, with matted hair and beard and a hand that clutched his chest in pain, Bill Minden crawled up the steps of his back garden into his office, and from there through the silent hallway upstairs to his bedroom. There, moaning to himself, he hid safely under a loosened board of the floor the soaking clothes he wore. Then he put out another suit and hung the garments on a chair, as though he had taken them off for the night. This done, he crawled into bed, having drunk half a tumber of raw whiskey to check the terrible cold which had seized his lungs. For a long hour he suffered greatly; then, as dawn spread, he rang the bell.

A half hour later the Young Doctor was by his bedside, and when he turned away from it to meet the sharp inquiry of Mrs. Finley's eyes, the look in his face could give no hope to any anxious friend of the Mayor of Askatoon. Outside the door of the bedroom one word he used to Cora Finley sufficed to send the color from her face.

"Pneumonia," he said.

All had worked well for Minden's plans, and all had worked ill for Minden himself. His racked and fevered body paid in its agony, second by second, for every dollar which Starboard had carried away to cover the fifty thousand dollars in the Laurentian Bank which the nefarious Syndicate had placed to his credit. Not for hours after the train had left Goldmark Station were the armed, gagged guards of the express-van, in which the money was carried, found and released. Two had been taken from behind, and a third in his excitement had seen only a masked man and a pistol. His explanations were incoherent.

It had all been perfectly done, and Askatoon had no suspicion of its Mayor. Hundreds of its citizens passed and repassed the Rest Awhile Hotel as three anxious days went on. Prayer meetings were held; resolutions of sympathy by public bodies were passed. The Young Doctor har almost to force his way to and from Bill Minden's home, so emotional and pertinacious were the people who waylaid him.

All that he would say was, "Where there's life there's hope;" but from his mind hope had vanished.

One man, far away at the capital—Terrance Brennan, the railway millionaire—had a very strong suspicion that the greatest train robber of modern times had been at work again; but when his detective informed him that Bill Minden was dying, there was nothing to do.

AT THIS moment for a detective to have breathed the suspicion of Minden's complicity in Askatoon would have made the victim of a partisan populace.



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Askatoon had nothing but gratitude and affection for Minden. Open-handed and open-hearted he had lived among them. Among them he had found "peace"; to them he had given greatly; over them he had ruled with a rose branch and not a rod of iron. When Mrs. Finley told Minden in one of the moments when he was free from agony that there were hundreds of people outside the Rest Awhile Hotel praying for his recovery, sending him their best wishes, he whispered: "That's good! That's good! If it'll only last me out, then *she'll remember me* kindly."

Mrs. Finley's eyes flashed; she saw deeper than anyone except the Young Doctor.

"You can live if you want to," she said. "You know you can live if you want to. You're not fighting; you're giving in to it."

They were singing a hymn outside the hotel. How well he knew it! How deep a part it had played in his life!

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we may see it afar——"

"If they'll only feel like that till I'm gone!" he whispered, a cloud upon his face—a wan, wasted, despairing look. No hope, no faith shone in his eyes; his house of life was crumbling, and he knew it; and in a sense he was glad. Now and again when Cora entered the room his eyes followed her with a hungry look, in which there was the only gleam that lighted the darkness of his last days. When she spoke to him or took his fevered hand, the glimmer of a defiant joy stole into his eyes; and as he sat hour after hour while the pain tore him and the hand of penalty tugged at his body to dismember it from the soul, in his mind he was saying: "She'll be all right; she'll be all right."

To the appeal of members of the Grace Church class meeting, who wished to come and pray beside his bed, the Young Doctor gave a sharp denial.

"You'll only hasten the end," he said. "He's all right; he's one of you. He knows the way Home. He's not fit to listen or to speak, and I won't have it."

So it was that when the end came suddenly, and the knowledge of its coming spread in Bill Minden's mind like a flash of flame, he drew himself up, and with a last flicker of light through his glazing eyes towards Cora, who sat beside his bed, he whispered: "Could you kiss me, little gal?"

WITH swimming eyes she kissed his rough, bearded cheek and lowered him to the pillow again with her arms at his shoulders and her hands under his head. A light shone in his face for a moment, then a shadow crossed over it and his lips moved. None could hear what he said, except perhaps Mrs. Finley, who was bending over him.

Once more he turned his sightless eyes to the girl, and his fingers fluttered toward her. As she took and pressed them gently, the Young Doctor turned away from the bed with a sigh, for in that moment Bill Minden had gone upon his greatest venture.

"What was it he said?" asked the Young Doctor later.

"He said, 'Mercy, mercy, Lord have mercy'," she replied.

"He didn't need to ask that," remarked Cora, weeping. "He found mercy at the Camp Meeting."

"Perhaps, perhaps," remarked the Young Doctor as he closed his pocket

medicine case and prepared to go. "'But Jordan is a hard road to travel' as the hymn says."

THE TRUE story of the Sink-or-Swim Mine, and how it came to flourish is not known. The man and woman who own it would not be happy if they did know. Neither would have accepted prosperity at the price. They are not dead, however, and people pay such debts one way or another.

THE END.

Romance of Power Development

Continued from page 28.

maur, the river is navigable and traffic is handled by means of scows towed by gasoline launches and steam tugs. From Chaudiere Falls to the dam site a standard gauge railway is operated, cars being hauled back and forth by donkey engines, which burn oil to avoid the danger of forest fires.

THE La Loutre project is not remarkable so much for the actual size of the dam proper, as for the magnitude of the reservoir which it will create. So far as the mere masonry is concerned, there are many larger dams. Its length of 1720 feet is exceeded many times by the Assouan dam in Egypt, the Poona, Tansa and Bhatgur dams in India and the New Croton and Boonton dams in the United States. Its height of 80 feet falls far short of that of several famous dams that could be mentioned. Yet when it is stated that it will store 160 billion cubic feet of water, then it immediately moves into a class of its own. The biggest dam is surely the one that holds most water and as the La Loutre will contain just twice as much as the Assouan dam, which is the world's largest dam at present, it will be entitled to premier position.



One really requires a map of the country to come to a full appreciation of the extent of the project. It is a region full of lakes, lying among low hills. The low-water level of the water in these lakes will be raised from 7 feet in the case of the highest lake to 47 feet in the case of the lowest; much of the surrounding country will be flooded and in place of a score of more or less distinct bodies of water, there will be one great reservoir over one hundred square miles in extent. The flooding of many square miles of territory will naturally kill off much timber, but the quality and quantity that will be affected are such as to occasion no very serious loss.



Briefly, the dam is to be, when complete,

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¶ Dunlop Tires—"Traction," "Special," "Plain," are so priced that it is impossible for you to pay less for your tires and needless to pay more.

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Head Office and Factories: TORONTO

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A. 69

DUNLOP SPECIAL TREAD

DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD



What Our Spare Time Plan Means To YOU

We want to acquaint you with just what our spare time plan offers. *If you can do what others have done* you can make good money taking *new and renewal subscriptions* to MACLEAN'S under our plan, simply by utilizing your spare time. A large proportion of our resident representatives are office or clerical men with no sales experience.

You will have a proposition favorably known. The most prominent persons in your locality are already acquainted with MACLEAN'S.

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Agency Division

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING CO., Limited

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1720 feet long, built in four sections intersecting at obtuse angles. Seven hundred feet of the dam will form an overflow weir, its top being ten feet below the crest of the remaining part of the dam. The measuring weir will be 375 feet in length. The wall will be 60 feet wide at the base and 20 feet wide at the crest and is being built of cyclopean masonry. Five gates, each 15 feet high and 12 feet wide, will be installed, giving a possible discharge of about 45,000 cubic feet of water per second.

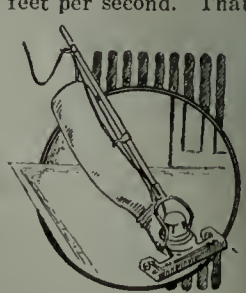


THE contract for the construction of the dam at an estimated cost of a million and a half dollars was let in the spring of 1915 and much preliminary work was done during the 1915 season. The results of last year's operations may be thus summarized. The east channel of the river was unwatered, excavated and the dam built up to elevation 1278 for the channel part and to 1300 for a short distance each side. The unwatering of the west channel, which is the main part of the river, was commenced, and the bow being diverted to the east channel over the concrete built up to elevation 1278.

A small power development was installed at La Loutre Falls two miles below the site of the dam, which develops 1100 h.p. under a head of 15 feet. This power is transmitted to the scene of operations where it is used for lighting purposes and the driving of machinery.

A plant capable of making five hundred cubic yards of masonry per day has been established at the dam. Stone is taken from a quarry about a quarter of a mile away; is hauled to the crushers, where it is broken to the proper size; and is then stored in large bins until required at the mixers. The sand is procured from a pit located about six miles from the works and is brought to the dam site in dump cars operated along the contractors' own railway. It is anticipated that the work will be sufficiently advanced this year to admit of the storage of the flood waters of 1918 in the dam.

AND now what is to be gained by the completion of this extraordinary undertaking? Let us see. From calculations made over a period of many years at Shawinigan Falls, it was ascertained that the minimum flow of water per day during that period amounted to approximately 6,000 cubic feet per second. That flow naturally determined the primary power available at this particular point on the river and it was taken as the basis for figuring out possible expansion. Without entering into an explanation of how the problem was actually worked out, it may be stated that regulation of the flow, by the use of the storage dam, was proved



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May 1st. to May 12th

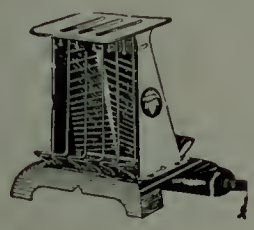
(and every week during the year)



Coffee Percolator

A DEMONSTRATION of practical interest to every woman who wants to make housework easier—cooking better—and home more attractive and comfortable.

Take The KITCHEN, for instance



Toaster

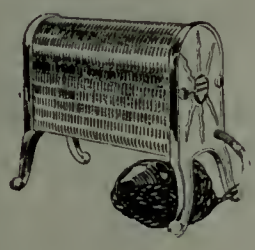
You dread the coming of summer, because it has meant standing over a broiling hot stove three times a day—and *all day* on ironing day. When you cook the "Canadian Beauty" way, you stay out of the kitchen altogether. Put the "Canadian Beauty" Stove, Toaster and Percolator on the dining-room table—turn on the electricity—and cook the meal, while you sit at the table.



Stove and Grill

Instead of having the stove going all day on ironing day—use the "Canadian Beauty" Electric Iron, and keep yourself and the house cool.

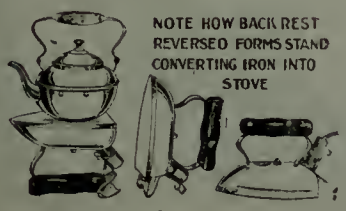
There will be shown Chafing Dishes for dainty suppers—Disk Stoves and Double Plate Cookers—Luminous Radiators and Foot Warmers—Warming Pads—Water Heaters—and other appliances that inventive genius has perfected to make housekeeping a pleasure instead of a drudgery.



Air Warmer

Make a note of the time—May 1st to 12th

and be sure to find the "Canadian Beauty" dealer, or write us for the name of one nearby.



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COMPANY, LIMITED

Renfrew - Ontario



Flashlights
For Every Purpose

Indoors—Out-of-Doors — Motoring, Cycling, Motor Boating, Canoeing, Travelling, Camping, etc.

There are ordinary flashlights and "Franco" Flashlights. **FRANCO** flashlights cost no more than ordinary makes, but they give longer service, a more radiant light. They will not easily get out of order. "Franco" flashlights are different because they have patented features that other makers cannot use without infringement.

You can throw a Franco "fibre case" around anywhere — in a tool-box, against metal, and it will not short-circuit—that is, the metal cannot cause a contact with the battery and burn it out —an ordinary flashlight coming in contact with metal will short circuit—burn out.

This is a feature that everybody should be familiar with, particularly motorists, cyclists, mechanics and others working near metal

To avoid doubt ask for and insist on getting "**FRANCO**" fibre case flashlights, and get the utmost value for your money — "Franco" with its advantages costs no more than ordinary makes and can be obtained from most hardware dealers or sporting goods merchants.

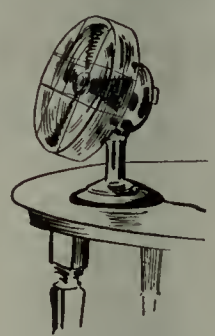
Write us direct if you come across a dealer who cannot supply you.

THE INTERSTATE ELECTRIC NOVELTY CO. OF CANADA,
LIMITED
220 King St. W., Toronto, Ont., Can.

to be feasible to the extent of 15,000 cubic feet per second. To provide, however, for all possible deficiencies, it was decided to limit the enlarged flow to 12,000 cubic feet per second, at which point the minimum current all the year round will be twice that before regulation. This increased flow will exactly double the primary power at Shawinigan Falls, while it will more than double the primary powers at the falls higher up the river.

Superficially, one may be inclined to regard the far-off, unheralded project at La Loutre, hundreds of miles beyond the pale of civilization in Quebec, as something apart, a mere curiosity, without any apparent bearing on everyday affairs. But is it really so detached from the lives of the people? Is there not a very vital connection between it and the average home?

From the distant mammoth reservoir there will come pouring down all through the drought of summer a steady and equalized flood of water. It will reach the power dams at LaTuque, Grand Mere and Shawinigan Falls. There it will double the quantity of electrical energy developed hitherto. This increased power will come flashing over the transmission lines to Montreal, to Three Rivers, to Quebec and to all the towns and villages between. It will enter the home and the factory — more homes and more factories than ever before — and in the aggregate it will perform double the tasks that it could accomplish before. That will be the immediate achievement of this one, amazing enterprise.



But conservation work on the St. Maurice is only a beginning, an isolated instance. Other rivers throughout Canada will have to be treated similarly, if the country would derive the greatest possible advantage from its water-powers. The wastage during the period of spring floods is enormous. To seize and hold this surplus water and to serve it out as needed during the drier seasons of the year is to put into operation a policy alike sensible and profitable.

Then there will be a vast increase in the quantity of hydro-electric energy available, alike for industry, transportation, public service and the home. Already Canada is in a premier position as regards the per capita consumption of electric power. Such developments as that on the St. Maurice River will assure her continued supremacy in this regard. And it will be more particularly in the home that the advantage of greater power will be most felt. The application of the electric current to relieve the drudgery of the housewife's daily tasks is one of the greatest boons that the age has conferred and the rapid expansion of the use of electricity in the home is a conspicuous feature of the day.

The heating of houses by electricity is still an alluring prospect unrealized, but it is coming. The dam at La Loutre is a step in that direction. Meanwhile the electric current is stealing into many homes as the cleanest, quietest and most efficient of servants. Its use as an illuminant is too commonplace almost to mention, though there are frequently new applications in the sphere of lighting that are deserving of attention, as making for greater comfort and efficiency. The Electric stove is something newer and scarcely less important. On account of its surpassing cleanliness and reliability, it is finding favor in many homes. Vacuum cleaners, operated by means of electric motors, are a blessing which no housewife, who would fain escape the back-breaking burden of the broom and the duster, can afford to do without.



Then again, electric power has brought respite in other directions. The toaster and the percolator on the breakfast table save both time and effort in the speediness and efficiency with which they perform their respective tasks. The electric fan has been a health-bringer and a health-preserver in the dog days of summer. The labor of driving a sewing-machine by foot power for hours at a time is lightened by the facile attachment of a small motor, while the washing machine, electric-operated, is a burden-lifter, the value of which cannot be minimized.

For a time there was a tendency to regard electric apparatus in house-work as a luxury beyond the purchasing ability of the average person. This view is rapidly being changed. People do not think so much to-day of the cost of a particular article as of the saving it will effect. If a house-wife can save her time and her health by utilizing, let us say, a vacuum cleaner, then that saving in dollars and cents should be taken into account when the investment in the machine is considered. Economy is a good thing but it may be carried to a point, where it ceases to be economy. A woman may wear herself out in struggling along with her housework in the old-fashioned way, when a comparatively small investment in labor-saving electric apparatus, would lighten her burden and give her leisure for the pursuit of health and pleasure.



And it is extremely interesting to note just here that the relief spoken of is not dependent entirely on the development of hydro-electric energy.

The ingenuity of the inventors has been at work, with the gratifying result that another means of generating electric power, which is both simple and economical, has been devised. The householder can have his own system and manufacture his own electricity. Gasoline or coal oil is the efficient source of power. With gasoline engine, dynamo and storage batteries, he can develop and store all necessary energy for household requirements. The unit system, which renders its owner quite independent, is one of the most interesting inventions of the day and it can be installed at such a low cost and operated so cheaply that it is bound to play an important part in future in the home life of the community. Of a truth the dawn of the electric age is broadening!

It's the pretty house at the top of the hill



Do people speak so of your home?

In every community there are charming houses, the pride of their owners and a credit to the neighborhood. Home folks are pleased to point them out and strangers admire their beauty.

Invariably such houses are owned by those who realize the necessity of painting as a means to beautify and preserve their property. Discriminating house-owners always purchase

B-H "ENGLISH" PAINT

70% Pure White Lead
30% Pure White Zinc
100% Pure Paint

It is not surprising that its use is so general when you consider its purity, its durability, and the full measure of protection it affords. Made according to the scientifically correct formula, its proper application always produces a beautiful and lasting effect.

You can make your home stand out among the many by the use of a suitable combination of B-H "English" paints. Fifty different shades to choose from

Our agent in your vicinity will give you color cards and suggestions.

Other B-H Products

Fresco-Tone — For Wall and Ceiling decoration.

China-Lac—For staining furniture, woodwork, bric-a-brac, etc.

B-H Floor Lustre—An enamel floor paint.

B-H English Enamel— A high quality product for interior decoration.

Anchor Shingle Stain—A durable stain that will not fade. Comes in twelve colors.

This China-Lac Booklet for you

It tells in an interesting manner the many uses to which you can put "China-Lac" Varnish Stain. Explains how to use this wonderful home-beautifier for best results. Shows how conclusively that a small investment in a tin of China-Lac and a varnish-brush will repay you many times over in the like-new effect it gives to furniture, floors, woodwork. Also made in gold or aluminum for radiators.

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IS it not worth something to be care free from foot annoyances—to have a pair of feet that are so comfortably booted that you have no foot consciousness?

"Doctor's" shoes are built—planned and constructed—not merely made—to give correct fit, solid comfort and serviceable wear—they are antiseptic and waterproof. Get a pair of "Doctor's" shoes and realize how comfortable these shoes really are.

Made in all sizes and good styles and sold by high-class dealers.

The Tebbutt Shoe & Leather Company, Limited

THREE RIVERS QUEBEC

Hotel St. Charles

Along ocean front, with a superb view of famous strand and Boardwalk, the St. Charles occupies an unique position among resort hotels. It has an enviable reputation for cuisine and unobtrusive service. 12 stories of solid comfort (fireproof); ocean porch and sun parlors; sea water in all baths; orchestra of soloists. Week-end dances. Golf privileges. Booklet mailed.

NEWLIN-HAINES CO.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

She Was a Peach!

Continued from page 37.

Ig-a-loo, the ferocious wild man from the jungles of the Phillipines, was the star passage. If you were an initiated skeptic you got one long hearty laugh out of it; if you were uninitiated you got a genuine thrill. Ordinarily Ontarioville led the simple and peaceful life not conducive to initiation in such matters. Result: new fascination in the lurid canvas depicting Ig-a-loo tearing 'em "limb from limb."

Horrify 'em? It was an important part of Mr. Shoebottom's plan so to do. The group in front of the Wild Man show saw him first. Fat women, thin women, contraltos, sopranos and mezzos joined in one piercing shriek of terror that froze every bit of animation on the grounds except the merry-go-round. Every eye switched to a single focus. Every idle boot stuck in its tracks.

Except in the vicinity of the Wild Man show. In that particular neighborhood everybody who wasn't lying prone in a dead faint was animated with frantic zeal and shoeleather was certainly earning its living. At the one fell yell with which Mr. Shoebottom had declared war he shot three women, so to speak, who lay huddled on the grass while the rest of the enemy fled in all directions.

For as enemies he must regard all mankind for the next little while; nobody knew better than Mr. Shoebottom that his undertaking was studded at every turn with possibilities much more dangerous than the spikes of his war-club. Nevertheless his second yell was not only blood-curdling; it was so aggressive that nobody who heard it could doubt for a moment but that he meant business, brisk business. That second whoop was meant to reach the farthest ear on the grounds and with satisfaction Mr. Shoebottom noted from the tail of his eye that the three occupants of the blue automobile were standing on the seats, craning their necks.

He was cutting across for the opposite side of the grounds in such a manner that there was no danger of the automobile intercepting him. The course lay clear before him. It was as if he were the stern of a great ocean liner with the prow cleaving passage a long way ahead of him and rolling back two widening waves of humanity in a smother of flying lingerie.

He was dimly aware of accidents at sea—of an old lady taking a bath in a tub of pink lemonade; of a jabbering Italian picking up spilled peanuts like a monkey, of a dressing-tent bowled over, exposing a performer in a state of underwear and profanity. But always Mr. Shoebottom kept an eye on the blue automobile and as he noted the three men jump out suddenly and start after him at top speed he unloosened another whoop.

He was nearing the skirts of the showgrounds. A brave man swept his ladylove into the safety zone and yanking up a tent stake, leaped directly in the path of the on-coming terror. Mr. Shoebottom whirled his war-club, opened his eyes till the whites showed and spurted for him with a wild yell of joy.

The brave man rocked uncertainly on the craven brink of cowardice—dropped the tent stake—spurned the earth and grandstand plays.

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Rates for Classified Ads.—Insertions in this column five cents per word per issue. Each initial, four or less figures in one number count as one word. Name and address is counted as part of the ad. All orders must be accompanied by cash. Forms for the month close on 20th of the second month preceding issue.

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COLLECTIONS.

COLLECTIONS EVERYWHERE — Commission basis. Write for rates to-day. Collections Bureau, Port Arthur, Ontario. Established nine years.

HE SWUNG into Main street with a battle-cry that fairly dripped with gory desire. The show ground crowd was behind him now. He took to the centre of the road, running free. Directly in front of him loomed an arch, built of cedars. Across the top of it stretched a banner, advising: "THE TOWN IS YOURS."

It certainly was. Mr. Shoebottom could see right down the street as far as the post-office. The sidewalks were full of people, making for the showgrounds,—happy laughing people, wearing badges and gay ribbons and summer parasols. It was a gala vista—and it was *all* his! For swift as he was traveling, the news that this was not some unique kind of game was beating him by wireless. He could see the sudden wave of excitement rolling along a full block ahead and hear the C. Q. D. of it crackling on all sides.

From the face of another cedar arch stared a second legend: ONTARIOVILLE IS WAKING UP." Mr. Shoebottom went under it at top speed.

And ran straight into a brass band. It was swinging in from a side street. The tune was, "Oh You Beautiful Doll!" In less time than it takes to read about it the sawdust began to run out of the "Beautiful Doll" and poor dollie passed away in a series of horn wails and clarionet squeaks.

Mr. Shoebottom swerved to one side in an effort to pass and ran foul of the drum end of the outfit. To make the thing more interesting he swung his war-club and very neatly punctured the bass drum. The blow knocked the drummer over, so that he fell on his stomach and, being buckled to his drum, rolled a physical-culture somersault, his drumstick flying from his hand and diving up the yawning spout of the bass horn. The man with the kettle-drum struck savagely and bruised the atmosphere, receiving in exchange a punch on the nose which landed him in the gutter, boiling over.

On flew Ig-a-loo!

"HOW ARE YOU, OLD BOY?" enquired a third streamer.

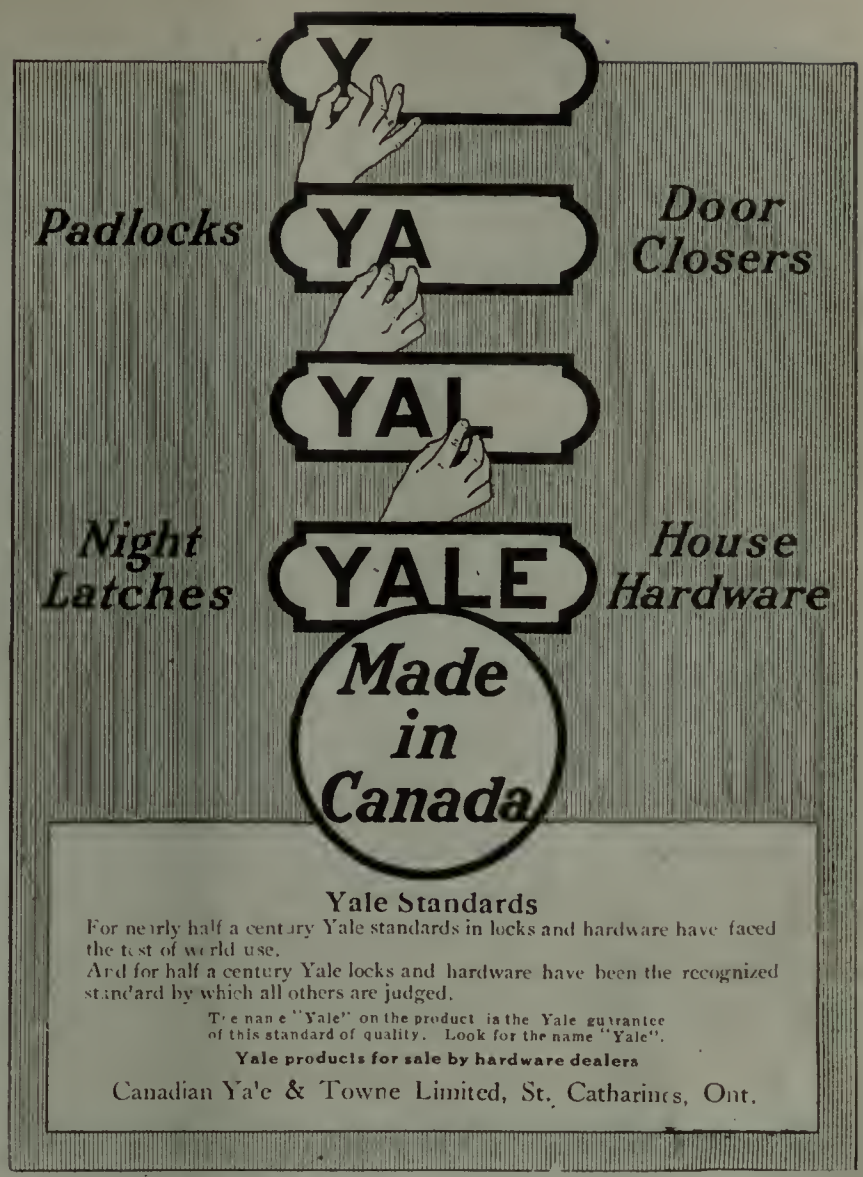
"Pretty well thanks," grinned Mr. Shoebottom.

BY this time quite a crowd was in pursuit. But this did not worry the grotesque object of it. He had tried professional long-distance running before the recent events which turned him into a Wild Man of the Jungle and as yet he had not been smoking enough to affect his wind. He increased his pace. If he could get through the town safely he felt confident of success.

But he wasn't through yet. Directly ahead he suddenly became aware of a string of men in linen dusters and wide-brimmed straw hats of the type Maud Muller's father wore during the haying season. They carried a banner and were parading to the grounds. It was a delegation of Ontarioville Old Boys—the delegation from Chicago, fresh from their train. And they were of the Inititated and full of skepticism regarding "Wild Men."

At once Mr. Shoebottom changed his tactics. He slackened his speed and approached them at the jog trot of a long-distance runner, waving his hand in greeting; for they had halted and while they were laughing good-humoredly at his "get-up," there was real danger of them playfully trying to stop him.

"Clear the track, boys," sang out Mr.



Yale Standards

For nearly half a century Yale standards in locks and hardware have faced the test of world use.

And for half a century Yale locks and hardware have been the recognized standard by which all others are judged.

The name "Yale" on the product is the Yale guarantee of this standard of quality. Look for the name "Yale".

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Canadian Yale & Towne Limited, St. Catharines, Ont.



Your Washing Done For 2 Cents a Week

Electric or Water-Power Will Do The Work

I HAVE built a new "1900" Power Washing Machine. I consider this machine the most wonderful washer ever put on the market. Built entirely of high quality sheet copper, this is the strongest and most durable machine made. It is constructed on a brand new principle, and I will guarantee that this machine will not tear clothes, break buttons or fray the edges of the most delicate fabric. It will wash everything from heavy blankets to the finest lace without damage to the goods.

This new "1900" washing machine can be connected with any electric socket instantly and is started and stopped by a "little twist of the wrist," and it will do your washing for 2 cents a week.

If you would consider fixing up your laundry room in the most complete and approved manner, let us tell you about our thoroughly practical motor driven, self-heated iron machines.

I also make a light power machine which can be run by water or electric power. On all of these machines the motor will run the wringer too. Just feed in the clothes and this power wringer will squeeze the water out so quickly and easily you will be astonished. It will save you 50 per cent. time, money and labor every week. The outfit consists of washer and wringer and either electric or water motor, as you prefer, and I guarantee the perfect working of each.

I will send my machine on 30 days' free trial. You do not need to pay a penny until you are satisfied this washer will do what I say it will. Write today for illustrated catalogue.

State whether you prefer a washer to operate by Hand, Engine, Power, Water or Electric Motor. I make a full line of washers.
Address me personally.

K. R. MORRIS

1900 Washer Company

357 Yonge Street **TORONTO**

Shoebottom with a wide grin. "Calithumpian road race, you know. I'm ahead so far. For the love of Mike keep those mutts back, fellows!" He came almost to a standstill as he pointed back at the rabble in the rear. "They're queering this race an' I don't want it protested. Why don't the fools give the other runners a chance!"

It was the right spirit, the sportsmanlike spirit, the Chicago spirit! With one accord the whole delegation charged at the crowd. Chuckling, Mr. Shoebottom jogged through their ranks. It was his opportunity. Up a side street he sped as fast as he could go.

"We're proud of you," flapped a fourth banner.

"Not yet, but soon,"panted Mr. Shoebottom.

OVER a hedge he went, across a lawn, over a back fence into a back lane. A servant girl, balancing a pan of dirty water at the kitchen door, took one horrified look and promptly fell down the steps. Mr. Shoebottom was modest and be it said to his credit he did not look around. It was his chance now to shake off pursuit for a breathing space. It was very necessary that he lose himself for a short time as there was work to be done —dirty work! Even as the snake in the grass sheds its skin in the spring of the year, even so must Ig-a-loo shift the increasing burden of his wildness.

He sprinted out into a back street and noted that off to the left it ended in a common. He swerved towards it. He had reached the outskirts at last and the thing was assuming the simplified form of spelling.

He even stopped for a moment to get his bearings. Not far away a creek wandered around, bragging to water-cress of its ability to cleanse. A well-worn path ran straight across the common, an evident short-cut to town for residents of the South-End. His eye travelled along it like lightning. And like lightning he dropped into the long grass behind some shrubbery.

For Ig-a-loo was on the hunt!

THE man had just turned into the path from a side street. He came along with his head bent, jauntily switching at the grass with his cane. He was dressed in a silk plug hat and a long-tailed afternoon coat of the latest cut. On one lapel of it was a white flower; on the other fluttered a bright crimson Committee Badge. He wore a white vest with pearl buttons; he wore pearl-gray trousers; he carried pearl-gray gloves in his hand.

"My meat!" growled Ig-a-loo hungrily.

He waited till the worthy citizen reached a spot where a thick fringe of shrubbery skirted the path for some distance. It was a desirable spot, a safe spot, too near the centre of the common for escape.

Then arose Mr. Shoebottom with a hoarse yell. He literally streamed down upon his victim, coarse black hair flowing backward with the wind of his going. He was a terrible sight.

So was the other fellow. He swung at anchor. His long legs wobbled. He was scared dumb. Completely unhinged with fright, his long, thin face turned a dirty greenish yellow as when one voyages upon troubled waters. He resembled toothpaste in a collapsible tube.

His can shook as he raised it in feeble defence, but one sweep of the terrible war-club sent it skyrocketing. With a thud Mr. Shoebottom's two powerful hands came down upon the narrow bony shoulders. Unceremoniously he yanked the gentleman off his feet and dragged him behind the bushes.

"I'm a *des-s-sperate* man!" hissed Mr. Shoebottom tensely. "One peep out o' yuh an' I'll br-r-*rain* yuh! Peel yourself!"

To facilitate matters he tossed the plug hat and the gloves to the grass and pulled off the long-tailed afternoon coat of latest cut.

"You get me? I want your clo'es an' I want 'em quicker'n blazes!"

THE gentleman evidently had read somewhere that it is always best to humor a madman. He undressed faster than he ever got ready for bed in his life, muttering, imploring, begging for mercy in abject terror, once a hasty glance convinced him that there was no help in sight.

"Here, you! Get into those panties an' fix this skin belt on top of 'em. Tighten it up; it'll help you to run faster. Quick, you ossified kangaroo, or I'll kuh-ill yuh! Me reg-lar diet's the hearts o' young children an' I aint had nothin' to eat for a week! If yuh go tryin' to get away—!"

He glared menace at the cringing wretch, grabbed up the pile of clothes and retired to the creek which just here circled conveniently behind the bushes and was not more than a couple of yards away. Mr. Shoebottom performed his ablutions with commendable haste and dressed himself ditto.

With everything on but the top hat and the coat, which wouldn't fit, he eyed the grovelling scare-crow before him with supreme disgust.

"Stow it, you poor ninny! I ain't goin' to hurt your measly hide. It's only walnut stain. If I had a brush I could make a slicker job of it, but I'll do the best I can for you. *Stand still!*"

In another minute the can of walnut stain was empty and Mr. Shoebottom stepped back to criticize his art with no little satisfaction, wiping his fingers on the grass.

"You're too puny for the part, but you'll do. Tigilinus," he nodded. "Great Scott! he's *ba-ald!*"

THE victim was. He hadn't a hair between him and heaven. The toupé slid to the ground, revealing a dome that rose to a blunt peak, white in the sunshine. When Mr. Shoebottom tried on the wig of long, coarse black hair that had once switched flies from the flanks of an old nag it was much too loose.

So he sat down, kicked off the patent-leathers and yanked at the pearl-gray socks without hesitation. He worked rapidly; for if the growing rumpus over in the nearest street meant anything, there was occasion for haste.

On went the boots again, tight as they were for him, and hurriedly knotting the socks together, he passed them over the wig and tied the ends tightly beneath the miserable and speechless wretch's pointed chin.

"Better take along the club, Ig. You may need it for defense," grinned Mr. Shoebottom more genially. "Now—you may go, Caius Cassius."

"You!—you!—!" sputtered the specimen with some show of returning consciousness.

"Never mind that!" snapped Mr. Shoebottom. "I slipped my revolver into this pants' pocket an' I got you covered," and he stuck one finger against the cloth to prove it. "Now *git*! Beat it! *Flee!*—for your life! In one minute I'll pull the trigger——!"

Ig-a-loo the Second was a swift sprinter. From the concealment of the bushes Mr. Shoebottom studied his action with admiration. The next moment the pursuing crowd reached the common and a great roar went up at sight of the flying figure. After it pelted the whole howling mob. Ig-a-loo the Second threw one agonized look over his shoulder — and took wing.

BREATHLESSLY Mr. Arbuthnot Shoebottom watched till the chase swung out of sight and there was left nothing but a straggling tail of puffing fat parties, then he fell weakly over on his back, kicked up his heels and laughed till he ached. The very daring of his plan had proved the simplicity of its success. He had set the whole town by the ears and created a disturbance which was diverting Messrs. Nelles *et al.* very effectively.

But Mr. Shoebottom knew better than to stop rowing before his boat bumped shore and a very few minutes found him walking up Oxford St., looking for No. 356.

FORTUNE favored him. As he turned in at the gate Crawford himself was just saying good-bye to his wife on the verendah steps, blithely on his way to the appointment down town. Before Mr. Shoebottom got half through with his story, however, the young farmer's jaw was set and he looked like the saucer for a cup of trouble, dark pattern, while as for the "peach"—it was a caution how pretty she looked when she was mad. Mr. Shoebottom's speech became slightly incoherent as he watched her. Maybe she wasn't a queen for fair!

"It was a tribute to his sincerity that neither Crawford nor his wife questioned the truth of his statements. He had a way with him, Mr. Shoebottom, and he convinced them without revealing the fact that he "ate 'em alive" for a living, thereby avoiding the necessity of returning the red tam-o'-shanter. That Mr. Shoebottom had every intention of keeping as a souvenir and a mascot.

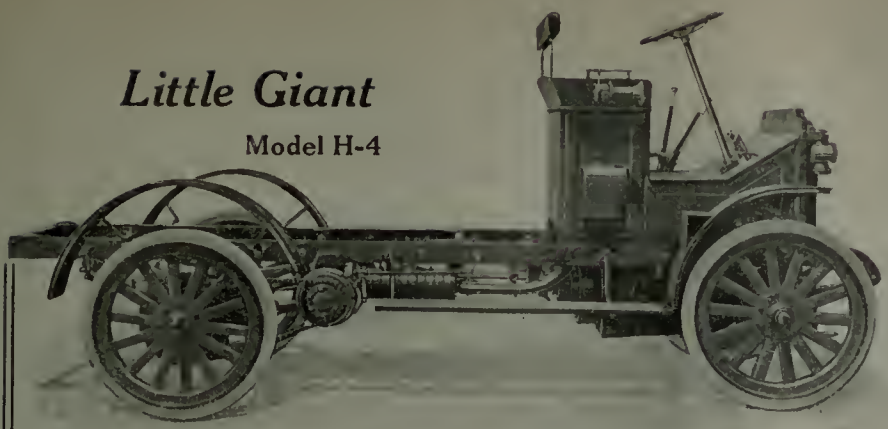
Waving aside their expressions of gratitude, he made for the gate. Without undue haste, but without wasting precious time, Mr. Shoebottom hied him to the railroad track just south of the town and walked thereon for a few miles, carrying the long-tailed coat on his arm—he had told the Crawfords several times that it was warm weather they were having—till he reached the Junction. There he boarded the first train that came along and bought a ticket from the conductor that took him as far as the first city up the line.

ONCE there, he hunted up a pawnbroker and transfererd to a neat servicable business suit in exchange for the "glad rags," procuring also some silk hosiery; there was a gold watch, which he pawned for cash, and a roll of bills which didn't need pawning. Then Mr. Shoebottom treated himself to a good dinner and went to a moving-picture show.

Later in the evening he boarded the International Express and read a news-

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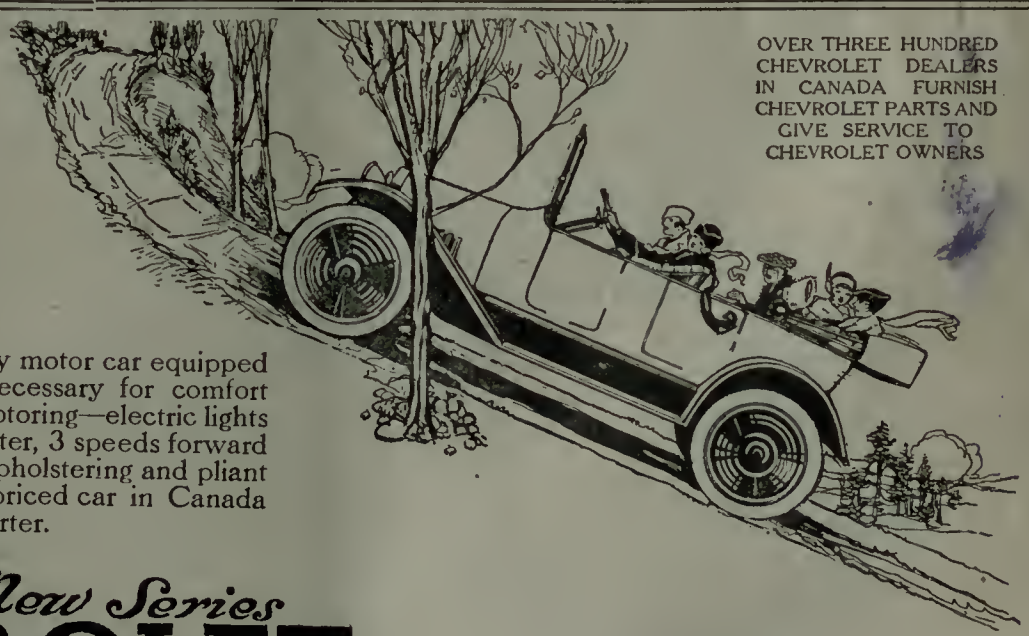
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paper till they were safely through the town of Ontarioville.

Later still, when he was finally satisfied that the commercial traveller who got on there and was sharing the smoking-compartment with him was really what he appeared to be, Mr. Shoebottom permitted himself to relax.

"How's business?" he ventured with a smile, seeing that his *vis-a-vis* seemed inclined to talk.

"Punk! You couldn't sell ten-dollar bills for a dollar in that town back there—not this week, not in regular lines. Old Boy demonstration, you know."

"Oh, that so?"

"An' say, talk about cutting things loose! I never laughed so much in all my life as I did this afternoon." And the genial drummer slapped his thigh.

"How's that?" enquired Mr. Shoebottom with mild interest.

"Why, the Wild Man belongin' to the street-fair show outfit broke loose an' ran all over the scenery an' then some with half the town chasing him. Didn't have any too much on in the way of clothes, y'understand, an' say, it was *funny!*" He went off into a roar of laughter.

"That would be kind of funny, I should imagine," grinned Mr. Shoebottom.

"The richest part of it was, though, that the son-of-a-gun got hold of one of the prominent citizens of the burg, backed him into a corner somewhere, swiped his clothes an' painted him up to look like him. Mob didn't tumble to it till they'd chased the wrong man clean down town. Somebody had got excited enough to ring in a fire-alarm an' the hose was out. They turned it loose on what they thought was the Wild Man an' the paint came off him in streaks. The water blew the wig off an' Lordy! when they got through, there was that bald-headed sneak, Fennel, swearing blue mur——"

"Pardon me. Would you mind repeating that last part?" interrupted Mr. Shoebottom gently. "*Who* did you say it was?"

"Fennel, the lawyer. Why, know him?"

Mr. Shoebottom proffered his cigar case.

"Have a smoke," he suggested affably. "Take two of 'em."

A Canadian Prisoner at Ruhleben

Continued from page 14.

by the other members of the camp and excluded from the football field and other amusements. We were never able to learn what object the authorities had in bringing about this separation, for we were very pleased indeed that the "P. G.'s" were no better treated than the rest of us. Certainly no special concessions were made for them.

WE HAD to be very careful what we said and did. There were a number of seamen among us who were rough and outspoken in their language. As there was always plenty of provocation for outbursts, we were continually in fear that these hardy sons of Neptune would start something which would involve the whole camp in trouble. On one occasion they did. A sailor, goaded to exasperation, referred to the "bloody Germans," in the overhearing of one of the "P.G.'s" who very promptly carried it to headquarters.

The result was an "appell." The commanding officer walked from one group of prisoners to the next, and harangued us somewhat to this effect:

"Somebody has used the expression 'bloody Germans.' This is an insult! I return it to you, 'bloody Englishmen!' We did not begin this war, but, thank God, we are going to finish it."

He went on in a similar vein, working himself up into a pretty rage. The offender could not be found, however, and finally, when the commander had cooled down a little, the captains went to him and explained that the word was not really one of contempt. It was, they explained, a contraction for, "By our Lady," and had been at one time, an expression of respect rather than of derision. This proved quite satisfactory to the officer, who laughed heartily and finally let the matter blow over.

But a more serious case occurred shortly afterwards. Our jailors liked to "rub it in," whenever German successes were announced. They had erected a huge flag staff, and, whenever anything out of the ordinary occurred, up went the flag. On the Kaiser's birthday, a special celebration was planned and we were all summoned to witness the raising of the flag. It had hardly reached the top when the rope snapped and the flag toppled to the ground. Somebody, obviously, had tampered with the line.

There was a tremendous row, of course. This was *lése majestè*, the unforgiveable sin. "Appell" was immediately sounded and we were all lined up and interrogated. The culprit, needless to state, did not come forward. Accordingly, we were all ordered back into our barracks and forbidden to leave them until the guilty party had confessed his crime. Smoking was prohibited. We remained indoors the whole day with nothing to do and lynx-eyed guards watching every move we made, eager to pounce upon us for any offence. In the evening a deputation of the captains went into the commander and expressed deep regret at what had occurred. They threw out the suggestion that the affair had been an accident. The authorities finally accepted this explanation of the affair and we were allowed to leave our barracks the next morning. The affair has always remained a mystery. But we all felt sure that it had not been an accident.

We were punished for the smallest offences, such as disobeying a non-com, not getting up in the morning at the appointed time, not being indoors after the order for retiring had been given, etc. For such offences we were given solitary confinement with bread and water, ranging in length from 24 to 72 hours. Graver offences such as letter smuggling, attempts to escape, etc., were dealt with by a species of court martial. The culprits were usually sent for a few weeks or months imprisonment in the Stadtvogtei at Berlin.

Attempts at escape were made more or less regularly, by the bolder spirits in camp. I recall several instances, particularly. There were two young ship boys who had been gathered into the net at Hamburg when war broke out. They fretted greatly at the confinement. The monotony of camp played upon their ardent young spirits to such an extent that they finally decided to make an attempt to get away.

"Got to get out o' this, Fred," said one of them, a lad of fifteen. "I'd just as soon be run through with a bayn't as to stay and rot around this hole."

So they slipped away one day, getting by the guards who did not pay much attention to such mere lads. Neither of them could speak a word of German. They probably didn't have half a crown between them. And certainly they had no knowledge of the country into which they so intrepidly plunged.

Needless to state, they were recaptured the same day and brought back very tired, very muddy and very disgusted; but as full of fight as young game cocks. They got 72 hours solitary confinement on bread and water for their pains.

Another daring attempt was made by a poor fellow who apparently was not quite sane. He managed to slip out of camp with a working gang and his absence was not detected. At any rate, no hue and cry was raised.

He walked openly to Spandau and jauntily sought out the railway station. Slapping some English money on the counter, he demanded:

"Ticket to London, please."

He was promptly taken in charge and sent back to camp. After some delay, during which time we wondered what would be done with him, fearing the worst, he was sent on to Berlin. We never heard of him afterward.

After that the authorities grew very angry and we were warned that if any again attempted to escape, they would be court-martialed and shot.

THE food that was provided for us by the authorities was just enough to keep us alive. If we had been solely dependent upon it we would have been in a very sorry plight indeed. In the mornings, we received a bowl of black liquid supposed to be coffee and which, it is true, had a taste and odor that faintly suggested that beverage. As we had to tramp a long distance to the kitchen to get it, when we got back to the barracks it was almost too cold to drink. For dinner we were served with a soup made from vegetables and to a small extent from meat. For supper we usually had baked potatoes and a bowl of black tea. Twice a week we obtained a small piece of liver sausage or a bloater. Each day they gave us a small slab of bread which consisted chiefly of potatoes. Happily we received a good many parcels from England so that we did not starve. There were a good many poor fellows, however, who had neither friends nor money and so had to subsist on the camp diet. The negroes suffered a great deal in this respect. It was touching to see them going from barrack to barrack, begging for bread. We helped them all we could.

And while we thus eked out a meagre existence, the Berlin newspapers published articles frequently which showed that we were living like lords and feeding on the fat of the land! Sometimes we found amusement in reading these articles, but I cannot say that we ever waxed

very hilarious over them. One does not laugh loudly on an empty stomach.

BUT THE discomforts we suffered from all these sources were as nothing compared to what we experienced when winter set in. No tongue could tell of the misery of the camp during that first winter; no pen could depict our sufferings. Picture a band of ill-nourished men huddling together in a poorly heated and damp stable almost without light! Conceive, if you can, of this being repeated day in and day out, week in and week out, month in and month out. The winter was long and bitterly cold. We suffered so much that we became apathetic and passed the time in a condition almost of coma.

The buildings were not heated during the first few weeks of the winter season. When the heating apparatus had at last been set up, it did not provide much warmth. The only place where we could feel in any way comfortable and warm was in bed. So to bed we often crawled as early as six o'clock. We had no lights in our boxes and were dependent entirely upon the electric bulbs in the gangway of the stables. It was impossible to read or do any work in the evenings. We didn't talk much, as we sat around after dark. It was too cold and dark and depressed. We just sat quietly and thought; sometimes we didn't even think. . . .

At that we were better off than the poor fellows up in the lofts. They spent most of their time in semi-darkness and were colder, if possible, than we were.

To make things worse, wet weather always turned the grounds into a veritable swamp. The journeys to and from the kitchen for food became odysseys fraught with peril. We would come back with our clothes soaked and caked with thick Ruhleben mud and our hands full of thin Ruhleben food. The seamen took this phase of our daily life better than the rest of it. Most of them had their oilskins and sea boots and in these they used to slosh around in the wet quite contentedly. The camp sometimes for that reason used to look like a fishing village.

Not even the wet and the cold and the hunger could banish entirely the English sense of humor. I remember one occasion when an inspection of the camp by the officers of the Berlin Kommandatur was announced. The great Von Kessel himself, commander of Berlin, was to come. It was very wet just at the time and the grounds were feet deep in water. Some of the sailors painted notices and put them up near the deepest places. "No mixed bathing allowed here"; "Fishing positively prohibited," etc. One of the sailors sat down by the side of the pond in the drizzling rain and proceeded to fish. Just as the officers proceeded, Von Kessel leading, he gravely landed an old bloater which he had saved up for the occasion.

THROUGH it all our communication with the outside world was very intermittent and scanty. We were permitted to write two letters and four postcards a month. The letters and cards that went to England or any other country outside Germany for that matter, were always held ten days before being dispatched. This was done, as a safeguard against military information being sent out in any way. The railways passed the camp and we could often observe the passage of troop trains. Mail was delivered at a certain time each day and that hour became by long odds the most important event of the day.

No visitors were permitted into the camp. Although many of the wives and families of the prisoners resided in Berlin or at points not far from the camp none of them were allowed in. This was a form of cruelty that preyed upon us very much. Why such stringent measures were adopted no one seemed to know. It was hard to conceive of any mischief that such visits could bring about. I have heard that recently this regulation has been amended and that now wives, mothers and children can visit the camp once a month for just one hour! They have to obtain a special permit for each visit.

Life in the camp was not bad in the summer months. Light and warmth created a more cheerful feeling amongst us and we did everything in our power to keep fit and well. Permission was secured to use the inner part of the race course for sports, and soon games of football, cricket, golf, hockey (English variety) and tennis were arranged. One barrack playing against another. The German guard used to watch the games and were astonished at the way we played football. Said one guard to a fellow: "If these English play like this, they must be terrors at fighting!"

OUR efforts did not stop at keeping fit physically. An Arts and Science Union was founded, the members being mostly men who had engaged in scientific and literary pursuits. Under the auspices of the Union lectures were held on the tribunes of the race course, on all subjects imaginable. Conversational circles were formed with the idea of teaching various languages and the camp soon could boast of a French, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, and even a Chinese circle. We had a debating society which met once a week and a theatre in the hall beneath the tribunes. Here all kinds of plays were produced—in full costume! The costumes were made in camp out of whatever odd material could be found. It was surprising what could be produced in this way. A discarded and badly worn fur collar formed the nucleus of the costume for Caliban and a discolored tunic gave color to the robes of both Romeo and Mercutio. As we had plenty of musicians among us, including a professional conductor, an orchestra was formed and many excellent concerts were given.

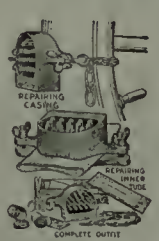
Ultimately a camp paper, *The Ruhleben Camp News*, came into existence. It appeared once a fortnight and after a time was sent out to be printed. It contained excellent illustrations and always had plenty of good articles, dealing mostly with camp life, of course.

MANY of the prisoners obtained permission to practise their trades in the camp. Ruhleben soon became a hive of industry. A first-class London West End tailor set up a shop and it was possible after that to obtain a suit of clothes made to measure in the very latest fashion. Truth to tell, however, there were few of us who could afford this luxury.

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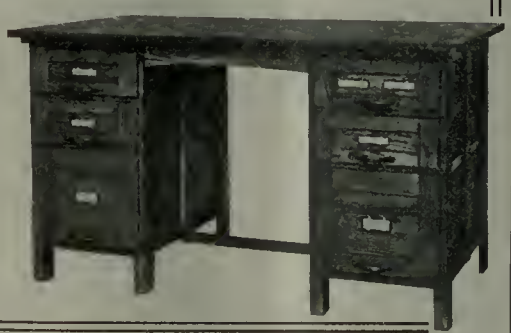


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people advertised in the *Ruhleben Camp News*.

As I look back the thing that stands out most vividly from the background of these camp activities was the election we put on during that summer of 1915. The borough of Ruhleben was to be represented in Parliament and three candidates were nominated—a Liberal, a Conservative, and a supporter of woman's suffrage. The camp threw itself into the fight with an interest that was almost feverish. Posters were stuck all over the camp, meetings were held and the camp broke up into rival factions, sporting the colors of the candidates in their buttonholes. The fervor of that election made the efforts of the Potts' and Slurks' of Eatanswill seem dignified and staid. After the polling—and thousands of votes were cast, mind you — the results were announced by the Mayor of Ruhleben, whose chain of office consisted of a string of old sardine cans. The woman suffrage candidate won.

Thus we lived; making the best of everything; joking and laughing, sometimes with aching hearts, always with a sense of the misery and suffering around us; longing for the day of deliverance but struggling to escape the evil effects that come from such enforced idleness. As I look back I realize how brave most of them were. They are there yet—most of them; and I will stake my all that they still keep up the same brave front. Poor fellows. . . .

* * *

TOWARDS the middle of September, 1915, I became seriously ill and, after seeing the camp doctor, was sent to a hospital in Berlin. Here, as a civil prisoner of war, I remained over six months. I was caged in a stuffy sickroom and had no opportunity of taking fresh air and exercise during the whole time. Although by no means bedridden myself I had to share my room with patients who were in a very bad way indeed and had to witness the death struggles of many of them. What I suffered in this atmosphere of misery, sickness and death all these months, is hard to describe. What helped me to endure it was the fact that I at least was permitted to see my friends and write as many letters as I liked.

I sent in petition after petition to the authorities to be permitted to go to a sanitorium in some part of Germany, but needless to say, they were all refused. At last, however, I heard to my great joy that I would be permitted to proceed to Switzerland.

Then followed weeks of suspense. Would I really be allowed to leave or not? On the morning of the 6th of April, 1916, I was informed that a soldier would call for me in afternoon.

He came at 5 o'clock and conducted me to the station. Here we met Lieutenant R., one of the officers of the camp, who escorted me to the Swiss frontier. I was at liberty at last! What a glorious feeling to be free again, and in such a beautiful country!

The beauties of nature do a lot to compensate me for all I have suffered. Not a sound of the great war reaches me in the little farm house, high up in the mountains, where I have found a refuge for the present, and where I hope to regain my health.



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The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance

Food Uncertainty Has Unsettling Effect

A FEELING almost of apprehension is manifesting itself in Canada and to some extent also in the United States. It is being realized at last that the war has still a long distance to go and that the food situation is serious. The possibility of the world facing actual famine has startled even the highly prosperous and correspondingly comfortable people of the United States.



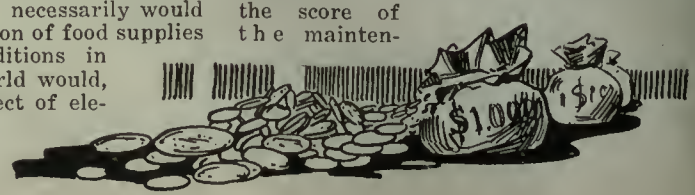
—Herbert Johnson in Saturday Evening Post.

This rather vague feeling of apprehension is affecting business conditions to some extent. Nothing, of course, could shake the condition of industrial activity which now prevails in Canada; as long as the war lasts we must continue to produce at our highest level of speed and that assures plenty of work and good wages for everyone. The danger lies in the practical certainty of a food shortage. It is not within the bounds of possibility that famine conditions would show themselves here. Our own people necessarily would be fed before exportation of food supplies began. Famine conditions in other parts of the world would, however, have the effect of elevating prices here to famine levels. That is the danger point. And it is a very real danger. There can be no doubt that, unless the countries where increased production is possible actually produce largely increased crops, the world will be short of food before the end of the present year.

The apprehension which is beginning to permeate the masses of the people on that score has had an unsettling effect on the stock market, for one thing. Periods of pessimism have been frequent recently and a decidedly bearish tendency has been shown in stocks as a result. This has an upsetting effect, but it does not reach to the heart of business which, as explained before, is sound and triply-guaranteed against shock, panic and manipulation by war needs. The pessimistic feeling manifested at times on stock markets is a sure evidence, however, of public perturbation with reference to the problems of food supply.

In the meantime trade is extremely brisk in all lines in Canada. Motor cars, pianos, all the myriad varieties of "talking machines," everything in the nature of luxuries, are selling in hugely increased volumes. Retail merchants in all lines are busy. Evidence on this score is so plentiful that it will suffice to select just one instance. Dealers in men's clothing, despite the fact that 400,000 Canadians are in khaki are almost abnormally busy. One men's wear dealer made the statement recently that his monthly business this year has so far shown an average increase of 80% over last year. The reasons he gives are many, but the outstanding one is—prohibition! Men who formerly sacrificed sartorial niceties for the sake of intoxicants are now paying more attention to dress. Behind this reason, of course, was the very obvious one that men are earning more now than ever before.

With such tangible evidence of prosperity it is clear that no fear need be entertained on the score of the mainten-



ance of business activity. The food problem is a very real one, however, and all men should give heed to it. Economy of consumption should be the rule in every Canadian household.

INSURANCE

FIRES BY CARELESSNESS

THE FIRE record for 1915 shows that of 1.625 fires reported, 676 were in homes. The great majority of these dwelling house fires occur at night, when the lives of the occupants are endangered.

From the 676 homes the greater portion of the families were turned out at night, in wintry weather. In these fires 141 lives were lost.

The chief cause of these home fires are: Carlessness in allowing defective chimneys to exist; carelessness in the overheating of stoves and furnaces; carelessness in the use of matches; carelessness in many other ways.

Carelessness with matches caused 69 fires last year; overheated stoves and furnaces, 51; defective and overheated chimneys, pipes, etc., 62; electrical defects, 55. These causes are all easily avoided and should be guarded against in future.

INVESTMENTS

SOUND INVESTMENT PRINCIPLES

A SUCCESSFUL man, and a very wealthy one, was asked to outline the principles he followed in determining his investments. He answered promptly and briefly, laying down two rules only:

1. In buying securities of any company one should know something about the management and from them, or others in the same line of business, get direct information as to the value of the property.

2. Do not purchase on rumors as to what may happen. Be sure the information you are depending upon is not only the truth, but comes from those who know the facts.

Obviously he had in mind investments in industrial stocks. He went on, in fact,



—*Kirby in New York World.*

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"PERHAPS I had to reach my fortieth year to waken up But whether or not that is the explanation, I have entered a new world of interest and advantage. I read daily newspapers, of course, but I now read THE FINANCIAL POST, and I am frank to say that this weekly newspaper has given me a new consciousness—a new horizon. It has admitted me to a brand new world."

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By chance, as it were, he became acquainted with

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to quote several experiences of his own in investing in industrial concerns on hearsay or without securing any information from reliable sources; the results being in all cases rather painful.

However, the same principles can be applied in a more or less degree to all forms of investments. Even in buying municipal bonds the investor does well to get authoritative information as to the municipality, its indebtedness and its assets. Such information can be given by the salesmen offering the bonds and the investor should consider the figures very carefully. Many issues with attractive yields are found, on consideration of the facts, to be far from gilt-edged; that is, the municipality carries an extremely heavy bonded indebtedness or shows evidences of development beyond the point of stability. Some Western points laid out public works on the basis of future needs, estimating these needs from a "boom" standpoint. It is not intended to say that the purchase of such bonds or debentures is dangerous. Almost any municipal issue is reasonably safe and sound within all reason. When it is possible, however, to secure better stuff, it pays the prospective purchaser to place his money where the margin of safety is widest.

Certainly the advice quoted is sound in respect to all industrial ventures. An industrial investment depends upon the conditions in that particular line of industry and upon the integrity and ability of the men at the head of the concern. If the company in question is a well established one the need for cautious enquiry is small, although justifiable, if only to establish a sense of security in the mind of the investor. When it is a question of buying stock in a small concern or in a new organization, then the need for close investigation enters. The man referred to lays it down as his rule further to regard an investment as an actual purchase of an interest in the business rather than as a mere purchase of stock. That is a view not often considered by the average buyer of stocks. It is one, however, that is likely to make him look more carefully into a company's affairs before buying, and to keep him in closer touch with the company as long as he owns his securities. It might be laid down as a good investment principle that the buying of stocks always be considered as the purchasing of an interest in a company's business.

Going into further particulars as to how the information should be secured, he said: "The most valuable advice that you can impress upon your readers is to get an honest opinion from some one in the business before they put money into any company. Let them go to a man in the same business who they know will tell them the truth. If they are not sure they can get the truth, then they should not invest. They should never take the word of a person whose reputation for truth or knowledge of the facts they do not know. I would have saved myself many losses if I had first secured the advice of a man in the same business I was putting money into. Pick your banker or stock broker with much greater care than your doctor; then let him help you choose all your investments. If he does not know all about the securities you are thinking of buying, he will find out for you. He will charge you no more than an irresponsible broker or banker, and may save you much money."

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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Oil in the North

The Story of Discoveries in North-west Canada

By Dr. T. O. Bosworth, D.S.C., M.A., F.G.S., F.R.G.S.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Away in the western part of the North-West Territories of Canada, in the region of the Great Slave Lake and the Mackenzie River, lies one of the richest treasures of the American Continent awaiting the tide of progress and development. As yet this thing has been seen by but few people able to realize its value and importance. The treasure is not gold, but is petroleum, which often nowadays is much more profitable to find.*

Long ago, in the days before the commercial worth of such substances was known, the springs of petroleum, pools of tar, and burning bituminous rocks were found by the early explorers of the north land. In later years many of them were carefully observed by R. G. McConnell (now Deputy Minister of Mines) and were described in 1890 in his most interesting memoir on the Mackenzie Basin.

It is only recently, however, that any important investigation has been made by geological experts experienced in the petroleum industry. A large expedition was undertaken by Dr. Bosworth, formerly of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, and well known to the petroleum mining world.. The party consisted of four geological surveyors and a number of assistants, river-men and Indians, together with an outfit including steamboats, scows and canoes.

The explorations were carried on throughout the most promising parts of all the great region between Edmonton and the Arctic Ocean and so widely were the survey parties distributed that some of them were working a thousand miles apart.

The full results of the expedition have not been made public, but it is known that a number of promising oil districts were located and that the findings corroborated all that McConnel had observed, and more. Large pools of oil and tar were found in many places and copious seepages of light oil associated with rich oil sands and with all the evidences proper to great oil fields.



The author finding a pool of oil in the far north.

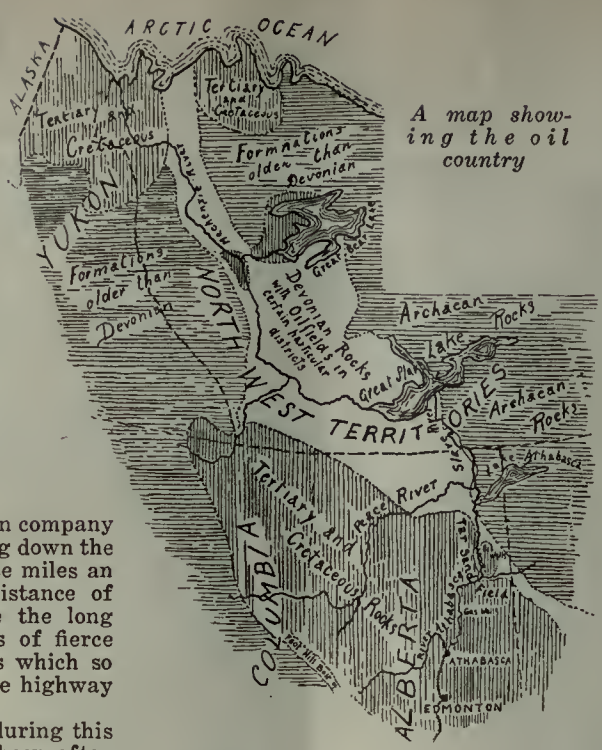


Along the Mackenzie River within the Arctic circle. The steamer is moored by cliffs formed of black bituminous shale. Some of these cliffs are hot, being burnt to a brick-red color.

The full import of the scientific discoveries doubtless will be known in due course. In the following pages, however, are a few notes descriptive of the journeys on these great water highways of the north. Since these notes were written the construction of the new railroads to Peace River and to McMurray, and the improvements in shipping have already made the north country much more easily accessible than it was in 1914 and there is a growing public interest in the possibilities of this immense new country which is gradually being brought within our reach.

HE WHO would journey to the Arctic Ocean by favor of the great water system of the Athabasca and Mackenzie should be ready, waiting, at the beginning of May. So soon as the ice has broken up and cleared sufficiently for the scows he should "stay not the hour of his going, only go." Before him lies 1,800 miles of down-stream travelling, fraught with many troubles and unavoidable delays, and perhaps some perils, and almost as soon as that has been accomplished it is time to turn about and face 1,800 miles of up-stream travelling in order to get out before winter closes up the country in its icy grip.

Leaving Edmonton we proceed by rail a hundred miles northward to Athabasca Landing, which is the end of "steel" and the starting point of the long water route to the Arctic. About the end of April this little place wakes up from its winter sleep and takes on an almost hectic activity. Parties of strange men are gathering there, men of many nationalities, bound on adventurous errands. Tents are springing up and the whole place resounds with the uproar of the dogs, the clatter of strange tongues and the incessant hammering from the river banks where the annual building of scows was under way.



A map showing the oil country

We left Athabasca Landing in company with fifteen other scows, drifting down the Athabasca River easily at three miles an hour for many days for a distance of about 200 miles. Then came the long struggle through the 90 miles of fierce rapids and the many obstacles which so long have been a barrier to the highway of the Northland.

The difficulties encountered during this part of the water route have been often told by travellers, however, and it is my intention to pass over this part of the journey. Suffice it to say that after the customary troubles and misfortunes we came safely through them all—the Pelican, the Stony, the Grand, the Brulé, the Boiler and the rest. And already we had arrived at one of the wonders of the North, for here, about 350 miles north of Edmonton, are the great Tar Sand cliffs of the Athabasca, so little known only because of their inaccessibilty.

The Tar Sand is a sheet of sandstone about 200 feet thick more or less completely saturated with heavy oil. It is almost wholly black, although at the surface it weathers to a paler color. The rock is rather soft and plastic and can be carved with a knife. It is exposed along the Athabasca for a hundred miles and plainly is spread over at least 2000 square miles and possibly over as much as 10,000 square miles.

All through this district the oil and gas are seen. Where the tar sands are underground extensive seepages of gas occur and travellers camping at such spots cook their food over the gas vents.

The exposure of asphaltum along the Athabasca is greater than all the other known asphaltic outcrops, pitch lakes and oil seepages in the world put together.

Experiments conducted by the writer in the laboratory showed the tar sand to contain 14 gallons of petroleum to the ton in ordinary samples, and in some cases as much as 20 gallons, of which a proportion is gasoline. The total amount of petroleum, presuming the bed to extend over 10,000 square miles, must be in the neighborhood of 200,000 million tons! At our present rate of consumption this would accommodate the world for 2,000 years. It still remains to be proved, however, whether we can get the petroleum out of the rocks profitably.

Of recent years many have travelled down the Athabasca River to Fort McMurray. A fair number have passed onward and across Lake Athabasca to Fort Chippewyan and thence down the Slave River as far as Fort Smith, where 16 miles of rapids forms a barrier to navigation. But beyond Fort Smith the country is little known except to the trappers and hunters of the North, and away from the river banks almost nothing is known.

The most interesting part of our trip, therefore, began as we reached Smith's Rapids, about 150 miles below Great Slave Lake. Below the rapids we transferred our outfit to a little river steamboat, which had been built there and so travelled with much more comfort from that point on. The Slave River is from a half to three-quarters of a mile wide, but it is very shallow and several times we stuck. At length, however, we reached the mouth of the river and slowly chugged through a difficult delta into the Great Slave Lake. Violent storms are encountered on this great inland body of water, storms which blow up so suddenly that boats may be caught unawares and dashed to pieces. Such a storm delayed our advance for two days.

The Great Slave Lake is the third largest lake in America, being about the size of Ireland. Although we only crossed the Western end of it we were for a long time out of sight of land. But in places we were in water so shallow that our boat, drawing only five feet, was often in difficulties. There was calm, hot weather at this time and a haze over the water. Mirages appeared along the horizon having the form of beautiful islands with low shores clad with large trees. These continually receded into the distance and finally dissolved into thin air.

Altogether the Great Slave is a lake to cross in haste, a mysterious, fickle and cruel body of water. We hurried across it as fast as we could for a storm followed in our wake—and it was rather an anxious time, for the numerous shoals and sand banks made fast travelling precarious.

There are two trading posts at the western end of the lake—Fort Resolution and Hay River. The latter may be an important post some day when the railroads are extended northward and connect there with a line of steamboats plying north on the Mackenzie River to the Arctic. At this post we found many Indians encamped, waiting for Treaty Day.



Scenes on the rapids of the Athabasca as the loaded scows go down the river.

They belonged to Slavie tribe, who have promised through their chiefs to obey the laws and to recognize Government ownership of the land. In return the Government officials visit certain posts once a year and bring bounties to the Indians. Five dollars is given for every man, woman and child and so much per head of flour and munitions. The result is that large families are popular here. Children are borrowed and lent and even sold. The officials have to watch carefully or the same children will be shown many times over by the wily red skins. Those encamped at Hay River, as we passed, nearly had a serious disappointment for the Indian agent, who was following close on our heels, was wrecked on the Athabasca. His scow broke in half on a cascade and he and his crew narrowly escaped in a canoe. All the baggage went overboard. Fortunately the "treasure chest" came ashore.



Portaging the load to enable the scow to pass through the shallows.

AND SO we passed on out of the Great Slave Lake and into the mighty Mackenzie. This is a splendid river more than a mile wide, but open for only about four months in the year. When the thaw comes each spring the ice slowly breaks up and jams until gradually it forces its way down to the sea. The river banks as a result are deeply grooved and smoothed by the ice.



Cliffs of the famous "tar sand" of the Athabasca These cliffs are formed by a great sheet of black tar-rock 200 feet thick and saturated with thick oil.

The first post we reached was Fort Providence and here, as at all other posts, many Indians were encamped awaiting the arrival of the treaty money. Another hundred and fifty miles brought us to Fort Simpson, one of the important posts of the north. We were the first arrivals of the year and our advent created much excitement. Every living soul was waiting on the river bank, hungry for news of the outside world. The interest of the post's inhabitants was accentuated on this occasion by the fact that the food supplies at the post were very nearly exhausted. There was a scramble for mail, too. One man who had ordered the handle of a gramaphone two years before was very much disappointed when he found that we did not have it.

We continued our way steadily northward, finding the trading posts at distances from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles apart. Throughout all this stage of our journey the scenery was monotonously similar, but it was noticeable that the trees were becoming smaller. We made various explorations inland, but found great difficulty owing to the denseness of the undergrowth and the muskegs. It was seldom that we saw any animals at all, but the mosquitoes and "bulldogs" were very much in evidence.

In the first two hundred miles beyond Fort Wrigley there was a great change of scenery, the river flowing through a mountainous country. We were then passing through the Mackenzie Mountains. After a further space of two hundred miles we reached Fort Norman, which is a very small post, but geographically an important one, for here the Mackenzie River is joined by the Bear River which flows in from the East from Great Bear Lake. The Bear emerges from a land of mystery, for the country around the Great Bear Lake has been very little explored. It was somewhere hereabout that the Franklin Arctic expe-



Loading the steamboat on the Slave River below Smith Rapids.



A storm rising in the north. This picture was taken on the Mackenzie River within the Arctic circle.

dition perished after travelling northward by the route which we had followed.

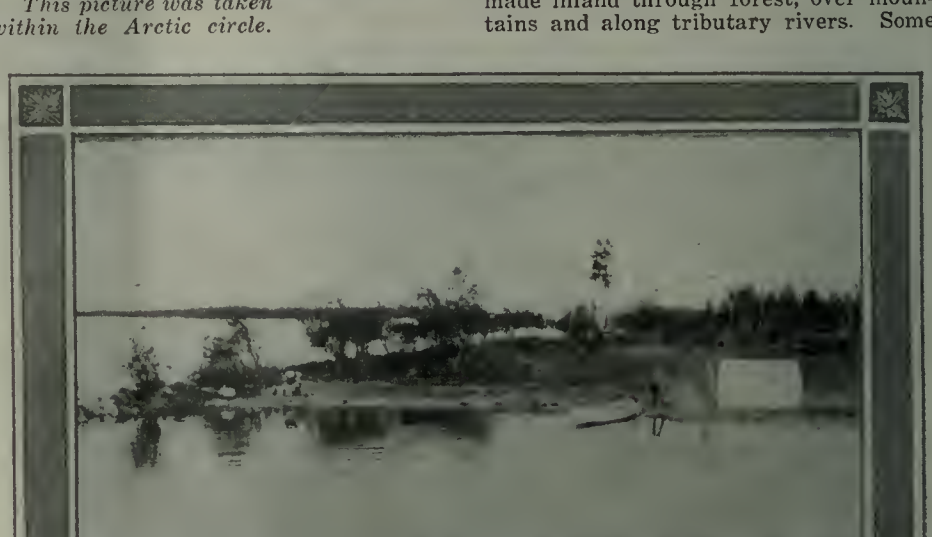
Bear Mountain is close at hand here, a magnificent mass nearly two thousand feet high. We scaled it and near the summit appropriately enough, was a bear busily and passively engaged in eating blueberries, but he fled so swiftly that we could not get a shot at him. From the top of the mountain we had an extensive view over hundreds of miles of untrodden forest with here and there a blue lake and several winding rivers.

Food had now become scarce as there had been a shortage in every post that we passed making it impossible for us to replenish our supplies. Neither game nor fish could be found, however, and our stores consisted only of flour, sugar and dried apples with a scanty supply of bacon and beans.

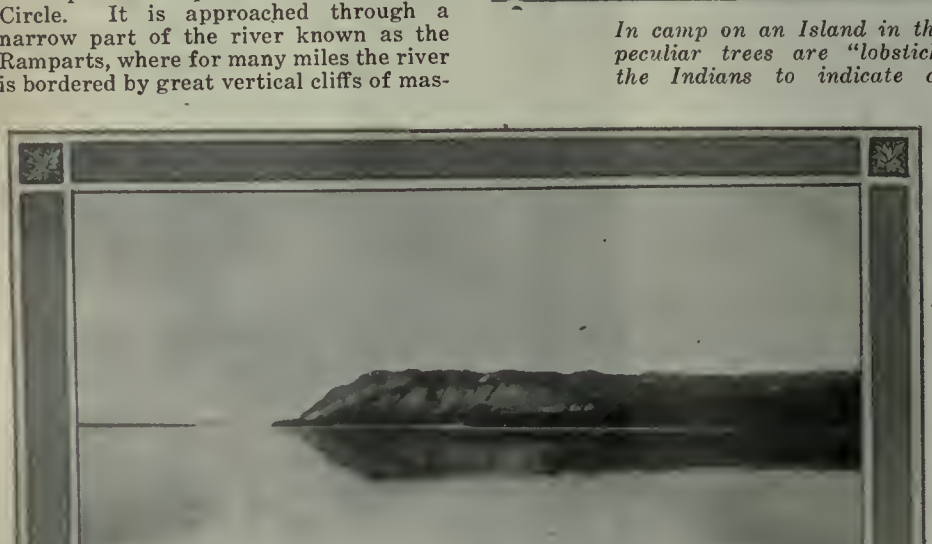
IN DUE course we reached Fort Good Hope and so passed into the Arctic Circle. It is approached through a narrow part of the river known as the Ramparts, where for many miles the river is bordered by great vertical cliffs of massive limestone where no landing can be made. It seemed almost as though we were passing through a giant wall which nature had built to keep all intruders out from the Land of the Midnight Sun.

During the time that we remained within the Arctic Circle, we enjoyed continuous sunshine and lost all count of time. The sun hung low in the sky and never set, so there was nothing to divide night and day, or one day from another. We ate when we were hungry and slept when we became fatigued; and in the meantime made great haste to get along, for the time that one may remain within this territory and get safely out again by water is very short.

We pushed on several hundred miles from Fort Good Hope finally reaching Fort McPherson, where the Delta of the Mackenzie River barred further progress. The water here is so shallow that no steamboat has yet attempted to pass through into the ocean. Many trips were made inland through forest, over mountains and along tributary rivers. Some



In camp on an Island in the Great Slave Lake. The two peculiar trees are "lobsticks," spruce trees trimmed by the Indians to indicate camping and fishing grounds.



Fort Norman, on the Mackenzie River, and Bear Mountain, in the background.

of the land that we traversed probably was new to the tread of white men. The country is beautiful, but similar in character throughout. There were spruce, poplar, silver birch and willow bushes, although everything was dwarfed and the poplar and birch were few and far between. Wherever we went the river banks were bright with flowers, and there was a luxuriant growth of grass due to the long hours of sunshine. The flowers and plants were surprisingly British in character—many being to me indistinguishable from those of the north of Scotland. Especially beautiful were the wild roses that we saw, the Michaelmas daisies, and hare-bells, the largest I have ever seen. On our return trip we found the country bountiful with berries of many kinds. We found raspberries, black currants, red currants, strawberries, gooseberries, cranberries, huckleberries, blueberries—every kind of berry that we had ever seen or heard of.

With reference to the results of the oil explorations, very little can be told here.

Continued on page 95.

June Comes Back

The Romantic Story of a Mining Magnate and His Pretty Ward

By A. C. Allenson

Who wrote "The Bluewater Prodigal," "Danton of the Fleet," etc.

"The voice of one who goes before to make
The paths of June more beautiful—"

With Illustration

JUNE the month and June the girl! Everything was June to-day to Jack Beresford. Spring had been late, and the orchard was still in the pink and white beauty of blossoming time, yet the roses had begun to appear on the bush at the corner of the verandah. The sky was a soft, clear, deep, blue. The wind that ruffled freshly the lake's surface had genial warmth in it.

Indoors the new house had been scrubbed and cleaned and polished until it had almost taken on the appearance of youth's resentment against all this fussy worship of soap and water. Really, it had been a perfectly wretched time for Jack, its owner, but he bore up heroically, since it was to make the place fit for habitation for little June.

He had come up from his office early, ridiculously early, had shaved and dressed with unusual care, had brought the car round to the door. Fifteen minutes would take him to the station, and the absurd train would not be due for another hour and a quarter. To a man who habitually caught his trains two strides across the platform, and a flying tackle of the rear-end door of the tail-end car, the thing was disconcerting. He reflected on the pity of it that trains did not vary the monotony of lateness by coming in, now and again, ahead of time, thus introducing a speculative element into their proceedings. He rather suspected that the average railway director is an indifferent sportsman.

Jack had made the life of Mrs. Dodge, his elderly housekeeper, a positive burden to her these last thirty minutes, going into all kinds of details about dinner, when, and how, and what it had to be, and was she quite sure about this, and that, and the other thing? As a rule—so Mrs. Dodge had complained to Eliza the maid—Mr. Beresford didn't seem to know whether he was eating oyster stew or ice cream; but to-day there was no satisfying him. A dozen times he had pestered her with enquiries regarding the perfect preparedness of Miss June's room.

"Fidgety and fussy as a green young lad, on his first wedding day," she grumbled, not unamiably. "You'd think a duchess was coming, instead of just little Miss June. But there! I'm bad as he, all of an ache for the sight of her pretty face."

"A terrible lot he thinks of Miss June," said the maid. "Couldn't make any more fuss of her if he was her own real father. Some girls are born lucky—and then again some aint. Guess I turned up on a fast day, and had to go without."

ON THE verandah, Jack looked at his watch, shook it, listened to it—no, it was going all right. He shoved it back in his pocket doubtfully, as if he suspected it of loafing when out of sight.



. . . A brown-haired, pretty girl, slimly graceful. . . . Could it really be June?

Then he went over to the machine, stood off to admire, gave a rub to its mirror-like surface, then looked at his watch again. Talk of leaden-footed hours! They were even-time sprinters compared to this train. It must have shackles on and be crossing a molasses swamp. In sheerest desperation he took out pipe and pouch, and flopped into a chair. He filled up, and tamped the tobacco down with nice care, put the pipe in his mouth, struck a match with right hand, pulled out his watch with left, burned his fingers, said something that bristled with inflammatory exclamation points, struck another match, let it go out, and dropped off into the realm of dream and fancy as deeply as if a pretty nurse stood by the side of him, while a white coated doctor at his head invited him sociably to take deep, regular breaths, and he'd be "off" in something less than a brace of jiffeys.

Beresford was an attractive looking man, a little over middle height, trimly and powerfully built, with a general air of all round fitness. He was in the early thirties, prosperous, unmarried. The last of the Bluewater Beresfords, he was remarkable for the striking contrast he furnished to a family whose shiftless "easiness" had become a local byword. There had been a sister, Kate, five years his senior, a delicate, courageous girl. They had been left alone in the world when he was thirteen, and had fought a victorious, uphill battle against rooted neglect and debt, that was the wonder of the countryside.

Making the farm a success, Jack had looked further afield. When he went forth on his prospecting trips, neighbors laughed at his ambitious folly. When he tore open the rock, and bared the veins of silvery asbestos fibre, they said it was wonderful how luck came to some folks. You'll find the same brand of idiots in every community. Then Kate died, just at the moment when from their Pisgah height, they saw fair Canaan beneath. No ordinary sister and brother had they been. More like lovers, folks said, the frail, golden-hearted girl and the fighting lad, brimming over with live ambition. The bitter blow left its mark on Jack. He looked wiser, deeper, older afterwards.

But there had been the child June, whom Kate had brought into their home. She saved the man's rebellious heart from utter loneliness, and kept it soft amid the hardening influences of business success. He now recalled the child's coming. Kate had been away visiting. It was at supper, the evening of her return, that she told him of June. She had visited the Children's Home, and had seen the destitute, orphaned little ones, brought out from England's great cities, to find breathing places and homes in Canada. It was there she had seen June.

"A wee baby girl, Jack, just five years old, the sweetest, prettiest, little thing," she had said. "She has fine silky brown hair, and pink rose cheeks, and teeth as white as milk. And the laughter of her! It goes to the heart like sweet, warm sunshine."

She had paused, her eyes shining as they met his cool, doubting ones.

"And the next part of the story?" he had laughed.

"I want her, Jack. Oh! I want her all for my own," she had said. With a young man's prudent wisdom, that one grows out of later, he had suggested the customary objections; the possible taint of blood, the harsh law of heredity, the fear of the "throw-back" to evil ancestry.

"But if you only saw her, Jack, in her little cotton frock and white pinafore," Kate had pleaded. "And there's a tiny chain of gold about her little white neck, with a locket, such a queer locket to lie on her baby breast. It was there when they found her. Jack! She was in a room of a London slum, crying by the side of her dead mother. The home folk think she comes of good stock. There are two pictures in the locket, a man and a woman, and the woman was the baby's mother."

"She'll surely be an awful lot of trouble to you, Katie," he had urged.

"Trouble!" She laughed. "She'll be just joy. Her name is June—June Summers, and she is just like it. Sometimes when you're away, I'm lonesome, the old house seems still and solemn as a church. A home without little ones at their play, is no real home, it's only a staying place. I can have her, Jack?"

Of course she knew she could, or anything else she wanted. So June had

come to them, and Jack wondered now what the world would have been like had she been out of it. He could not imagine anything so desperately dull; so he rose from his chair, the dream over. To-day June was coming home to stay. She had been away at school, the best school he could find, hence the excitement. Again the watch was tugged out. The laggard hands had actually moved. He went indoors, volleyed another series of instructions to Mrs. Dodge, ran out to the car, cranked up, and sped Stationwards.

The train was positively on time. A brown-haired, pretty girl, slimly graceful, stood on the platform of the car, a fat Senegambian, carrying her hand baggage, in grinning contrast at her side. Could it really be June? It was only a year since he had seen her. She was then in shortish frocks, and her hair in long braids. Now her skirts reached to her shoe tops, and her hair was coiled about her shapely head. She had gone away a girl-child and had come back a girl-woman. It seemed to Jack all very alarming and very charming. He felt a positive fossil, something at least mid-Victorian, as the novelists say when they fall down on precise description. Yet, despite the feebleness of years he moved with astonishing alacrity towards the car steps.

"Jack, you delightful old dear! I've a good mind to hug you," said June, her hands clasped in his.

"By all means," he smiled. "That is if you can reconcile your kind heart to driving the men who are looking on to still worse distraction. Never mind. Let them go and acquire pretty daughters of their own. This is mine. It's mighty good to have you back again, June. I've been counting the days and hours, and drivelling slow they have been. Tired?"

"Not a bit," she replied. "But the train seemed awfully slow. Still I am here at last. Let's hurry home, I want to see what you've been doing there. Baggage checks? I know I have them somewhere. Wherever can they be?"

SHE rummaged frantically through a ridiculous little handbag, piling the contents into Jack's hands, handkerchief, purse, collections of pennies, three nickels, vanity box, postage stamps, bits of ribbon, and ends of dress goods pieces. There was almost everything but baggage checks. Jack sat down on a trunk in a state of perfect delight. She was a woman all right, and he felt the joys of domesticity creeping over him.

"In the cuff of your sleeve, perhaps," he suggested. "No? Perhaps in the band of your hat, after the offensive manner some conductors have in their distribution of tickets. Pockets, then. You haven't any? Well, I didn't know. Pure ignorance, honey. There's old Nina, the Italian woman, keeps hers in the recesses of her fourth petticoat. You count 'em, one-two-three, and four. The first is, or once was, pink, second a subtle kind of glowing ginger, third—well, never mind, if you don't want to hear, but the pocket is in the fourth. Now, Mrs. Dodge, on the other hand, keeps her money and things valuable in her stocking. You look round the other way, then when you hear the elastic snap, you know everything's all right."

"Don't be ridiculous, Jack," said June severely.

"I'm not," he replied. "Only happy. Ah! there they are at last," as June discovered them in an inside pocket of her purse.

"I knew I put them somewhere," she said, triumphantly.

"I was positive you had," he agreed cheerfully. "Now we'll be off. Dinner is waiting. I can hear the ghost of the fatted calf enquiring why he was sacrificed if he was to be scandalously overdone. Hop into the car, and we'll be home in no time."

"What a beanty it is, Jack," she said delightedly as they sped smoothly along the road. "You'll have to teach me to run it, and I'll come down and rout you out of your old office, and take you for long evening spins, just the two of us."

"That was my artful object in buying a two-seater," he explained. "Neighbors not wanted. Just daughter and daddy. Do you know, June, when I saw you there on the train, I felt a hundred years old."

"Why?" she laughed.

"The little girl in pigtails who used to fly over the country with me on horseback, was gone. I'll stop dyeing my hair, resign myself to the inevitable, and settle down to age's sobriety," he replied.

"Don't be silly. You are only thirty-four, and you haven't changed one bit. If I didn't know your vanity, I'd say you are growing better looking than ever. Oh, Jack, be careful! You nearly ran over a chicken," she cried.

"It ought to know better than to cross my path when I'm dazed by flattery. Well, here we are, and there are Mrs. Dodge and Eliza. I'll run the car round and be back directly." And he helped her down.

WHEN he entered the dining room he could hear her flying from room to room upstairs, exploring the new house. Presently she came down looking prettier than ever in a dainty white summer dress.

"What a wonderful place you have made of it, Jack! I can't sit down till you have shown me all over it. I've coaxed Mrs. Dodge to hold back dinner for half an hour," she said eagerly.

Away they went together, her hand on his arm. The alterations had been one of the year's supreme pleasures to him. He had practically rebuilt the house, only the outer shell of the old place remaining. There was a pretty little suite set apart upstairs for June, a spacious daintily furnished bedroom, with a cosily appointed boudoir connecting with it. Expensive rugs, good pictures, and a case of well chosen books indicated the thought that had been expended to make the rooms just what would give her pleasure; and her delight was his reward. Downstairs there was the new baby grand piano to be tried, books in the snug library to be sampled and admired, wonders of the kitchen to be explored. It was the crowning moment of the great day when he saw her opposite him at dinner, prettily busy with the teacups. The little mistress was back, and the house had become a home. After the leisurely meal, there were barns and stables and the dairy to be visited, then there was a stroll to the lake, and an hour's delight on the pleasant waters.

"Tired," he asked her, when again they stood before the house, and looked down on the darkling water. She had been very quiet for some moments.

"No, I'm just perfectly happy," she answered, her voice faltering a little "It is all so wonderful, your thought and goodness, Jack. If only Katie had lived to enjoy it!"

"I want you always to be perfectly happy, June," he said gently. "It was what Kate wanted. I think she knows all that this means to us, and is happier because of our gladness."

THEY went into the library. He had planned this moment before in his quiet hours. There were the keys to be handed over to her—outward tokens of her headship in the house, the passbook, with her name written in it, and the cheque book. She took them with a smiling timidity. They laughed and joked over it, then became very serious, and afterwards laughed again. He explained to her his abdication of the house rulership, her supremacy over Mrs. Dodge, and Eliza, and himself. She listened, keys and books in her hand, and he watched with quiet delight the alternations of gravity and smiles on her upturned face. He could again hear Kate's pleading voice:

"She has fine silky brown hair, and pink rose cheeks, and teeth as white as milk. And the laughter of her! It goes to the heart like sweet, warm sunshine."

After she had gone to bed, he sat long in deep thought. He had been a successful man, had known his hours of triumph, he was rich at thirty-four, and would be much richer, but never before had the savor of success been so satisfying.

II.

DARKNESS had fallen on the grey autumn day. It had been a day of heavy rains and tempestuous winds, that tore the brilliant foliage from the trees, and beat it into the mire. The clerks had gone away and Beresford was alone in the offices, finishing some delayed work. He was about to call June up and tell her he was leaving for home, when a knock sounded on the door, and, in response to his call, two persons, a man and a woman, entered. They were strangers to him, both elderly, the man short, bearded, dapper, the woman with a pleasant, aristocratic face. Jack rose to meet them. What their errand might be he could not guess, but a vague uneasiness stirred in him.

"Mr. Beresford, I believe." And the man extended his hand. Jack judged him to be an Englishman of the superior class.

"My name is Cranston—Sir William Cranston," he said. "Lady Cranston—Mr. Beresford." Jack bowed at the introduction, and placed chairs for them.

"We were directed to your residence from the Rectory," explained Sir William. "We met there your —ward, Miss Summers, and after some conversation with her, decided to call upon you here even at this late hour."

"I was about to leave for home," said Beresford. "Won't you let me drive you there? It will be much more comfortable."

"Thank you, I think we can explain our visit more satisfactorily here," said the visitor. "It is in reference to Miss Summers that we have come."

"It will help to an understanding of the matter if we explain at once that June is our granddaughter," said the lady, speaking for the first time.

Continued on page 90.

The Success of William T. Dewart

A Canadian Who Has Had a Remarkable Career

By Erman J. Ridgway

EDITOR'S NOTE—*William T. Dewart is a Canadian and a member of the well-known Dewart family of Ontario. Born in Fenelon Falls he early moved to New York, and, although still a young man, fills very successfully the important position of general manager of the Frank A. Munsey Co. Erman J. Ridgway is the former owner and publisher of Everybody's Magazine.*



William T. Dewart.

IF OLD PROVERBS, old saws were wholly true instead of being half true or less, the hero of this tale would be a lumberman; because the first job he had was in a saw mill.

"The boy is father to the man." But usually the boy-father is unconscionably slow about revealing the kind of a man he is going to be. In fact he doesn't know. His mates may think they know. His elders may hazard a guess. His earthly father least of all knows. Earthly fathers commonly spare no effort to make a third class professional man or artist out of a first-class business man or artisan.

Or the other way round.

Frank A. Munsey gives us a new proverb: "You can't get out of a man what the Almighty didn't put into him." It is flawless. Put in the reverse it sums up all the truth there is in the old boy-father saw. What comes out of the man was latent, potential in the boy. But there were half a dozen other men latent in that same boy. He was potential father to a large family of boys. Else free will goes by the board and all our effort for a right environment is spendthrift. The boy who makes a man of himself could have made a beast of himself and all the grades between. But he chose to make a man. Therein lies his glory and his inspiration.

Any man who lives a clean life, who lives up to his talents whatever they are has made great effort and sacrifices. He is a real success even though he has but one talent and lives unknown. The man with many talents or with one towering talent must make effort and sacrifice in proportion before he can claim his honors.

Caruso we think of as a genius singing his way into the hearts of the multitude freely, as a bird. The hours of drudgery, the care of his voice, the life of self-denial, the colossal labor of memorizing so many roles—what a price he has paid and pays for his triumph.

Gladstone, the Grand Old Man of Britain. How "easy" it all seemed from outside, and yet as you read Morley's life your head fairly aches with the strain he put upon himself and your heart aches too with his bitter defeats and self-lashings.

AM to paint a picture of my friend and I remind you that effort must be in proportion to talent in any success so that you and I will view the portrait from the same angle and in the same light.

I greatly admire William T. Dewart, both because of his talents and because he has made efforts, sacrifices to develop them. I believe he is going a long way. Certainly he has come a long way.

Usually we measure a man against his rivals without knowing their relative resources, talents and handicaps. This man is here, that one there — therefore. Whereas the one who at the time of the comparison is not so far advanced, may have travelled a much harder, longer road. The fairest way to judge anybody, especially oneself, is to look back at his milestones. That is the just and often comforting way.

I do not know a great deal about Mr. Dewart's boyhood and I have not troubled to look it up. Boyhoods tell very little. I knew him first at the age of twenty-two and most of our talk since has been about the present and future. Rarely about the past. Out of the few reminiscences he and I have taken time to exchange I rather vaguely recall that the father lost his money and, as he had a large family, the boys went to work. I think that William was a delicate boy. But he must have gotten through it at adolescence for he was doing a man's work in a planing mill before he was sixteen. That would seem to preclude a complete high-school education, but maybe it was vacation work. I believe he did patronize the high schools. You see it is all hazy in my mind. I remember that he was foreman in a button factory before he voted. And he must have picked up the fundamentals of accounting somewhere along the way, for when I first heard from him he applied for the position of bookkeeper.

I was then general manager for Frank A. Munsey, the position which Mr. Dewart now holds, although the position is vastly larger now because Mr. Munsey's enterprises are vastly greater. Mr. Munsey had built a huge printing plant in New London, Connecticut, to escape labor annoyances in New York and to give his employees the opportunity to own their own homes in a beautiful environment. But the skilled printers longed for the "flesh-pots in New York" and made trouble. Mr. Munsey in disgust unloaded the ungrateful crew overnight and moved back to New York. A dramatic story, but not in place here. Then, not to leave the building idle, to make it earn its keep, Mr. Munsey started a department store on the first floor and a hotel in the upper stories with a dining-room on top.

Enters young Dewart. We had a succession of managers for the hotel, each successively poorer, and I was in New London trying to unsnarl the bookkeeping tangle left by the latest failure when I got Mr. Dewart's letter applying for the position of bookkeeper. Our head accountant in New York was engaged on more important work and, liking Mr. Dewart's letter and the words of his sponsors, I wrote him to come on for an interview. This proving satisfactory I set him to work on the tangle and went back to New York.

A few weeks later Mr. Munsey went up to New London taking along the

head accountant and when he returned, he told me, quite by accident, that the head accountant did not like the work of the man I had left on the tangle and had let him go. I give these details to show by what slender ropes life's elevator rises. The head accountant had our confidence and ordinarily I would have accepted his judgment without a thought. But unconsciously to myself the youth had impressed me, for I promptly said to Mr. Munsey, "Oh, I'm sorry. I think that was a mistake." Mr. Munsey had accepted the head bookkeeper's judgment just as I ordinarily would have done but, valuing my instinct for good points in men, he said promptly: "If you feel that way about it, don't let him go."



Mrs. William T. Dewart.

That day or the next I got a letter from Mr. Dewart. "He had been cut off in his hey day," he said, or words to that effect. He knew he could make good. He liked the house. He wanted to work for us. "What did we have for him in New York?" he asked.

In the distributing branch of our publishing business we had eight or ten bookkeepers. I gave him a set of these books, the head accountant being lukewarm, and the head of the department neutral. In a very short time Mr. Dewart was getting his own balances so quickly that he had time to help the other bookkeepers—and did.

MR. MUNSEY, like most of the big men I have known, carries practically everything in his head. He knows about where everything is "at" all the time. Not having this rare gift I invented a record book which I carefully consulted before each interview with Mr. Munsey in order that I might not be wholly at a disadvantage. Mr. Dewart made the book for me and kept it up to date. It was done at night and helped to satisfy his insatiable hunger for work. This night work brought us very close together. It gave me confidence in the accountant and a desire to advance the man. It began our friendship.

I hope I am not tiring you with details. They bring warm memories to me. And they show that Mr. Dewart started out to get somewhere. That he would not be shunted; that he did not shy at a hostile superior; that he had confidence in himself; that he had no engagements when the business could use him; and he found no fun so alluring as the fight to get ahead.

Mr. Munsey knew what was going on—superfluous comment—and it was not long before he advanced Mr. Dewart to the main books and, when the head accountant died, he got the place. He had already been doing the work for months. The business meantime was branching out. Newspapers had been bought and reorganized, a chain of markets started and new periodicals launched. A fast, hard pace. Mr. Dewart bent his back to each new load and marched off with it smiling. His dream was coming true. When I left Mr. Munsey's employ Mr. Dewart automatically advanced to the position of general manager because he was ready. He had been doing the overflow of my work along with his own.

I PAUSE again to point out that Mr. Dewart had employed the years so intelligently that he was ready for the big jobs when they came. Also that he had worked so tactfully that everybody wanted him to have the big jobs when they came. That means an immense amount of kindliness on the way, and helpfulness. At the bottom of it all was intelligence. If he had not been big enough for the jobs as they came along, if the Almighty had not put exceptional brains in his head all his work and all his tact could not have lifted him above his fellows. But after giving humble thanks to the Almighty for his inheritance he is entitled to a great big credit mark on his own account. His credit for the hours of work when others played or lounged; for the hours given to helping the less able and less fortunate; for the strict life in keeping fit; for nerve in tackling the untried; for courage in the teeth of failure; for poise in the hours of triumph. All of these even the man of superior gifts must show who would come as far as Mr. Dewart has come.

It is a habit of failures to complain that their rivals had all the luck. The Burmese have a proverb, "the more you know the more luck you have." Mr. Dewart, not trusting to luck, set out to make his own good fortune. He made it in the house of Munsey. If he had not made it there he would not have tarried. He furnished the initiative and the steam. Have you ever noticed how the aimless pedestrians on the sidewalk get out of the way of the man who is going some place? The world makes way for the man who knows where he is going. If the head accountant had not died Mr. Dewart would have advanced over him just the same. If I had not departed the two of us working together would have helped Mr. Munsey to make our jobs large enough to satisfy us or he would have departed and made himself larger elsewhere. The man with the initiative and the steam cannot be kept from his goal.

A friend of mine asked Mr. Edison if the difference between a failure and a success was the difference between going up a by-path and sticking to the main road. "O, no," said Mr. Edison, "every man gets off the main road into the woods and swamps, but the successes splash round until they find the main road again."

IN THE business world there are three groups of talents—talents for organization, talents for manufacturing, talents for merchandising. I want to tell you about Mr. Dewart's talents, about his place in the Munsey house, about his work there; but, in order to keep the proportions, a word about Mr. Munsey himself is necessary.

Briefly, Mr. Munsey has exceptional talent for origination. The cheap magazine was his idea. The fiction magazine was his idea. The list is long. He has unusual talent for manufacturing. His plant turns out a better grade of work and more of it *for the money* than any other plant. He has a remarkable talent for merchandising. He is the closest buyer I ever knew and one of the best sellers. *Munsey's Magazine* could make money without carrying advertising. That is unique. Mr. Munsey has marked talents outside the business field. He is an editor, an author. He builds strong, beautiful buildings and loves it. And he is a financier. He has other talents. In fact if he were ever tempted to imitate the slothful servant of the parable and lay away his talents in a napkin, he would need a tablecloth.

Now talents are live, imperious things. They possess their possessors. I can fancy a group crowding around Mr. Munsey every morning, climbing upon his knees, clamoring to be used. He uses them all by ones and threes and groups. And his general manager helps him or substitutes for him. That means, between chief and manager, mutual understanding, confidence, esteem, a delicate relationship for which both must have talent. And it means handling a kaleidoscope variety of highly complex business problems of all colors, shapes and sizes and handling them successfully.

It is time to give you a more definite idea of the Munsey enterprises. The parent is the magazine publishing business—four national magazines, I think, with their problems of editing, illustrating, manufacture, distribution and sale. Their annual profits have averaged close to a million for years. Next is the Mohican Hotel at New London, a superb plant, making good money. Then there are the Mohican stores, a chain of 40 or 50 markets, which net over half a million a year. There is a group of businesses in Washington, D.C., consisting of a huge office building, a daily newspaper and a bank and trust company; the group in Baltimore consisting of a beautiful office building, a newspaper and a bank and trust company, all of which have lately been sold, but on terms I fancy which make it agreeable to keep a telescopic eye on them. Then there are a bank and trust company in New York, and, finally, the great New York *Sun* which Mr. Munsey with a characteristically bold stroke bought, merged with it his New York *Press*, and in a few months turned it from a financial loser into a winner. There are a number of

minor interests, but these are the big ones and in addition to them there are enormous transactions in Wall Street. I don't know the details, but I heard at one time from the outside that Mr. Munsey was the largest individual holder of steel stocks in the world.

JUST a reading of that list will give you some idea of the colossal effort, the unremitting application, the numberless intricate complications, the host of delicate decisions the men responsible must have made through the years. And Mr. Dewart has come through eighteen years at this terrific pace, thirteen years as general manager with mounting power and improving health until he is at forty-one as fine a physical and mental specimen as you are likely to know.

He is above the average height with wide shoulders and deep chest. straight, supple, tireless. But not thin. The nerves are comfortably insulated. He diets for efficiency's sake and to keep his weight down to 180. He has clear grey eyes and the Dewart head, big and impressive. You would look at him twice in a crowd. His voice is a bit high in argument, otherwise there is no suggestion of tenseness. To the onlooker he goes through his vast labor with perfect naturalness and almost ridiculous ease. His mind is remarkably keen and quick. It shoots through and round a subject like lightning, but the onlooker only sees a strong, untroubled, kindly face not overly concerned.

Handling in the same morning a multiplicity of problems concerning half a dozen businesses never seems to confuse him or irritate him. They would drive many men frantic. Mr. Dewart goes through them as if they made a pleasant garden through which he is privileged to stroll, stopping here to prune a broken stem, and there to prop a one-sided shrub; meantime gathering posies. You know people for whom flowers just love to grow. Businesses are like that with him. They will do most anything for him. In the Munsey gardens the flowers that cannot be made to grow are pulled up by the roots.

To date Mr. Dewart has shown his greatest talents in the field of business, in the merchandising and manufacturing sections of that field and pre-eminently merchandising. His keenest joy is to buy and sell. Soon after the war started he bought for the Mohican stores all the flour they could handle and all the sugar and all of everything else that was likely to go out of sight. Of course he made a killing. When the paper famine hit the publishers the Munsey house had contracts well ahead. Mr. Dewart would make a capital success of any merchandise business he cared to enter. He can buy right, sell right, organize, manage, finance, spend right, save right, treat his associates right. Men trust him, like to work with him. He is keen and sound. On principle he gives a dollar's worth. He will go a long way—only 41, sturdy, able, competent and divinely discontented.

So much for business. Now for the woman in the case.

> Kind, kind and gentle is she,
> Kind is my Mary;
> The fairest blossom on the tree,
> Cannot compare with Mary.

That was a popular song when Mary Wheeler and Billy Dewart were married, and Billy's friends sang it with gusto at his bachelor dinner with Billy's voice on top. Billy used to sing in the choir back home, and later at St. Bartholomew's in New York. At his bachelor dinner Billy sang, the rest of us did our best. And we all meant it. Mary Dewart is a darling. She leaves a trail of tenderness wherever she goes.



Robert T. Dewart, father of William T.

They have two fine boys and a baby daughter. Their apartment is luxurious, but the home atmosphere is "the same that mother used to make," cosy, cordial with welcome written everywhere but on the door mat. They have lots of music, Mary playing Billy's accompaniments, and showing him off as a good wife should. Both have the talent for friendship. Both are making new friends all the time and neither gives up the old ones. There is nothing ingrowing about the Dewarts.

For recreation they have in winter the usual round of dinners, dances, the theatre, the opera, with walking and motoring for out of doors. In summer they have a place at the Thousand Islands with sailing and golf and all the rest. Mr. Dewart was a good ball player back home. If he played golf regularly he would play it well. He is a natural athlete. The common mistake of golfers is to think of "stance" and "grip" and "swing" and "eye" and then forget that the game is to get the ball to the pin. Mr. Dewart while thinking of the means never forgets the object. He goes for the pin, with the result that he "follows through" and rarely gets off the line of play. Golf reveals character more than any other outdoor game.

The Dewart tribe is clannish. With them blood is thicker than ordinary. The brothers and sisters, seven of them I think, stand by and boost each other. The five I know have the Dewart head. Robert, older than William, has a fine brood back home A stalwart citizen. Hugh, the youngest, manages the Mohican chain of stores. He has brilliant promise.

NOW FOR A few last touches of color and shadings and this portrait of my friend is finished.

In money matters Mr. Dewart is thrifty. He has never spent his salary. He always has money and shares when his friends need. In keeping confidences he is safe as the Sphinx. In loyalty he holds the finest balance I ever knew. He goes to church. Religion is bred in the Dewarts. He is a week day Christian, too. He finds abundant opportunity for helpfulness in the cases that come to him through his daily work. But he is not emotional. His heart like his head works fast and true with never an outward sign. I have been with him through deep valleys when his heart was torn and he gave no sign. No protest. No tears. He has been with me through deep valleys. His sympathy is quick and not strained, expressed in thoughtful attentions and few words. It does not flood and soon falter, but flows evenly as long as the need endures. He remembers anniversaries both happy and sad, and as the happy ones recur his friends are likely to hear from him. Billy Dewart has a talent for friendship.



Lieut. Baxter.

Young Writer at the Front

Arthur Beverly Baxter, whose clever story "The Man Who Scoffed" appears in this issue, has gone overseas with the Engineering Signaling Corps. He will, however, continue to contribute to MACLEAN'S, and the best story he has yet done is scheduled to appear in an early issue.

The Man Who Scoffed

By Arthur Beverly Baxter

Who wrote "The Mad Hatter," "The Traditions of the Honorable Algernon," etc.

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

DENNIS MONTAGUE emerged from his bath, glowing and talkative. A luxurious deep blue dressing gown was wrapped about his form, the color in it accentuating the grey-blue of his eyes and his light brown hair. His valet stood beside his bed, on which reposed a complete and expensive set of garments suitable for a gentleman bent on spending the evening out.

"Ah, Sylvester, that's right. We poor devils of men must look as well as the abominable fashions will permit. What is the time?"

"Gone past seven, sir."

"Dear me—I shall be late. I am always late, Sylvester. It partly accounts for my extraordinary popularity—a hostess is so relieved to see me by the time I turn up at her dinner party that, for years afterwards, she always associates my face with pleasant sensations. Any mail, Sylvester?"

His servant crossed to the table on which there reposed a half dozen letters.

"These came in this afternoon, sir."

"Read them to me while I dress."

"READ them, Mr. Montague?" The valet's face was a study in respectful expostulation.

"Is the idea so preposterous, my dear fellow? I believe that most people write letters with the idea of having them read."

The decorous Sylvester sighed and broke the seal of the first letter.

"'I would beg to remind you,'" he read, "'that your account—'"

Montague made a deprecatory gesture.

"How polite these tradesmen are," he said. "I shall expect one, some day, to enclose forget-me-nots. The next letter?"

Sylvester solemnly opened a diminutive envelope.

"'Mrs. W. De-Ponsy Harris requests the pleasure—'"

"Another request! What is it—a tea or dance?"

"A dinner, sir."

"Good—I shall go. Mrs. Harris is the worst hostess in the city, but she keeps the best cook. Proceed."

THE worthy Sylvester took from the table a delicately scented letter that breathed its delightful suggestion of romance to his grateful nostrils, whereupon he promptly blushed a deep unlovely tomato-like red.

"It starts," said he, "'My Dearest Love—'"

His master glanced at him.

"Don't blush," he said. "The grand passion is nothing to be ashamed of." He carefully adjusted his tie. "What is the young lady's name?"

"Myrtle, sir."

"Ah, yes, poor little Myrtle. What a pity a woman clings to a romance when it is dead. There is something morbid in women that makes them do it. It is like embracing a corpse."

"Shall I read it, sir?"

"No—no—don't bother. I know what's in it. On the third page she declares that she hates me, and on the fifth page she denies it. Myrtle runs so deucedly to form."

A look of relief crossed the rotund countenance of Mr. Sylvester as he took up the last letter.

"It's from a society for educating the poor, sir."

"Tear it up. What we need is a society for educating the rich."

Completely dressed, he turned about and struck an attitude.

"It is my intention some day;" he said, with grandiloquent airiness, " to found a 'Conservatoire Universale,' where philanthropists, will be taught charity, ministers of the gospel will gain humility, musicians will learn to feel and newspaper writers will take up the elements of language. Heavens! Such a scope as I would have! Stick your head out the window and see if a taxi is waiting."

Sylvester raised the window and surveyed the street below.

"It's there, sir," he said, drawing his head in.

"Then I shall leave you. Mrs. LeRoy is giving a dinner party this evening, and she invariably has guests who listen charmingly. Good night, Sylvester."

"Good night, sir."

When he was gone, William Sylvester scratched his thinly covered head. He then shrugged his shoulders and followed these actions by pouring out a glass of sherry. He took a sip.

"'Eavens!" he said aloud, "'ow 'e do talk."

DENNIS MONTAGUE was twenty-eight years of age, and had an income which made consistent toil unnecessary. To be true, he wrote for one or two magazines and dabbled with law in a desultory manner, having been called to the bar some four years previous. But he remained an utter stranger to work, and loved luxury with the sensuous delight of an Eastern houri. The present was delightful and the future was simply the present carried on. When, on this particular evening, however, his taxi stopped at the home of Mrs. LeRoy, it left him at the place where his whole life was to be altered in a single evening.

After his usual apologies for tardiness, he led Mrs. LeRoy in to dinner and in five minutes his wit and repartee were dominating the entire party. Whether or not his brain was gold, Montague always glittered, and people love things that glitter.

After dinner they danced. Mrs. LeRoy was not a gifted hostess, but she acted on the principle that food, wine and music—providing the food and wine were high class and the music was not—would make any evening a success. Few of her guests disagreed with her—their feet and tongues were light and they danced and talked without self-consciousness or mental effort.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when Dennis Montague led Vera Dalton into a moonlit recess of the conservatory.

"What a night," he said, as they stood together surveying the silver glints of the moonlight upon the lawn outside. The girl was silent, but a lifting cloud caused a ray of light to mingle with her hair. Montague turned towards her, his eyes brilliant and his face flushed.

He took her hands in his and drew her towards him.

"Don't," she said, quietly.

"Women always say 'don't'," he replied. "I supose they like to have a preliminary *tête-a-tête* with their conscience before they commit an indiscretion."

"But I mean it, Dennis."

"All women mean it, Vera."

"Please let go of my hands."

"If you pay the price."

"And you call yourself a gentleman—don't you?"

"I have a valet and three addresses."

The girl bit her lip and then looked quickly up as though she would read into his very soul.

"Why," she said, hesitatingly. "Why do you want to kiss me?"

Montague smiled.

"The eternal question, my dear. It has trapped more men into proposals than all the wiles of a generation of fond mothers."

"But you don't love me," she said, searchingly, questioningly, utterly ignoring his flippant sarcasm.

"On such a night as this," he answered, "who could help but love you?"

The girl tried to free herself, but his grip held her.

"Dennis — I mean it — I shall call for help."

"I did not want to come here, Dennis," she said slowly, hesitatingly. "I fought against it. I—I had to come."

A light of conquest leaped into his eyes. This was a charming surrender. He drew her to him with a swift encircling movement of his arms.

"I have admitted, Dennis Montague," she said, breathlessly, "that I came here because you fascinated me. It's true, you have always fascinated me—but I tell you that down in my heart I loathe you, detest you, for the coward that you are."

MONTAGUE drew back as though fired upon by a masked battery.

"In all the years I've known you," she went on, furiously, as though fearing that her courage would leave her before the finish, "you have done nothing that was not selfish, mean and cowardly—above everything else, cowardly. Look at the girls you have known——" Montague interrupted her with a furious gesture, but she went on—"more than a dozen I could name have given you the depth and sweetness of their first love, inspired by

you, called forth by you. Do you realize what a woman's heart is and what she gives with it? And you—you are too cowardly to face marriage, too cowardly to love with your own heart — too selfish to leave women's hearts alone."

Montague took a cigarette case from his pocket.

"May I smoke?" he said, coolly.

"You are a coward about your profession as well," she hurried on, ignoring his interruption. "Your mother, I know, had great dreams for you. She planned, worked, sacrificed for you. Yet you are too much of a coward to face competition with what you choose to call 'the little legal minds of the city.'"

"And thirdly?" he said, lighting a cigarette.

"Yes, thirdly," she said desperately, although his easy nonchalance was fast undermining her courage. "You are not in the army. Yet no one could say that Dennis Montague is not fit. I can only presume like every one else, that you are afraid."

"And lastly?" He was still calm, although keener eyes than hers would have noticed a dark ominous flush under his eyes.

"And lastly," she said, unconsciously repeating his formula, "you scoff at everything that is good and pure, sneering at religion and drawing yourself aside from your fellow creatures as though they were loathsome. Yet I say to you, Dennis, that there is not a man in the slums whose soul isn't far, far richer than yours. It is only a coward, afraid to face the real things, who scoffs at life."

WEAK from the effort, she had made her voice trembled into silence and a cold sweat broke out on her brow and the palms of her hands.

"Will you smoke, Vera?"

"No, thanks," she answered faintly.

"Do—it would soothe you."

"No, I thank you." She repressed a sudden desire to fly from the conservatory. She had become suddenly afraid of the cool, smiling figure before her.

"As far as girls are concerned," he said quietly, replacing the cigarette case in his pocket, "just as long as they angle for us with every artifice of dress and rouge and coquetry—so long will they catch us and the consequences. As for the law which my mother planned for me, I regret that my father left me the instincts of a gentleman not an attorney. I am not boring you?"

"No, no, go on."

"As for the army—I don't happen to be interested in the war. I disapprove of the crudeness of our Canadian civilization. I disapprove of England's lack of the artistic. I disapprove of German militarism—and Scotch bagpipes, Swiss cheese, Chinese laundries and American politics. Why should I fight for one when I disapprove of them all? As for my fellow man—I dislike the ordinary man of the streets because he does not think, read nor bath often enough. I am not hostile to him, I merely ignore him. I am not a coward at all, my dear Vera—I am merely an artist in a world of artisans."

With a graceful movement he offered his arm to her.



Few of her guests disagreed with her—their feet and tongues were light and they danced and talked without mental effort.

"Let us return to the dancing," he said.

With a frightened, inquiring glance she took his arm and without a word they left the conservatory. At the door of the ballroom they paused and she laid a timid hand on his arm. It will ever be a mystery to men how women can love and despise the same object.

"Dennis," she said, "will you try and forget what I said?" Her courage had gone, fled before his coolness and the fascination he held for her, though she had striven with all her womanhood to free herself from it.

"I wish to Heaven I could," he said grimly.

THE morning sunshine invaded the rooms of Dennis Montague with pervading cheeriness. It was nearing the end of April and a hundred birds sang of the wonders they had seen during the winter, of arid Africa, of the witcheries of the Nile where they had seen Pygmies at war with the butterflies and they had heard the great god Memnon raise his mighty shout to greet the dawn of day.

Oblivious to the sunshine and everything but his thoughts, Montague lay in bed the following morning and sought to wrestle with the truth he had heard the night before. It was impossible to dismiss the things from his mind. His brain throbbed with resentment, questioning, searching her words — striving to convince himself that her charge of cowardice was the vituperativeness of an unrequited love. But it was useless. He could explain her actions, dissect her motives, applaud his own poise, but he could not eliminate the feeling of personal nausea which clung to him as though he had suddenly sickened of his whole nature.

A knock at the door interrupted the thread of his thoughts and his valet entered with a tray of breakfast things.

"Good morning, sir." Sylvester carefully arranged the tray on a little table beside

the bed. "It's a beautiful morning, sir, and I see by the paper that the 'Uns are giving the Canadians a rough time of it what with gas and what not."

His master gazed listlessly at the breakfast things.

"Sylvester," he said quietly, "for years you have ministered to my body. What can you do for a soul that is starving?"

The valet beamed reassuringly.

"That's h'alright, sir." He rubbed his hands in genial encouragement. "A Bromo-Seltzer will fix you up." A large and varied experience as a servant to young gentlemen, had inured him to morning-after repentances.

The sound of a military band approaching drove Sylvester to the window.

"'Ow look," he cried, his natural decorum suddenly dispelled by the inspiring sounds of the music, "there must be blooming near a thousand of 'em. Seems like 'ome it does when the guards used to do London in all their swankin' regimentals."

A BATTALION swung past in steady rhythmical tread to the stirring strains of the Welsh hymn of freedom, "Men of Harlech"—a splendid body of men with chests expanded, arms swinging freely and their whole bearing one of vigorous, unconquerable manhood. The last man passed and the music ceased as suddenly as it had come. The birds resumed their chorus and William Sylvester reinvested himself in his imperturbable masque of deference. Languidly Montague rose from his bed and lit a cigarette.

"Our civilization," he said quietly, "need not pride itself on raising those men. Men have always been brave since there were men. The terrible failure of our times is that it has produced men like me—a coward."

The valet scratched his head.

"You ain't a coward, sir," he ventured. "Lor' bless me—I've seen you ride a buckin' mare that——"

His master turned on him with a vehemence that his valet had never before seen in him.

"I tell you I am a coward," he said fiercely. "Don't I know that my place is with those men? In that battalion that passed there are married men with families, there are only sons of widows, there are brothers, sweethearts—who is there to care if I go? My death would not cause a single tear and yet I stay, not that I am afraid of bullets or death, but because I know I shall have discomforts, privations, work, and because I shall have to sleep beside men who are filthy, unclean, and because I shall grow filthy too. I detest it, I abhor it and yet I stand aside and let others go."

"You—you are a gentleman, sir."

"A gentleman!" He burst into a rasping laugh. "My own definition last night was 'a man with a valet and three addresses.' What a fool I was! No, I am not a gentleman—I've never been one. The greatest gentleman of all time was a carpenter—that is the truth I have to burn into my soul."

A PERPLEXED and troubled look spread over the vastness of Mr. Sylvester's countenance. This was a new phenomenon to him. He was frankly puzzled and reached for the breakfast tray with a melancholy slowness of movement that quite inadequately expressed his inward perturbation.

A cool shower and a shave having failed to dispel the brooding mood that had fallen on him, Montague hastily dressed himself, telling his servant he would not return before dinner. Clothed in an immaculate grey suit, with a velours fedora and walking stick, he strode into the street, a handsome, striking figure of a man whose lithe athletic figure spoke of vigorous strength, a strength devoted to sporting activities, but a stranger to toil.

HIS walk, unplanned as it was, drew him towards the centre of the city. He mechanically avoided the streets that were crowded and, like a bit of flotsam on the ocean's surface, was guided and buffeted until, turning down a quiet side street, he emerged upon the corner of a huge stone building. He glanced up to realize that it was the Armouries, and was about to change his course when a recruiting sergeant, noticing his hesitation, stepped up to him.

"Beg pardon," he said, "but was you lookin' to sign up?"

"Sign up?" Montague repeated the words automatically.

"Sure—sign up with the Brindle's Battalion."

"The Brindle's Battalion?"

"Come off that parrot stuff," growled Sergeant Saunders.

Montague shook himself together.

"I beg your pardon," he said, stiffly. The sergeant shuffled uneasily.

"Say, don't be so damned polite," he said not ill-naturedly. "I'm here to get recruits. We're a tough bunch, we're a rough bunch, but we're men. Our boys ain't strong on polish or eddication, and they're no boozeless, anti-cigarette crowd, but they're straight, and they're game, and they're men."

"They're men," repeated Montague, dazed by a dizziness that seemed to wrap himself and the sergeant in an enveloping mist.

"That's what I said," reiterated Sergeant Saunders, mentally noting that he would make Montague drop his sing-song if he ever got the opportunity.

"What do you say, old scout?"

Montague glanced up. "Will you take me?" he said.

"Will we take you?" A broad, brown hand grasped Montague's arm and he found himself being led into a room in the Armouries, where he discovered that his full name was Dennis Oliver Montague, that he was twenty-eight years of age, that he was an Anglican, and that his Uncle Charles was his next of kin. He further found that he was the property of His Majesty, King George the Fifth for the duration of the war and six months after, "so 'elp me, and shove 'im into the Medico, glad you signed up, my lad, you'll never regret it, we've got a man's job for you, and—close that bleeding door, Nokes—alright, NEXT!"

With whirlwind rapidity he stripped for the doctor, who pronounced him an excellent example of cannon fodder, and, still dazed, he put on his clothes and emerged into the open air—a red band about his arm, prolaiming to the world that he was now Pte. D. O. Montague, of the Brindle's Battalion, C.E.F. He gasped—shrugged his shoulders — then went home.

Sergeant Skimps surveyed the squad of recruits with the eye of a man who has seen recruits for twenty years and is impervious to any emotion on the subject.

"You're soldiers now," he began, his dialect strongly reminiscent of Bow Bells, "you're in the service now, so, kiss me 'Arry, get yer 'air cut, all of yer. We don't go in for Paderooskies in the harmy. Then 'old yer 'eads h'up and put yer chests h'out h'as though you was somebody. You ain't, but don't go to tellin' no one. (A gentle murmur greeted this sally). H'always respeck yer h'officers and non-commissioned h'officers, and don't go to slapping the Colonel on the back and h'offering 'im a cigar. You're h'in the h'army—that bloke on the h'end spit out that there tobacco—g'wan!—a filthy 'abit on parade and it'll get C B for yer. Where did you 'ail from h'any'ow—a nice specimen, I don't think—chewing when a sawgeant's talkink to yer. Now, then, fall in—h'another 'arf h'our's drill."

FOR five hours that day, Sergeant Skimps alternately talked and his weary squad turned, marched, and wheeled about the gravel parade ground. Weary to the point of exhaustion, already deaf to the interminable harangue of Sergt. Skimps, the hour of four-thirty found Montague with his first day in the army finished. He had only one desire—to seek his apartment, to feel the cool shower upon his body and to lounge in languid repose in his dressing gown, soothed by the inevitable cigarettes. He broke away from the little group, but was hailed by a ruddy-faced little Englander, who had made various overtures to him during the day.

"Going up?" said the other, his accent proclaiming British birth, tempered by ten years of Canadian citizenship.

"Yes," said Montague, "but I am in a hurry."

"Right O, I'm with you." He swung along beside Montague. "This is the life," he said cheerily.

"What?" asked Montague.

"Soldiering—a dollar ten a day, short hours and no work—what, ho!"

"Do you mean to say you like it?" asked Montague, wishing his companion's clothes reeked a little less of his recent exertions.

"Why not like it?" said Pte. Waller. "We're in it, ain't we?"

"I suppose so," said the other shortly.

Pte. Waller rubbed his hands together. "He's a sergeant what is a sergeant, ain't he?"

"Do you mean that strutting bounder who drilled us to-day?"

"Lordee, don't let him hear you say that." The little man went pale at the thought. "Say, if you don't like him, just wait until you see Sergeant-major 'Awkins." Even a Cockney of ten years Canadian citizenship loses his h's when excited. Montague began to wince under it and he wished a dozen times that his companion would hold his tongue and give him a chance to think, to separate the varied experiences of the day and to edit his thoughts. He shrugged his shoulders and acknowledged the greeting of Mrs. Merryweather from a huge motor car. Waller's eyes bulged.

"I say, you know some swells, don't you? What was you, a chauffer?"

Montague considered. "No, I was a jester, a sort of social buffoon."

Waller considered. "Something in the plumbing line?" he ventured.

Continued on page 75.

Sunshine in Mariposa

A Play in Four Acts

By Stephen Leacock

Author of "Sunshine Sketches of a Small Town," etc.

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys



"Here you are, here is Cuba."

SYNOPSIS. — *Jefferson Thorpe, barber, of Mariposa, dabbles in Cobalt mining stocks in order to raise enough money to build a Home for Orphans as a memorial to his late wife. The possession of four hundred shares of Corona Jewel Mining Co. certificates nets him over one hundred thousand dollars and he then decides to go into speculation in Cuban lands at the instigation of two New York men, Harstone and Slyde. He opens a real estate office in Mariposa and announces that he is to be a director in the Cuban Land Co., if the jealousy of Morgan and Rockefeller can be overcome.*

ACT II.—*Continued.*

MYRA.—Rockefeller and Morgan!

JEFF.—No less.

MYRA.—But why should they object? I don't understand.

JEFF.—Jealous. That's why it's to be kept quiet. Harstone says not to tell anybody here about it just yet. By the way Mr. Harstone and Mr. Slyde haven't been in yet, have they?

MYRA.—No father, not yet.

JEFF (*looking at his watch*).—They ought to be here soon.

[ENTER ANDY]

ANDY.—(*puts his head in at the door*)—The painters got the sign all ready. Will I bring it down?

JEFF.—Yes, go and bring it, Andy.

[*Exit* ANDY.]

JEFF.—Was anybody else in?

MYRA.—Mr. Macartney. He's coming back.

JEFF.—Yes, I know.

MYRA.—And there was a man came in asking to get shaved; he wanted to know if you still did shaving.

JEFF.—If I still did shaving! What does he think? Does he think I'm too proud to shave him? He little knows me.

MYRA.—I told him to come back in a few minutes. Shall I get your white coat father, so that you'll be ready?

[MYRA *gets* JEFF'S *little white coat out of the drawer.* JEFF *takes off his good coat and goes to put on the barber's jacket.*]

JEFF.—Certainly I'll put it on! Do you think I'm too proud to wear a white coat just because I've made $100,000? Certainly I—ll—put—the—(*getting into it with difficulty and disgust*)—dam thing on. (*Squaring it in front of the glass*)—MYRA, I don't believe this coat fits. I've outgrown it.

MYRA.—Oh father, you've worn it for years.

JEFF (*tearing it off*)—It's damp I won't wear it. A damp coat is simply death. Give me my other—Ah! That fits better. Anyway, I'll have to write my letters first. If anybody comes in he must wait. Now, let's see (*pulls open a letter and reads it to himself in a couple of seconds and starts to answer it as he walks up and down,* MYRA *seating herself at the typewriter*).

JEFF (*dictating like blue lightning*).—Dear Sir,—In answer to your esteem favor of the 28 proximo, I beg to state--

MYRA.—Oh, too fast, father, too fast.

JEFF. — Too fast! That machine can do 200 words a minute. They said so when I got it.

MYRA. — Yes, but I can't—You see, father, it takes time to learn this wretched thing. It's awfully nice of you to pay me two hundred dollars a month to be your secretary, but really it's far more than I'm worth. But then you pay *everybody* too much.

JEFF.—Nonsense.

MYRA (*consulting a little account book*)—Look, father, last month. Andy for helping in shop, $100, Mrs. Gillis for cleaning $100. But I don't mind that. Poor thing, she'll need it. Is it true father that Mr. Mullins has dismissed Gillis.

JEFF. — I'm afraid so Myra. He couldn't do anything else. Ben's not fit to be a caretaker. He's drinking too much. Perhaps I can do something for him. I might get him on the board of a company, or something where his drinking won't matter.

MYRA. (*still looking at the accounts*).—That money for Mrs. Gillis was all right I suppose. Then look at this. You sent Mr. Macartney, all the way to New York but two weeks ago. Hundreds and hundreds, that cost.

JEFF.—That was merely business. Macartney went as my lawyer to look into the Cuban Land Company, I wanted to know it was all right, but before I put $50,000 into it.

MYRA.—But father, Mr. Macartney's expenses without his fee were over two hundred dollars for two days. Could Mr. Macartney really eat and drink two hundred dollars in two days?

JEFF (*shaking his head*).—In New York you can.

MYRA.—Look at this (*pointing to an item*) midnight supper, 20 dollars.

JEFF.—Exactly—that shows. There was Macartney working away till midnight,—in my interest. Think of that man, Myra, slaving away, and not able to break off and get supper till midnight! It touches me.

MYRA.—Then I won't say any more, father. But have we really got all this money?

JEFF.—It's not what we *have*, Myra, that counts. It's what we're going to have. Do you know how much I realized on the Corona Jewel Mine?

MYRA.—No.

JEFF.—A hundred and twelve thousand dollars!

MYRA.—A hundred and twelve thousand dollars!

JEFF.—Sixty thousand is being deeded to the Home. Macartney has the papers nearly ready. And fifty thousand was sent two days ago to New York to the Cuban Land Company. Harstone and Slyde will be in here this morning to tell me if they've taken it. (*Impatiently walking up and down.*) By——, I hope they take it!

MYRA.—Why shouldn't they take it?

JEFF.—Harstone says it all depends on General Perrico, the head of the Company. He's a Cuban, and you know how proud the Cubans are. He might not take it. But Harstone is using all his influence. He has great hopes—he'll know this morning. And, Myra, if I get that fifty thousand dollars worth of stock, in one year, or less, it will be worth five hundred thousand dollars!

MYRA.—Oh, father, is that *possible?*

JEFF.—It's not only possible—it's a *fact.* It's in the prospectus (*pulling out*

of his pocket a printed sheet and reading), "It is confidently expected that in one year or less the stock of the company will advance to ten times its par value,"

MYRA.—It seems too wonderful.

JEFF.—You all said that about the Corona Jewel—and wasn't I right? But this time I want all my friends to share in it. Harstone is asking the General to allot another ten thousand of stock for my friends. All they have to do is to give me their money—much or little, he says—just what they have. He says the company is prepared to treat any friends of mine as they'd treat me! This time I want everybody in Mariposa to be rich! I want the whole town to be rich—all of us! But stop, I *must* get these letters. (*Opening one.*) Ha, didn't I say so? (*Opening a great fat letter from which falls a big roll of bills.*) There you are, first thing!

MYRA.—What is it, father?

JEFF (*looking at the letter*).—From Bill Evans. (*Reading.*) "I enclose two hundred and fifty dollars; please give me the worth of it in your new Cuban Land Company. I may be able to raise her to two hundred and fifty-five next month." The worth of it? I'll give him ten times the worth of it. I'll write to Bill at once. Put this down. "Dear Friend Bill"—no, no — "William Evans, Esqre., Constable of Mariposa, Mariposa Street, Mariposa." That's better—"Yours of the 29th proximo received——"

MYRA.—Proximo, father? Shouldn't it be ultimo?

JEFF (*thinking it over*).—Proximo—ultimo—proximo. I think proximo sounds neater, more business-like.

MYRA. — But proximo means *next* month.

JEFF.—Then it's quite right. Bill said next month. That's all right. (*Going on dictating.*) "With enclosure as stated. Very truly, J. Thorpe." Now, I'll put the money in the safe with the rest. (*Goes to safe with the bundle and starts fumbling with the combination.*) . . . This two hundred and fifty from Bill—five hundred from Johnson — four hundred from Jim Elliot—Peter's money will be here to-day—that will be nearly six thousand.

MYRA —Is it safe there, father?

JEFF.—Safe? Safe as a good tight combination lock can make it. . . . (*Fumbling at the clock.*) Three, one—no, three, four—what *is* the number of this thing?

MYRA.—I don't remember, father.

[*A splash of water at the window reminds him of* MRS. GILLIS.]

JEFF.—Ah! Mrs. Gillis, she'll know. (*Raising his voice.*) Mrs. Gillis, what's the number of the safe?

MRS. GILLIS (*putting her head in, a wet mop cloth in her hand*).—Eh?

JEFF.—What's the number of the safe?

MRS. GILLIS (*calling from the doorway*).—Three, two, four, three, turn two.

[*Shuts door and exit.*

JEFF.—Ah, yes—three, two, four, three—great thing a safe. (*As he opens the door and puts the money in.*) I always wanted a safe. Gives one a sense of security. Three, two, four, three, turn two — I'll just write that down. (*He writes it on the white wall beside the safe in big figures.*) There!

[*Noise outside. As the door opens, voice of* ANDY, "*Steady, there, look out,* MRS. GILLIS."]

JEFF.—Ah, here's Andy with the sign.

[*Door opens, and the long end of a big sign board wrapped in paper, is stuck in, moving inward.*]

ANDY'S (*voice*).—Steady with that end there . . . get hold of it, Mrs. Gillis. .

MRS GILLIS' (*voice*).—. . . Lands sake! You've got me jammed agin the telegraph pole. . . .

JEFF.—Hold on now—don't get excited! (*The long end of the sign sways to and fro continuously;* JEFF *grabs it and is pulling and hauling at it as he speaks.*) Now then—bring her to me—Yo!—here she comes.

MRS. GILLIS' (*voice*).—. . . You're getting me agin a buggy wheel!

JEFF.—Now then—bring her to you, Andy—take hold, Myra——

ANDY.—Yo, he!

MRS. GILLIS.—Yow!

[*Business of struggling with the long sign as it sweeps this way and that in their trying to get it through the door—*JEFF *at the end,* ANDY *in the doorway —* MRS. GILLIS *exclaiming and howling but not seen until—with a burst in they come, sign and all,* MRS GILLIS *dragged in in a heap.*]

MRS. GILLIS (*picking herself up—puffed and red—exclaims*).—My lands, Andy, if you ain't almost ruined this gown!

JEFF.—Never mind that. There (*giving her money*) go get a new gown. Get a dozen. [*Exit* MRS. GILLIS.] Now, get the paper off it . . . break the strings, Andy . . . don't get excited . . . wait, turn it clear over . . . that's it, ha!

[*Sign is stood up on its side on the floor all along one side of the shop.*]

JEFFERSON THORPE.

MINING AND LAND EXCHANGE.

JEFF (*standing back and admiring it.*) — Looks good, doesn't it? "Jefferson Thorpe, Land and Mining Exchange," pretty good, eh? . . . But, stop a minute, Andy, that's not all of it. Didn't you tell him I wanted "Barber Shop" on it, too?

ANDY.—It's all right—it's there—he says there's a piece in the middle that you let down.

[*He stoops and fumbles—a little hinged bit of wood opens out thus.*]

JEFFERSON THORPE.

MINING AND LAND EXCHANGE.

And Barber Shop

JEFF.—That's better. I don't want anyone to think I'm too proud for my trade. . . . That's much better. . . . Now fold it up again, Andy, like it was.

[*At this moment enters, somewhat timidly—a customer—stands in the doorway; takes his hat off; very rustic; a great mop of hair.*]

THE CUSTOMER (*in a heavy yokel voice with a drawl.*)—Mr. Thorpe here?

JEFF.—Yes.

THE CUSTOMER.—Still doing barberin', ain't yer? Well, I need a hair cut.

JEFF.—I should say you did. Sit right down there . . . er . . . Andy—comb out his hair till I'm ready. . . . Now, Myra, give me the rest of the mail while I do his hair . . . scissors?

[MYRA *gets a pair out of a closed drawer.*]

Right!

[JEFF *with the scissors goes to the customer,* ANDY *to the window,* MYRA *to her desk,*]

JEFF.—Now let's see. Yes, Myra, write down this: "Answering your letter of the third instant . . . (*click, click of the typewriter—and snip, snip, snip of the scissors—all the sounds together.*) I beg leave to state (*click—snip*) that I am authorized to offer you shares in the Cuban Land Company . . . etc., etc."

[*As* JEFF *dictates with his eye on the letter, he clips wildly and rapidly into the customer's hair without looking at it.* MYRA *writing full speed—and the scissors flying.*]

ANDY (*who has been looking out of the window.*)—I think I see Mr. Harstone and Mr. Slyde coming down street, Mr. Thorpe.

JEFF.—Is that so? Mr. Harstone and Mr. Slyde—here—— (*taking customer by the arm and leading him out of the chair to the side door*). You see down there where that sign is—well, that's another barber shop—Hillis's—here—here's a dollar—go and get your hair cut—and get a shave—get a shampoo—get anything—Andy, take him out and show him.

[*Exit* ANDY *and customer through the side door.*]

MYRA.—If they're coming, I'll take my work in here, father.

[*Exit* MYRA.]

[*Then through the front door, enter* HARSTONE *and* SLYDE.]

HARSTONE (*well dressed, smooth shaven, face hard as flint, a gentleman criminal, suggestive of recklessness and nerve*).—Good morning, Mr. Thorpe.

JEFF.—Good morning, gentlemen.

SLYDE.—Good morning.

[*Shaking hands with* JEFF]

HARSTONE.—A fine day, Mr. Thorpe—another glorious day—a lot of sunshine you get in Mariposa.

JEFF.—Lots of it—no place like Mariposa for sunshine.

HARSTONE.—That's right. But we've gotto get you out of it all the same. We want you in New York. Men like you are all too scarce in New York. Aren't they, Slyde?

SLYDE.—That's right. They're looking for men like you in New York, Mr. Thorpe.

JEFF (*rubbing his hands*).—Well, well—some day, perhaps, but I like this place.

HARSTONE.—Well, I've got some good news here that'll make you like New York.

[*Taking out a letter*]

JEFF.—Good news. From General Perrico?

HARSTONE.—No less. Listen to this: "We have received and cashed Mr. Thorpe's draft for fifty thousand dollars. Pray convey to Mr. Thorpe my appreciation, not for the money itself"—Perrico is worth millions—"but of his sympathy and co-operation in the cause of renovating and reorganizing my beloved Cuba. Pray say to Mr. Thorpe that we are prepared to take on his behalf for stock at par the further sum of money, the sixty thousand of which you speak. This stock



"Now then—bring her to me —Yo!—— Here she comes."

it is understood will be held as a trust in favor of the *Martha Thorpe Home for Destitute Children.* This generous endowment of Mr. Thorpe has our warmest sympathy and we are prepared to receive in its behalf for stock at par any and whatever sums Mr. Thorpe may send. Please say to Mr. Thorpe that we are prepared also to take at par the money which we understand he is collecting from his Mariposa friends. We will treat them all as we are treating him. Accept, dear Mr. Harstone, the expression of my most cordial sentiments, Ximenes Blanco Perrico."

JEFF (*with a great breath of relief*).—Splendid. This will endow the Home as I never could have hoped to. Gentlemen, my best thanks. (*Shaking hands with them with some feeling.*) Why, this will mean, what, half a million, won't it?

SLYDE.—Can't fail to.

HARSTONE.—Absolutely certain. You see, Mr. Thorpe, our Company is a sure thing; here you have Cuba.

[*Going to the map and pointing.*]

JEFF.—Exactly.

HARSTONE.—Undeveloped.

JEFF (*nodding*).—I see.

SLYDE.—Full of waste lands.

JEFF.—Yes.

HARSTONE.—People lazy.

JEFF.—Yes.

SLYDE.—No capital.

JEFF.—Exactly.

HARSTONE.—Well, in we come with our money, our northern energy, the brains of men like you, your driving power—your grit—why, Mr. Thorpe—it's millions, millions——

JEFF.—Splendid. It's not for myself I'm so pleased, gentlemen. It's for the Home I'm founding—in my wife's memory—it means a lot to me—— (*much moved*).

HARSTONE (*with a great show of being touched, comes over and takes* JEFF'S *hand*).—Thorpe, you're a good man.

JEFF (*recovering himself*).—Well, I'll go and get Macartney at once and have the papers made out to transfer the sixty thousand—I'll find you gentlemen here later.

HARSTONE.—Here or at the hotel.

[*Exit* JEFF]

HARSTONE and SLYDE (*they look at one another and laugh*).

SLYDE.—Isn't he too easy?

HARSTONE.—Easy. It's so easy it—almost spoils the fun of it.

SLYDE.—Didn't I tell you!

HARSTONE.—Yes, you were right to bring me here! It's the easiest thing—and to think of his sending old man Macartney to New York to look into the company!

[*They laugh.*]

SLYDE.—I can just see Olson acting as General Perrico and taking Macartney round New York—entertaining him—got him full and kept him full—and stuffed him up till Macartney thought the "General" was worth millions—it's too easy.

HARSTONE.—And they're all as bad—all gone clean crazy over it—that young ass Pupkin is gone clean daft. Got "big money" on the brain. They can't get over Thorpe making a hundred thousand in a mine. Pupkin is to bring in two thousand to-day.

SLYDE.—Whew!

HARSTONE.—Yes, if Thorpe would only give it into our hands—but he sticks all his friends' money in that damned old safe—says he's waiting till he gets it all.

SLYDE.—Well, we'll get it presently——

HARSTONE (*shaking his head*).—Yes, but we need to hurry. There are things I don't like—I don't like that man Smith (*pointing over his shoulder with his thumb*) at the hotel—nor Mullins—they—

SLYDE.—Well, they've nothing to go on—it *looks* all straight—Macartney's report and the rest of it.

HARSTONE.—Yes, but the other end—the other end—what's happening in New York? Listen to this. This came in the mail this morning—from Olson (*reads*), "Better put things through as fast as you can. We have cashed the draft for fifty thousand. Get the further sixty thousand and quit—there's a leak somewhere" — and listen here (*continues*), "a Pinkerton man was in here yesterday prying around — Olson recognized him; but there's something wrong. We are all ready to clear if you send word. Edwards thinks they are getting warrants for you and Slyde in Toronto."

SLYDE (*visibly scared as he listens*).—I don't like that. I'd rather—wouldn't it be better to get?

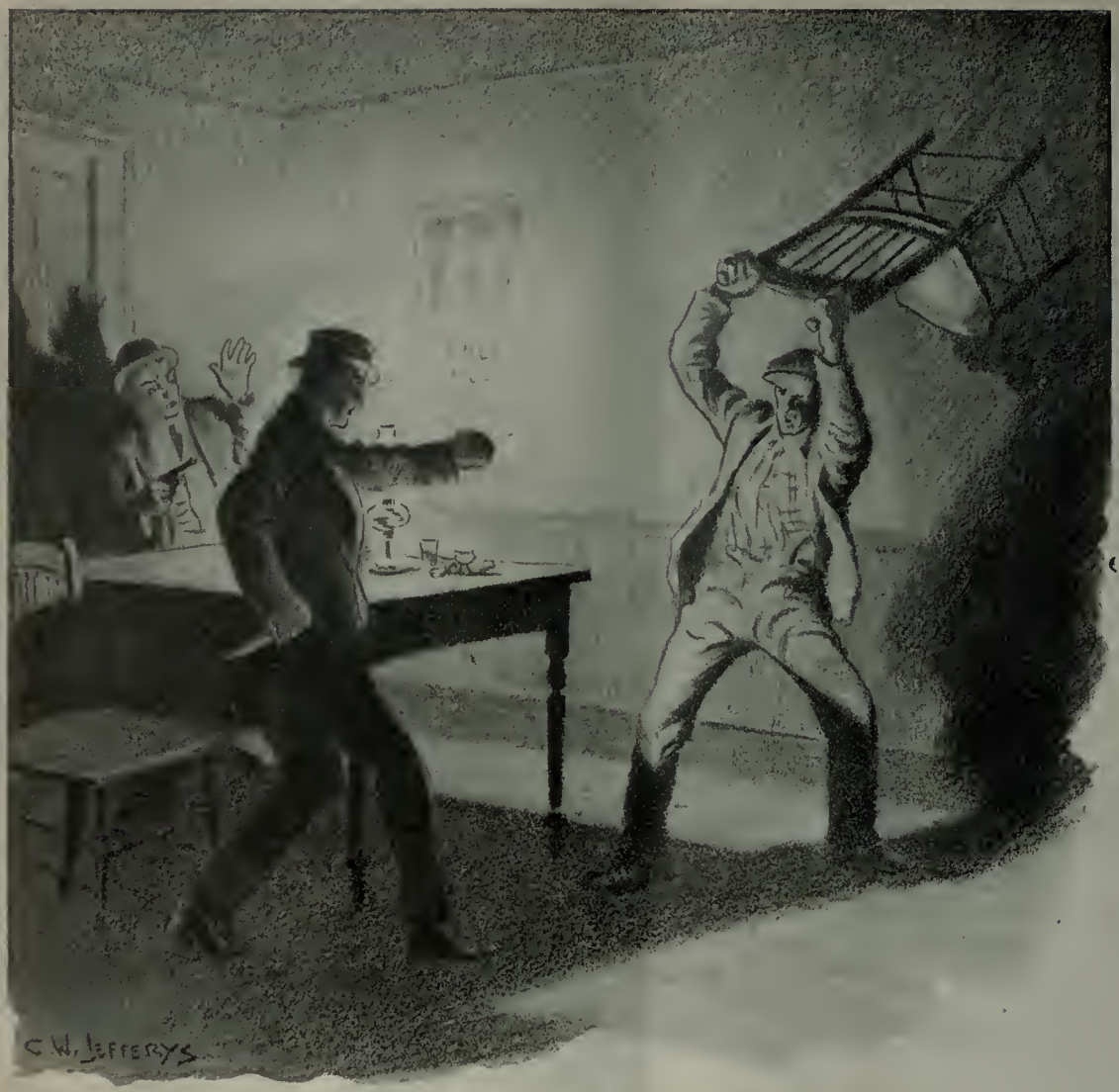
HARSTONE.—What! With sixty thousand dollars almost in our hands, and six thousand right in there (*pointing to the safe*) and I want it all. I'm damned if I quit till I get it all.

SLYDE.—Yes, but in this damn country, a warrant is . . . I . . .

HARSTONE.—Here, man! Where's your nerve? Did you think it was play? You're white as that soap—come out in the air—we'll walk down street and you can pull yourself together——

[*Exit* HARSTONE *and* SLYDE *by side door.*]

[*Enter* JEFF *and* MACARTNEY—MACART-



Gillis.—"A knife! Would you—a knife? You hound—I'll brain you."

NEY *carrying a bundle of documents under his arm.*]

JEFF.—Everything's ready, is it, Macartney?

MACARTNEY. — Everything, my dear Thorpe, everything. (*Spreading out his documents.*) Now, let us see, "Endowment deed of the Martha Thorpe Home for Destitute Children"—good; needs only the signature of two witnesses and a notary. (*Indicating with his finger*). . . (*Picks up the papers one by one*). Hum—yes—"J. Thorpe in account with W. Macartney for drawing deed——"

JEFF.—Your bill, eh?

MACARTNEY.—Exactly. . . . Yes. "Accepted plan of architect."

JEFF.—Let me see. (*Turning it round and round.*) North elevation—south elevation—east elevation—here, Macartney, is it elevated every way at once?

MACARTNEY. — Har! har! You will have your joke, Mr. Thorpe. Now, let us see, "accepted plan of architect"—and—yes—"J. Thorpe in account with W. Macartney *re* accepting plan——"

JEFF.—Your bill, eh?

MACARTNEY.—Yes. Fee for acceptance of contract. Now, let's see, "Rejected plan of architect"—another architect. . . "J. Thorpe in account with W. Macartney *re* rejection."

JEFF.—One fee for accepting and another for refusing?

MACARTNEY.—Oh, we lawyers have to be quite impartial, you know. That safeguards you.

JEFF—Well, I begin to feel pretty safe, Macartney.

MACARTNEY.—. . . And here—fee and expenses of W. Macartney to New York *re* investigation of Cuban Land Development Company—fee, so much—expenses, so much—contingent expenses, so much—non-contingent expenses, so much—other expenses, so much—additional expenses, so and so—all clear, is it not?

JEFF (*laughing*).—Oh, clear as day. . . . and quite right. I didn't expect you to go for nothing, and you brought back the information I wanted.

MACARTNEY.—A splendid company, my dear Thorpe — splendid — your money's safe with them; and the head—General Perrico—a delightful man—I'd no idea Cubans were so white—spoke excellent English, too, and entertained me in my spare time like a prince—such little rags of spare time, that is, as a lawyer finds—dinner, theatres, everything——

JEFF.—Theatres, ah, yes, I saw Shakespere once—long ago in London—A Winter's Tale.

MACARTNEY.—Winter's Tale—that was it—or no—nearly that—Winter *Garden*, that's it. But, come, tell me what it is that you want me to add to this (*tapping the endowment document*) before we sign? Tell me just as clearly and simply as possible, in a few words what you want—and I'll go and run it into legal terminology in half an hour.

JEFF.—I want to say I'll give to the Home sixty thousand dollars' worth of stock in the Land Company instead of cash.

MACARTNEY. — Excellent. Couldn't be plainer. I'll just make a note of it (*scribbles at table*) say—"I, Jefferson Thorpe, of the town and township of Mariposa, do hereby give, bequeath, transfer, devise and assign"—oh, yes, I can rush that off in——

[*Gathers documents to go.*]

JEFF.—And don't forget an account for it, Mac!

MACARTNEY. — Har! har! you will have your joke!

[*Exit* MACARTNEY, *side door Enter* JOSH SMITH, *greatly dressed up, colored waistcoat, flower, valise in hand.*]

SMITH. — Well, Jeff, I'm off.

JEFF.—Going to the city, are you?

SMITH. — Yep! next train. Hotelmen's meeting—to fight the temperance movement.

JEFF.—What are you going to do?

SMITH. — Why, get together about it. I says to the other boys—boys, we've got to get together shoulder to shoulder and fight this thing or it will beat us. So we got a meeting down in the city to-night—private—I says to the boys, the way is for a few of us to get together round a table, over a glass of whiskey—and fight it—yes, sir—and beat it. But say, Jeff. (*Sinking his voice.*) I want a word with you—alone, Jeff—them friends of yours—this here Harstone and this Slyde—I don't like 'em——

JEFF.—Stop.

SMITH.—I know they're your friends—but they ain't mine—I wouldn't have them in my hotel if I could help it—Jeff, they're crooks——

JEFF.—Josh, you're an old friend and a good friend——

SMITH.—I tell you they're crooks—the two of them—and I'll tell you more, Jeff, though I oughtn't to. (*Looking around to be sure.*) The police is after them. I've had the word to watch them. They're after them from Toronto and from Noo York—there's a man Olson in Noo York, the head of the concern, that they want first—and the minute they get him——

JEFF. — Stop, Smith, stop. I won't listen, I——

SMITH.—Well, Jeff, I can't persuade you. But I warned you. Well, I can't wait. I'll be back to-morrow early—so long.

Continued on page 83.

At Lake O'Calling

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Author of "The Right of Way," "Jordan is a Hard Road," etc.

THE Young Doctor knew; but it took him a long time to find it out beyond peradventure. He was no longer "young" when he discovered that which made tragedy and comedy in one; yet the world still called him what it had always done since the year Askatoon first saw him—the Young Doctor.

He had been so much of the every-day life of the people that they would have no other doctor, even when his practice outgrew his powers; and so it was that the two other doctors who came to Askatoon were forced to seek partnership with him. Then he became, as it were, the head of a medical trust — Winterton, Shipley & Seaman, physicians, surgeons and accoucheurs, was the style and title of the firm. And because Winterton, the Young Doctor, was, in the world's eyes, responsible for all that the others did, the people had confidence, while he took half of all the fees.

There were certain folk who would rather have died, however, than employ either of the junior partners in his place; and among these was the little old man Lisbon James, who, with his brown-haired, brown-eyed daughter, lived by Lake o'Calling under Tashalak Hill, five miles from Askatoon.

Tashalak Hill was the beginning of a range reaching away to the north and west, the first link between the prairie and the mountains, which looked toward the Pacific on the one side and Hudson's Bay on the other. As befitted a physical feature so important, it was beautiful in all seasons—wooded with pines and hemlocks and spruces. At its foot, on the road leading to the Peace River country, a highway after all the ages for thousands of emigrants and adventurers, was Lake o'Calling, so named because of the echo a voice made across it and against the precipitous Tashalak.

SHORTLY after the Young Doctor himself came north, Lisbon James had arrived at the settlement. He had lived there since, at first in poverty, and then in comfort, as the years went on and travellers increased; for milk and butter and eggs and vegetables were luxuries necessary to all wayfarers, and they had them at a fully adequate price.

But neither Lisbon James nor his daughter did the trading. A middle-aged French-Canadian habitant and his wife, who had journeyed West to join their young married daughter, and only arrived after her death, went to live at Lake o'Calling. They became the happy slaves of Lisbon James' daughter, and thereby slaves to Lisbon James himself. These two were the tireless workers of the little estate, and did all the huckstering; so that few people came in touch with the owner, who lived a secluded life. It was a very healthy life, too, since in many years the Young Doctor had only been called in five times; and then it was always to see the girl who, while wonderfully healthy, was more than once the victim of accidents, the result of fearless adventure.

Since the moment the Young Doctor saw the little girl first, as she lay with a twisted ankle and a dislocated elbow in the log-house by Lake o'Calling, well sheltered behind by great pine trees, he had had a strange, almost uncanny sense of recognition or reminiscence. As the girl grew older, the impression deepened; and at times it struck him with a hidden force, as though in the dark some one had whispered not loud enough to be heard. He felt a hand tugging at the shutters of his memory; but for years it never got beyond that, try as he would. Once, when Lisbon James opened the door and left the room where he was bandaging Nancy's elbow, he had a sudden disturbing summons of memory or suggestion, and it haunted him for a long time afterward—a face turned at a doorway, and looking back with troubled pity, solicitude and sorrow. And when his eyes fell an Nancy's face smiling through the pain, he had a singular feeling that the whole picture was not new—the face at the doorway, the face on the pillow — yet with confusing differences which only bewildered him. It was as though lightning flashed upon a scene, but with such blinding swiftness that the eyes could not define it.

Little Libson James was very refined in person for a man in his position, in spite of the roughness of his dress. This must have been because his clothes were kept so clean, for certainly they did not fit well. They hung loosely about his spare figure, while the coat sleeves were always too long, and the hat and boots too big. The result was a slouching look. Yet the gray hair, worn longer than most men wore it , and the clean-shaven cheek and chin, gave a delicacy to the brown parchment face, lighted by brown, watchful eyes, which seemed always to have a veil over them, or as though they looked through mist or cloud. The face needed a beard to give the personality a ruggedness in keeping with the life at Lake o'Calling.

THE relationship of the two was evident. Nancy was very like Lisbon James. There was the same oval face, the same brown eyes—Nancy had no cloud and no mist, but much light and wonder and humor, too—the same long, thin hands with almond-shaped fingers. It was those hands more than aught else which made the observant feel that the little man, who was as skilled at weaving as at butter-making or mowing, had come of well-bred stock from somewhere in the outer world. This, however would cause little surprise in the Far North, where so many flee, to turn their backs upon scenes no longer supportable or people with whom they can no longer live. The North is kind to them. It gives them that which deadens pain and remorse, which obliterates misfortune; in the vast spaces where little gardens of civilization make living and loving the happy wastes; it provides a balm for wounds got in the warfare of the crowded life forsaken by the emigrés. The golden brown harvet fields of summer, the white silence of sunlit winter, the air that drinks like wine, night and day and all seasons, long peace with toil, and hope for the broken spirit.

So it may have been with Lisbon James, thought those who saw the traces of another sphere in the tapering fingers, gnarled by rheumatism and roughened by hard work, yet not native to the soil. The Far North, however, has no past, and all men begin the world when they settle there. Indeed, the time came when Lisbon James was looked upon as a veteran, as one of the oldest inhabitants, as belonging to the days of the H.B.C.—the Great Company which pegged out civilization in the illimitable plains, at the gateways of vast lakes, and the fords and portages of wild rivers. Eighteen years in the North entitles a man to an historical position, and history does not go beyond his advent.

SO it was with little Lisbon James, while his daughter flourished and her fame for beauty spread. She also had renown for intelligence, though she had never been to school. Whatever she knew —and she knew a great deal—her father had taught her. The husband who took her from this home at Lake o'Calling would not find her unqualified. She made many a man who saw her, perhaps only in passing, turn back to look again and yet again.

The Young Doctor was one of these; but he did not turn back for the same reason as the rest. He was always searching for something he could not find. But at last he found it.

It happened this way.

It was late summer. The harvest was in, and everywhere, over all the brown prairie, clouds of dust and chaff arose straight to the heavens, where the steam-threshers were sifting the golden grain destined for the far places of the earth. The nights were cool; but the days were sunny and radiant, the birds had not yet begun to fly south, emigrants were still moving westward and northward, and travelers were hurrying east and west, speculation in their eyes. Many of them halted at Lake o'Calling, going and coming, lying, as it did, in the path of the great railway being built and the new Eldorado of settlement in the Peace River country. All kinds of people made pilgrimages past Lake o'Calling. One day it was an English duke, next day it was a Dakota horse-thief another day it was an adventurer from Europe, and yet again it was a Commissioner of Police, or a new Governor-General, and occasionally a bigger man still, a king—a railway king—who came to view the nation-making work which his brain had conceived and other people's money built at three and a half per cent. profit, while his profits were the useful millions not to be reckoned in percentages.

Here it was came Calmour, one of the greatest of these full-priced patriots, on a morning when the world

was as cheerful as it had ever been since the beginning of time. It was not more cheerful than Calmour. He had found that the troubles of construction were less than had been anticipated, and that his new railway would cost him less than the estimates by hundreds of thousands of pounds. The feeling of that to him was like the finding of a gold coin in the street to a thirsty lad on circus-day after all his money has been spent. Calmour did not need the hundreds of thousands; he could never use them except to increase his power, since he had neither chick nor child on whom to spend his money, nor for whom to accumulate the riches of the earth. But he was thirsty for Power, and Power was his gold. Each new railway he built, each land company and lumber bond issue to which he lent his name, helped to increase that power.

It brought him much of everything save the things that matter. In these he was poor enough. He wondered often at the starved feeling that was in his heart, when he could lay his hands on money which could buy him whatever his eye fancied—almost. Yet he had more than most rich men to satisfy him. He had a love of pictures and rare books, and documents and poetry, and armor and ancient jewels; and his house in Montreal was full of them. In this, he was a *rara avis* in the new country he was revealing in part to the world. He had more temperament than is usual to men of his trade, and he loved a tag of poetry and a useful aphorism. He had the machinery for the making of happiness; he had those gifts which make for enjoyment. And yet at sixty he had not found content, and was not even peaceful. He must ever be moving, ever going from one thing to another. People said it was a pity that he had no family, and that he would not marry. There were widows many who had deftly placed themselves in his way; there were ladies who would willingly have got rid of their own husbands to go to him; and there were very young unmarried women, scarce out of their 'teens, who would have seen no wintry chill in his frosted head. But he went on his way, stopping only for a moment where the willing hearts were; taking a little, as he always did where there was something to be got, and giving naught in return. He had that supreme selfishness which belongs to the money-maker. Kings and princes and statesmen and soldiers and admirals all give service freely—give, as a rule, a thousand times more than they ever get. But the money-master sees only himself, feels only the desires of self. Still, one way or another, he pays for all he gets in the end.

Calmour had his gloomy moments, his hours of angry satiety and boredom, when he cried: "Is this all?" But they were not chronic.

AS he came to Tashalak Hill this beautiful September morning, he was not in a mood of gloom, and his eye drank in the prospect with an artist's eye. It was a soothing luxury to have, as other men had, the pleasure of controlling fortunes and owning great railways, and yet to possess the gift of enjoying art and nature which they did not possess. Reining in his horse and waving back his retainers, he had a feeling of exultation as he looked out upon Lake o'Calling with its tiny islands dotting the surface.

He drank in as a reveler drains his glass, eagerly, greedily, and saw a scene for the brush of Daubigny. For a moment, the whole world seemed to belong to him. He filled it. He was master of it. The sense of control was in his eyes, the consciousness of it in his mind. Away to the right, on the shore of the lake, lay a large log-house, which had been added to till it was an unpretentious mansion; in a clearing beyond the house were two or three cows and a horse, and chickens scampered about a doorway of a second tiny log-house flanking the larger house. It was just sunrise; the sun had not yet absorbed the dew, and this sylvan world sparkled.

The house held his eyes. How homelike and kind it was, how set apart from the world! It suddenly brought to his mind another house, not of logs, but the lower part of great timbers, and the upper part of weatherbeaten boards—a house with big dormer windows, a wide verandah on the south side, and a stoop on the other, where he sat of an evening how long ago, how long! His eyes were now seeing beyond Lake o'Calling to the old Manor House down in Quebec, which he had frequented in the days when he was as yet unknown, a farmer's son, driving upward from obscurity and poverty to competence, or rather to opportunity; for all that he made was spent in negotiating opportunity. He lived to-day on two thousand dollars a year, as though he were going to be worth two hundred thousand a year to-morrow.

There, in the old Manor House, he had married, on just such a morning as this, brilliant, buoyant, eloquent of energy. He recalled the drive through the parish, his girl-wife at his side, as proud and happy as could be; for it had never occurred to him then to marry for money. He was too big for that, or too confident and self-centered. He knew even then that he could make all the money he wanted, and he meant to make it. He had told his girl-wife so, as they drove, with the happy, singing procession behind them on their wedding journey.

NOW, as his mind's eye saw this picture, a heaviness seemed to settle on his spirit like a pall, and all the land grew dark. This bright prospect before him seemed to fade, and a cloud of discontent gathered over it. After all, how barren and sordid and meaningless it all was! In the Manor House from which he took his bride, there was great happiness long ago. Now the place was gone to alien hands, and all who had loved his girl-wife had disappeared. Some had been taken by death, while some had gone where he never saw them more; and if they had their will, he would never see them more. For that which had driven his girl-wife to her grave, had been his own passion and heartlessness. He had wakened to life's opportunities for pleasure when he had made his first fortune; and his natural, if undeveloped, capacities for luxury and indulgence had been inflamed by a woman of brilliant parts and abandoned character. On her account, he had neglected the girl-wife, who had loved him through the seven years of their married life with a devotion which he did not realize, so used are men of his kind to getting all and giving little. The two children his wife had borne and lost, he had missed; but the present thing was most to him always. And so it was he soon forgot them, and even ceased to look for others to come, carried away as he was at first slowly, almost wonderingly, only half-understanding, and then with a rush, by the woman through whom he had lost his wife. It was all forgotten by the world long ago; but many an honest mind was grieved and scandalized when his wife, shocked beyond endurance by the sudden knowledge that another woman shared, or altogether held, his heart—she thought it was his heart; for, from first to last, she was like a child, simple and single-minded and unworldly—left him suddenly, and herself went away where he could not find her. He never found her. All he found, when at last he traced her, having himself been shocked into a realization of the true position, and left the fly-away who had used, demoralized and bled him, was a grave whereon was carved only her maiden name, and no more, except the words which long rang in his ears: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!"

THE last time he ever saw her, she was standing at the window of their home looking after him with a smile. That was the day she had meant to tell him what, in spite of his late coldness, she felt might make his arms more eager to embrace her; and she had gathered up a handful of things and had left him for ever, as it proved; for she died within six months of that day in a distant corner of Gaspe by the sea.

He had never married since. He had no child, and all his fortune would go to a favorite nephew who had proved his capacity as an organizer and pioneer. Rupert Calmour by name. Sometimes the futility of his prodigious labors rushed upon him, stole the strength from his bones. All he was doing, and all he had, was for himself alone; for this nephew of his could not take the place of wife and children. But in all the years since his wife's flight and her death, he had never been able to stretch out his hand and put another woman in her place. Composed, and even callous, as many thought him, his wife's death had been a tragedy to him; and, as the years went by, it grew not less, but more, in his mind and imagination. A thousand times in his sleep he had dreamed of her, and always, either as he last saw her at the window of their home, or as she looked when she reached up an arm that bright morning when her first-born came, and drew his head down to her breast where a babe lay in the hollow of her other arm. After those dreams, he was generally savage in his financial dealings. Anger at himself found its way into his dealings with the world, and the world was not happier because of this mis-direction of remorse.

As he looked at the great log-house beside the lake, that anry remorse came welling up in him again; and the futility of all he had done emerged once more with its monotonous mockery. What good even the mastery of the world, if there was not some one waiting behind the casement, watching for your return, to say: "Well done;" and to lead you into the inner sanctuary of home. What good!

Before the angry remorse could master him now, however, there stole through him the sweetness of this scene of content and peace. Again the thought of that May morning long ago, when Suzon raised her face to take his kiss and called him husband for the first time, crept into

his heart; and his eyes swam with the fulness of the soul, which was in him more than in most men. His genius, his temperament made him powerful; but he paid the price for it. For, when he suffered, he suffered as one bound in chains and cast into the fire.

His head dropped on to his breast, and he sat on his horse among the trees like a leader who had seen his army desert him in the face of the enemy.

The minutes passed, like years it seemed to the man alone with his tortured soul; and then he was sharply aroused by a shrill cry from the lake in front of him. He drove his horse forward clear of the trees, and saw, not five hundred feet away, two white arms thrust up in the blue water, and a face shrouded with hair sinking beneath the surface.

IN an instant, he was off his horse. With lightning swiftness, he discarded his hat, boots, coat and waistcoat; and, from the high bank where he was, plunged out and down with the skill of the expert swimmer—he had been that ever since he was a child. He disappeared beneath the water; but in a second rose again, and struck out with powerful strokes to where the two white arms were still showing, though the head was almost submerged.

Behind him on the bank, voices shouted encouragement to him, the voices of his nephew, Rupert Calmour, and the engineer traveling with them. They were launching one of the collapsible boats which had been brought with the expedition.

In an incredibly short time, he covered the space between the shore and the drowning girl, Nancy James, who had been seized with cramp while taking her morning plunge. As Calmour neared the girl, Lisbon James himself appeared on the shore in front of the log-mansion, crying out helplessly.

Calmour reached the girl in time. In another moment she would have been gone forever. He got an arm around her, and as she clasped her arms around his neck over his shoulders, he struck out for the shore when Rupert Calmour and another were paddling swiftly in the emergency boat.

His own face was scarcely clear of the water, and he labored heavily; for he was sixty, the water was icy cold, and the girl was no sylph or flower-stem. It seemed to him that he could never reach the boat coming to him; and yet, somehow, the girl's arms around his neck summoned up every inch of energy and resource in him. With a sudden realization that his strength was going that it could not last, he made call on all his vital forces for a supreme effort, for the last spurt which might save them both. The thought did not occur to him that he could save himself without the girl. It seemed to him that the one reason why they should not both sink was that the girl should be saved. He had, behind all, a great heart which had never been given a real chance, which had loved self too well—a force lacking power, because it was so little used. Yet, here it was proving its natural worth at last.

The strain on every nerve and muscle was immeasurable; but in the very moment when he felt he could hold out no longer, the boat reached them, and the girl was lifted away from him, though her hands were so tightly clasped around his neck that Rupert Calmour's strong fingers could only loose them by a powerful effort. In Calmour's exhaustion there was something strange in the feeling possessing him, that he wished the arms to remain where they were. They had been like the child's helplessness clinging to the man's strength; and it was so long since the arms of the young had been round him, so many centuries ago!

As they lifted her away from him, conscious and murmuring something, partly of gratitude and partly a response to the anxious shouts of Lisbon James on the shore by the log-mansion, Calmour saw her face for the first time, the brown eyes under the broad forehead, the oval face, the pointed chin, the lips curving so delicately yet so strongly, and the straight aquiline nose—like his own. He gave a cry that rang out across the lake, a cry of amazement, of shock, of joy so intense that it was like pain.

"Suzon!—Suzon!" he cried wildly; then his hands slipped from the side of the boat, and he slid down into the depths like a stone.

Without an instant's hesitation, Rupert Calmour plunged beneath the surface, a looped rope in his hands.

PART II.

TWO hours afterward, the Young Doctor arrived at Lisbon James' house. They had restored Calmour to consciousness; but he did no more than look into the face of Lisbon James, and then sink back into unconsciousness. They worked with him for a time longer; and at length his eyes opened again, and fell once more on Lisbon James.

A look of stark confusion, almost of fear, came into his drenched face.

"Who are you—who is she?" he gasped.

Lisbon James stooped and whispered in his ear. He suddenly raised himself with a cry of joy.

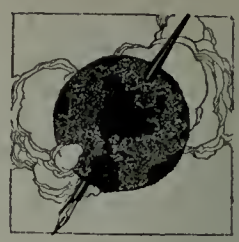
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The Awakening of the American Eagle



How Uncle Sam Can Take His Part in the War



By Agnes C. Laut

Author of "Lords of the North," "The Canadian Commonwealth," etc.

I SEE them yet as they marched down Fifth Avenue, three solid miles of women, old and young, native-born and foreign-born, Camp Fire Girls from the best of homes and Hebrew orphans from no homes at all, gray-haired anti-suffragists and blond-haired militants, "cashies" from departmental stores and women who can sign their cheques in six figures, college girls and university dons, women and girls, girls and women, far as eye could see from Washington Square north to 72nd Street, women on horseback and women in motors, squads of nurses marching in front of squads of men's cavalry, women in platoons with hoes over their backs and Boy Scouts with placards declaring, "WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM, 300,000 STRONG"—following battalions of the Friars' and Players' Clubs, who had decked one of their actors up as Lincoln—the most wonderful spontaneous outburst of national consecration to the fight for freedom that the United States have seen in their history!

There was no use blinking truth! Things were not in a good way. The strongest republic on earth on the verge of war against the strongest despotism on earth—seemed asleep, or dead in ease, or drugged with prosperity to the utter disregard of the great cause rocking the world's foundations. One month at war! An army of a million and a quarter needed, Congressmen haggling over the words "universal service and conscription," and enlistments lagging at the rate of a dozen a day! There was a reason for the lagging, more apparent on the spot than at a distance—many young men keen to enlist were waiting to see whether there was to be a universal draft, or not. Also, the same thing was happening here as happened in England — m e n, metaphorically, sat on the door step waiting to enlist, because official staffs were swamped by the s u d d e n necessity. If every man in U n c l e Sam's regular army were an officer there would not be officers enough to train a force of a million men. Also, it was now apparent beyond contradiction, or argument, that the world was dependent for food on Uncle Sam's fleets of merchantmen; and there w e r e n o t enough marines to man the ships in the navy, not to speak of the countless wooden ships being built to carry food to Europe.

And multitudes seemed unaware of the fact that with short crops in America in 1916, and high-priced seed and almost impossibly high-priced labor for 1917, there was danger of world hunger—hunger that would bring the menace to America's very shores.

THEN came such unspeakable outrages as the blowing up of the Eddystone Plant with loss of 150 lives!

Everybody seemed suddenly to realize that we were in the war, and we were doing—nothing. In a land where every man is king, an awakening comes with a jump. Everybody asks heart-searching questions, not of his neighbor, but of himself. Were we a nation of loud-mouthed slackers, our blood diluted to some cold reptile fluid by the hordes of foreigners, who have poured into the nation since the Civil War? It needed only a rumor of submarines at our doors to set the entire population by the ears. If everybody waited for everybody else to volunteer proof of patriotism, there was something wrong with the American spirit. Nobody knows who started it. Everybody started it. Everybody was bursting to give some expression to faith in the ideals of democracy. The British Government announced an American Day. Perhaps the shouts of jubilation in Paris on America's entry into the war, rolled back and echoed here. It chanced that April 19th was the anniversary of Paul Revere's ride, when the embattled farmers of New England rose to "fire the shot heard round the world" against another foolish Teutonic king. Mayor Mitchell had been deeply distressed by New York's lack of response to the call for enlistments. Had New York become so foreign there were no Americans left? The credit of giving the great cosmopolis of America a chance for self-revelation belongs to Mayor Mitchell.

Suddenly, American flags were seen everywhere, entwined with French and British flags. It was like the re-union of a divided family threatened by a common foe. The thing was absolutely spontaneous. Stars and Stripes and Union Jacks appeared on the same flag poles. Such a thing would have caused a riot five years ago. Then everybody broke loose. New York stopped working. Office and store staffs went on a riot of enthusiasm—these same foreigners, whose loyalty we have been doubting, who almost swerved in their own hearts in their loyalty. Nobody financed it. It financed itself. Anybody, who wanted to—could march. It was all arranged and sprung in less than four days.

On the anniversary of the Paul Revere night, a young girl mounted on a speedy gray started down Broadway, calling on men to enlist. Every church bell in the city rang out. Chimes from Washington Heights to the Battery broke the midnight silence with "the Star Spangled Banner" and "Rule Britannia." Theatre goers on the way home first stopped—then gasped. Before the police knew it, there wasn't any traffic. The whole city had stopped and was listening. For the first time in a century and a half, Great Britain and the United States were singing a national anthem in unison—an anthem of freedom. People choked up and didn't know why. Then, from the Battery to the Bronx, the city cheered and clapped.

That was the beginning of it.

There was no longer any doubt about the "Wake Up America" Parade, which was to take place next day. Citizens from every walk of life came marching down Fifth Avenue next day. "You have called us foreigners," they seemed to say. "You have called us Wops, Dagoes, aliens — now, we show you which side we are on, and what we will do if you give us a chance. We'll show you whether we are Americans." And they poured forth in thousands — in tens of thousands if you counted the spectators, in hundreds of thousands—and they sang America's national airs till the canyon of the great Avenue was a sea of voices — voices chanting freedom.



—*Darling in the New York Tribune.*

The first important engagement

The dominant feature of the parade was the presence of women and girls among Boy Scouts and regular troopers—women in uniformed brigades, mounted and afoot, Red Cross nurses, women gardeners, Camp Fire Girls, signal corps, girls, mounted brigades. Said the New York *Herald*:

"At two o'clock in the afternoon, behind a great band playing a stirring march, a company of school girls, fifteen abreast in close order, marched south in Fifth Avenue. They wore white middy blouses and blue skirts and their hair was down their backs.

"March? We don't know who is responsible for drilling them, but they marched like veterans. In perfect alignment, with eyes front, they strode along. Anon a few companies broke with song. 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' and 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee' were mostly heard. The singing was not loud. There was no shouting. It was soft, low, earnest, as if it came from the heart. It intensified the steady trend of the little feet, but there was no deviation from the 'eyes front.'

"This was at two o'clock. At five o'clock, three hours later, there was the same tread of feet, the same soft but earnest singing to typify loyalty and, perhaps, ease the weariness the brave faces would not show.

"Behind the school girls, an equally creditable order and make-up, were the Camp Fire Girls, another refreshing sight.

"There were, of course, other features of the pageant — soldiers, flags, Boy Scouts, mounted marshals—but all the pomp and circumstances of glorious war and all officialdom faded into nothingness compared with the impressive sight of 20,000 future mothers of men marching with a precision and earnestness undreamed of in the sex."

WHEN I saw the first little band come marching down, singing a national air that first roused and then hushed applause, followed by women riding among mounted officers—I asked myself, as I know other spectators asked, is it part of a street spectacle, or is it something deeper? Then came a group of little girls dressed as colonial heroes and in front of them—tiny girls—mere "kiddies" —wheeling two baby carriages. On the placard was the lettering—"WON'T YOU FIGHT FOR THESE?"

Were the women and children in the parade as a great national protest against such outrages as women and children have suffered on the *Lusitania*, in Belgium, in Poland? Were they conscious of the deeper meaning of their own presence in such a parade? For it must be remembered that every foreign "kiddie" in that parade had a foreign father and mother, had foreign brothers and sisters, had relations on the war-blighted fields of Europe, who wrote out to America, what they were suffering.

Came the Girl Scouts, 10,000 strong, carrying the effigy of a man on a stretcher. Their placard read—"IF HE WON'T FIGHT, WE WILL. IF HE CAN'T, WE CAN."

The floats left no doubts in any mind what the parade meant. One was the torpedo of a submarine, another was Columbia with the Stars and Stripes enwrapping women and children. I came down closer from my window above the Avenue to see the faces of the marchers—dead in earnest, all of them unconscious of the added beauty gained by such zest, earnest and eager and unswerving—in the *tramp —tramp—tramp*—of old and young that lasted from noon till dusk. It has been said—Germany will fight to the last man. It can now be said that Columbia will fight —if need be—to the last woman and child. Women know what this war has meant to womankind; and unspeakable things have happened that will never again be condoned in war or peace.



Following Britain's example—a recruiting poster by the famous artist Charles Dana Gibson.

One of the most impressive brigades was a band of departmental store girls with rifles on their shoulders. "No more trampling of girlhood in a military cesspool of crime"—they seemed to say. "Men have fought for us in the past. Now we will fight shoulder to shoulder beside our partners!" Ever so many brigades carried spades and hoes. "No more starving women and children under an iron heel"—they seemed to say.

"What a pity," one spectator remarked, "that there are more foreign-born than native Americans in the parade!"

"But no," was the answer. "This shows just where the foreign-born American stands in this fight. Now we know where we are at. I have for the first time no fear for America now in this war!"

It need scarcely be told that "The Wake-Up America Day" has reacted in increased enlistments for both Army and Navy. Curiously enough, the Middle West, which was suspected of indifference if not pro-Germanism, has led with larger enlistments than the Atlantic States; but the reason is apparent. The Middle West is more truly American than the Atlantic States. Also the Middle West was paralyzed with fear of what a complete blockade of shipping would mean to the producers of corn, wheat, cotton and beef. Then, the greatest munition factories are situated in the East; and the plan has been to discourage men leaving factory or farm for the Army.

The question may be asked—with the American regular army less than 100,000 strong and the State Volunteers mere amateurs, who or what is to train an army of a million-and-a-quarter men? The plan at time of writing is to draft some three thousand to five thousand

Continued on page 79.

The Herald Angel

Another "Andy Doolin" Story

By Hopkins Moorhouse

Who wrote "The Centre of Gravity," etc.

Illustrated by Arthur Heming

THIS is me talkin', Andy Doolin, wunst owner of the Silver Dollar an' dispenser of spiritual comfort in them old days when the spirit wasn't weak an' everybody was willin' to line up an' quench their burning thirst an' think nothin' of it. An' the little minin' camp where yours truly was livin' an' movin' and havin' his bein' when these here events was transpirin' was known all through the Slocan country an' we calls it Clover Bar here an' now, which same wasn't its right name but is sufficient unto the day an' the evil thereof an' the relatin' of events aforesaid.

An' the remark which I rises to make an' with which I opens is this: The older I gets the more I sure stands amazed complete by the fool plays o' Youth sittin' in at the Game o' Love. Talk about buckin' the tiger or drawin' five cards or the ceilin' bein' the only deck in the limit! I've seen some high play in my time, but nothin' like this Love layout for bettin' both ends against the middle an' windin' up on the showdown where you aint lookin'!

They say that little children an' parties as has gone locoed plumb are guarded by angels; I proceeds to extend same to fool chechakos from the Far East. This here B. Birks aint lookin' much like an editor when he hits camp, bein' covered with *terry firma* plain dirt 'stead of ink. His whiskers looks like September in the wheatfields. He has been layin' by the wayside, unprotected from the elements, till he's all shrunk an' wrinkled an' smeared an' burred up an' his boots has gave out complete. For a piece o' literachoor he's sure dog-eared an' tore an' thumbed up worse'n any book o' travels I ever seen.

BUT HE'S sure cheerful. He comes moochin' into camp 'bout sundown, which same is light-up in Clover Bar, an' as is most natural he gravitates into the Silver Dollar just as things is beginnin' to show the faint stirrin' of returnin' consciousness. He don't lose no time but climbs up on a box an' holds up one hand for silence, which same falls sudden an' deep.

"Gentlemen," he leads, "gaze this way, one an' all. Behold B. Birks, who has just arrived in your midst, an' hark ye. You are now privileged to welcome to your fair city the herald angel of the advancin' tide of emigration. I holds in the hollow o' my hand the glorious destiny o' this here future queen city o' the mountains. I've a wonderful announcement to make to you citizens here assembled, one that is goin' to pave your streets with dollars an' elevate this here community to a front seat on the Golden Chariot o' prosperity. But 'fore I goes any further I humbly draws attention to the fact that I'm havin' difficulty in usin' my tongue, the which has been in the dry-farming belt for so long that it's all swole up—!" An' he chokes an' swallers an' gulps an' looks so longin' at me that I just waves my arm reckless an' opens up the sluice gates for prompt and complete irrigation. An' the boys scramble over each other gettin' down the mazuma to buy that poor, delapidated herald o' civilization enough drinks to float him loose from the sand-bars of abstinence.

When we gits him oiled up finally an' working smooth, we discovers he's an editor an' is goin' to start a paper in Clover Bar an' boost this here camp on to the map good an' proper. An' in five minutes this tattered page from the Book o' Knowledge has a hat full of capital, bein' subscriptions in advance for "The Clover-Bar Booster," the same to be printed an' published in two weeks' time and from then on intermittent. An' the whole camp takes to celebratin' the event an' things gits hilarious an' pokes was never looser in Clover Bar, the same bein' due to the pitchers o' wealth bein' painted by this here enthusiastic splinter from the Seat o' Learnin'.

AN' then right in the middle o' this rainbow evenin' this B. Birks sud-clouds up an' starts thunderin' an' lightnin' an' comes down on Big Bart Sproat in big cold flakes. This feller Sproat was a no-account mule-skinner as couldn't carry a respectable load o' licker without curdlin' for trouble. Bein' cruel natural, the big hulk steps on a little mongrel puppy-dog's tail an' said pup settin' up a ki-yi, Jenkin proceeds to cut off said tail with his sheath-knife, thinkin' same is the plumb funniest form of amusement he ever runs acrost.

B. Birks is standin' on a table, harrangin' the crowd, when he seen through the window what is transpirin' outside the Silver Dollar. He stops sudden, jumps over the heads of them surroundin' him, ducks outside, slips up beside Jenkin, picks gun from said Jenkin's holster an' tosses same into the street, then goes around in front an' pastes him atween the eyes.

Jenkin picks hisself up in surprise, takes one look at B. Birks, notes size of said party, then bellows like a bull an' comes chargin' with his knife in the air. B. Birks grabs descendin' wrist, twists quick to one side an' hips assailant clean over his head, knockin' wind out of him complete. Which ends fight for Jenkin.

So the boys knew B. Birks was all right an' they welcomes him permanent to Clover Bar. An' when he's got the wayside dust of o' his hair an' a clean flannel shirt on he sure looks some respectable for an editor. An' he makes good on that subscription lucre, too; for he goes down the line somewheres an picks up a printin' outfit an' packs same into camp.



Andy Doolin.

"She's on'y an old Washin'ton belly-puncher a long ways from home, Andy," he admits when he seen me eyin' same, "but she'll print, doggone her! She'll say things, darn her old black heart!" An' he pats her affectionate, identical as if he was just in from the timber line an' she was his pet cayuse.

AN' darned if she didn't. The citizens donates him a tumbledown shack an' he tinkers around for a while an' he gets hold o' Jake Bellamy's kid to help him an' in a couple o' weeks out comes the first issue of *The Clover Bar Booster*, an' some of the boys rides off an' circulates same in every darned camp up an' down the line an' Clover Bar whoops her up proper an' fit.

An' when I sees how B. Birks is doin' good unto Bellamy's poor little kid, teachin' him not to swear so hard an' layin' the foundation of a future career along the wide smooth white road o' journalistic independence an' printin' machine tecknik—when I sees that I falls in love complete with the red-cheeked, grinning son-of-a-gun; for I sure knows he's white. It's what I've been layin' out to do for that kid myself, him bein' named "Hell" for his plumb cussedness an' havin' no home, an' Bellamy bein' nothin' but a drunken old bum of a—

But I'm sort o' diamond-hitched, roped an' tied by the fact that said Bellamy runs the rival booze emporium in Clover Bar an' I got to keep my eye peeled that the boys aint accusin' me of professional jealousy in what I says an' does regarding this same Bellamy, his saloon, his kid an' everythin' that's his. But I ain't bein' prevented from thinkin' a lot o' reflectin' thoughts; for alongside the Silver Dollar this here sink-hole dive Jake Bellamy's conductin' aint stackin' up two-bits. I knows a lot o' things goin' on down there among the ruffles o' recklessness, an' I records here an' now as how the Silver Dollar is a clean an' above-board boozerine parlor an' I aint standin' for no rough joint where a gentleman aint gettin' a square run for his money. Ast any o' the boys what's what about Andy Doolin an' the Silver Dollar. Then ast 'em what they knows about Jake Bellamy

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an' the Bucket-o'-Blood—that's what he calls his saloon!

Well, as I's sayin', I sure takes a fancy to B. Birks an' helps him every chanst I get, boostin' the *Booster* pickin' up the odd subscriber an' givin' him a paid advertisment of the Silver Dollar, the which aint needin' same so't you could notice. An' B. Birks takes to comin' over to my place for tips on his editin' an' so forth an' we gets confidential entire.

WHICH is how I gets the real facts on what happened subsequent after the perfect little greenhorn blew into camp. She gets off the train down to the Landin', floats up the lake with a fisherman an' teams into camp on a ore wagon, trunks an' band-boxes an' valises entact. She's dressed in black with a big hat on top of her fluffy, doll's hair an' she has a veil tied over the hat an' down under her chin with a big bow of it on one side. An' she's got a tiny red bud of a mouth poutin' for attention an' big, round innocent eyes an'— Say, she's sure the Little Lilly from Lollapalooza! She's a Sweet Whiff o' Nature blowin' across the Pink Perfume o' Midnight Delusion! She's the Dainty Flower bloomin' fragrant on the desert air!

But she aint blushin' unseen. A bunch o' the boys is standin' around when she lights an' their feet is glued an' their eyes is glued an' their tongues is glued, till she must 've mistook 'em for wooden outposts o' civilization. She'd ambushed the whole camp; for even old Sim Wilson, as disseminates the mail at Clover Bar, aint knowin' a thing about her advent on the scene. Then, while everybody's wonderin' who'n blazes she is an' where'n thunder she's headin', along comes old man Ford. He walks right up to her, says somethin' an' she pecks him a kiss underneath his eye where the whiskers was least an' off they goes, leavin' her baggage to follow when the boys gets through fightin' to see who's goin' to tote same.

Old man Ford's a broken-down miner what's livin' in a shack on the outskirts of Clover Bar. Seems this girl's his grand niece or somethin' an' her aunt havin' cashed in, she aint got nobody to look after her in the East any more; so she arrives West as aforesaid. We wasn't much of a surroundin' at Clover Bar for a lonesome fairy from the Cent-Belt. But she ain't whimperin' any, bein' game internal even if she was kind o' awe-inspirin' an' sacred lookin', approachin' from the public highway.

An' 'bout the only galoot in camp as ain't knowin' all about this here event comin' to pass is B. Birks, who is off up to Sanderson, pickin' up noos as was mere float compared to this here main strike in camp.

II.

UP along the mountain about a mile from Clover Bar, there's a gulch winds off from the valley an' twists back into the hills till it gets lost an' mangled among the teeth o' the peaks. There's a brook tinklin' down like music over the granite droppin's of a thousand years an' playin' hide-'n-seek with deadwood an' rock rubble in the gorge below. High up on the ledges there's some cedars clingin' an' around the second turn there's a reg'lar grove where pine-needles an' fallen cone-husks lays deep an' fragrant. Here's where a pair o' jays has built their nest an' here's where this new girl ad-



The girl peeks out cautious an' sees the feller slippin' an' slidin' around the nearest turn.

junct takes to wanderin' with a book or her do-dad fancy knittin' an' for near a week nobody's disturbed the secluded quiet o' Nature's readin'-room.

Then one mornin' she ain't no mor'n got herself indented comfortable than she hears some noisy whistlin' jarrin' the silence an' scarin' her bad for a minute. The whistlin' stops an' singin' starts an' the intruder sure can warble 'em up an' down an' across sideways, though the words is plumb foolish, like this:

The little birds is restin'
In their little downy nest;
There's feathers on the tails o' them
An' feathers on their breast.

The girl peeks out cautious an' sees the feller slippin' an' slidin' around the nearest turn an' as she's watchin' he sudden misses his foot an' rolls off a rock into the crick for a duckin'. He's got a fishin' outfit strapped to his back an' a whippy lookin' fishin'-pole, the which snaps off at one o' the joints an' sure danderizes the party.

"Dogonnit!" he exasperates. "Darn the luck!" an' he swings the basket off his back an' slams her down pretty mad; so't the lid comes off an' out rolls what looks like a lunch wrapped up, which same makes for the water same as it was duck sandwiches. Party grabs it, climbs out o' the wet an' sudden starts laughin' to beat four of a kind.

THAT makes the girl giggle an' she ain't so scared. His back's to her while he's fixin' his busted fishin' pole an' taint till he's singin' again an' headin' right into the jack pine grove that she gets a look at his face an' her own turns white.

"Kitty!" amazes B. Birks, it bein' the identical same party. "Great Bon-Bon! Where'd you come from? How'd you get here? Oh, you cute little —!" An' the darn fool drops his fishin' outfit, lets out



Presently he thinks he sees his chanst an' jumps to his feet for a sure shot. Girl shuts her eyes an' fires.

a whoop an' jumps for her with both arms yawnin' an' yearnin' for her.

But she's standin' by to repel boarders, y'understand. She has her skirts close-reefed in one hand, ready to scud before the gale. She's little Miss Porcupine, all drawn up surroundin' herself. So't B. Birks passes behind a cloud an' everythin's sudden shadow.

"How—how are you, anyway, Kit—Miss Johnson?" he stumbles.

"I am very well, Mr. Birks, thank you," she steps out, precise.

"Aw, Kitty!" he coaxes. "Let the dead past buy its dead," he says. "I took you at your word, didn't I? I come 'way out here to the forsakenest hole I could find on purpose to try an' forget all about you, didn't I? But it ain't no use," he adds, ungrammatic. "It ain't no—" He sees the girl's foot, tappin' impatient.

"I believe you are goin' fishin', Mr. Birks," she sayd, significant.

"Well, yes," admits B. Birks. "I was; but I ain't. Sayin' which he slips fish basket off his shoulder an' sits down deliberate. The girl's starin' long, sharp, bowie knives an' her head is up.

"Must I make my meanin' clearer?" she demands, haughty. "Leave me to wunst!"

"I ain't goin' to do it," says B. Birks, frank an' open. "You're all alone here an' y'oughtn't to be. You got to go home."

THIS here Miss Johnson's already made up her mind to do that very thing, y'understand; but bein' a female, she now sits down—squats right there, preparin' to die afore she'll budge from them environs.

"You got to go home," irritates B. Birks. "I'm goin' to trail along to see 't you get back to Mr. Ford's place safe an' don't forget there's such a thing as me havin' my reasons, Miss Johnson."

She's some scornful.

"No gentleman can have reasons sufficient for actin' as you are actin', Mr. Birks," she sayd, with the self-poisinin' manner o' the purlieus o' Eastern sassiety.

"P'raps you ain't heerd as there's been some tough parties operatin' in this here neighborhood," he retorts, leadin' trump.

The girl just sifts pine needles through her fingers an' contributes a two-spot laugh.

"I got good reason to believe some o' the gang's hangin' round here yet."

"An' you want me to get scared—is that it?"

" 'Taint a question o' that; it's a question o' sense. This ain't Queen's Park, Kitty. I tell you, you got to go home or else let me be your chaparound."

When B. Birks sayd that Miss Johnson busts into flame. An' all the time she's cuttin' loose on him, B. Birks stands there admirin' an' smilin', an' when she finishes she refuses positive to go home till she gets good an' ready.

He seen she was tip-toin' along the edge o' tears; so he just says: "Alright, little girl. We knows now where we're at."

He picks up his fishing outfit an' goes off to sit down on a flat shelf o' rock an' smoke his pipe till she's ready to move. An' there they was all mornin' an' most o' the afternoon—her readin' her book upside down an' him smokin' or pretendin' to sleep out in the hot sun.

FINAL the girl thinks he's really asleep under his big hat an' she thinks it'll be the right play for her to skip off an' leave him there to bake. So she picks up her knittin' an' her book an' proceeds to sneak away noiseless. She gets out o' the grove an' clean down to the first turn in the trail without dislodgin' any stones an' she's congratulatin' herself as she's roundin' the second turn. Then at the mouth o' the ravine she looks back — an' there's B. Birks, walkin' cool into sight, smokin' his pipe an' wavin' his hat, which same sends her dartin' for home, burnin' up with outraged feelin'. There's a little trail zig-zaggagin' off to Ford's shack an' she stops here an' waits for him to come up.

"You will at least leave me here?" she asks like ice. "Or p'raps you're expectin' me to invite you into the house for dinner?"

"That'd be great," he ventures, wistful. "I on'y did what I thought was right, Kitty."

"Remember we are strangers still an' forever," she sayd, conclusive. "Don't you ever speak to me again! I thanks you for spoilin' what would have been a very pleasant mornin'," says she.

"Oh, that's alright," blurts the darn fool. "The pleasure's all mine, I assures you." An' the girl's gone afore he wakes up to the fact that he's printin' upside down.

An' that night when B. Birks crawls under his patchwork quilt he's still kickin' hisself mental. He lays there with the moonlight spillin' in across the bunk onto the floor an' he's sure wanderin' far down the Dead Past's Vista, rustlin' the faded rose leaves o' Love.

AN d'you know all he'd done 'way back East to start this fuss with this here Johnson filly? They was out drivin' one night, him havin' it in mind to spark this girl up to the altar, an' nestle down inside the noose. But he ain't said nothin' yet, playin' circumspect entire. Then this night out drivin'—the moon's shinin' an' the girl's lookin' so doggone fascinatin'—his upper stope gets oreyied with moonlight an' he leans over an' gives her a little kiss just back o' the ear where a little curl tickles his nose when he does it.

That's what the sin-smitten son o' Satan done! An' this here Skitty Johnson takes it as the most insultin' smash-up o' her trust in B. Birks an' she ain't speakin' to him no more all the way home, an' when they gets to her aunt's hangout she parts from him permanent. An' he ain't able to glue the lovin' cup together again no matter what he says or does. The Banjo o' Betrothal is sure busted in every string an' them two hearts is beatin' sep'rate an' them two souls is thinkin' about a million thoughts apiece.

It's about a week later that yours truly is sitting out on the warm planks in

front of the Silver Dollar, with Jimmy lookin' after things inside, an' all I'm doin' is absorbin' sunshine an' splinterin' "A. D." with a new knife I'd got when I seen four horsemen lopin' into camp. They belongs to a cow-punchin' outfit as drifted into the upper valley country an' one bucko I knows, bein' a loud-mouthed, swaggerin' leather-puller, name o' Mitch Dake, the which I aint got much use for.

I nods to 'em curt as they rides by, headin' for Bellamy's joint, this here Dake party bein' a partic'lar friend o' Jake's. It's one o' them sleepy afternoons with the sun glarin' down steady on the the valley slopes an' sparklin' on water an' tin cans an' glitterin' on busted bottles an' the like.

A girl turns into Main Street from the trail somewheres an' I sees it's this here Miss Johnson from over to Ford's. She's walkin' easy an' light an' carryin' some letters to hand over to Sim Wilson. She goes inside the post-office.

The four bronks, all covered with dust, is standin' in front o' Jake's, heads droopin'. Chet Fraser ambles along with a pail, says "Howdy" an' goes into the Silver Dollar. Down to Bellamy's I hears the four punchers laughin' loud an' gettin' noisy, buyin' drinks for a lot o' loafers as is always hangin' around that joint.

Then I sees young "Hell," Bellamy's kid, comin' from the *Booster* office, follered by a white dog with a lump on the end o' his tail, bein' the same Bart Jenkin had been abusin'—same dog, same tail. The pup's been adopted by the kid, there bein'a sort o' feller sympathy atween 'em 'cause they's both homeless, an' some o' the boys prompt has named the dog "Damnation." An' they sure makes a fine team to have cavortin' around a noospaper layout!

But the kid aint doin' no worryin' over public opinion. His face is all smeared up with ink an' his cotton shirt is daubed with same; but he's havin' his heaven right here an' now an' he's whistlin' at full pucker — no partic'lar tune, just whistle. The kid's just passed his old man's place when out jostles the four punchers, laughin' boist'rous an' wipin' their mouths on their shirt-sleeves.

"By Hen!" swears Dake. "If ther' *aint* a dawg! Drinks is on me, boys, if I can't knock that ther' knob off fust crack. Eh? The hell I can't!"

His hand drops swift to his hip an' he fires as he draws. Simultaneous with the report there's a sharp yell an' Damnation whirls an' bites at the sting. Just as he's doin' so the gun goes off again an' the dog rolls over, his four legs stickin' straight up in the air; they twitches convulsive, then sinks quiverin' to the dust.

THE shots wakens the whole camp. A crowd comes tumblin' out o' both saloons an' the shopkeepers leaves their counters, follerin' their customers into the street an' joinin' the on-lookers that has gathered around the dead dog an' the sobbin' kid what owned it. Some tries to comfort him; but 'taint no use an' soon Jake comes out, grabs him by the ear an' marches him inside as if he'd done somethin' he'd ought to be 'shamed of.

Dake an' his friends stands around, discussin' the shot an' everybody gets so interested they aint noticin' the girl as is walkin' straight across from the post-office. They aint seein' her till she's right clost up an' then they notes that her cheeks is pink an' her eyes snappin' with anger. I gets up myself an' dusts off the splinters an' ambles on down in the general direction; for yours truly aint none too sure but Old Man Trouble is loomin' in the foreground.

Miss Johnson walks right up to the four punchers who has turned in grinnin' wonder.

"Which one o' you done that?" she demands, pointin' at the dog.

Dake winks at his friends, the same snickerin' audible. Then he steps forth an' doffs his Stetson, bowin' exaggerated an' grinnin' till his yeller teeth is bared.

"Please, ma'am, I done it," he whines, mockin' an' twistin' his hat, playin' he's a school kid, scared cold, at which the three remainin' pardners guffaws aloud. Nobody else aint laughin' none, I notice; good women is scarce in Clover Bar.

"Oh!" says Miss Johnson, mimickin' his tone. "You done it, eh? You're the brave man as shot the mad dog an' saved us all from hyderophobia!"

Dake stares. His eyes roves uncertain to the dog an' comes back to her face more uncertain still. I seen Chet Fraser grinnin' an' I grins myself an' he winks back at me.

"The dawg warn't mad, ma'am," Dake sayd.

"No? Not mad? Then what did you kill it for?"

"It war an almighty good shot," says Dake, kind o' proud. "I'll leave it to the boys if it warn't a good shot." He's eyin' the girl careful. This here conversation's gettin' away from him an' he aint sure whether he ought to draw for a flush or a full house. . .

The girl turns to the crowd.

"You hear what he says," she states contemptuous. "It was a good shot! He killed that poor little dog there because it was a good shot! There's the big coward who kills harmless little dogs because it's a good shot! Take a good look at him everybody. It aint often you gets a chance to see such a brave man an' such a good shooter!"

It's the crowd's turn to laugh. The girl pales, sudden realizin' the number o' eyes as is lookin' at her. But she turns quick on Dake an' points her finger at him, the which he gazes at some fascinated.

"Shame on you!" she sayd. "You ought to be horsewhipped until you can't stand up! You ought to be arrested an' put in jail! An' if you aint watchin' out pretty clost, that's where you'll end, Mr. —*Mister Dog-Killer!*" . .

WITH that she turns on her heel, cheeks flamin' with modesty, an' tossin' her head, she walks away rapid towards home.

Dake stands starin' after her, his mouth open. Somebody laughs. Chet Fraser hooks his arm in mine an' we meanders, chucklin'. The loafers piles back into the saloon; but still Dake stands there, watchin' the girl, the which I aint likin' none too much.

One o' his friends touches him on the elbow.

"Jolt's on us, Mitch. Have one on the dawg."

"Cuss the cussedy-cussed dawg!" he growls, bustlin' 'em in front of him into Bellamy's. "The drinks is on me, boys," he yells. "Line up an' name the p'isin. Here's to that spry young heifer an' damned if she aint a beaut!"

They drinks that toast, noisy, four times. Outside in the street the carcase o' the dog lays white in the sun.

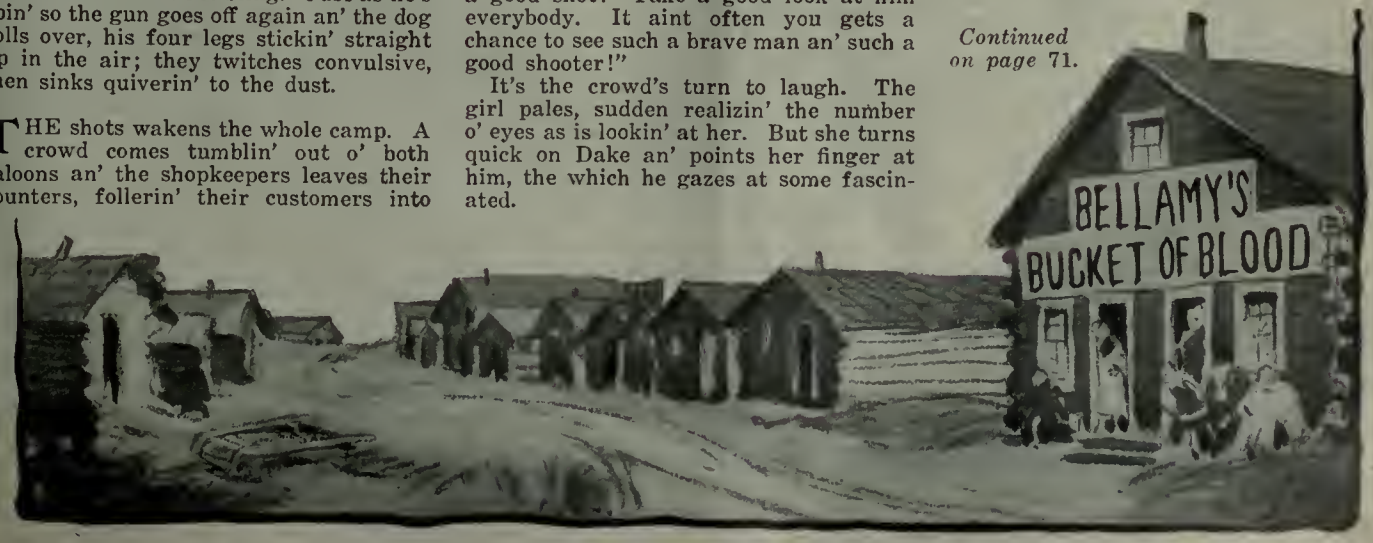
IV.

'TAINT long 'fore B. Birks knows all about the thing. I goes down an' tells him myself, knowin' he'll hear about it plenty an' wantin' to warn him about this here Dake party's special ponderosities when he's tanked up sufficient. But B. Birks aint agitatin' none when I spreads out the cards.

"Everythin's movin' along fine, Andy," he smiles at me quiet an' the darn fool actually looks happy. But I aint surmisin' his play. How could I, him bein' from the East so recent an' me havin' been West so long? As I sayd afore, the older I gets the more I sure stands amazed complete by the fool plays o' Youth sittin' in at this here Game o' Love!

Dake an' his friends hits the Silver Dollar in the course o' the evenin' an' I aint feelin' none too cordial, me bein' plumb jealous o' tarnishin' said emporium's reputation with a spill o' trouble. But that aint preventin' me slippin' out a pair o' '45's back o' the bar where they're handy when I seen B. Birks push inside, me thinkin' more o' protectin' the

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The Hon. Billingsgate Smith spoke here last night. Bouquet presented by Minnie Simpers, supposed to be nine but tall for her age.

Putting the "Pep" in Parliament

By H. F. Gadsby

Illustrated by Lou Skuce

ONCE upon a time a smart reporter fixed it up with his city editor and the re-write man to do a political campaign in a new way. His plan might be summed up as thrift of production. Let me tell you you more about it, because it has a direct bearing on the methods I am about to suggest for putting the "pep" in Parliament.

He had noticed on previous tours, had this smart reporter, that the visiting statesman had two, or at most three, speeches which he delivered in regular sequence, only varying them by fresh "introductions," which provided the local color, the apposite anecdote, the compliment to the resident member or the party candidate, as the case might be, and whatever backscratching the voter might need in each district. Outside of that, and perhaps a joke or two, the speeches were always the same, and could have been labelled Speech No. 1, Speech No. 2, Speech No. 3, and have been so printed in the daily papers, morning after morning, with small chance of making a mistake.

Another thing the smart reporter noticed was that, though the arguments might be interchangeable, among the three speeches, they were always the same arguments and that each argument had its natural and inevitable come-back from the other party. because, as you know, every question has two sides, or ought to have, if the earnest people would let it be so. As there were joint meetings at many of the stopping places the reporter had to take account of these come-back arguments in his plan to save time, labor and telegraph tolls. So he lettered the arguments on the one side and numbered them on the other. This was easy to do after the three speeches with their answers had once been reported in full.

Reduced to action his despatches read something like this: "Jarrett's Corners, June 1.—The Hon. Billingsgate Smith spoke here last night to an audience which taxed Oddfellows' Hall to capacity. Platform decorated with loyal bunting and leading citizens. Mottoes, "Beat Them To It," "Let Smith Win the War," "Pink Pills for Pale Pacifists." Addresses of welcome read by William Bull—notary public and life insurance, three chins and fluted neck.. Bouquet presented by Minnie Simpers—thin legs, white stockings—supposed to be nine, but tall for her age—her father owns the bank here. Village band played "Tipperary," "Oh Death Where is Thy Sting-a-ling-a-ling," and other popular airs. John Tootle blew a key off his cornet. Billingsgate Smith said (here follows two hundred words of local introduction). He used Speech No. 1, Arugments B. S. P. D. Q. F. K. X. John Bunk, Opposition candidate, lean person with exposed teeth and ingrowing conscience, countered with Arguments 1, 6, 3, 5, 10, 9. Bunk expressed great horror of Sam Hughes and the High Cost of Living. He also used Jokes 1155 and 1189, which you will find in Humor Ancient and Modern, page 126. Bunk is a poor joker. Both speakers waved the old flag. Smith waved two old flags—the Union Jack for the war and the Stars and Stripes for free wheat."

THUS in a compact little synposis of say five hundred words the smart reporter manages to convey as many facts and descriptive touches as will enable Jones, the re-write man, who has imagination and a style to produce two columns of fresh reading matter which will be free from staleness, repetition, overlapping and other faults to which tired reporters listening to the same speeches night after night are apt to yield. The sample de-

spatch I make up to date, but the plan is at least six years old, and I am told that it worked well. The newspaper that put it in practice certainly had snappy accounts of the campaign. Good reporting, like good speaking, is always crisp and salient. If you don't believe me read the story of Demetrius, the Silversmith, which you will find in the New Testament.

The point I have been laboring in my little parable of the Smart Reporter is that thrift of production is what counts, whether the speech be written or spoken. Pith is another word for it. Shakespeare uttered the root of the matter when he said that brevity is the soul of wit. The smart reporter acted on the same principle when he contrived a labor-saving device which made for economy of space in the newspaper and economy of strain on the reader.

THIS is what Parliament must come to—less space in Hansard and more place in public opinion. Long speeches tend to narrow views, because—well, because long and narrow are complements of each other. Similarly short speeches tend to broad views. To prove this you have only to look at some of our daily newspapers, whose editorials are twice as broad now that they are set double-column. Joking aside I would say that the only way to broaden Parliament is to shorten it. I would shorten it wherever it can be shortened in general and in particular, in time and space, in the mass and in the individual.

Shorter sessions, shorter speeches — that is the way to put the "pep" in Parliament. Members of Parliament spend far too much time at Ottawa, losing track of public opinion in their own little intrigues. Politics becomes a game instead of a duty. When the member is too long away from home he loses touch with what the people are thinking. He mistakes the craft and guile of the politicians who surround him for the voice of the people. A sad delusion but a very common one at Ottawa, notoriously the worst place in Canada from which to gauge public sentiment. As far as possible we should see to it that Parliament does not come between the member and his constituents. Antaeus, you will remember, got fresh strength to renew the fight every time he hit the ground. The way I read this fable is that Antaeus was a member of Parliament who went home as often as he could to get "pep" from the voters.



Lie-abed habits, late hours, too much food, too many cigars, too little exercise—what do these spell but Bright's disease?



They are the junk heaps of Parliamentary discussion.

If a member of Parliament wants to keep his ear to the ground Ottawa is no place to do it. Six months at Ottawa and he is deaf for the rest of the year to anything but the hoarse boom of partisan controversy. An idea as ethereal as public service finds it hard to pierce the crass atmosphere of the capital where the finest feelings of the human breast are treated as counters in a game. A member of Parliament may not know that Ottawa is blunting his best instincts and spoiling his flair for public sentiment, and he may not feel bad about it when you do tell him, not sensing his loss at the time, but when you point out that he is forgetting the voters' first names and the current details of their family history, which are so handy when canvassing, he is apt to wake up with a start and say, "Lemme go back!" There will be no trouble about shortening up Parliament so long as we appeal to the member on his practical side. What he wants mostly is to be elected again, and he can't be that unless he spends the best part of his time at home tending his fences.

THERE is some reason to hope that a shorter Parliament is a blessing of the near future. From where I write I can see the new Parliament building rise Phœnix-like from its ashes. As a matter of fact the Phœnix has her East wing about half done and the rest of her well on the way. John Pearson, the architect, says he will have the roof on before another snow flies. Observe the guile of this man Pearson. He sticks to the Gothic because those are his orders, and besides the Gothic is very beautiful. But he makes of it a modern and amended Gothic, with groups of five windows where only three grew before. A tremendous access of light! That was the fault of the old building—not enough light and no ventilation save of opinion. Well, Pearson has changed all that. Wherever light can be, there light is—oceans of light—enough light to flood the minds of the backbenchers.

With a new building and all this new light is it too much to ask for new, economical methods of running Parliament? Why should Parliament spend six months at Ottawa, as it did before the war cut the chatter out? Why should it spend five months or even four months? Why not make it three months? Three months is plenty in all conscience. Almost any group of men accustomed to big business could do the work in three months and have days to spare.

To do it they would work according to schedule, have their business ready to

the minute and cut out the waits. This would be a saving all round. The members would save time, wind, money, and health. The Government would save trouble. The country would save millions because the practice of putting big corporation steals over in the last days of a jaded Parliament would be necessarily eliminated. Also that other baneful practice, called "concurrence," by which Parliament, in its dying moments, nods a feeble assent to perhaps a million a minute would perish.

How to bring about these reforms in the House of Commons? I say the House of Commons because the Senate waits on the Commons' pleasure. If the Green Chamber does things right the Red Chamber follows suit. The tail goes with the dog, so to speak. That there must be reform goes without saying. The House of Commons, which numbers two hundred and twenty members now, will presently number two hundred and forty. If the old rules and the old methods prevail the sessions of Parliament will be proportionately fifteen per cent. longer—that is to say, seven months instead of six. Something must be done to stem the tide of twaddle. What?

NORTHRUP, of East Hastings, believes he has the remedy. Keep 'em at it, work 'em until they are dog-tired. Six days in the week, night and day, no Saturday off, no Wednesday night for prayer meeting—nose to the grindstone all the time. They'll get sick of it soon enough. The member for East Hastings has a motion to this cruel effect on the order paper right now. But there are ways more merciful.

To begin with, "supply" is a great time-waster. Supply may be a fine school for young statesmen to learn the details of their country's business, but I would turn the school over to a standing committee, which would meet at the same time the other committees meet and go over the estimates with a view to relieving the House of all scrutiny save of contentious items. Anyone who has ever seen the House drooling in supply, niggling for hours, perhaps, over cents and anon kissing millions good-bye in a minute, will agree that a small, well-balanced committee of members, chosen for their business ability, could do this work with more discrimination and greater speed. It is not too much to say that a Committee on Supply would save the House at least six weeks' tiresome discussion. As supply is managed now it is much used by Governments, not to forward the business of the country, but to string things along. When a Government wants to wait a considerable time to see which way the cat is going to jump, supply is one of its chief dilatory artifices.

TWO OTHER favorite means of delay are the debate on the address and the debate on the budget. As matters stand they may be for days, and they may be forever. There is no limit—except a physical one. One side's wind gives out before the other's and then the debate stops. So far as subjects go the debate on the address and the debate on the budget are interlocking. The same tripe does for both. The rules of Parliament do not permit a member to speak more than once in the same debate, but it does not follow that he cannot speak twice on the same subject. Not at all. If he has forgotten anything in the debate on the address he can pick it up in the debate on the budget. If he wishes to repeat or emphasize something that he said not weightily enough in the debate on the address, the debate on the budget gives him an excellent opportunity to nail his message down.

The debate on the address and the debate on the budget, as they exist to-day, are reciprocal nuisances, a happy hunting ground for the bores. They are the junk heaps of Parliamentary discussion. Everything goes into them. Once, I remember, the Press Gallery kept tab on the topics touched more or less heavily in these two great wind-jamming contests. Not counting repeaters, hang-overs, or slight changes or disguise as from the Active to the Passive voice, one hundred and twenty-five separate and distinct themes was the score. The choice of subjects ranged, as I recall, from the vernal equinox to the precepts of Buddha and thence back to Armand Lavergne. These were only the high spots. The debate, of course, took almost everything in between—everything, that is to say, except the speech from the throne and the tariff. The tariff we have with us always. We can hammer it any old time.

I would deal sternly with the debate on the address. It is a survival of a more precarious age when responsible government was not, perhaps, as well entrenched as it is now. The debate on the address was one of democracy's outposts. The need for it has disappeared. I would give it one day—no more. The prize bores would have to wait for the budget debate to get it off their chests. There is nothing in the debate on the address in reply for the simple reason that there is nothing in the speech from the throne and nothing multiplied by nothing gives the same. One's pity goes out to the mover and seconder of the address in reply. If ever men make bricks without straw they do. They are given nothing to say and they sew frills on it. They tell me that Sir Wilfred Laurier made his first reputation as an orator as the mover of the address. It only goes to show what a great orator he is to have struck fire from that mud. However, it was many years ago and Sir Wilfred was much stronger than he is now.

YES, WE can well spare the debate on the address. We might do without it altogether, but let us be kind to an old friend and give it a day. Make it a rule—put it in Mr. Todd's little book—that a day is the limit. As much less as the House may see fit to use, but, on no consideration, more than a day, said day being from the time the House opens to the time it rises, and not necessarily a clock day of twenty-four hours.

Next comes the budget debate. Three days for it—make that a rule, too. Why? Well, for one reason, all the matters touched in the budget speech are liable to discussion in detail when the legislation is presented to the House later on. Another reason is that, after the Finance Minister, the Premier and the dozen or so leading thinkers on both sides of the House have spoken there is nothing left for the small fry but to say the same things a great deal worse. Some cannot even do this—the poor fellows paw the air and make noises in their throats. From this lingering penance a three-day budget debate would cut the House off. There ought to be enough ideas among two hundred and twenty members of Parliament to make a budget debate interesting for three days, though sometimes I have had occasion to doubt it. Still a three-day limit would help some. It would tend to prevent overlapping. A member would hardly have the nerve to trench on the time set unless he had a new thought, or a new light to present, or a better way of putting an old one.

So far I have been speaking of set debates — Parliamentary fixtures which

Continued on page 58.



Sir Thomas White achieved perfection by trimming his budget speech another fifteen minutes.

The Gun Brand

A Story of the Canadian North

By James B. Hendryx

Author of "Marquard the Silent," "The Promise," etc.



At the base of a ridge that skirted the shore of an unmapped lake, he uncovered the mouth of an ancient tunnel with rough-hewn sides and a floor that sloped from the entrance.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

SYNOPSIS.—Chloe Elliston, inheriting the love of adventure and ambitious to emulate her famous grandfather, "Tiger" Elliston, who had played a big part in the civilizing of Malaysia, sets out for the Far North to establish a school and bring the light of education to the Indians and breeds of the Athabasca country. Accompanied by a companion, Harriet Penny, and a Swedish maid, Big Lena, she arrives at Athabasca Landing and engages transportation on one of the scows of Pierre Lapierre, an independent trader. Vermilion, the boss scowman decides to kidnap the party and hold them to ransom; but Lapierre, getting wind of his plans, interrupts them at a vital moment, kills Vermilion, and rescues the girl. Predisposed in his favor, she accepts him as her mentor in the wilderness, believing all he tells her, especially about one Robert MacNair, another free-trader, whom Lapierre saddles with a most villainous reputation and the epithet of "Brute." On Lapierre's advice Chloe establishes herself at the mouth of the Yellow Knife River on Great Slave Lake, and starts to building her school, et cetera. Then Brute MacNair turns up, and in the interview that follows Chloe finds much to disturb her peace of mind, though she meets the free-trader boldly and dares him to interfere with her or her work.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MASTER MIND.

AFTER the visit of MacNair, Chloe noticed a marked diminution in the anxiety of Lapierre to resume his interrupted journey. True, he drove the Indians mercilessly from daylight till dark in the erection of the buildings, but his air of tense expectancy was gone, and he ceased to dart short, quick glances into the north, and to scan the upper reach of the river.

The Indians, too, had changed. They toiled more stolidly now with apathetic ears for Lapierre's urging, where before they had worked in feverish haste, with their eyes upon the edges of the clearing. It was obviously patent that the canoemen shared Lapierre's fear and hatred of MacNair.

In the late afternoon of the twelfth day after the rolling of the first log into place, Chloe accompanied Lapierre upon a tour of inspection of the completed buildings. The man had done his work well. The school-house and the barrack with the dining-room and kitchen were comfortably and solidly built; entirely sufficient for present needs and requirements. But the girl wondered at the trading post and its appendant storehouse—they were fully twice the size she would have considered necessary and constructed as to withstand a siege. Lapierre had built a fort.

"Excellent buildings; and solid as the Rock of Gibraltar, Miss Elliston," smiled the quarter-bred, as with a wave of his hand he indicated the interior of the trading room.

"But, they are so big!" exclaimed the girl, as her glance swept the spacious fur lofts, and the ample area for the storing of supplies. She was concerned only with the size of the buildings. But her wonder would have increased could she have seen the rows of loopholes that pierced the thick walls — loopholes crammed with moss against the cold, and with their openings concealed by cleverly fitted pieces of bark. Lapierre's smile deepened.

"Remember, you told me you intend to sell to all alike, while your goods last. I know what that will mean. It will mean that you will find yourself called upon to furnish the supplies for the inhabitants of several thousand square miles of territory. Indians will travel far to obtain a bargain. They look only at the price—never at the quality of the goods. That fact enables us free-traders to live. We sell cheaper than the H.B. C.; but, frankly, our goods are cheaper. The bargains are much more apparent than real. But, if I understand your position, you intend to sell goods that are up to H. B. C. standard at actual cost?"

Chloe nodded: "Certainly."

"Very well, then you will find that these buildings which look so large and commodious to you now, must be crowded to the ceiling with your goods, while the walls of your fur lofts will fairly bulge with their weight of riches. Fur is the "cash" of the north, and the trader must make ample provision for its storage. There are no banks in the wilderness; and the fur lofts are the vaults of the traders."

"But I don't want to deal in fur!" objected the girl, "I—since you have told me of the terrible cruelty of the trappers, I *hate fur!* I want nothing to do with it. In fact, I shall do everything in my power to discountenance and discourage the trapping." Lapierre cleared his throat sharply—coughed—cleared it again. Discourage trapping—north of sixty! Had he heard aright? He swallowed hard, mumbled an apology anent the inhalation of a gnat, and answered in all seriousness.

"A WORTHY object, Miss Elliston—a very worthy object; but one that will require time to consummate. At present the taking of fur is the business of the north. I may say, the only business of thousands of savages whose lives, and the lives of their families, depend upon their skill with the traps. Fur is their one source of livelihood. Therefore, you must accept the condition as it exists. Think, if you refused to accept fur in exchange for your goods, what it would mean—the certain and absolute failure of your school from the moment of its inception. The Indians could not grasp your point of view. You would be shunned for one demented. Your goods would rot upon your shelves; for the simple reason that the natives would have no means of buying them. No, Miss Elliston, you must take their fur until such time as you succeed in devising some other means by which these people may earn their living."

"You are right," agreed Chloe. Of course, I must deal in fur—for the present. Reform is the result of years of labor. I must be patient. I was thinking only of the cruelty of it."

"They have never been taught," said Lapierre with a touch of sadness in his tone. "And, while we are on the subject, allow me to advise you to retain LeFroy as your chief trader. He is an excellent man, is Louis LeFroy, and has had no little experience."

"Do you think he will stay?" eagerly asked the girl. "I should like to retain, not only LeFroy, but a half-dozen others."

"It shall be as you wish. I shall speak

to LeFroy and select also the pick of the crew. They will be glad of a steady job. The others I shall take with me. I must gather my fur from its various *caches* and freight it to the railway."

"You are going to the railway! To civilization?"

"YES, BUT it will take me three weeks to make ready my outfit. And in this connection I may be of further service to you. I must depart from here to-night. Instruct LeFroy to make out his list of supplies for the winter. Give him a free hand and tell him to fill the storerooms. The goods you have brought with you are by no means sufficient. Three weeks from to-day, if I do not visit you in the meantime, have him meet me at Fort Resolution, and I shall be glad to make your purchases for you, at Athabasca Landing and Edmonton."

"You have been very good to me. How can I ever thank you?" cried the girl, impulsively extending her hand. Lapierre took the hand, bowed over it, and—was it fancy, or did his lips brush her finger-tips? Chloe withdrew the hand, laughing in slight confusion. To her surprise she realized she was not in the least annoyed. "How can I thank you," she repeated, "for—for throwing aside your own work to attend to mine?"

"Do not speak of thanking me." Once more the man's eyes seemed to burn into her soul. "I love you! And one day my work will be your work and your work will be mine. It is I who am indebted to you for bringing a touch of heaven into this drab hell of northern brutishness. For bringing to me a breath of the bright world I have not known since Montreal—and the student days, long past. And—ah—more than that—something I have never known—love. And, it is you who are bringing a ray of pure light to lighten the darkness of my people."

Chloe was deeply touched. "But, I —I thought," she faltered, "when we were discussing the buildings that day, you spoke as if you did not really care for the Indians. And—and you made them work so hard——"

"To learn to work would be their salvation!" exclaimed the man. "And I beg you to forget what I said then. I feared for your safety. When you refused to allow me to build the stockade, I could think only of your being at the mercy of Brute MacNair. I tried to frighten you into allowing me to build it. Even now, if you say the word——"

Chloe interrupted him with a laugh. "No, I am not afraid of MacNair—really I am not. And you have already neglected your own affairs too long."

The man assented. "If I am to get my furs to the railway, do my own trading, and yours, and return before the lake freezes, I must, indeed, be on my way."

"You will wait while I write some letters? And you will post them for me?"

Lapierre bowed. "As many as you wish," he said, and together they walked to the girl's cabin whose quaint, rustic verandah overlooked the river. The verandah was an addition of Lapierre's, and the cabin had five rooms, instead of three.

THE quarter-breed waited, whistling softly a light French air, while Chloe wrote her letters. He breathed deeply of the warm spruce-laden breeze, slapped lazily at mosquitoes, and gazed at the setting sun between half-closed lids. Pierre Lapierre was happy.

"Things are coming my way," he muttered. "With a year's stock in that warehouse—and LeFroy to handle it—I guess the Indians won't pick up many bargains—my people!—damn them. How I hate them. And as for MacNair—lucky Vermilion thought of painting *his* name on that booze—I hated to smash it—but it paid. It was the one thing needed to make me solid with *her*. And I've got time to run in another batch if I hurry—got to get those rifles into the loft, too. When MacNair hits, he hits hard."

Chloe appeared at the door with her letters. Lapierre took them, and again bowed low over her hand. This time the girl was sure his lips touched her finger-tips. He released the hand and stepped to the ground.

"Good-by," he said. "I shall try my utmost to pay you a visit before I depart for the southward, but if I fail, remember to send LeFroy to me at Fort Resolution."

"I will remember. Good-by — *Bon voyage*——"

"*Et prompt retour?*" The man's lips smiled, and his eyes flashed the question.

"*Et prompt retour — certainement!*" answered the girl as, with a wide sweep of his hat, the quarter-breed turned and made his way toward the camp of the Indians, which was located in a spruce thicket a short distance above the clearing. As he disappeared in the timber Chloe felt a sudden sinking of the heart; a strang sense of desertion, of loneliness possessed her as she gazed into the deepening shadows of the wall of the clearing. She turned impatiently.

"Why should I care?" she muttered, "I never laid eyes on him until two weeks ago, and besides, he's — he's an *Indian!* And, yet, — he's a gentleman. He has been very kind to me — very considerate. He is only a quarter-Indian. Many of the very best families have Indian blood in their veins—even boast of it. I—I'm a *fool!*" she exclaimed, and passed quickly into the house.

PIERRE LAPIERRE was a man, able, shrewd, unscrupulous. The son of a French factor of the Hudson Bay Company and his half-breed wife, he was sent early to school, where he remained to complete his college course; for it was the desire of his father that the son should engage in some profession for which his education fitted him.

But the blood of the north was in his veins. The call of the north lured him into the north, and he returned to the trading post of his father, where he was given a position as clerk and later appointed trader and assigned to a post of his own far to the northward.

While the wilderness captivated and entranced him, the hum-drum life of a trader wearied him. He longed for excitement—action.

During the several years of his service with the great fur company he assiduously studied conditions, storing up in his mind a fund of information that later was to stand him in good stead. He studied the trade, the Indians, the country. He studied the men of the Mounted, and smugglers, and whisky-runners and free-traders. And it was in a brush with these latter that he overstepped the bounds beyond which, under the changed conditions, even the agents of the great company might not go.

Chafing under the loss of trade by reason of an independent post that had been built upon the shore of his lake some ten miles to the southward, his wild Metis blood called for action and, hastily summoning a small band of Indians, he attacked the independents. Incidentally, the free-traders' post was burned, one of the traders killed, and the other captured and sent upon the *longue traverse*. In some unaccountable manner, after suffering untold hardships the man won through to civilization and promptly had Pierre Lapierre brought to book.

The company stood loyally between their trader and the prison bars; but the old order had changed in the northland. Young Lapierre's action was condemned and he was dismissed from the company's service with a payment of three years' unearned salary.

Pierre Lapierre promptly turned free-trader, and his knowledge of the methods of the H. B. Co., the Indians, and the country, made largely for success.

The life of the free-trader satisfied his longing for travel and adventure, which his life as a post-trader had not. But it did not satisfy his innate craving for excitement. Therefore, he cast about to enlarge his field of activity. He became a whisky-runner. His profits increased enormously, and he gradually included smuggling in his repertoire, and even timber thieving, and cattle rustling upon the ranges along the international boundary.

AT THE time of his meeting with Chloe Elliston he was at the head of an organized band of criminals whose range of endeavor extended over hundreds of thousands of square miles, and the diversity of whose crimes was limited only by the index of the penal code.

Pierre Lapierre was a Napoleon of organization—a born leader of men. He chose his liegemen shrewdly — outlaws renegades, Indians, breeds, trappers, canoemen, scowmen, packers, claim-jumpers, gamblers, smugglers, cattle-rustlers, timber thieves—and these he dominated and ruled absolutely.

Without exception, these men feared him—his authority over them was unquestioned. Because they had confidence in his judgment and cunning, and because under his direction they made more money, and made it easier, and at infinitely less risk, than they ever made by playing a lone hand, they accepted his domination cheerfully. And such was his disposition of the men who were the component parts of his system of criminal efficiency, that few, if any, were there among them who could, even if he so desired, have furnished evidence that would have seriously incriminated the leader.

The men who ran whisky across the line, cached it. Other men, unknown to them, disguised it as innocent freight and delivered it to the scowmen. The scowmen turned it over to others who, for all they knew, were *bonâ fide* settlers or free-traders; and from their cache, the canoemen carried it far into the wilderness and either stored it in some inaccessible rendevous or cached it where others would come and distribute it among the Indians. Each division undoubtedly suspected the others, but none but the leader *knew*. And, as it was with the whisky-running, so was it with each of his vari-

ous undertakings. Religiously, Pierre Lapierre followed the scriptural injunction: "Let not thy left hand know what they right hand doeth." He confided in no man. And few, indeed, were the defections among his retainers. A few had rebelled, as Vermilion had rebelled—and with the same result. The man dismissed from Lapierre's service entered no other.

Moreover, he invariably contrived to implicate one whom he intended to use, in some crime of a graver nature than he would be called upon to commit in the general run of his duties. This crime he would stage in some fastness where its detection by an officer of the Mounted was exceedingly unlikely; and most commonly consisted in the murder of an Indian, whose weighted body would be lowered to the bottom of a convenient lake or river. Lapierre witnesses would appear and the man was irrevocably within the toil. Had he chosen, Pierre Lapierre could have lowered a grappling hook unerringly upon a dozen weighted skeletons.

Over the head of the recruit now hung an easily proven charge of murder. If during his future activities as whisky-runner, smuggler, or in whatever particular field of endeavor he was assigned, plans should miscarry—an arrest be made—this man would take his prison sentence in silence rather than seek to implicate Lapierre, who with a word could summon the witness that would swear the hemp about his neck.

The system worked. Now and again plans *did* miscarry—arrests were made by the Mounted — men were caught "with the goods," or arrested upon evidence that even Lapierre's intricate alibi scheme could not refute. But, upon conviction, the unlucky prisoner always accepted his sentence—for at his shoulder stalked a spectre, and in his heart was the fear lest the thin lips of Pierre Lapierre would speak.

With such consummate skill and *finesse* did Lapierre plot, however, and with such Machiavellian cunning and *éclat* were his plans carried out, that few failed. And those that did were credited by the authorities to individual or sporadic acts, rather than to the work of an intricate organization presided over by a master mind.

The gang numbered, all told, upward of two hundred of the hardest characters upon the frontier. Only Lapierre knew its exact strength, but each member knew that if he did not "run straight"—if he, by word or act or deed, sought to implicate an accomplice—his life would be worth just exactly the price of "the powder to blow him to hell."

A few there were outside the organization who suspected Pierre Lapierre—but only a few; an officer or two of the Mounted and a few factors of the H. B. Co. But these could prove nothing. They bided their time. One man *knew* him for what he was. One, in all the north, as powerful in his way as Lapierre was in his. The one man who had spies in Lapierre's employ, and who did not fear him. And the one man Pierre Lapierre feared—Bob MacNair. And he, too, bided his time.



Two figures stepped out, and Chloe Elliston, followed by Big Lena, advanced boldly toward him.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SHOT IN THE NIGHT.

AS LAPIERRE made his way to the camp of the Indians he pondered deeply. For Lapierre was troubled. The fact that MacNair had twice come upon him unexpectedly within the space of a month caused him grave concern. He did not know that it was entirely by chance that MacNair had found him, an unwelcome sojourner at Fort Rae. Accusations and recriminations had passed between them, with the result that MacNair, rough, bluff, and ready to fight at any time, had pounded the quarter-breed to within an inch of his life, and then, to the undisguised delight of the men of the H. B. Co., had dragged him out and pitched him ignominiously into the lake.

Either could have killed the other then and there. But each knew that to have done so, as the result of a personal quarrel, would have been the worst move he could possibly have made. And the forebearance with which MacNair fought and Lapierre suffered was each man's measure of greatness. MacNair went about his business, and to Lapierre came Chenoine with his story of the girl and the plot of Vermilion, and Lapierre forgetting MacNair for the moment, made a dash for the Slave River.

For years Lapierre and MacNair had been at loggerheads. Each recognized in the other a foe of no mean ability. Each had sworn to drive the other out of the north. And each stood at the head of a powerful organization which could be depended upon to fight to the last gasp when the time came to "lock horns" in the final issue. Both leaders realized that the show-down could not be long delayed—a year, perhaps—two years—it would make no difference. The clash was inevitable. Neither sought to dodge the crisis, nor did either seek to hasten it. But each knew that events were shaping themselves, the stage was set, and the drama of the wilds was wearing to its final scene.

From the moment of his meeting with Chloe Elliston, Lapierre had realized the value of an alliance with her against MacNair. And being a man whose creed it was to turn every possible circumstance to his own account, he set about to win her coöperation. When, during the course of their first conversation, she casually mentioned that she could command millions if she wanted them, his immediate interest in MacNair cooled appreciably—not that MacNair was to be forgotten—merely that his undoing was to be deferred for a season, while he, the Pierre Lapairre once more of student days, played an old game—a game long forgot in the press of sterner life, but one at which he once excelled.

"A game of hearts," the man had smiled to himself—"a game in which the risk is nothing and the stakes—with millions one may accomplish much in the wilderness, or retire into smug respectability—who knows? Or, losing, if worst comes to worst, a lady who can command millions, held prisoner, should be worth dickering for. Ah, yes, dear lady! By all means, you shall be helped to Christianize the north! To educate the Indians—how did she say it? 'So that they may come and receive that which is theirs of right'—fah! These women!"

WHILE the scows rushed northward his plans had been laid—plans that included a masterstroke against MacNair and the placing of the girl absolutely within his power in one move. And so Pierre Lapierre had accompanied Chloe to the mouth of the Yellow Knife, selected the site for her school, and generously remained upon the ground to direct the erection of her buildings.

Up to that point his plans had carried with but two minor frustrations: he was disappointed in not being allowed to build a stockade, and he had been forced prematurely to show his hand to MacNair. The first was the mere accident of a woman's whim, and had been offset to a great extent in the construction of the trading-post and storehouse.

The second, however, was of graver importance and deeper significance. While the girl's faith in him had, apparently, remained unshaken by her interview with MacNair, MacNair himself would be on his guard. Lapierre ground his teeth with rage at the Scotchman's accurate comprehension of the situation, and he feared that the man's words might raise a suspicion in Chloe's mind; a fear that was in a great measure allayed by her eager acceptance of his offer of assistance in the matter of supplies, and—had he not already sown the seeds of a deeper regard? Once she had become his wife! The black eyes glittered as the man threaded the trail toward the camp,

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Summer Travel in Canada

Information for the Tourist and Vacationist

IT IS a law of nature, a law that has come very actively into play in this age of rush and overexertion, that the human body and mind must have their periods of rest. It is a truth none may gainsay that the man of to-day, particularly if his work is mental rather than physical, cannot go on indefinitely without a holiday. Certainly he cannot go on doing his work well. Experience has shown that the man who takes a judicious vacation works better for the rest of the year. The same rule applies, of course, to people of all descriptions and in all walks of life. Women and children need the rest as much as the tired business man.

It is equally true that this rule applies this year, despite the need for increased production. People are working at greater tension than ever before and, in order to maintain the gait, the brief relaxation of a vacation will be found necessary in many cases.



Above: A view of Mt. Robson, from the National Park.
Left: Moose swimming across Lake Temagami.

Canada presents unrivalled facilities not only for the native born, but for the tourist from abroad. In connection with the latter class it seems certain that there will be a large influx this year. Since the start of the war, wealthy Americans have not been able to go to Europe, and the "See America First" idea has been very extensively practised. America—meaning the United States—has now been very carefully and exhaustively seen. The Yellowstone and the Grand Canon being off the list, the American tourist has practically no place to turn to but Canada; and we shall almost certainly see more of them this year than ever before.

The sight-seeing possibilities of the Dominion have never been fully appraised. From the shores of the Atlantic, dotted with historic spots, to the mountainous slopes of the Pacific, Canada is literally full of points of interest. The national parks in the Rockies are unique and wonderful, the Lake section of Ontario presents facilities for summer camping that could not be excelled by ransacking the continent, the water routes offer variety and scenic beauties of rare scope.

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A view of the Rocky Mountains which offer splendid attractions for the tourist.

REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

The Liberators of Russia

How the All-Zemstvos Union Was Formed.

THE success of the revolution in Russia can be traced to one source, the work of the All-Zemstvos Union. By taking over the feeding of the army and the care of the wounded, the Union gradually gained control of the army and, when the crisis came, controlled the forces of the Empire, thus forcing the Czar to abdicate. A. N. Sakhnovsky tells of the growth of the Union in *World's Work*.

By an Imperial rescript of February 19, 1861, the peasants were liberated from serfdom, but the peasants did not receive the ownership of the land. The nobility which owned large estates lost only a small portion of their land, which was bought by the Government for distribution among the peasants. This land was not given to the peasants free of charge; they were compelled to buy it on long-term payments. The liberation of the peasants produced a large class of small tenant-farmers. Thus, while a certain degree of political liberty was achieved, it did not bring adequate relief with regard to land tenure. Progressive thinkers realized the failure of the liberation in achieving the desired results, and the necessity of an educational and material improvement of the status of the peasantry. In consequence, a further reform was granted by the Government, giving local self-government to the provinces. The foundation was laid for the Zemstvo and Municipal Self-government system. At first the Zemstvos were established only in the thirty-three central provinces.

The provincial and district Zemstvo members were divided into four classes. The system of election was as follows:

The elections of the nobility were based upon stipulated land ownership; those of the townspeople upon property qualifications; those of the clergy upon hierarchy; and the peasant members were appointed by the Government. The nobility always constituted more than one-half of the total number of the Zemstvo members, although the proportion of the nobles to the rest of the population was that of a small minority. Executives were elected by the Zemstvo members, and the Zemstvo officers were established in the capitals of the provinces and in the district-towns. All these elections were subject to approval by the Government.

Vast reforms of the judicial system of the empire were effected in the same time. Schools, hospitals, medical and sanitary measures, and highway improvements, such as the building of roads and bridges, formed a large part of the work of the Zemstvos. In addition to this they assisted the population by supplying the necessary provisions in the years of poor harvest, and recently they organized for the peasants a system of fire insurance, and the purchase of agricultural machinery on instalments and at low prices. The competency of the Municipal Self-government was confined to the cities, whereas the authority of the Zemstvos included the entire area of the provinces.

The work of the Zemstvos, owing to the reactionary Government, did not bring any remuneration to its members, and the chief workers were those who did not fear to incur the enmity of the authorities.

Even before the Imperial authorization had been received, Prince Lvoff, the head of the Union, had begun the work of organization immediately on the commencement of the war. In Moscow, at the Gate of Petrovsk, a small three-story building was secured—soon to be of historic importance—where the Russian Union of Zemstvos found its first home. The working force at its founding consisted of Prince Lvoff, five members of the Executive Committee, and eight members representing the Union, one of whom was the author of this article. The demands made upon the Union were very great, and the available funds comparatively small, and none of the members of the Union received any payment for their services. The personality of Prince Lvoff, however, was so strong, and the patriotism of Russia so ready, that numerous volunteers presented themselves, coming from the intellectual forces of the country.

Before August had elapsed, the fitting up of the hospitals had begun on a large scale, and 150,000 beds were ready. By the beginning of the following month, fifty sanitary trains for the transportation of the wounded had been equipped and were ready for operation. The requirements of the hospitals for linen constituted a difficult problem, and a workshop was organized which provided the necessary material — 1,000,000 pieces, inclusive of underwear, being produced daily. Medicines were found to be necessary for the hospitals as well as for the hospital trains, and a large drug depot was opened. Clothing was an imperative necessity, both for the wounded coming from the front as well as for those who were returning to the front after sick leave. Workrooms were organized, which provided the clothing for 230,000 men within a few weeks.

Though at the beginning of the work rigid provisions had been made prohibiting the Union from any operations at the front, by

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Map showing distribution of Republics in 1776, *the year of U.S. Declaration of Independence.*



Map showing distribution of Republics and Democracy in 1917.

September the Government found itself unable to provide for the wounded. Despite its fear that the influence of the Union of Zemstvos might be a liberalizing and educational influence among the soldiers, Prince Lvoff obtained permission to organize a number of sanitary-commissary units at the front. This authorization was obtained from the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaevitch. Each of these units represents an entire hospital system, with three hundred men and facilities for moving several thousand wounded daily. As automobiles were necessary and were not to be secured in Russia, negotiations were entered into with foreign companies, and repair workshops were established at the front. The first of these units went to the front under the command of the son of the present president of the Duma, N. M. Rodzianko. Nothing but the enthusiasm of Prince Lvoff and the loyalty which he inspired availed to render possible this huge work, and despite the hundreds of volunteers there was always an excess of work.

In April, 1915, the Russian army fell back from Galicia and from Poland, surrendering to the Germans one province after another. The armies surrendered in masses, as there was neither ammunition, rifles, nor artillery, and the most heroic army could no nothing with bare hands against the German machine and 16-inch guns.

As this situation developed, it was discovered that the Government, at the head of which were General Soukhomlinoff, Maklakoff, Goremykin, Scheglovitoff, and other enemies of their fatherland, had failed to provide the army with sufficient quantities of ammunition and equipment. This may have been either from lack of foresight or from deliberate treason.

There was no time for discussion as to the cause for this defection, no time could be wasted merely on tracing the responsibility to the guilty, it was necessary to act immediately in order to provide the army with needed equipment. In June, 1915, Prince Lvoff organized a new body, the Union of All-Russian Zemstvos and Cities. This organization consisted not only of all the Zemstvos, but also of the town workers, and they began to render aid under the leadership of Prince Lvoff. In addition to this, again through Prince Lvoff's initiative, the industrial interests of the country were awakened, and a War-Industrial Committee was organized, headed by Alexander Ivanovitch Goutchkoff. These three organizations, working together, rapidly began to develop the full resources of the Empire.

The Union of Zemstvos and Cities, or the Zemgor, as it was called, undertook as its most important work the organization of constructive engineering units on the front. I do not know their exact number, but these units play their part from Riga to the Black Sea, and on the Asiatic fronts. They take no part in the fighting, but work for the army, digging trenches, building wire entanglements, constructing bridges, making roads, assisting the army in consolidating new positions, and saving the fighting units of the army from the fatiguing effects of manual labor.

The Zemgor, moreover, organizes at the front dining rooms, cheap stores for selling groceries, tobacco booths, shops for the repair of clothing and shoes, barber shops, baths, and a score of similar necessaries for the comfort of the troops. Popular as is Prince Lvoff in Moscow, largely because of his approachability and the magnificent work he has accomplished, he is worshipped by the army. He not only provides clothing and footwear directly, but he enables the soldier to bathe, to have his clothes washed, and to maintain his self-respect by cleanliness. As some of the troops are illiterate, the Zemgor has sent many musical instruments for recreation and dancing.

A task of extreme difficulty was forced upon the Union of Zemstvos when the waves of refugees poured into Russia from the territories occupied by the Germans. During June, July, and August, 1915, when Warsaw was captured, the representatives of the bureaucratic Government lost their heads entirely. The roads leading from the occupied territory were crowded with hundreds of thousands of hungry and destitute people, afoot or in wagons, going they knew not where. The Union of Zemstvos immediately took charge and organized help for them. Along the roads dining rooms were hastily erected, provisions forwarded, forage provided for the horses, milk secured for the hungry children, and everything was done to ensure that the distracted peasants should in no way be despoiled of their few remaining possessions.

In addition to all the work connected with the caring for the refugees, the Union of Zemstvos also undertook to care for the prisoners. A Central Committee for Helping War Prisoners was organized in Moscow. Similar committees were established in London, Paris, Copenhagen, and several in Switzerland. One of the most important of these was the committee which was organized in New York City, under the title "American Friends of Russian Prisoners of War." Among the active members of this Committee which has accomplished an enormous amount of good, are some of the members of the Union of Zemstvos. The work has been met with sympathetic assistance.

When the work of the Union of Zemstvos comes to be considered in its larger aspect, not the least of its elements of greatness is the part that it has played in bringing together those elements which have secured liberty for Russia. For this liberty hundrers of thousands of lives have been sacriced, both in Siberia and on the scaffold. Yet this has not been in vain. It is the spread of a deeper understanding, intensified during three years of war, which in 1917 brought about the downfall of the bureaucracy and the establishment of freedom. Free Russia seeks neither aggression nor oppression, but desires solely the greatest good to the Russian people. The war will be continued to a victorious ending and the victories of peace are no less assured. The presence of Prince Lvoff in the direction of affairs renders freedom and prosperity certain.

Why Sweden Nearly Fought

Intervention on Behalf of Germany Has Been Narrowly Averted.

ALTHOUGH little with reference to the situation in Sweden has found its way into print outside of the Swedish newspapers the fact remains that there have been occasions when Sweden has been perilously close to the point of entering the war—on the side of Germany! The mass of the Swedish people are strongly in sympathy with the Allies, but official Sweden is so strongly pro-German that the voice of the people has little opportunity to show itself. Such is the construction put on the situation by Frank Dilnot in the course of an article in *The Outlook*. He says in part:

Admiral Lindman put before me the case for the existing Government, which was professedly neutral but had strong and indeed predominant German elements within it. I got the other side of the story from Mr. Branting, the Socialist leader, a man who ranks high among the unofficial statesmen of Europe, and who, it is freely prophesied, will at an early date be the Swedish Prime Minister. He is ardently on the side of the Allies. I discussed affairs with Mr. Wallenberg, the Foreign Minister, the strongest and ablest man in the Cabinet, whose sympathy with France and England undoubtedly was putting a check on pro-German inclinations among his colleagues.

When I was in Stockholm (which was towards the end of 1916), there were freely expressed anticipations of a change of Government, and that change, it was believed, would carry with it the appointment of either Mr. Branting or Mr. Wallenberg as Prime Minister The personnel of the present Ministry comes as a surprise, and not altogether a pleasant one. Carl Swartz, the new Premier, is little known, and was not even discussed by the many public men with whom I talked. Colonel Akerman, the new Minister for War, is openly announced as a strong pro-German, and I can bear testimony to the fact that among responsible persons Admiral Lindman was freely asserted to be a sympathizer with pro-German opinion.

On top of this is the fact of the elimination of Mr. Wallenberg, with pro-Ally sympathies, and in many respects the biggest man in Sweden. The situation, therefore, is not reassuring. There may be big happenings in Sweden before many months are past.

Of one thing the Allies may rest assured—the sympathies of the Swedish people are with them. That fact is not understood as clearly as it might be by those who make the sweeping assertion that Sweden is pro-German.

Before I narrate some of the remarks of Admiral Lindman and Mr. Branting, each of them with a different view-point, let me outline the drama of Sweden as it presents itself at close quarters.

The King, with a strong-minded German Queen, the bureaucrats, and many of the rich people are pro-German. The great mass of the people are pro-Ally; those who are not

e been held back only by fear of an autotic Russia. German influences have conually made themsedves felt, and it is not d to see why. Sweden faces Russia and distrusted Russia and was startled when ocratic England joined hands with her in war. Germany, efficient, prosperous, hly organized, had for long been exploiting dislike of Russia. She permeated many Sweden's trade activities. Professors with man leanings were at the Swedish univeres. A highly effective Swedish army of six dred thousand owed much to German hods of training. Ceaseless German proganda was everywhere to be found. With governing circles under German presessions, it is easy to see the frictions ch were certain to arise when the Allies to impose restrictions about imports and the same time to find a pathway across eden for sending supplies to Russia. Gerny promptly tried to embroil Sweden inst the Allies, and has continued to do so. met with some success, because undoubted nveniences and losses were imposed on eden by the shipping restrictions. On top this were the German influences at Court. rertheless the heart of the Swedish people ained sound, as was shown in startling hion. A pro-Ally legislature was in er. The pro-Germans forced an election, eving that the country would back them -the plea being lack of military preparedfor emergencies. What happened? The ntry returned to power an assembly which prised one hundred and forty-six social- and Liberals, nearly all sympathetic with gland and France, and eighty-six Conserives, most of whom were against being into war on the side of Germany. The -Germans were, however, by no means rerless. The King put in power a "busis Government," who, while acclaiming nselves as rigidly neutral, were very much -German, with the exception of Mr. Walberg, the Foreign Minister. This Governit, which has been kept from any action ard entering the war on the side of Gerny by the progressive forces in the Riks-, led by Mr. Branting—and in a lesser ree by the unwilling Conservative minor- — has nevertheless pressed its neutral ms very hard against the Allies. One d not go further than that. Admiral Lind-, not in office, but undoubtedly a man with er behind the scenes, was one of those opposed most forcibly an agreement with Allies which would have given Sweden the supplies she needed for sustenance vided she agreed that these supplies should release material to be passed on for Gerny. He took his stand on the ground of eden's dignity as a nation. That Great tain was fighting for her life had no weight h him. I am quite sure that he would er have admitted that the Allies were fight- the cause of civilization. It can hardly loubted that Germany regards his appointit as Foreign Minister of Sweden as a t hopeful sign.

ustria and Baravia to Unite?

ry Reaches Outside World of Secret Bickerings Among Teutons.

MANY stories reach the outside world, which have probably little basis in fact, ut the internal condition of Austria; alugh it is certain that conditions are very there. One story, however, comes from ny sources and may be true. In fact, in w of the lack of complete agreement be- n Germany and Austria, it sounds plausi- It is told in the Milan *Idea Nationale* follows:

Certain utterances in Berlin that Austria uld have to look out for herself eventually ost created a panic. A remark attributed he German Kaiser has had a wide circula- in Vienna. The Kaiser, it is said, one



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day in the presence of some Austrian officers, said, as if half in jest and half in earnest, that it would not be just that Germany, having made by far the greatest sacrifices in the war, should also bear the greater part of the expenses.

"Immediately afterward it was noticed that Austrian diplomacy was making efforts at a closer rapprochement with some of the South-German States. The young Imperial couple first visited Munich, and negotiations, it is said, were proposed for the union of Bavaria and Austria against Prussia.

"Austria hoped to find a strong and safe ally in Bavaria, the largest of the German Catholic States, and it is hinted that even the good offices of the Vatican were solicited. But nothing could be done in this direction without its being noticed at once by Berlin, which instantly took steps to defeat any such separatist tendencies. Pressure of such a nature in fact was brought to bear on the King of Bavaria as to compel him to visit the German headquarters, and, as has been seen, the Kaiser undertook personally to go and settle things in Vienna.

"Vatican circles, it is hinted, were tempted with the suggestion of creating a Catholic South-German State by means of a union between Austria and Bavaria, and agents have been working in Paris and London to obtain eventual approval of such a scheme. These agents, it is said, are secretly approved by Austria. They are very discreet, but all the more insidious."

Is the Moon a Target?

Theory Advanced to Account for "Craters" on the Surface.

IS the moon a target for a continued hail of meteors of great size? Are the craters with which the moon's surface is pitted, merely the indentations left by the impact of meteors? This theory is based on the older theory that the moon was formed by the gradual accretion of meteoric matter which revolved in a circle around the earth. It is not new, but Donald Putnam Beard re-introduces it in new form in *Popular Astronomy*, and lends substance to it in a very practical way. He says:

"If we consider the moon as an edifice which had its foundation in a ring or shoal of meteors encompassed by the primeval earth, and similar to the giant planet Saturn (the meteoric constitution of whose rings was spectroscopically demonstrated by Keeler in 1895), and if we imagine this shoal gravitating together and building up our satellite by accretion, no violence is done the essential principles of Laplace's immortal nebular hypothesis. Meteors replace molecules, that is all, as long ago pointed out by the late A. C. Young. The mechanical behaviour af a meteor swarm containing individual masses and endowed with the ordinary velocities of meteors would be precisely similar to a nebulous mass of continuous gas.

"The mathematical analysis of the mechanical conception of a Saturnian ring is not in place in a discussion of this nature, but by imparting to the postulated meteors in the swarm orbits not widely variant from that of the moon's, and in a similar direction, their initial velocities at impact were small as compared with those created by the moon alone. Since the course of these moonlets were parts of curved orbits with the moon as their focus, they can not justly be considered as straight lines. By restricting these meteors to a thin plain ring, and assuming a fairly equable distribution through the plane, the distribution of impact angles deduced by Gilbert yields a curve in which 58 per cent. deviate from the less than 20 degrees; 70 per cent. less than 30 degrees, while 80 per cent. fall within 40 degrees from the true vertical line. To the

vertical infalls consequent upon this condition is due to the prevalent circularity of the craters.

Laboratory experiments with a lead disc 5.5 inches in diameter and about 0.5 inches thick as a target, into which .22 caliber bullets of the same material were fired, demonstrate experimentally the effect produced by the impacting moonlets upon the moon's surface. Interesting replicas of the moon's crater forms were thus obtained by the writer. . .

"The foregoing cursory discussion of the moonlet impact doctrine, adhering to purely physical lines of reasoning, has revealed a hypothesis which logically and comprehensively illuminates the varied and obscure phenomena of our satellite, the moon, and reconciles theory with the details revealed by the telescope. As Professor Gilbert fittingly remarked: 'The impact theory applies a single process to the entire series, correlating size variation with form variation in a rational way. It brings to light the history of a great cataclysm, whose results include the remodelling of vast areas, the flooding of crater cups, the formation of irregular *maria*, and the conversion of mere cracks to rills with flat bottoms. . . . In fine, it unites and organizes as a rational and coherent whole the varied strange appearances whose assemblage on our neighbor's face can not have been fortuitous.'

"Through the inconceivably gradual process of accretion the substances which were busied to form the moon's mass did not undergo fusion, consequently, the motive force for the initiation of volcanic processes was never present in our satellite. And even had molten lava underlaid the lunar crust, the absence there of gas in the dark *maria* went bail for the immunity of the moon against the ravages of volcanic fury. . . . . .

"Thus, meteors, or rather moonlets, act as protagonist to the solution of the lunar enigma —Rosetta stones by which we may comprehensively decipher the old-age lunar hieroglyphic and evoke a clear conception of what went before our tardy advent upon the scene of things cosmic."

Food-price Control

A Comparison of German and British Methods.

IT HAS so often been asserted that Germany has been efficient in all points of war organization that the world has come to accept it as a fact. In view of this it is interesting to find that in one respect where German efficiency was presumed to be especially high, the failure scored has been complete. This is in the matter of the control of food supplies and prices. Discussing this question Judson C. Welliver writes in *Munsey's Magazine*:

At the very beginning of the war, Germany, which is as essentially autocratic as England is democratic, promptly decided that the way to prevent high prices and scarcity was to compel those who had supplies to sell to those who had not, at prices that the latter could pay. Accordingly, orders were issued for fixing maximum prices on foodstuffs by local authorities throughout the country. The most drastic penalties were provided. A business establishment could be closed if it charged more than the maximum. Persons who possessed supplies of necessaries and refused to sell them at the fixed prices were to be severely punished.

Accounts of these rigorous procedures were sent to the United States, and not a few short-sighted people pointed to them as a proof of German efficiency and capacity for organization. As a matter of fact, however, they failed to work satisfactorily.

Maximum prices were not uniform throughout the country, being fixed by local authority. As a result, there was great inequality in distribution, because staples went to the markets where prices were highest, producing a glut in one place and scarcity in another. The glutted market invariably saw prices de-

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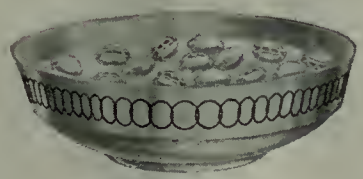
Toast used to be the grain-food when digestion was delicate. The scorching, perhaps, broke up half the food granules. But now it is whole-wheat—not part-wheat. And all the food cells are broken.

The same rule applies to well folks. Whole grains are far better than flour foods. And this puffing process — shooting from guns — makes all the whole-grain available.

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pressed, while the unsupplied market saw them advanced far above the maximum limit, which could not be enforced in such circumstances.

During the first three or four months of war, chaos reigned because of these conditions. Then the Government, realizing that it was unsatisfactory to prescribe prices for some staples unless all were included, and that retail prices cannot be governed unless wholesale prices are brought into line, undertook to establish a system by fixing the wholesale prices. Obviously, it is impossible to make bread cheap while flour is dear, or to make meat reasonable while live stock is held at fancy quotations.

Again, however, the scheme failed. The prices were not and could not be made uniform throughout Germany. Areas which possessed great quantities of certain staples were in some cases left with practically none of those staples to consume, because the goods were shipped away to places where higher prices could be realized. A dealer would sell grain or flour for fixed prices, but would manage to work in a commission, or an extra charge for bundling, for delivery, or some other service; so the scheme of fixing both wholesale and retail prices broke down.

Then the government determined to take over, at fixed prices, the whole national supply of wheat, oats, barley, and rye. The new method was put into operation at the beginning of 1915. It took half a year to build up a characteristically German scheme of control, operating down to the minutest detail. An army of clerks and controllers was employed; and yet the system had no sooner been put into general operation than it was discovered to be a failure. The food supply of the country was enmeshed in a tangle of red tape and burdened with the expense of a great corps of officialdom.

Moreover, neither producer nor consumer could be induced to give any moral support to the scheme. The man with money and an appetite would take any chance in order to please his tastes. The man with the supplies to sell invariably found a way of evading the law if he was tempted by the offer of excessive prices. In the last days of 1916 Herr van Batocki, head of the government food bureau, frankly admitted that the whole system had failed.

"Maximum prices without the simultaneous administration of supplies," he is reported as saying, "only keep food away from towns and industrial centers, leaving it entirely in the hands of producers and consumers in the vicinity."

Thus for two years Germany had devoted a stupendous amount of energy to solving the food question through government control, and had then had to confess the whole thing a failure. During all that time, it appears, nothing had been done to encourage producing under a proper application of the law of supply and demand.

It may be hard on the consuming public, but it is nevertheless a fact, as attested by all experience, that the one way to induce large production is to pay large prices. Germany has discovered this fact, but so late that she is probably paying a heavy penalty for her mistake.

In England, the people who are giving attention to this same set of problems find them to-day in just about the same stage as what Germany had to face two years ago. The blockade of German ports and the cutting off of supplies from Russia brought Germany very quickly to the state in which England and France are now beginning to find themselves.

Germany, before the war, was producing about seventy per cent. of her own food requirements. England was a good deal farther away from being self-supplied. But England retained, and still retains, the privilege of importing. Submarine activities, however, together with the withdrawal of shipping for military and naval purposes, have seriously reduced her capacity to import, and so Great Britain now confronts the necessity of inducing larger home production.

It is right here that the fundamental difference between the German and the British habit of thought becomes apparent. Germany is devoted to the idea that almost anything can be done by government regulation. The



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G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, March 12, 1917.

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Englishman traditionally believes in the largest liberty of the individual and the widest operation of the natural laws of trade. He wants to sell where he can sell for the best price, and buy where he can buy most cheaply; and he has no confidence in any other system.

So, while there is a good deal of talk about fixing maximum prices and compelling people to raise foodstuffs for those prices, the general British disposition is toward encouraging production by permitting prices that will stimulate it. There is a firm basis of conviction among English people that the best way to enforce economy of consumption is to permit prices to be high.

Germany tried the other plan, and just so far as regulation kept prices down, it frustrated the demand for economy. At the same time it discouraged the increase of production; for you may appeal to the patriotism of the farmer until you are black in the face, urging him that the national life depends on his getting up earlier in the morning, working later at night, bending his back more lustily to his task, and making his soil more fruitful; but he does not do it unless he sees a profit in it for him.

The English plan, then, is to interfere just as little as possible with the natural processes of distribution, and to let the producer produce at a stimulating profit. Indeed, the British government has gone so far as to promise the farmers that the price of wheat shall be high for the next six years. It has guaranteed that they shall receive at least sixty shillings per quarter—equivalent to a dollar and seventy-four cents per bushel—for all that they can raise this summer; and for five following seasons it gives the same guarantee at a figure gradually declining to forty-five shillings per quarter, or a dollar and thirty cents per bushel.

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ONE OF the most successful hotelmen in the world, E. M. Statler, tells in the *American Magazine* his ideas on success in keeping hotel. It is a long and extremely interesting argument for service and cheerfulness. It is impressed on every employee that he must always be obliging and courteous. That sums up the whole Statler policy.

In the course of his article Mr. Statler tells the following stories, which are well worth reprinting:

About three years ago one of the boys in our Cleveland house was called to the room of a Nashville, Tennessee,banker. The boy did what he was asked to do, and did it promptly and courteously. As he started to leave, the banker handed him a penny. Instead of showing pique or surprise, the boy quietly thanked the guest and went out, closing the door carefully.

Five minutes later the banker came rushing up to the desk.

"I just called a boy to my room," he exclaimed. "I want to see him again." The boy was sent for.

"A few minutes ago," said the banker, "I handed you a penny in my room. I thought it was a dime. It seemed to make no difference with you; if it had been a dollar you couldn't have been more courteous. Here, take this!" and he handed the boy a five-dollar bill.

This incident supports a fact that I try to impress on everyone who works for me, that constant courtesy and attention to little things bring them success.

I know a room clerk who got so interested in waiting on an alleged mining expert from Brazil that he overlooked some requests made by an unimportant-appearing guest who had taken a two-dollar-and-fifty-cent room. The next day the psuedo-mining expert had disappeared—leaving two empty trunks and a



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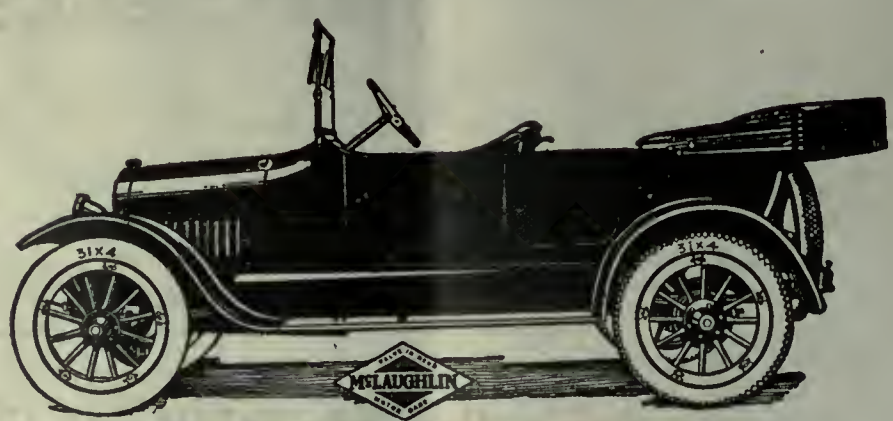
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worthless forty-dollar cheque, which he had cashed. That afternoon the other guest left for St. Louis, where he engaged as assistant manager of a hotel he was building a man whose name had appeared on his list of possibilities just below that of the clerk who had slighted him for the bogus mining expert.

Cheerful-faced attendants will make and hold custom for a hotel. A natural smile beats all the artificial decoration in the world. I can train and educate an ordinary fellow of good, amiable disposition, but I can't train a grouch. No one can.

Britain and America —A Comparison

Lord Northcliffe Deals With the Democratic Institutions of the Two Countries

THAT Britain has outstripped the United States in certain essential points is the fact very interestingly presented by Lord Northcliffe in the course of an article in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, addressed to the American people and headed "a friendly talk about your out-of-date government." He deals at length with the point that the average American thinks of Britain in terms of the past; and he scouts the idea that Britain to-day is a class-ruled kingdom.

I venture to say that the special financial burdens which have been laid on the Government at Washington by the movement toward Preparedness have not been passed on to the rich any more directly or immediately than has been the case with the present special financial burdens of the Government at London. In fact, I ask for information: Can you say that your national taxation for war-purposes really hits the rich as straight between the eyes as ours does?

We have not been content, however, with simply taxing the rich. We have also brought their business under an increasingly stringent public control. First the railways, then part of the shipping, then some of the coal-mines, then the rest of the coal-mines and the rest of the shipping have come under the hands of the Government and have been placed in a position in which they must do whatever the Government tells them to do and do it forthwith. This is not mere "regulation." It is an operative control, to be exercised to almost any degree to which the Government wishes to exercise it.

Now our railways and our ships and our coal-mines are our three strategic industries. We have made them the servants of the Government. The precedent has been set. Not everything that has been done during the war will remain; but the spirit which has made such things possible will largely remain; and our strategic industries, even after the war, will continue to have an immensely greater public national purpose than they ever had before.

As for the field of manufacture, some 5,000 factories have become "controlled establishments," subject in virtually every particular to the will of the Minister of Munitions; and from these factories, and also from thousands of other factories, the Government is buying its war-supplies at prices which are remarkably satisfactory; because, if they are not satisfactory, the Government goes in and fixes its own absolute calculations of the cost of production.

If you look at our industrial life to-day—railways, ships, mines, factories—you will see that even in the midst of war, when usually everything is lost sight of except the immediate need of victory in the field at all costs, we have gone far indeed, both by taxation and by public control, toward obliging capital to serve the Government justly and economically.

Labor, too, has been brought to serve the Government; but I ask you to notice a most significant fact about the way in which this has been done. People sometimes say that

EVEREADY DAYLO



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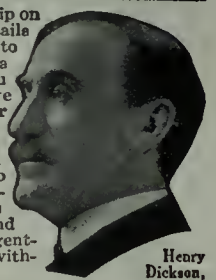
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Parliament, in the Munitions Act "abolished" the trade-union "restrictions" and the other trade-union "rules" and "practices" which might interfere with the rapid manufacture of war supplies. No such statement of the case is really accurate. What Parliament did in the Munitions Act in this respect was simply to put into formal law what had been done already by the trade-unions themselves through their representatives in the "Treasury Agreement" with Lloyd George. The trade-unions were not coerced. They surrendered their "restrictions" of their own free will. If any American thinks that the "aristocracy" which is supposed to govern this country can issue off-hand "orders" and "edicts" to the "common people," he should come and live here for a while. Even after the Munitions Act was passed, when the Government went on to apply it, we had a whole series of "special agreements," in trade after trade, signed by the Government and the employers and the trade-unions, fixing the precise methods by which the new "rules" and the new "practices," increasing output and admitting unskilled men and women into the trade, were to be introduced. From beginning to end the "abolishment" of the trade-union "restrictions" was really done by labor itself as a spontaneous sacrifice to Britain's cause.

Our national recognition of this sacrifice, our national recognition of labor's power either to make such a sacrifice or to withhold it, is seen in the prominence we have given to labor's representatives in the present Government. But we have recognized labor's power and labor's special needs, really, for many years. We had insurance against accidents to employees long before you had it in any of your states. We then installed insurance against sickness for virtually all working people and insurance against unemployment for large groups of working people. Neither of these last two measures have you yet adopted. You will doubtless adopt them in time, and you can learn much from the incidental mistakes we made in our first drafts of them. You are already discussing them and preparing to import the idea of them into the United States. You have not led us in such things. You are following us.

One reason for this is that with you, in the United States, labor remains swamped under the flood of lawyer-politicians. With us, in Great Britain, labor has emerged into public life with its own self-selected political representatives. Our system, I repeat, gives representation, real, personal, direct representation, to every important social group.

The great illustration of this fact was seen when Mr. Asquith's Goverment fell and Mr. Lloyd George was striving to assemble a new Government to take its place. The labor Parliamentary party met to decide whether or not it should permit its members to accept invitations to enter the new Government. That was the voice of labor itself, in Parliament, through trade-union members of Parliament, declaring labor's will. It was a critical time. The decision finally was favorable. Labor entered the new Government and shared in organizing it. Labor did not merely consent to the new Government. It helped to create it.

The important fact about the United States to-day for us Britons is not that it was first peopled by a certain number of settlers from England, but that it is, most seriously, a great progressive "democracy." The important fact about Great Britain to-day for you Americans is not that it was, to a certain extent, the first "mother country" of the United States, but that it also is a great progressive "democracy." Our respective institutions differ in method. We have a House of Lords. You have not. We have a labor party. You have not. You prefer to be governed by a numerical majority of all classes put together. We prefer to be governed, in essence, by groups. Yet look at the results! Both nations move in the same general direction of increased popular welfare—not slavish welfare—but welfare with liberty. I dare say you could point out certain matters in which you have outstripped us. I have ventured to point out certain matters — very important ones — in which, as it seems to me, we have outstripped you.

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The Gun Brand

Continued from page 41.

where his own tent showed white amid the smoke-blackened teepees of the Indians.

The thing, however, that caused him the greatest uneasiness was the suspicion that there was a leak in his system. How had MacNair known that he would be at Fort Rae? Why had he came down the Yellow Knife? And why had the two Indian scouts failed to report the man's coming? Only one of the Indians had returned at all, and his report that the other had been killed by one of MacNair's retainers had seemed unconvincing. However, Lapierre had accepted the story, but all through the days of the building he had secretly watched him. The man was one of his trusted Indians—so was the one he reported killed.

UPON the outskirts of the camp Lapierre halted—thinking. LeFroy had also watched—he must see LeFroy. Picking his way among the teepees, he advanced to his own tent. Groups of Indians and half-breeds, hunched about their fires, were eating supper. They eyed him respectfully as he passed, and in response to a signal, LeFroy arose and followed him to the tent.

Once inside, Lapierre fixed his eyes upon the bass canoeman.

"Well—you have watched Apaw—what have you found out?"

"Apaw—I'm t'ink she spik de trut'."

"Speak the truth—*hell!* Why didn't he get down here ahead of MacNair, then? What have I got spies for—to drag in after MacNair's gone and tell me he's been here?"

LeFroy shrugged. "MacNair's Injuns—dey com' pret' near catch Apaw—dey keel Stamix. Apaw, she got 'way by com' roun' by de Black Fox."

Lapierre nodded, scowling. He trusted LeFroy; and having recognized in him one as unscrupulous and nearly as resourceful and penetrating as himself, had placed him in charge of the canoemen, the men who, in the words of the leader, "kept cases on the north," and to whose lot fell the final distribution of the whisky to the Indians. But so, also, had he trusted the boasting, flaunting Vermilion.

"All right; but keep your eye on him," he said, smiling sardonically, "and you may learn a lesson. Now you listen to me. You are to stay here. Miss Elliston wants you for her chief trader. Make out your list of supplies—fill that storehouse up with stuff. She wants you to undersell the H. B. C.—and you do it. Get the trade in here—see? Keep your prices down to just below company prices, and then skin 'em on the fur—and—well, I don't need to tell you how. Give 'em plenty of debt and we'll fix the books. Pick out a half-dozen of your best men and keep 'em here. Tell 'em to obey Miss Elliston's orders; and whatever you do, keep cases on MacNair. But don't start anything. Pass the word out and fill up her school. Give her plenty to do, and keep 'em orderly. I'll handle the canoemen and pick up the fur, and then I've got to drop down the river and run in the supplies. I'll run in some rifles, and some of the *stuff*, too."



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LeFroy looked at chief in surprise.

"Vermilion — she got ten keg on de scow——" he began.

Lapierre laughed.

"Vermilion, eh? Do you know where Vermilion is?"

LeFroy shook his head.

"He's in hell—that's where *he* is—I dismissed him from my service. He didn't run straight. Some others went along with him—and there are more to follow. Vermilion thought he could double-cross me and get away with it." And again he laughed.

Lefroy shuddered and made no comment. Lapierre continued:

"Make out your list of supplies, and if I don't show up in the meantime, meet me at the mouth of the Slave three weeks from to-day. I've got to count days if I get back before the freeze up. And remember this—you are working for Miss Elliston; we've got a big thing if we work it right; we've got MacNair where we want him at last. She thinks he's running in whisky and raising hell with the Indians north of here. Keep her thinking so; and later, when it comes to a show-down—well, she is not only rich, but she's in good at Ottawa—see?"

LEFROY nodded. He was a man of few words, was LeFroy; dour and taciturn, but a man of brains, and one who stood in wholesome fear of his master.

"And now," continued Lapierre, "break camp and load the canoes. I must pull out to-night. Pick out your men and move 'em at once into the barracks. You understand everything now?"

"*Oui*," answered LeFroy, and stepping from the tent, passed swiftly from fire to fire, issuing commands in low guttural. Lapierre rolled a cigarette, and taking a guitar from its case, seated himself upon his blankets and played with the hand of a master as he sang a love-song of old France. All about him sounded the clatter of lodge-poles, the thud of packs, and the splashing of water as the big canoes were pushed into the river and loaded.

Presently LeFroy's head thrust in at the entrance. He spoke no word; Lapierre sang on, and the head was withdrawn. When the song was finished the sounds from the outside had ceased. Lapierre carefully replaced his guitar in its case, drew a heavy revolver from its holster, threw it open, and twirled the cylinder with his thumb, examining carefully its chambers. His brows drew together, and his lips twisted into a diabolical smile.

Lapierre was a man who took no chances. What was one Indian, more or less, beside the absolute integrity of his organization? He stepped outside, and instantly the guy-ropes of the tent were loosened; the canvas slouched to the ground and was folded into a neat pack. The blankets were made into a compact roll, with the precious guitar in the center and deposited in the head canoe. Lapierre glanced swiftly about him; nothing but the dying fires and the abandoned lodge-poles indicated the existence of the camp. On the shore the canoemen, leaning on their paddles, awaited the word of command.

HE STEPPED to the water's edge, where Apaw, the Indian, stood with the others. For just a moment the baleful eyes of Lapierre fixed the silent figure; then his words cut sharply upon the silence.

"Apaw—*Chahco yahkwa!*" The Indian advanced, evidently proud of having been singled out by the chief, and stood before him, paddle in hand. Lapierre spoke no word; seconds passed; the silence grew intense. The hand that gripped the paddle shook suddenly; and then, looking straight into the man's eyes, Lapierre drew his revolver and fired. There was a quick spurt of red flame—the sound of the shot rang sharp, and rang again as the opposite bank of the river hurled back the sound. The Indian pitched heavily forward and fell across his paddle, snapping it in two.

Lapierre glanced over the impassive faces of the canoemen.

"This man was a traitor," he said in their own language. "I have dismissed him from my service. Weight him and shove off!"

Lapierre stepped into his canoe. The canoemen bound heavy stones to the legs of the dead Indian, laid the body upon the camp equipage amidship, and silently took their places.

DURING the evening meal Chloe was unusually silent, answering Miss Penny's observations and queries in short, detached monosyllables. Later she stole out alone to a high, rocky headland that commanded a sweeping view of the river, and sat with her back against the broad trunk of a twisted banskian.

The long northern twilight hung about her like a pall — seemed enveloping, smothering her. No faintest breath of air stirred the piney needles above her, nor ruffled the surface of the river, whose black waters, far below, flowed broad and deep and silent—smoothly—like a river of oil. Ominously hushed, secretive, it slipped out of the motionless dark. Silently portentous, it faded again into the dark, the mysterious half-dark, where the gradually deepening twilight blended the distance into the enshrouding pall of gloom. Involuntarily the girl shuddered and started nervously at the splash of an otter. A billion mosquitoes droned their unceasing monotone. The low sound was everywhere—among the branches of the gnarled banskian, above the surface of the river, and on and on and on, to whine thinly between the little stars.

It was not at all the woman who would conquer a wilderness, that huddled in a dejected little heap at the foot of the banskian; but a very miserable and depressed little girl, who swallowed hard to keep down the growing lump in her throat, and bit her lip, and stared with wide eyes toward the southward. Hot tears — tears of bitter, heart-sickening loneliness—filled her eyes and trickled unheeded down her cheeks beneath the tightly drawn mosquito-net.

Darkness deepened, imperceptibly, surely foreshortening the horizon, and by just so much increasing the distance that separated her from her people.

"Poor fool moose-calf," she murmured, "you weren't satisfied to follow the beaten trails. You had to find a land of your own—a land that——"

THE whispered words trailed into silence, and to her mind's eye appeared the face of the man who had spoken those words—the face of Brute MacNair. She saw him as he stood that day and faced her among the freshly chopped stumps of the clearing.

"He is rough and bearlike—boorish," she thought, as she remembered that the man had not removed his hat in her presence. "He called me names. He is uncouth, cynical, egotistical. He thinks he can scare me into leaving his Indians alone." Her lips trembled and tightened. "I am a woman, and I'll show him what a women can do. He has lived among the Indians until he thinks he owns them. He is hard, and domineering, and uncompromising, and skeptical. And yet—" What gave her pause was so intangible, so chaotic, in her own mind as to form itself into no definite idea.

"He is brutish and brutal and bad!" she muttered aloud at the memory of Lapierre's battered face, and immediately fell to comparing the two men.

Each seemed exactly what the other was not. Lapierre was handsome, debonair, easy of speech, and graceful of movement; deferential, earnest, at times even pensive, and the possessor of ideals; generous and accommodating to a fault, if a trifle cynical; maligned, hated, discredited by the men who ruled the north, yet brave and infinitely capable—she remembered the swift fate of Vermilion.

His was nothing of the rugged candor of MacNair—the bluff straightforwardness that overrides opposition; ignores criticism. MacNair fitted the north—the big, brutal, insatiate north—the north of storms, of cold and fighting things; of foaming, roaring white-water and seething, blinding blizzards.

Chloe's glance strayed out over the river, where the farther bank showed only the serried sky-line of a wall of jet.

Lapierre was also of the north — the north as it is to-night; soft air, balmy with the incense of growing things; illusive dark, half concealing, half revealing, blurring distant outlines. A placid north, whose black waters flowed silent, smooth, deep. A benign and harmless north, upon its surface; and yet, withal, portentous of things unknown.

The girl shuddered and arose to her feet and, as she did so, from up the river —from the direction of the Indian camp —came the sharp, quick sound of a shot. Then silence—a silence that seemed unending to the girl who waited breathlessly, one hand grasping the rough bark of the gnarled tree, and the other shading her eyes as though to aid them in their effort to pierce the gloom.

A long time she stood thus, peering into the dark, and then, a dark form clove the black water of the river, and a long, black body slipped noiselessly toward her, followed by another, and another.

"The canoes!" she cried as she watched the sparkling starlight play upon the long V-shaped ripples that rolled back from their bows.

Once more the sense of loneliness almost overcame her. Pierre Lapierre was going out of the north.

She could see the figures of the paddlers, now—blurred, and indistinct, and unrecognizable—distinguishable more by the spaces that showed between them, than by their own outlines.

They were almost beneath her. Should she call out? One last *bon voyage?* The sound of a voice floated upward; a hard, rasping voice, unfamiliar, yet strangely familiar. In the leading canoe the Indians ceased paddling. The canoe lost momentum and drifted broadside to the current. The men were lifting something; something long, and dark. There was a muffled splash, and the dark object

disappeared. The canoemen picked up their paddles, and the canoe swung into its course and disappeared around a point. The other canoes followed; and the river rolled on as before—black—oily—sinister.

A BROAD cloud, black, threatening, which had mounted unnoticed by the girl, blotted out the light of the stars, as if to hide from alien eyes some unlovely secret of the wilds.

The darkness was real, now; and Chloe, in a sudden panic of terror dashed wildly for the clearing — stumbling — crashing through the bush as she ran; her way lighted at intervals by flashes of distant lightning. She paused upon the verge of the bank at the point where it entered the clearing; at the point where the wilderness crowded menacingly her little outpost of civilization. Panting, she stood and stared out over the smooth-flowing, immutable river.

A lightning flash, nearer and more vivid than any preceding, lighted for an instant the whole landscape. Then, the mighty crash of thunder, and the long, hoarse moan of wind, and in the midst of it, that other sound—the horrible sound that once before had sent her dashing breathless from the night—the demoniacal, mocking laugh of the great loon.

With a low, choking sob, the girl fled toward the little square of light that glowed from the window of her cabin.

CHAPTER IX.

ON SNARE LAKE.

WHEN Bob MacNair left Chloe Ellis-ton's camp, he swung around by the way of Mackay Lake, a detour that required two weeks' time and added immeasurably to the discomfort of the journey. Day by day, upon lake, river, and portage, Old Elk and Wee Johnnie Tamarack wondered much at his silence and the unwonted hardness of his features.

These two Indians knew MacNair. For ten years, day and night, they had stood at his beck and call; had followed him through all the vast wilderness that lies between the railways and the frozen sea. They had slept with him, had feasted and starved with him, at his shoulder faced death in a hundred guises, and they loved him as men love their God. They had followed him during the lean years when, contrary to the wishes of his father, the stern-eyed factor at Fort Norman, he had refused the offers of the company and devoted his time, winter and summer, to the explorations of rivers and lakes, rock ridges and mountains, and the tundra that lay between, in search of the lost copper mines of the Indians; the mines that lured Hearne into the north in 1771, and which Hearne forgot in the discovery of a fur empire so vast as to stagger belief.

But, as the canoe forged northward, Old Elk and Wee Johnnie Tamarack held their peace, and when they arrived at the fort, MacNair growled an order, and sought his cabin beside the wall of the stockade.

A half hour later, when the Indians had gathered in response to the hurried word of Old Elk and Wee Johnnie Tamarack, MacNair stepped from his cabin and addressed them in their own language, or rather in the jargon—the compromise language of the north—by means of which the minds of white men and In-



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dians meet on common ground. He warned them against Pierre Lapierre, the cultus breed of whom most of them already knew, and he told them of the girl and her school at the mouth of the Yellow Knife. And then, in no uncertain terms, he commanded them to have nothing whatever to do with the school, or with Lapierre. Whereupon, Sotenah, a leader among the young men, arose, and after a long and flowery harangue in which he lauded and extolled the wisdom of MacNair and the benefits and advantages that accrued to the Indians by reason of his patronage, vociferously counseled a summary descent upon the fort of the *Mesahchee Kloochman.*

The proclamation was received with loud acclaim, and it was with no little difficulty that MacNair succeded in quieting the turbulence and restoring order. After which he rebuked Sotenah severely and laid threat upon the Indians that if so much as a hair of the white *kloochman* was harmed he would kill, with his own hand the man who wrought the harm.

As for Pierre Lapierre and his band, they must be crushed and driven out of the land of the lakes and the rivers, but the time was not yet. He, MacNair, would tell them when to strike, and only if Lapierre's Indians were found prowling about the vicinity of Snare Lake were they to be molested.

The Indians dispersed and, slinging a rifle over his shoulder, MacNair swung off alone into the bush.

BOB MACNAIR knew the north; knew its lakes and its rivers, its forests and its treeless barrens. He knew its hardships, dangers and limitations, and he knew its gentler moods, its compensations, and its possibilities. Also, he knew its people, its savage primitive children, who call it home, and its invaders—good, and bad, and worse than bad. The men who infest the last frontier, pushing always northward for barter, or the saving of souls.

He understood Pierre Lapierre, his motives and his methods. But the girl he did not understand, and her presence on the Yellow Knife disturbed him not a little. Had chance thrown her into the clutches of Lapierre? And had the man set about deliberately to use her school as an excuse for the establishment of a trading post within easy reach of his Indians? MacNair was inclined to believe so—and the matter caused him grave concern. He foresaw trouble ahead, and a trouble that might easily involve the girl who, he felt, was entirely innocent of wrongdoing.

His jaw clamped hard as he swung on and on through the scrub. He had no particular objective, a problem faced him and, where other men would have sat down to work its solution, he walked.

In many things was Bob MacNair different from other men. Just and stern beyond his years, with a sternness that was firmness rather than severity; slow to anger, but once his anger was fairly aroused, terrible in meting out his vengeance. Yet, withal, possessed of an understanding and a depth of sympathy, entirely unsuspected by himself, but which enshrined him in the hearts of his Indians, who, in all the world were the men and women who knew him.

Even his own father had not understood this son, who devoured books as ravenously as his dogs devoured salmon. Again

Relaxing the Tension with a good Gillette Shave

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Give us a chance to prove to you that you can make money by working our plan.

Hundreds of men and women in Canada are making splendid salaries by working for us a few hours each day. Why not learn all about it? If your regular position isn't producing enough money to take care of a few added luxuries—our plan will fit in splendidly, giving you as much extra money as your spare time will allow for. The more time you devote to the plan the more money you can make. To learn all about it—drop us a Post Card—back to you by return mail will come full particulars. This will not obligate you in any way. Simply say, "Send me full particulars of your money-making plan."

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and again he remonstrated with him for wasting his time when he might be working for the company. Always the younger man listened respectfully, and continued to read his books and to search for the lost mines with a determination and singleness of purpose that aroused the secret approbation of the old Scotchman, and the covert sneers and scoffings of others.

AND THEN, after four years of fruitless search, at the base of a ridge that skirted the shore of an unmapped lake, he uncovered the mouth of an ancient tunnel with rough-hewn sides and a floor that sloped from the entrance. Imbedded in the slime on the bottom of a pool of stinking water, he found curious implements, rudely chipped from flint and slate, and a few of bone and walrus ivory. Odd-shaped, half-finished tools of hammered copper were strewn about the floor, and the walls were thickly coated with verdigris. Instead of the sharp ring of steel on stone, a dull thud followed the stroke of his pick, and its scars glowed with a red luster in the flare of the smoking torches.

Old Elk and Wee Johnnie Tamarack looked on in stolid silence, while the young man, with wildly beating heart, crammed a pack-sack with samples. He had found the ancient mine—the lost mine of the Indians which men said existed only in the fancy of Bob MacNair's brain! Carefully sealing the tunnel, the young man headed for Fort Norman; and never did Old Elk and Wee Johnnie Tamarack face such a trail! Down the raging torrent of the Coppermine, across the long portage to the Dismal Lakes, and then by portage and river to Dease Bay, across the two hundred miles of Great Bear Lake, and down the Bear River to their destination.

Seven hundred long miles they covered, at a man-killing pace that brought them into the fort, hollow-eyed and gaunt, and with their bodies swollen and raw from the sting of black flies and mosquitoes that swarmed through the holes in their tattered garments.

The men wolfed down the food that was set before them by an Indian woman, and then, while Old Elk and Wee Johnnie Tamarack slept, the chief trader led Bob MacNair to the grave of his father.

"'Twas his heart, lad, or somethin' busted inside him," exclaimed the old man. "After supper it was, two weeks agone. He was sittin' i' his chair wi' his book an' his pipe, an' me in anither beside him. He gi' a deep sigh, like, an' his book fell to the ground and his pipe. When I got to him his head was leant back ag'in' his chair—and he was dead."

BOB MACNAIR nodded, and the chief trader returned to the store, leaving the young man standing silent beside the fresh-turned mound with its rudely fashioned wooden cross, that stood among the other grass-grown mounds whose wooden crosses, with their burned inscriptions, were weather-grayed and old. For a long time he stood beside the little crosses that lent a solemn dignity to the rugged heights of Fort Norman.

It cannot be said that Bob MacNair had loved his father, in the generally accepted sense of the world. But he had admired and respected him above all other men, and his first thought upon the discovery of the lost mine was to vindicate his course in the eyes of this stern, just man who had so strongly advised against it.

For the opinion of others he cared not the snap of his fingers. But, to read approval in the deep-set eyes of his father, and to hear the deep, rich voice of him raised, at last, in approbation, rather than reproach, he had defied death and pushed himself and his Indians to the limit of human endurance. And he had arrived too late. The bitterness of the young man's soul found expression only in a hardening of the jaw and a clenching of the mighty fists. For, in the heart of him, he knew that in the future, no matter what the measure of the world might be, always, deep within him would rankle the bitter disappointment—the realization that this old man had gone to his grave believing that his son was a fool and a wastrel.

Slowly he turned from the spot and, with heavy steps, entered the post-store. He raised the pack that contained the samples from the floor, and walking to the verge of the high cliff that overlooked the river, hurled it far out over the water, where it fell with a dull splash that was drowned in the roar of the rapid.

"Ye'll tak' charge here the noo, laddie?" asked McTurk, the grizzled chief trader, the following day when MacNair had concluded the inspection of his father's papers. "'Twad be what *he'd* ha' counseled!"

"No," answered the young man shortly, and, without a word as to the finding of the lost mine, hurried Old Elk and Wee Johnnie Tamarack into a canoe and headed southward.

A MONTH later the officers of the Hudson Bay Company in Winnipeg gasped in surprise at the offer of young MacNair to trade the broad acres to which his father had acquired title in the wheat belt of Saskatchewan and Alberta for a vast tract of barren ground in the subarctic. They traded gladly, and when the young man heard that his dicker had earned for him the name of Fool MacNair in the conclave of the mighty, he smiled—and bought more barrens.

All of which had happened eight years before Chloe Elliston defied him among the stumps of her clearing, and in the interim much had transpired. In the heart of his barrens he built a post and collected about him a band of Indians who soon learned that those who worked in the mines had a far greater number of brass tokens of "made beaver" to their credit than those who had trapped fur.

To be continued.

Putting the "Pep" in Parliament

Continued from page 38.

can be dealt with by simple amendments in the Parliamentary rules. But how about the general business of the House? How to expedite that? Having shifted supply to a standing committee, and limited the debate on the address to one day and the budget debate to three days, what is the next step? Give the House regular hours—begin at ten in the morning and stop at six in the afternoon. No adjournment for lunch. Let the House work on till it adjourns. This is partly the practice in the British House of Commons which meets at three in the afternoon and rises as may be, but pays no official heed to the dinner hour, on the ground, no doubt, that he who serves the state is not supposed to stop to eat. However, the wise people do go out to eat about six p.m. and remain away, say, until half past eight, at which time the wisdom of the House begins to flock back again. Meanwhile the bores and young beginners have had a fine old time for two hours and a half.

There is no reason why the Parliament of Canada shouldn't have hours of its own. British practice we can follow so far as ignoring lunch hours. The time period I have suggested, from ten in the morning to six in the evening—has many advantages. In the first place it means breakfast at eight, which is about the time the average member of Parliament takes it when he is at home. Breakfast at eight means rise at seven, which means go to bed at eleven. An eight-hour working day, with the evening for recreation. It makes for health, clear thinking and labor zest. Ottawa has killed many a farmer legislator by upsetting his regular way of life. Lie-abed habits, late hours, too much food, too many cigars, too little exercise—what do these spell but Bright's disease?

Ten to six—and this is important—is also a favorite time period for the newspapers. The evening papers will get all the news they want in the shape of committee meetings and the morning proceeding of the House, while the morning papers will take care of the statesmen who speak late in the afternoon. Thus everything and everybody in Parliament will get their due share of publicity. In fact ten to six is the ideal time-period whichever way you look at it—health or convenience. Regular hours and regular habits will show results in clearer thinking on the part of the members. Besides it will bring Parliament in closer communion with the mass of the people to stop work with the daylight and go to bed at the same time as other Christians.

THE NEXT means of putting the "pep" in Parliament is the judicious use of the closure. This mighty weapon is seldom drawn—the Dreadnought debate is the last instance I can remember—but it ought to be employed oftener. No futile clamor about free speech should prevent the Government of the day from knocking babble on the head with this big club of theirs. The Mother of Parliaments, the British House of Commons, does it right along and there is no reason to suspect that free speech is less loved in Britain than it is in Canada. It is true the Opposition may rage, but it's a safe bet that, once the Opposition has become the Government, it will not put such a useful instrument as the closure up on a high shelf where they can't get at it.

The closure should be used *en bloc*, so to speak, and in detail. By closure *en bloc*, I mean closure in the large—fixing a time limit for each debate, just as the British Parliament does with Home Rule debates and other important matters.



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Closure in detail would mean a time-limit to the discussion of each clause or group of clauses so that no one phase of the support would be disproportionately discussed.

Another form of closure would apply to the members of Parliament—I mean a time-limit on speeches. In the United States Congress there is a five-minute time-limit on speeches. If a member waits to speak half an hour he must collect five minutes each from five other members or stick to his limit. If he wants to debate at great length he gets "leave to print"—that is, to spread his long speech on the Congressional Record, which corresponds to our Hansard, where it looks just as well to the folks back home as if he had actually spoken it. A stock anecdote is that a member once abused this privilege to put the whole of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" on the book, but that danger could be met by making a rule that "leave to print" speeches should not exceed ten thousand words.

Ten thousand words are plenty. They represent fifty minutes rapid speaking by an orator as onrushing, say, as R. B. Bennett. It ought to be enough for anybody. Five thousand words would be better. It is surprising how much one can say in five thousand words. This article does not exceed that number and it aims to cover the subject fairly well. It might read better, perhaps, if I boiled it to three thousand words. The editor may do that anyway. Who knows?

ALL THE suggestions I make tend toward brevity. Brevity, as we remarked before, is the soul of wit, and the wit is the "pep" which we must get into Parliament. It is largely a matter of condensation. The drift of the times is that way. In the eighteenth century, Pitt, Burke, Fox, the giant debaters of their day, were long-distance performers. Strong and hardy as that age was, Burke's monumental orations used to empty the House. Grand as their speeches were the British House of Commons would not stand for them to-day, when the style, even for the gravest deliverances, is a sort of enhanced colloquial and the time taken even by front benchers is rarely more than three-quarters of an hour.

Similarly there was a time in the Canadian Parliament when five, six, seven and even eight-hour speeches were considered good form. Before a speaker got fairly launched on his subject he had to clean up everything, including his own personal and party grudges, between Lord Durham's report and Confederation, from which point he progressed by easy stages to the case in hand. Those two hearty old Fathers of Confederation, Sir Richard Cartwright and Sir Charles Tupper, were great hands for doing that same. Indeed, it was a general failing of their contemporaries. There are some magnificent Philippics in Hansard by Edward Blake and the old masters of debate, but not one, to my mind, that would not be improved by being cut in two. Those old fellows did not speak so much as march around and around with banners and trumpets.

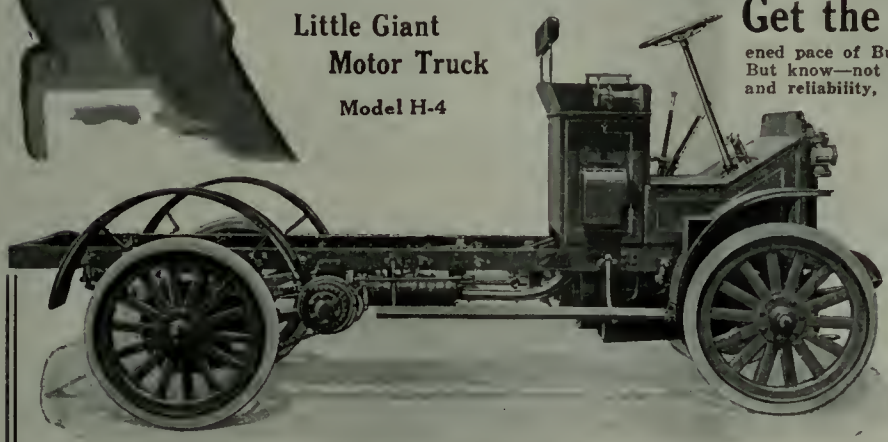
Roughly speaking this habit of prolixity continued down to 1896, when it perished through the disappearance of its chief supporters from this earthly scene. When they died out it seems that long-winded babies ceased to be born. It is true that when I first joined the Press



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But know—not only that you are getting a motor truck of reputation and reliabiiity, but one which meets exactly the peculiar requirements and difficulties of the country where you haui. Thia means that it is unwise to pin your faith entirely to one style of truck or finai drive. In some places Worm Drive is most efficient—in others, Chain Drive. Select your truck according to your needs. Let the Little Giant "Help-the-Owner" Department help you.

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Gallery in 1899 there were a few old-timers who still dripped declamation both dreary and long, but they survived feebly and if the tomb did not swallow them quickly enough they were buried in the Senate.

WITH one notable exception—George Graham's speech on the National Transcontinental Railway Commission report—the eight-hour speech never bobbed up again. The last previous speech of that kind I heard fourteen years ago, when Sir Hibbert Tupper unbosomed himself to that extent on the Yukon Scandal. I don't know what people thought about the Yukon scandal, but, as Sir Hibbert was defeated at the next general election, it looked as if public taste had set in against eight-hour speeches.

Life becomes more complicated. The pressure of the age, the high cost of living and like matters conspire to make us do more and talk less. This partly explains the growing tendency of Parliament to cut out the chatter and get down to brass tacks. Partly, but not altogether. Much is due to conspicuous examples. Even when the old turgid school of debate was still in vogue, John Charlton supplied a model of terseness and force. John Charlton believed in short speeches. His remarks always read like carefully edited magazine copy. He was, for style and trenchancy, the nearest we had to John Morley. His reputation still persists as one of the clearest, concisest, and most effective speakers that ever graced our House of Commons.

FINANCE MINISTER FIELDING did a lot to push the good work along when he introduced two-hour budget speeches. Before the Liberals went out of office Mr. Fielding had cut it down to an hour. When Sir Thomas White came in he improved on a good example by making it three-quarters of an hour. Only the other day he achieved perfection and the sincere thanks of the Press Gallery by trimming the budget another fifteen minutes. A half-hour budget — Sir Thomas holds the record.

Indeed, brevity is a habit with all the front benchers. They do it for two reasons—it enlivens their style and it gives them a better chance to get into the newspapers. Brevity is carried to the extreme by the Hon. Frank Cochrane, who considers himself garrulous if he trespasses on his fifth minute. The Hon. Charles Doherty, on the other hand, sticks to the old ambling circumlocutious methods. Mr. Doherty's explanations are notoriously twice as long as the original trouble. If, when Mr. Doherty was a Judge, he imposed sentences as long as he delivers in Parliament, it must have always been a case of life imprisonment. Mr. Doherty puts a strain on syntax with his long sentences, which a Minister of Justice should avoid. There are, so I understand, four hundred million subjects in the British Empire, and yet Mr. Doherty frequently has trouble finding a single predicate. All this would remedy itself if Mr. Doherty strove to be brief, as his colleagues are now doing.

Needless to say Sir Wilfrid Laurier is in the fashion. His best speeches are not now more than an hour long. In fact the front benchers on both sides make it their business to say it short, but say it well. The back benchers, of course, are not so advanced. It is still a habit with them to make their speeches twice as long as they ought to be by using the last half of a sentence to deny what they said in the first half.

After the war I look forward to a great revival of candor which will do as much to put "pep" in Parliament as new rules for brevity. There will be a readjustment of parties. The issues—mainly tariff ones—will not be new, perhaps, but they will be alive with a new urgency due to our financial conditions and our war burdens. Men will not be afraid of their opinions any longer. They will speak out because necessity compels. The truth will be more popular than it is to-day—and the truth always makes for brisk debating.

Summer Travel in Canada

Continued from page 42.

IN FACT, the variety offered is so great that the matter of selecting where to spend the vacation is a difficult one. In order to assist in the selection MACLEAN'S has gathered and presents herewith complete information with reference to the better known summer resorts.

NOVA SCOTIA.

CHIEF RESORTS:

Halifax, Digby, Wolfville, Grand Pre, Kentville.

HOW REACHED:

Via St. John and Digby and the Bay of Fundy, situated along line of Dominion Atlantic Railway.

HOTELS:

Digby—10 hotels and boarding houses with accommodation for 1,600 visitors. Rates from $1.50 per day up—$7.00 per week and up.

Wolfville—15 hotels and boarding houses with accommodation for 300 visitors. Rates range from $1.00 up daily to $3.50 per week and up.

Grand Pre—5 hotels and boarding houses with accommodation for 50. Rates from $1.00 daily to $3.50 weekly and up.

Kentville—4 hotels with accommodation for 125 visitors. Rates from $1.00 daily to $6.00 weekly and up.

RECREATION:

Surf bathing, swimming, sailing, tennis, driving, riding, fishing and hunting in season.

OTHER ATTRACTIONS:

Historically very interesting, being the scene of the expulsion of the Acadians, immortalized by Longfellow's poem—Evangeline.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Situated in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Prince Edward Island is separated from the shores of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia by the Strait of Northumberland. "The Island" is in summer a garden of perfect beauty fanned by cooling breezes from the ocean, with mile after mile of sandy beaches.

Numerous trout streams furnish sport for the angler, and deep sea fishing is easily obtainable. In season brant, wild geese, plover, snipe, woodcock and other game birds are plentiful.

Accommodation for summer visitors is provided by numerous hotels, bungalows, private homes and farm houses at reasonable rates.

BRAS D'OR LAKE—CAPE BRETON.

Cape Breton is a large island wherein are other isles innumerable. Its chief attraction is the Bras d'Or, an inland salt-water sea.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

CHIEF RESORTS:

St. Andrews-by-the-Sea.

HOW REACHED:

126 miles from St. John, 440 miles from Montreal. Reached via Canadian Pacific through car service from Montreal.

HOTELS:

Algonquin—New fireproof structure erected and operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway. 200 rooms available for guests. Rates $5.00 per day and up. American plan.

RECREATION:

Sea bathing in Sheltered Katie's Cove. Perfect 18-hole golf course swept by the breeze from the ocean. Tennis, lawn bowls, sailing, rowing, driving, motoring, riding, etc.

QUEBEC.

CHIEF RESORTS:

In Laurentian Mountains, Shawbridge, St. Marguerite, Ste. Agathe, St. Jovite, Mont Tremblant, Val, Morin, Laurentide National Park.

HOW REACHED:

Situated north of Montreal on the Mont Laurier sub-division of the Canadian Pacific. Laurentide National Park reached by Canadian Northern.

HOTELS:

Shawbridge—4 hotels. Accommodation for 50. Rates $1.00 daily—$7.00 weekly up.

St. Marguerite—6 hotels. Accommodation 175. Rates $1.00 daily up—$7.00 weekly up.

Ste. Agathe—5 hotels. Accommodation 120. Rates from $2.00 per day—$16.50 weekly and up.

St. Jovite—3 hotels. Rates $2.00 daily and up.

Mont Tremblant—4 hotels and boarding houses. Accommodation for 100. Rates from $2.00 daily up—$10.00 weekly up.

Val Morin—2 hotels. Accommodation for 74 guests. $2.50 per day and up. American plan.

Laurentide National Park — Laurentide House, $2.00 daily. American plan.

RECREATION:

The high altitude and the myriad of hill-girt lakes make the Laurentians ideal for recreations, such as canoeing, swimming, fishing, hunting, rowing and tennis. There is a golf course at St. Marguerite.

LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

CHIEF RESORTS:

Riviere du Loup, Cacowna, Bic, Rimouski, Matane, Metis Beach, La Baie de Chaleur, Gaspe, Perce, New Richmond, New Carlisle.

HOW REACHED:

By Canadian Government Railways via Quebec or St. John.

HOTEL ACCOMMODATION:

Hotels and boarding houses at all points. Range of rates, $1.00 daily up.

RECREATIONS:

Fishing, hunting, boating, bathing.

ONTARIO

CHIEF RESORTS:

Muskoka Lakes, Rideau Lakes, Algonquin Park, Lake of Bays, Timagami, Thirty Thousand Islands and Point au Baril, Maganetewan River, Kawartha Lakes,

Nipissing and French River, Lake Maginaw Highlands, Lake of Woods, Nipigon Forest Reserve and Quatico Park.

W REACHED:

Muskoka Lakes—Fare from Toronto $5.10 return to Bala. Reached through Grand Trunk to Muskoka Wharf 112 miles north of Toronto or via Gravenhurst and Bracebridge; through Bala on the Toronto and Sudbury line of the C.P.R.; through Canadian Northern.

Rideau Lakes—Via Smith's Falls on C.P.R.; to Portland and Chaffing's Locks by C.N.R., Toronto to former point, $9.95 return.

Algonquin Park—On G.T.R. and on C.N.R. via Ottawa.

Lake of Bays—On G.T.R. via Huntsville, 145 miles north of Toronto.

Timagami—On G.T.R. and T. & N.O., 300 miles north of Toronto.

Thirty Thousand Islands and Point au Baril—Reached by G.T.R. via Midland or Penetang and Northern Navigation Steamships; by C.P.R. to Point au Baril.

Magnetewan River—Reached by G.T.R. via Burk's Falls and by boat up the river. Lies between Muskoka Lakes and Lake Nipissing.

Kawartha Lakes—Eastern portion is reached via Peterboro and Lakefield on G.T.R., embarkation at latter point for trip up Stony Lake; via Peterboro and Bobcaygeon on C.P.R.

Nipissing and French River—Reached from North Bay on G.T.R.; and from French and Bigwood stations on C.P.R., Toronto-Sudbury line.

Lake Mazinaw Highlands—Reached over 35 miles motor road from Tweed or carriage road from Kaladar on Canadian Pacific Peterboro line.

Lake of Woods—Reached via Kenora on C.P.R. main line between Fort William and Winnipeg.

Nipigon Forest Reserve—At Orient Bay 100 miles east of Port Arthur, reached via C.N.R.

Quetico Park—Via C.N.R.

OTELS:

Muskoka Lakes—A myriad of hotels and boarding houses dot the lakes too numerous to mention. A place may be found to fit every purse, from $7.00 a week upward to $3.00 daily and up, Royal Muskoka Hotel, American plan.

Rideau Lakes—Good hotel accommodation at points on lakes. Well conducted hostelry at Jones Falls and four first-class hotels at Kingston.

Algonquin Park—Hotel accommodation, including log cabin camp hotels, is modern and first class in every respect. Rates, American plan, from $19.00 per week up.

Lake of Bays—Modern summer hotels and boarding houses. Rates, American plan, $7.00 to $30.00.

Timagami—Hotel rates from $2.50 per day up. American plan.

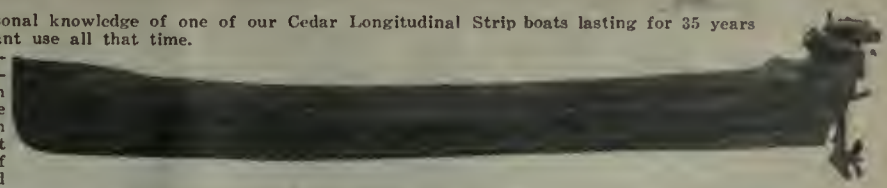
Thirty Thousand Islands — Hotel and boarding house rates, $8.00 to $22.00 per week, American plan.

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Magnetewan River—Hotel and boarding house rates, $6.00 to $12.00 per week, American plan.

Kawartha Lakes—Fourteen hotels at Bobcaygeon. Accommodation for 327. Rates $1.00 daily, $7.00 weekly and up. Seven hotels at Lindsay, accommodation for 280. Rates, $1.50 daily and up. Six

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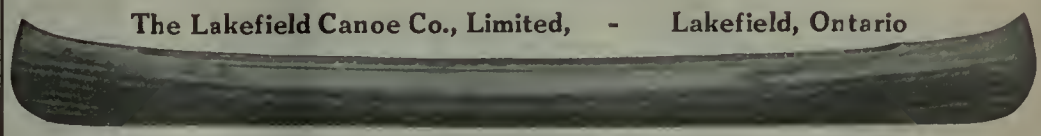


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Lake Mazinaw Highlands—Bon Echo Inn on Lake Mazinaw, 2,000 feet above sea level; $2.50 per day, $12.00 per week up.

Nipigon Forest Reserve—The rates at the "Lodge" are $3.50 per day, American plan. Application for reservations should be made to the manager, Prince Arthur Hotel, Port Arthur, Ont.

Quetico Park—There is no hotel accommodation here, but there are excellent facilities for camp sites.

RECREATIONS:

The foregoing comprises the principal of Ontario's Lakelands, and each and all are provided in a more or less degree with facilities for bathing, swimming, tennis, canoeing, sailing, fishing, riding, driving, motoring. There is a golf course at Royal Muskoka on the Muskoka Lakes.

CANADIAN ROCKIES.

CHIEF RESORTS:

Mount Robson and Jasper Parks, Banff, Lake Louise (in the Rocky Mountain National Park); Field, Glacier (in Glacier Park); Sicamous, Revelstoke (in Revelstoke National Park).

HOW REACHED:

Jasper and Mount Hobson Parks are reached by main line of G.T.P. transcontinental line and by C.N.R.; other points reached over C.P.R. main line. Through trains, with compartment observation cars, standard sleepers, parlor cars and perfect dining service.

HOTELS:

Jasper Park camp opens about June 15th, and accommodation includes both individual sleeping tents with good board floors, and a large dining and recreation building equipped with a broad open log fire place. Rates are $3.00 per day, American plan. Special rates for conventions or tourist parties.

Banff—Canadian Pacific Banff Springs Hotel; 350 rooms from $2.00 up, European plan. Open May 15th to Oct. 15th. Eight other hotels with accommodation for 750 guests. Rates from $2.00 up, American plan.

Lake Louise—Canadian Pacific Chateau Lake Louise; 365 rooms from $2.00 per day and up, European plan. Open June 1st to October 15th. Also small inn at Station. Accommodation for 25. Rates, $2.75 per day and up, American plan.

Field, B. C.—Canadian Pacific Mount Stephen House, at station. Accommodation for 65. Rates, $4.00 per day up, American plan. Emerald Lake Chalet, 7 miles from Field. Accommodation for 16. Rates, $4.00 per day and up. Open June 15th to September 30th. Also Yoho Valley Camp, 11 miles from Field, $4.00 per day and up.

Glacier, B.C.—Canadian Pacific Glacier House. Accommodation for 90 guests. Rates, $4.00 per day and up, American plan. Open June 1st to October 15th.

Sicamous, B.C.—Canadian Pacific Hotel Sicamous. Accommodation for 60. Rates, $3.50 up, American plan.

Revelstoke, B.C.—An excellent hotel is located at station from which can be explored the beauties of Revelstoke National Park.

RECREATIONS:

Mount Robson and Jasper Park—This great reserve comprises four thousand

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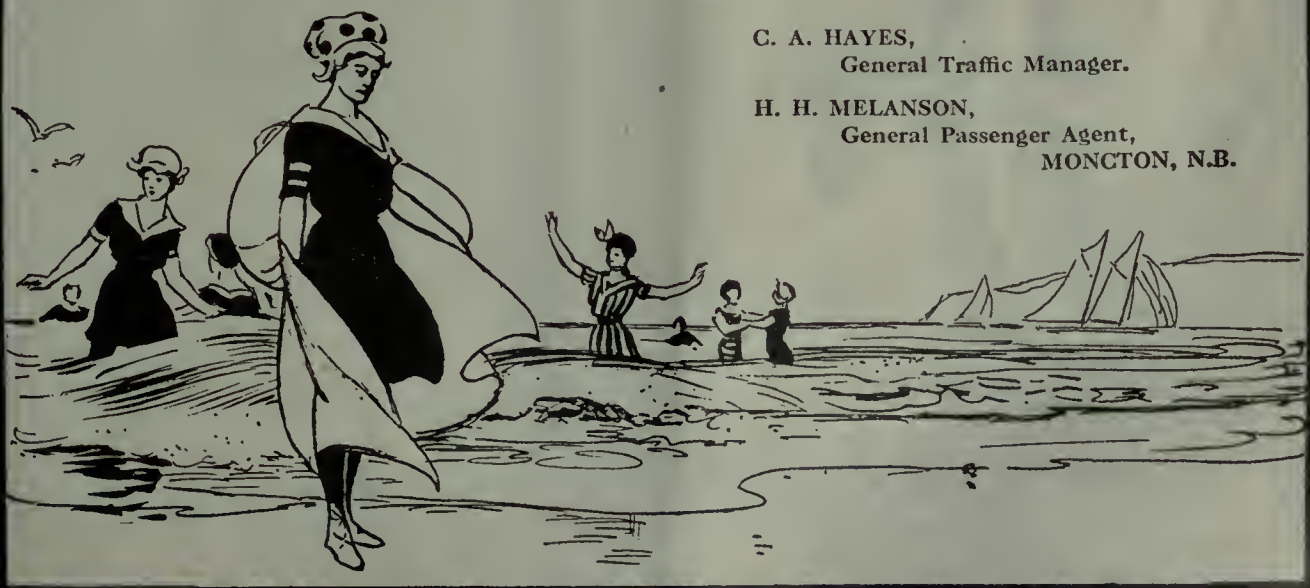
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Revelstoke—Headquarters for Revelstoke National Park. Motor road to top of Mount Revelstoke. Fishing and hunting in vicinity.

PACIFIC COAST.

CHIEF RESORTS:

Vancouver and Victoria.

HOW REACHED:

Vancouver—Pacific Coast terminus of C.P.R. main transcontinental line.

Victoria—Situated on Vancouver Island, reached by Canadian Pacific coast steamers across Puget Sound.

HOTELS:

Vancouver—Canadian Pacific Hotel, Vancouver; 650 rooms from $2.00 per day and up. European plan; 26 other hotels. Accommodation for over 4,000. Rates, $1.00 per day up, European plan.

Victoria—Canadian Pacific Empress Hotel; 320 rooms from $2.00 per day and up, European plan; 14 other hotels. Accommodation 2,600 guests. Rates from $1.00 up per day, European plan.

RECREATION:

Vancouver—Golf, tennis, motoring, fishing, hunting, swimming, rowing, sailing, riding, driving and the beautiful scenery of Stanley Park and Capilano Canyon.

Victoria—Two excellent golf courses, tennis, the finest motor drives in Canada, sailing, canoeing, swimming, rowing, fine fishing and hunting. The climate is so equable in Victoria that it is a popular all-year resort.

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A wonderful 9-day round trip from Vancouver to Alaska on the Canadian Pacific coast steamers.

At Lake O'Calling

Continued from page 29.

'Suzon!" he said, and fell back and was ll —forever.

S he entered, the Young Doctor gave one glance at the body of Christopher lmour, the vanished money-master. en, with a kindly pressure of the hand the bereaved nephew, whose grief was t forced, though he was heir to all the ad man's wealth, he passed into the m where Nancy James lay.

He found the girl in a high fever, and eathing hard. He touched the burning in of her face, felt her pulse, and proeded to undo the soft night-dress which owed so white against the flushed face d burning neck.

"Is it pneumonia?" Lisbon James ked, standing at the other side of the d, with a face tragic in its rigid calm.

The Young Doctor nodded. He bared e girl's bosom, and drew the linen down, that he could put the stethoscope to r side. As he laid his ear to it, his eyes w something which made him start, a th-mark like a star upon the hot, red sh, showing almost white, like a lily-the-valley on crimson silk.

He raised himself slowly, and met the es of Lisbon James. They tried to look him steadily; but presently they fal-ed, and a look of appealing came into em.

The Young Doctor gazed at Lisbon mes, yet not altogether seeing. He was holding a scene of twenty years ago—a man's face turned at a doorway, a man's face on a pillow, a child lying side the figure on the bed.

For a moment he was lost in contemlation of that scene, far and away be-nd Lisbon James, so far behind; then pulled himself together with a sharp termination, and gave attention to the l to whom Lake o'Calling, which she ed so well, had been unkind this day.

When he had done what was imperae, and had prepared her medicine, ranged her treatment, and swiftly made record-sheet of the case for the wall hind the bed, leaving the old French man servant to look after her, he went o a little room adjoining, where Lisbon mes was preparing with unusual deftss for a man, the needed fomentans.

ISBON JAMES did not look up as he entered; but conscious of his esence, bent over the work in hand with creased attention.

He sat down opposite the table where sbon James was busy. His eyes travelled over the slip, loosely-garbed figure, nd a quizzical smile flickered for a moent at his lips.

"This is a long way from Gaspe," he id.

Lisbon James started, but did not meet s gaze.

"I was in Gaspe twenty-two years ago," e Young Doctor added. "I had my st important case in Gaspe."

There was no response; only a slow ush fading to an excessive whiteness in sbon James' face, showed that his words ld.

"It was a beautiful, wild spot. I had st come across the sea from Ireland, to art life after my graduation. I had orked hard, and I was idling where the



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fishing was good—in Gaspe. Ah, it was a beautiful, wild, lonely spot! The nearest doctor besides myself was thirty miles away. That was how I had my first case there on the hill above the little fishing village on the St. Lawrence. You remember!"

The work stopped. Lisbon James raised fascinated, yet fearful, eyes to his.

"What do I remember?" he asked, as though trying to gain time.

"As I said, my first case—when that beautiful girl in there, was born."

Lisbon James shook back his grey hair, and wiped the perspiration from his brow, with trembling hand.

"Will she live; tell me, will she live?" he asked in agony.

"I hope so," answered the Young Doctor. "She has everything in her favor; youth, strength , a desire to live, and a mother's care!"

Lisbon James' face was waxen in its whiteness now.

"She has no mother," she said almost sharply.

"You wished me to say father's care?" he remarked.

There was a moment's hush, and then Lisbon James sank into a chair, leaned thin, trembling arms on the table and said painfully: "She has no father."

"Lisbon James is not her father then?"

"Lisbon James' body shook in agitation. Twenty-two years of self-suppression, and of all other things, were shaking the thin figure now, as a reed is shaken by the wind.

Lisbon James raised a face with a new look in it, a look as of a sudden determination and confidence. "I can trust you, as I trusted, as we trusted you, then in Gaspe," the low, trailing voice said, "Her father lies dead in the next room."

Now, the Young Doctor started. "Her father—in the next room!" he exclaimed.

LISBON JAMES made a gesture of assent. "He died saving her life, that is something; he knew and was glad. 'Suzon,' he called out, as he died. When he saw her face first at the boat, that was the name he called out before he sank."

"Shock, acting on an overstrained heart—yes. Suzon, she was—?"

"Suzon was Nancy's mother, was Christopher Calmour's wife. Nancy is the image of Suzon. Oh, never were two people more alike!"

"He knew, you think?"

"He knew at the last—I told him."

"And you are a woman, Suzon's sister," he responded reflectively.

"I was with her when you—when Nancy was born in Gaspe."

"Yes, your face always haunted me out here, disturbed my memory," he remarked. "Why did you do it?"

"He had so ill-used Suzon; there was another woman. One day proofs of it all came to her; there is always someone to betray, either for a price, or out of revenge. She left him at once, and at last went to Gaspe. There, as you know, Nancy was born, and there Suzon died a short time after."

"I did not know that," the Young Doctor rejoined uneasily.

"It was no one's fault. When you left her, she was doing well; but she caught a chill, and died. Before she went she made me promise never to let him know there was a child, or to let him have it; and I kept my promise to Suzon."

"Why did you dress as a man?"

"It was the way to be sure. As her father, a widower, there could be no suspicion of any kind. It was my way—it was my way," she said protestingly. "And it was right. No one ever knew it all the years until to-day when he saw her. She was so like Suzon; that was how he knew."

"But his property—he is worth millions—is hers by right."

"He has left it all to his nephew in there, his brother's son."

"But it must go to her. All must be made known."

"I gave my promise to Suzon," she urged stubbornly.

"The girl must have her say. The dead will not control the living. If her mother were alive, she would say so. The child has a right to know her father, her own father."

"I was as good as any father to her. I . . . ."

"Nonsense! The girl has a right to choose. Father and daughter are father and daughter, and you had no right, you have no right, to stand between. She must have what is her own."

"Through the courts of law . . ." she shuddered. "It was so long ago, and they are dead, and the shame of it all is buried, and—ah, what good can it do! We are happy here; we are so happy, she and I."

Seeing the need of it, the Young Doctor dealt almost sharply with her.

"Did you think you could keep her at Tashalak Hill forever? Did you never think that a man might come—like that one in there—his nephew?"

Their eyes met and stayed, and into hers came a new thing that startled her.

"You are right. Oh, of course, you are right, if that might be!" she said. And if it was he, that would put it all right, would it not? Then nothing need be known, then . . . ."

She paused, overwhelmed.

She smiled. How strange were a woman's moods and reasonings, even when she had played the man so long!

"Yes, that would be the best way out," she said.

"Father! Father!" came a cry, a little painful cry from the next room.

As she moved swiftly to the door of the next room, Lisbon James looked doubtfully, confusedly, down at the clothes she wore, then at the Young Doctor.

He interpreted her look. "You must keep it up," he said.

"AT the Railhead, wherever that may be, or whatever railway I am building when I die, and if there is more than one, then the railway last begun . . ."

So read the will of the money-master, Calmour, concerning his burial. And so, west of Tashalak Hill fifty miles, he was laid away, at the last milestone of his great project, as it were. A cairn of stones marked the place till such a time as a fitting monument could be erected, and the will provided for that—a tall shaft of pure white marble, with nothing thereon save the name of the money-master who had, in doing service for himself and his ambitions, done great service to the State. His nephew, Rupert Calmour, heir to the millions, was the chief mourner, and carefully directed and supervised all that was done. The cavalcade that left the log mansion at Tashalak Hill crossing Lake o'Calling on rafts hastily made, was in keeping with the romantic spirit underlying the character of the man that had in part paid his debt to Suzon Caron. Also, he had, in some part, paid his debt to the daughter whose life he had given again, as it were, a new birth to the world. In some part, too, he had paid a heavy debt to the Soul of Things, whose gift he had abused, whose secrets he had profaned.

"What are your plans now?" asked the Young Doctor of Rupert Calmour, when they met at Tashalak Hill after the last duty had been paid to the ashes of the money-master.

"I'm staying here till I know the danger is over. It's what he would have wished, I know" responded Calmour.

"I'm certain it's what he would have wished!" returned the Young Doctor, meaningly.

The blue eyes swept suddenly to meet the Young Doctor's look. They were full of inquiry, of resolute inquiry. Character had its abode in the depths of that blue sea of intelligence and feeling.

"She is like my aunt, as I remember her when a child. It was that that made him cry 'Suzon' when he saw her face, I suppose. Is it a chance resemblance, or is—is there a mystery? . . . . Do you know? Who is she? Who is her father, Lisbon James? Where did she come from? He also is like my aunt, as I remember her."

"Nature reproduces herself more often than we think," replied the Young Doctor, "and I have no doubt there was some startling resemblance; but mystery or no mystery, there's no need for any unveiling now. He is gone, and if there was a mystery he carried it with him."

"But she is left, she and her father."

"If Lisbon James has anything to say, he will no doubt say it."

"When Lisbon James whispered something to my uncle, he gave a cry, started up, and then fell back dead," persisted the new money-master.

"I think we must let it stand at that," responded the Young Doctor.

"They might be relatives," urged Rupert Calmour.

"That could make little difference to them, I understand," rejoined the Young Doctor. "He left everything in one quarter, is it not so?"

"If she—if they—were relatives, I would see justice done," he answered firmly.

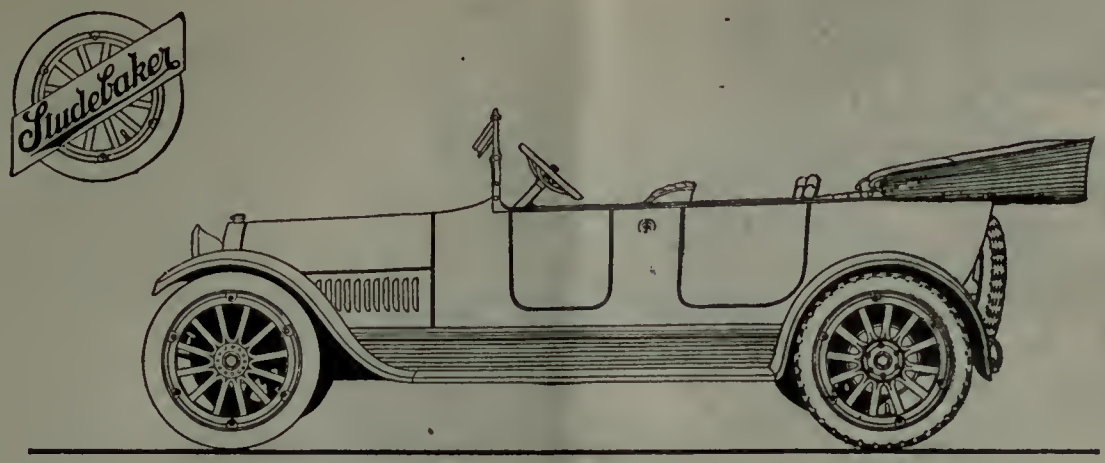
THE Young Doctor smiled to himself. There was a chuckle in his throat. The new money-master could not keep his eyes off the log-mansion, and his feet were impatient to move in that direction.

It was impossible that the mystery might yet remain a mystery, and still that justice should be done! The Young Doctor led the way toward the house, and, as he went, he realized that there had come to Rupert Calmour, as there had come to himself a few years before, the conviction which makes the first glance the eternal commitment of the heart—love at first sight and for always.

"Then you'll be staying yet awhile?" asked the Young Doctor, as they neared the house. "You'll not need to go at once? I suppose that business calls, and . . .

"What's the good of what I've got, if I'm the slave of others! Let them wait," grumbled the new money-master.

"It sounds like insolence; but it's power, simply power," reflected the Young



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Doctor. But aloud he said: "Well, i this life there's always slavery even t the biggest, if not in one direction the in another!"

The new money-master was so eager t get inside the log-mansion that he d not realize the ironical, underlying su gestion; but the Young Doctor nodde secretly and confidently to Lisbon Jame as he entered the house.

THAT evening at sunset, when th world was all as beautiful as th prayer of a child, and the sunset was a se of gold and roses and violets, Rupe Calmour, with the Young Doctor, w admitted to the bedside of the girl who life he had helped to save.

"You'll be going East soon," sa Nancy timidly at last to Rupert Calmou

"Oh, no, not soon!" he answered. shall wait till you are on your feet—o of the wood altogether."

"You'll be here quite a long time," sh remarked demurely, as her native humo bubbled up; and she turned her face fro the roses in the sky to inspect very car fully the pink roses in the paper on th wall.

"My uncle would have wished it so," h ventured lamely.

"He saved my life; I shall never forg it," she responded earnestly and grat fully and with tears in her eyes; and th the native humor would have its wa "Stay for your uncle's sake," she adde looking him straight in the eyes; and blushed like a school-girl, this new mone master of thirty.

At that instant the Young Doctor le the room, choking back his laughte 'This is too much for me," he said to Li bon James with a grin. "It is going you wish, all right."

Now Lisbon James blushed too. Sin the Young Doctor had come to know h sex, she had been all woman—almost hysterical woman.

"What is to become of me?" she ask presently.

"Wait for the wedding and then do you like," said the second match-maker.

"She is to be told all, is she not asked Lisbon James.

"Yes, when it doesn't matter which is have the millions," responded the You Doctor, sagely.

"Go in and see," he answered, with gesture to the other room, and smil broadly again.

"Was it all a mistake—all I did all the years?" Lisbon James asked ruefully.

"If I knew that, I'd know what All knows," answered the Young Doctor.

"I only did what Suzon wished," t other persisted weakly.

"Perhaps Suzon saw further than can," rejoined the Young Doctor.

LISBON JAMES took a bowl fill with everlasting flowers, a moved almost awkwardly toward the oth room. In man's clothes, she was ve self-conscious now. She turned at t door, and looked back at him in emb rassment.

There came again to the Young Docto vision the room at Gaspe by the sea, whe Nancy Calmour was born.

"Life isn't a puzzle after all," he s to himself, when he was left alone. "I a law at work."

The Herald Angel

Continued from page 35.

little son-of-a-gun than of avoidin' trouble aforesaid if same was to take place on my location.

B. Birks sashays acrost to where the big puncher was standin', yanks him up to the bar an' buys. I near fell down o' my own weight!

"Can you clear one o' them private parlors o' your's back behind, Andy?" enquires the grinnin' fool. "Me'n' Mr. Dake wishes to have a few moments private an' undisturbed an' secluded entire," he elucidates, which same aint castin' no great flood o' light into the obscurity o' my upper stope, the which I stands there an' scratches while they passes into retirement.

When they present calls for drinks I brushes Jimmy to one side an' takes 'em in myself an' lingers, wipin' the table an' pretendin' I'm havin' trouble with the cork an' so on.

They's both laughin' hearty an' I hears B. Birks sayin': "You know, Mitch, old boy, I don't mind confessin' I sure loves that girl an' she loves me, on'y she aint waked up to it yet. That's why it's up to me to limber her thinkin' machinery," he sayd, an' Dake guffaws an' slaps his leg like he'd heered somethin' remarkable funny.

"An' seein' 's you went an' killed my dawg this afternoon," pursues B. Birks, "I kind o' figured you owes it to me to help me out in this little love affair. An' are you goin' to do it or aint you?"

After slappin' his leg again an' guff' awin' some more Dake says he'd be everlastin' doggoned if he wouldn't. I seen they were beginnin' to notice me hangin' around, so I goes out, weak an' kind 'o sick to the stommick. I sure am entertainin' staggerin' thoughts at that same identical moment an' I goes an' gets a long drink o' pure cold water an' sits down for a while.

AFTER the pow-wow's over I talks to B. Birks for some considerable time, avoidin' the main topic for fear he'll get his brandin'-irons mixed an' gabbin' away 'bout things I aint carin' a hoot about an' hopin' all the time he'll say somethin' as'll give me a chanst to horn in respectable; till I feels like an old woman with a shawl over my head! We aint taught to be nosey out West, bein' o' the opinion as same aint conducive to long life an' happiness, an' I figgers I've already showed this here Eastern party the cards face up an' it's his lead.

But apparent B. Birks aint recognizin' no hints, him not sayin' a word 'bout Dake or the girl. An' when he takes Dake down to the *Booster* office to show him the layout I knows he's gone loco absolute.

Next day he sends Bellamy's kid up to the gulch to watch a certain pine grove an' when the kid comes back clumpety-clump with the alarmin' intelligence that the young lady from Ford's has been grabbed by four punchers an' ridden off with—when that disturbin' noos reaches B. Birks the fool grins, finishes settin' some type he's workin' at an' wipes his fingers calm on a piece o' paper.

"The time has came," he says.

HE goes out an' borry's Chet Fraser's bronk on' a couple of six-shooters, the which he oils an' loads careful. He puts grub in his saddle-bags an' that



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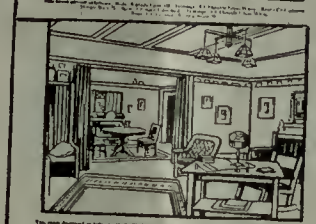
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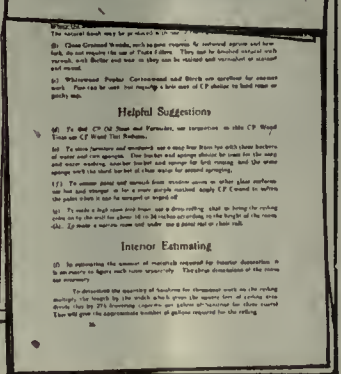
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night after the stars has started to blink, he slips out quiet from Clover Bar, takin' the up-valley trail.

After joggin' along comfortable for an hour or two he comes to the Twin Boulders. He's approachin' same very careful, gets off the bronk, throwin' reins over said animal's head an' anchorin' him to the ground thereby. He grabs both guns firm, one in each hand, an' sneaks cautious into the shadows.

He crawls carefully up the ridge in front o' him. He peeks over. But there aint no glowin' camp-fire greetin' his eager gaze. There aint no bold bad "gang" of desperadoes for him to surprise. There aint no girl!

B. Birks sits up straight an' stiff there in the dark. Mitch has promised him faithful he'd be there with the girl safe an' sound so't she could be rescued brave by B. Birks!

The everlastin' kind-an'-gentle, meek-an'-mild milk-imbibin' idgit!

V

IN every human bein' there lays great swearin' possibilities. In some it aint so clost to the surface as 'tis in others; but it sure is there. Sooner or later there comes a time when the Rock o' Serenity gets blasted an' there she lays —a pocket o' pure gold cuss-words, free' an' ready.

B. Birks discovers his great strike as he goes jumpin' back to where he's left the bronk. He sure is gushin' an' he makes the saddle in one leap, digs in the spurs an' scoots away through the night like he's tryin' to get somewheres ahead o' hisself.

He knows Dake must 've kept on up the valley. There's on'y one way he could go till he hits the upper trail, all other side-shoots bein' pockets. So this here rocket o' rage rides mad till he gets to the upper trail an' there he has to camp, losin' three valuable hours, waiting for daylight to show him which way the punchers was headin'.

It takes him two days to come up with 'em. Dake's makin' for the border as fast as he can hike. B. Birks aint had much experience trailin' in the open an' he loses the sign frequent, on'y stumblin' on it again by circlin' around. He sure is playin' in luck to overhaul the outfit in two days under them circumstances, special as he aint totin' much grub an' aint takin' time to stop an' do no huntin' for anythin' but hoof-marks.

IT'S late in the afternoon when he sees he's closin' in on the quarry an' he eases up so's to keep out o' sight. Dake's mounts have gave out on 'em an' they's decided to make camp for the night, feelin' sure they's shaken off pursuit by their hard ridin'.

B. Birks is so hoppin' mad he don't wait for no manooverin' but walks right in on 'em behind his two guns. He has the drop on 'em afore they knows he's there.

The girl screams when she sees him. Fortunate she's roped an' tied or she'd 've run at B. Birks an' got in his way.

Said party aint wastin' no time.

"You blighted scoundrels!" he yells. "Move an' I'll blow you to Kingdom Come! Move, you blankety-blanked skunks!" he implores. "Oh, go on, just move, somebody." 'An he advances straight for 'em, his face lit with hope for an excuse to let some dyin' daylight into 'em.

They knows the look that means killin'

an' they aint hankerin' for no sieve work. They's most amazin' anxious to keep their hands up in the air, posin' rigid.

B. Birks passes cool an' cold from one to another, relievin' each man o' his gun an' tossin' same off in the grass.

"Now, you fellers listen to me an' listen good," he says final. "If I gave you what you deserve I'd shoot the bunch of you. But I'm goin' to give you one chanst to save your measly hides. Behind me, 'bout five miles, there's a bunch of red hot citizens of Clover Bar on your trail," he sayd. "If you leave immedjit you has a chanst. If you lingers, I proceeds to shoot you up good an' sufficient."

"Now, GIT!" yells B. Birks, flourishin' his arguments .

Three o' them aint interested in the gospel accordin' to Ananias an' they slides for their bronks an' tears away bareback, some anxious an' sincere.

THIS here Dake party aint so easy convinced. He's gone to considerable pains to abduct this here beautiful queen an' he's some anxious to hang onto the dolly. He fails to see how the citizens o' Clover Bar could know anythin' 'bout things this early in the game, knowin' the arrangements with B. Birks calls for a lone hand. Also he's seen where his gun's layin' an' he's been edgin' over gradual till he figgers same is right at his feet.

He swoops for it sudden an' opens fire, knockin' one of B. Birks' guns out o' said tenderfoot's hand. Surprised an' pained at this lack of trust, his left arm swingin' numb an' wooden, B.B. pumps lead an' misses.

Dake jumps for the nearest rock. B. Birks lets go another bullet an' misses.

Dake fires again. Bark flies off log where Birks has fell flat for protection. Girl creeps about in grass, huntin' for one o' them guns in the discard, on'y her feet bein' tied together. Neither o' the men sees her, bein' too interested in each other.

Birks makes a bluff play by elevatin' his hat on a bit o' stick an' draws two more o' Dake's bullets 'fore the puncher spots the ancient trick an' cusses hisself deep an' turbulent.

"The beggar can shoot," admits B. Birks, admirin' the two holes in his hat.

He decides he'll have to get closter to that rock o' Dake's if he hopes to hit anythin' an' starts edgin' along the log towards some brush. He has to cross an open space about four feet wide to make it. He waits his chanst an' jumps for it like a scared jackrabbit.

Bang! Ping! The bullet has whined past Birk's chest as he's stooped over in full dash an' it stings him in the arm. It's on'y a scratch, though she's bleeding considerable.

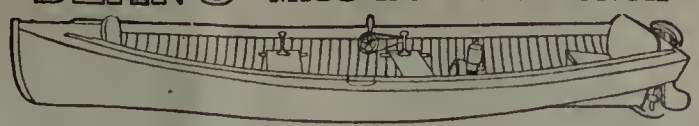
"That's leavin' him with only one more shot in that gun," gloats B. Birks, savage, an' he starts crawlin' rapid an' circlin' round.

Dake sees what he's up to an' comes round the rock as Birks proceeds. His back's to the girl now an' he aint seein' her pick a gun out o' the grass. He's watchin' for Birks to cross another open space an' his thick lips is all snarled back over his yeller teeth an' he aint a pleasant sight.

Present he thinks he sees his chanst an' jumps to his feet for a sure shot.

B. fires! D. fires! G. shuts her eyes an' fires!

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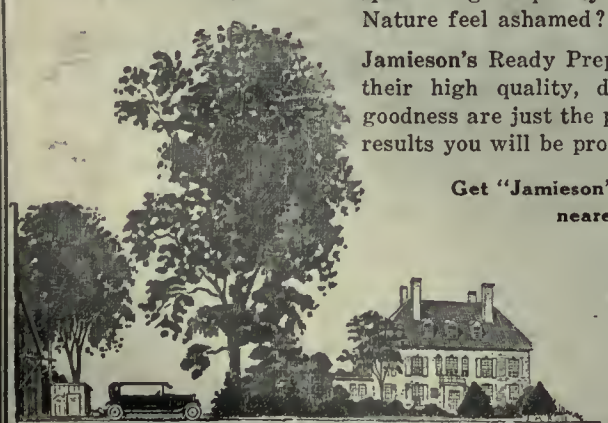
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At sound o' that third shot B. Birks rises up an' hollers at the girl. He sees her lyin' still on the ground an' he rushes over regardless.

But she's on'y fainted. Dake's gun is empty an' he's rockin' back an' forth, nursin' a bleedin' leg where the girl's bullet plowed through. He grins as B. Birks walks over to him, coverin' him steady.

"You win the pot, son."

"You're a heluva man!" reproves B. Birks.

He goes an' gets water an' revives Miss Johnson an' the both of 'em washes Dake's wound an' binds same. They catches his ho'se an' pickets same beside him, lays out his grub handy an' says farewell.

An' that there puncher watches them go with feelin's considerable mixed up.

THERE'S quite a hulabaloo in camp when the two gets back an' the thing leaks out. But nothin's done—at B. Birks' partic'lar request. Dake has sense enough to stay away.

When I seen B. Birks I proceeds to hand him a talk he aint likely to forget in a hurry; for the words is sure crowdin' an jostlin' for expression. But I aint gettin' no more 'n started when he slaps me on the back.

"We're engaged, Andy," grins the darned fool. "It worked, old timer. Aint I the original plotter from Plotsville?"

"Yes," I retorts, him bein' so happy it's plumb sickenin'. "Oh, yes! Your plottin' is so fancy you comes within an ace o' landin' a plot in the cemytary! Why the blitherin' blue blazes aint you takin' your friends into your confidence?" An' I'm proceedin' to skin him alive when he tosses out a letter for me to read.

It's from a noospaper way down in Toronto an' it implores him to go back there an' do editin' what *is* editin' an when I looks up I notes that B. Birks aint grinnin' quite so free.

"Y'aint goin', son?" I enquires, hopeful. For there's them in our camp is sure liking little B. Birks.

"I'm afraid so, Andy. For myself I'd stick right here; but there aint a livin' for two in the noospaper game in Clover Bar."

There aint nothin' to do but nod; so I nods. An' present we goes down an' tacks up a sign which he prints:

BIRKS' *BOOSTER*
BUSTED B'GOSH!

An' he sells the entire layout for a song to an editor what's been kicked out of a neighborin' camp an' aint partic'lar where he's landin'. An' this new lean specimen arrives in Clover Bar with a burnin' thirst an' a meal-ticket full o' holes. An' he pays for the *Booster* with an I.O.U.

B. Birks thereupon takes the little lady an' together they drifts off into the sunrise.

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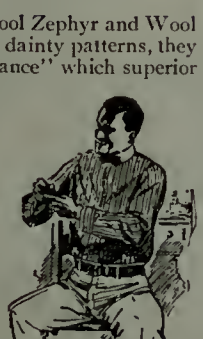
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The Man Who Scoffed

Continued from page 22.

"Not exactly," answered Montague, and muttered, "Duration of the war—and six months after—with plebs like this!"

"I'm a carpenter by trade," vouchsafed Pte. Waller, and then emitted a shout of delight. "I say," he cried, "blime if it ain't the missus!"

IN a few moments they reached a little English woman, not much more than a girl, who was guiding a baby carriage containing a chubby little youngster of some two years of age.

"'Ello, Bill,'' she said, "'Ow's the h'army?"

"Great," said her husband, "but meet my pal, Pte. Montague—Pte. Montague meet my old woman."

"Glad to know any friend of Bill's," said Mrs. Waller warmly.

Montague bowed. "Thank you," he said, gravely, "you are giving up a lot in letting your husband go to the war."

The girl pouted. "'E would go."

"You said I had to, Emily."

"But you wanted to go, Bill."

"Of course, but I said—"

"I know—about the biby, but—"

"There you go again. Didn't you say I must?"

"Oh, well, Mr. Montague." The little woman looked frankly into the latter's grey-blue unreadable eyes. "The biby's a boy and when he grows up I cawn't say to 'im, ''Arry, your father was a slacker!' Now can I, Mr. Montague?"

He made no answer, but a thoughtful look crept into the hard, unsmiling eyes.

"Come and have a bite of supper, pard." Pte. Waller rubbed his hands together at the prospect.

"No—no, thanks," said Montague, hastily. He was longing for privacy and the solace that comes with solitude. "Some other night, perhaps, when we have our uniforms."

"Good enough!" cried the cheery little man. "Then we'll do Queen street together and show the girls—what, ho—oh, no."

Montague raised his hat. "Good evening," he said.

"So long," said Pte. Waller. "See you in the morning."

WHEN they were alone the husband turned to his young wife with an air of pride. "What do you think of my pal?" he asked, with an air of proprietorship.

"G'wan," said Emily disdainfully, "E ain't your pal."

"He is too."

"'E ain't!" She tossed her head. "Don't I know one when I sees one; me, the daughter of a footman in Lady Swankbourne's? 'E your pal! 'E bloomin' well ain't—'e's a GENTLEMAN!"

Far up the street Montague was striding towards his home, wondering if any one had seen him with the Wallers, or had heard the ubiquitous little Cockney call him pard. Good Heavens, what would his friends say, or, for that matter, how could he face Sylvester if he had been seen by that polite scion of servitude?

It was late in October when Miss Vera Dalton returning from her self-imposed task of helping in the Military Convales-



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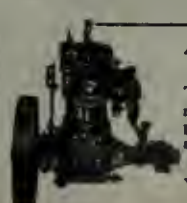
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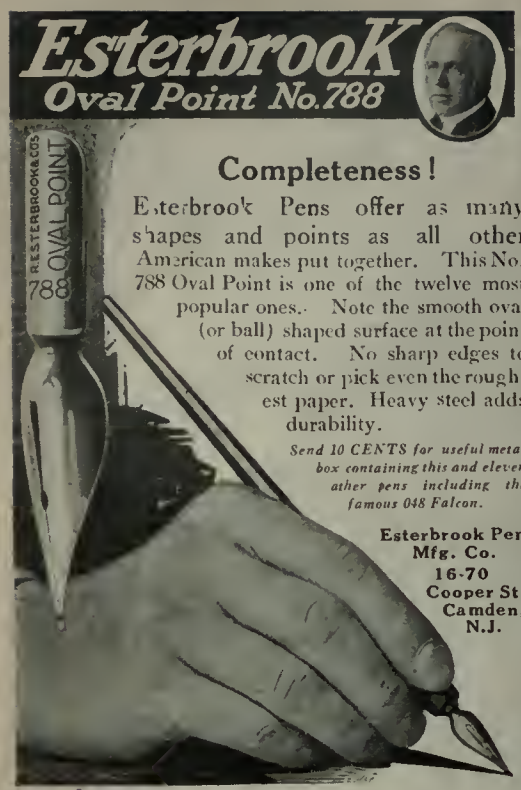




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Hon. Honore Mercier,
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cent Home, found a letter from France awaiting her. She broke the seal and at the first word the blood left her cheeks and then returned to leave them glowing. The letter was from Dennis Montague, and was postmarked with the heading which will cast its unique spell over us and our children for years to come — "Somewhere in France."

"Somewhere in France."

"My Dear Girl,—In a couple of hours we are going over the parapet to reach the German lines or gain oblivion—or worse. All around me the men I have worked with, slept with, fought with, are writing to or thinking of some loved one at home. I do not know whether the love you once felt for me has died or not, but it was once strong enough to hurt me as no one had ever done before—to tear my soul out to where I could see its rottenness with my own eyes. I could not live with myself after that, and as you must have heard, for I believe it was a drawing-room jest for some time, I joined a battalion composed almost entirely of men from the factories, work shops and streets.

"It was partly a spirit of bravado made me do it and partly a desire to wrestle with Truth. I cannot say how hard it was at first to endure their company, their incessant meaningless profanity. I hated every one. To salute an officer on the street caused me such humiliation that I thought of desertion a dozen times. From my contempt of my fellow-soldiers to an understanding of their nobility has been a hard, cruel road to travel, but I have travelled it, and I think that somewhere on the road there is a cross whereon my Pride was crucified. Vera, my prayer is no longer that of the Pharisee, but of the Publican. I was offered a commission; I was urged to join the signallers or the machine gun section, because I would find men more after my own stamp there, but I refused—the memory of your words made me stick with the men I started with.

"I have found them crude, uneducated, unambitious, but true as steel, and asking no better reward for their heroism than that their 'Missus and kiddies' will be looked after at home. I tell you, Vera, that when the war is over we shall have to realize that it is not only the consumptive and the imbecile that deserves care and thought. There is a grandeur and manhood in the ordinary unlovely, unkempt man of the streets that our civilization has failed to bring out, but which war has done. So much has war given to us, so much has peace failed to give.

"Life has become a riddle to me, still fascinating but fascinatingly puzzling. Perhaps I shall find the answer in No Man's Land.

"Good-bye, dear girl—I don't think from the tone of my letter that I have forgotten how to smile (this is where real humor is found, for humor was always a twin to tragedy). But I am forgetting how to scoff, I suppose, though, that I haven't changed beyond recognition, for I believe behind my back I am called 'The Duke.'

Like my comrades, I have written to a loved one at home.

"I trust Vera that it is an revoir.

"Dennis."

D. O. Montague, Pte. No. 673,895,
Brindle's Battalion, C.E.F.

"FOUR MINUTES!" Lieut. Gray, the youngest of the Brindle subalterns, stood, watch in hand, his back to the parapet. A half dozen rifles spat at the German trench opposite. The attack was to be a surprise without preliminary artillery fire.

"THREE MINUTES!" There was a slight catch in the subaltern's voice as he watched the ominous course of the hand of his watch ticking off the seconds. A signaller looked up from his phone. "O. C. wants to know if everything's ready."

"TWO MINUTES! Has every man his gas helmet, water bottle, iron ration? Right. Tell the O. C. everything's O.K."

"ONE MINUTE!" Every man crouched for the spring—there was a mumbled prayer—a curse—a laugh—Montague took a deep, quivering breath and his trembling hand felt for the bayonet stud to see that it was firm.

"COME ON, BRINDLES, GIVE 'EM HELL!" Subaltern Gray leaped to the parapet, stood silhouetted a moment against the dull, cloudy sky, and, without a word, fell back into the trench, a corpse. Cursing, shouting, laughing, the men scrambled over the breastworks and were met by a torrent of machine gun fire that swept through their ranks with pitiless accuracy.

"Something's wrong!" yelled Major Watson from the centre. "They knew we were coming." And he whirled around twice and dropped in his tracks. Montague leaped forward with a hoarse inarticulate shout when he felt a blow on his arm as though it had been struck by a red hot iron. He fell, but rose immediately, madly excited, muttering words that meant nothing. The charge had stopped half way and all about him his comrades stood irresolute, desperate, unable to advance, determined not to retreat.

"Come on," shrieked Captain Greenshields, the adjutant, "for God's sake!" And he fell, choking, vomiting blood, with a bullet in his throat.

WITHOUT an officer left, the men looked wildly about, the bullets spitting about them and taking their steady, merciless toll. With a great surging feeling of ecstasy, Montague staggered to the front.

"Steady, the Brindles!" he yelled, hoarsely. "Shake out the line to the left—cold steel, Brindles—CHARGE!"

"Follow the Duke!" roared a dozen voices, and they hurled themselves forward.

They hacked their way into the trench, but their triumph was short-lived. Things had gone badly on the left and the signal to retire flashed along the line. With horrible blaspheming, the Brindles gave up their trench and started back for their own line. When he was half way across a bullet in the shoulder and another in the thigh, struck Montague, and he sank to the ground, unconscious.

When he awoke the moonlight was streaming over the stricken field. He bit his lip to keep from crying out at the sudden spasm of pain in his shoulder, and then something he saw almost stopped the beating of his heart. A figure was slowly crawling towards him, inch by inch, but steadily, ominously coming nearer with every moment. His left arm was helpless and he tried to reach for his bayonet by turning over.

"Pard—are you dead?"

Never did sounds of sweetest music fall more gratefully on human ears than the words uttered by Pte. Waller on the night of October 16, 1916, on No Man's Land Somewhere in France.

"Thank God!" cried Montague, his voice weak and quivering. "Waller—old—boy!"

"Damn!" muttered Pte. Waller. The Germans, with customary fiendishness were searching the ground with rifle fire to prevent any attempt at rescues. "Are you hurt much—Pard?"

"I'm used up pretty bad," Montague answered weakly, and with incorrect English. Things change in No Man's Land.

"I'm the third as has come after you,' whispered Waller; "Sykes and Thompson got theirs."

"Coming—for me?" Montague's voice trailed off in to a querulous sob.

"Sure—those of us as got back shool

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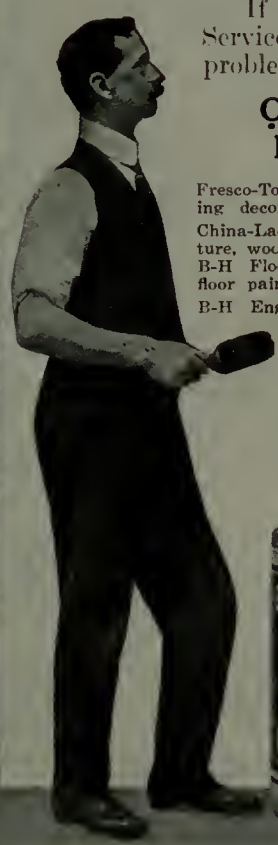
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hands on it that we'd get the Duke back dead or alive."

MONTAGUE tried to speak, but only two scalding tears slowly trickled down his cheeks. He was weak from loss of blood and he was learning a bitter lesson in the moonlight on the stricken field.

"I'll hoist you up as easy as I can," whispered Pte. Waller, eagerly, "and I'll sort of crawl, and if they spot us—I'll let you down as easy as I can. Come on, Pard."

Fifty yards—that was all—but fifty yards of unspeakable agony. The blood flowed again from his wounds and matted over Waller's hair. A dozen times he would have fainted, but he grit his teeth, and crawling, grasping, falling, Waller took him to the edge of the trench. And there a bullet caught the little man, and he dropped.

"Good-bye, Pard," he said. So died Pte. W. Waller, of His Majesty's Canadian Expeditionary Force.

ALMOST a year later, a one-armed man was walking along a quiet street in the northern suburbs of a great Canadian city. He paused at a pretty little cottage that nestled in a well-kept garden, to speak to a young woman whose black dress was mute testimony to her tragic bereavement.

"'Ow can I ever thank you, Mr. Montague," she said, "for giving me this cottage and going guardian to little 'Arry? And your wife, too, is that kind and beautiful that after she comes here—and she is in and out nearly h'every day—I feel as if an angel had been 'ere. Well, if here ain't little 'Arry, with his face all dirty."

A sturdy little urchin stumbled forward and in some way the one-armed man hoisted him to his shoulder.

"Hello, Pard," said Montague.

The little chap chuckled and pulled at his hat.

"I often wonders," said the little mother, "why you always calls 'im Pard. Bill used to call you his pard, but I knew all along you wasn't. You was a gentleman, Mr. Montague."

"Mrs. Waller," said Montague, and his voice was very low and soft. "I lay one night, wounded and dying on No Man's Land. Your husband came for me and he called me 'pard,' and he died for me. Perhaps you may understand a little of—what it means to me now—"

Tears, bitter tears, the heritage of war. Mrs. Waller wept silently, and Montague's eyes looked past the garden, past the countryside and saw neither trees nor houses, but a strip of land guarded by wire entanglements — and two lines of trenches where men lived, and laughed, and learned, and died.

FIFTEEN minutes later the same one-armed man stood at a gate that gave entrance to a splendid lawn. It was his home and as he stood for a moment drinking in the calm and peace of Nature at sundown, a girl emerged from the house and came towards him with outstretched hands.

Wonderfully happy, maimed, but filled with deep content, Dennis Montague, the Man Who Had Scoffed, went forward to meet his wife, who had had the courage to hurt the thing she loved. And the deepening rays of the setting sun spread a golden carpet for them to walk upon.

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The Awakening of the American Eagle

Continued from page 31.

men for four months' training as officers —from May to August. This staff will then be set adrift to train recruits; and another reserve officer staff of two thousand to five thousand be taken on for four more months—till officers enough have been trained to drill and instruct a million-and-a-quarter men. As to the Navy, let us face the fact—Uncle Sam has practically no sailors, next to no extra marines and not enough Navy officers to train half the men offering to enlist. Navy requirements for an officer are very high and very strict. The question comes up—should requirements be lowered? The Navy has always justly prided itself on the freedom of its personnel from snobs, cads, bounders, in a word, on freedom from the type of man who is unfit to command other men. A blackguard or bounder, is not "disciplined" in the Navy. He is thrown out neck and crop; and there is an almost paternal supervision over boys, who enlist. A boy, who enlists, can be earning $2,500 a year as a petty officer, by the time he is 26. The Army offers no such reward, either in a military way, or social standing.

It may be said frankly—Navy requirements will never be lowered. They may be widened to take in gunnery experts, submarine skilled mechanics and hydroplane operators. "We do not consider a boy, who enlists, worth the cost of his salt till he has been with us for at least a year," said a recruiting Navy officer to me. "By the end of a year, we know whether the boy is decent or can be made decent; for you must know a modern battleship is a huge floating community family, where every man must fit into his part like the cogs of a machine; or there would be jars that would destroy the whole ship's usefulness. Take the matter of gunnery of a 16-inch gun, which throws a ton 25 miles. A boy must be a bit of a mathematician as well as a mechanic, and must have nerve of polished oiled steel to handle that kind of proposition. The difference in personnel required is just the difference between an old-time ox driver and a highly skilled chauffeur driving a racing car; for any modern battleship, scout, destroyer, or cruiser, is a racer; and victory depends on her being a racer without as much as a glint of dust or dullness on her polished steel machinery. And we want boys without a glint of dust or dullness in their mental machinery. That is why we keep our requirements so high."

THE real trouble with the Navy is no longer lack of men. Nor will it long be lack of officers; for at time of writing, it is likely that the Allies will loan officers, if not marines, for any participation by the Navy. The real trouble is that the battleships planned cannot be finished before 1920. Therefore, the suggestion has gone out, *why* put efforts on these battleships at all? They will be too late for any work in the war; and what is needed is not more battleships. The Allies have plenty. What is needed is the small cargo carrier—the purveyor of food, to run the gauntlet of the block-



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ade, not risking too much food in each carrier, but armed and in such multitudes that they will be a greater menace to the submarines than the submarines are to them. At the time of writing, more than 1,000 such wooden ships are on the stocks; and it has been suggested by the Allied Commissioners that the United States bend efforts to create such a merchant fleet, like the fast clippers of a century ago, which belted the world. Such a ship can be built in a few months. She can be equipped for the use of oil or coal fuel. She need not cost more than $200,000. Now a submarine costs $600,000. Will Germany risk a few hundred costly submarines against thousands of these free lances of the sea? If she does, there can be only one result—the end of the submarines from sheer force of the wooden ship numbers. At time of writing, it is suggested the United States give over attempting to complete the big battleships and give all attention to a fleet of wooden cargo carriers, which the Allies—if necessary—could man.

At time of writing also, Theodore Roosevelt has offered to lead a volunteer army of 25,000 to France; and the Administration has up to the present, refused sanction. Still 300,000 volunteers have rallied to the call of the Colonel; where only 31,000 enlisters have rallied to the call of the Government; and if the Federal Government does not commision him, it is likely Governor Whitman will appoint him head of the New York State Militia. It is more than likely public opinion will compel the Federal Government to commission Colonel Roosevelt to head a division of volunteers and regulars to France—a repayment of La Fayette's services a century-and-a-half ago.

THE coming of the Allies' Commissioners could not have been staged more opportunely. Enthusiasm is at



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white heat. Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes are entwined. Army and Navy are floundering with new problems, as England floundered for the first year. The big bond issue—seven billions in all—has been authorized, for the immediate credit of the Allies. The United States will be saved all the costly errors made by the Allies in the first years of war—such as wrong types of rifles, too heavy engines for aeroplanes, the new type of H. E. (high explosive) and artillery warfare, the relation of hydro-plane to navy. It is plain and obvious now that what the Allies need most is not men—though a Roosevelt Regiment would have its reaction on the morale of Germany—but food and ships to carry it. The war is now on its stomach. The side best fed and most secure in its food supply will outlast the other side; and whether the war lasts four years or collapses in four months, America must be prepared to feed the world.

The gravity of the food situation cannot and need not be exaggerated. The first two years of the war witnessed this country travelling almost with a fool's luck—two bumper crop years, such huge crops, in fact, that on some commodities like fruit and potatoes, farmers did not receive 35 per cent. of the price quoted. The returns on potatoes and apples were so poor in 1914-15, that many farmers did not trouble to harvest the crops; but turned their hogs into the fields. In 1916, farmers neglected orchards and put in small potato areas. Came one of the shortest crop years this country has ever known. In only two commodities were there good crops—hay and tobacco; and unfortunately men cannot eat hay and tobacco. Crops were also short in Europe both because of untimely weather and scarcity of labor. On the firing line are twenty million men, who must be fed. Average each man one pound a day, that is at least 300 loaves a year, or a barrel of flour or 5 bushels of wheat or 100 million extra bushels of wheat. Now, however, much the Government reports have erred in crop returns for 1916, the fact remains this country did not have a wheat crop exceeding 650 million bushels of wheat. For home use, Uncle Sam requires 500 million bushels. For seed, he should have another 100 million bushels, leaving about 50 million bushels to ship abroad. But the country has shipped 100 million bushels abroad. The results don't need argument for proof. Flour is now $15 a barrel, and on the way to $20, and the stores will not sell any one buyer more than 25 lbs. on order. And wheat is so high seed is beyond the reach of the average American farmer. To make matters worse, 1917 opens with one of the most backward, untoward springs known for years. A wheat crop not in by the 10th of May stands poor chances. Up to April 21st, the weather has been too cold and wet for planting in the East, and worse in the West. With backward season and high priced seed, no person on earth can prevent 1917 being a short crop year. Winter wheat West of the Mississippi indicates only a half crop. Up to the declaration of a state of war, the labor situation was beyond description. Farm labor did not exist. Munition factories had drawn all labor away to the town. Hotel dishwashers, unskilled and foreign, were receiving $45 a month and board. Farmers could not compete against such wages. The short-

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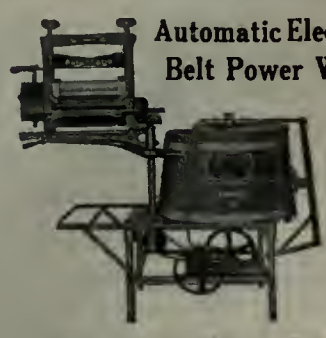
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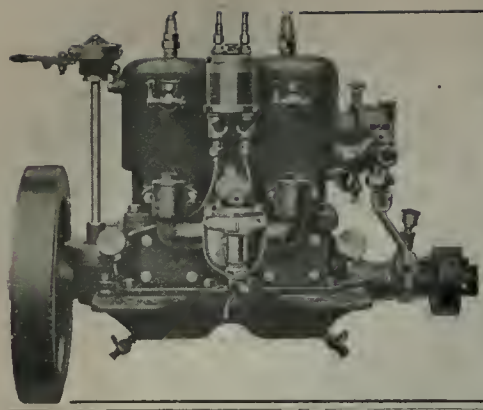


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age of grain had reacted in such high priced feeds—cattle feed that was $29, a ton a year ago is now $59 a ton—that many farmers sold out and closed down operations to await a readjustment. Wages for farm labor that were $2 a day and board in 1914 became $4 a day and board in 1916. In the East, the system is different. A farm of any size has always a tenant house, where the farm hand is given free rent, vegetables, fruit, milk, fuel. Wages were $30 to $33, with house in 1914. For the same calibre man, they are $40 to $50 to-day. No farmer on an average farm can pay these figures for seed, labor and feed and have anything left for himself but debt. Of 350,000 farmers in New York State, half could not get help for 1917.

BUT since the declaration of war has come a subtle change—unfortunately too late to react on the farms for 1917. Only munitions factories with abnormal profits can pay 7c for steel that used to be 2c and $6 for wages that used to be $2. All the factories have been slowing down and laying off hands. There are few strikes because wages have not been reduced. Men have been laid off. The man, who was demanding $14 a week in April to work on a farm, on May 1st was content with $30 a month and board. But this factory reaction will barely be felt on the farm before June; and June is too late for much crop planting; but I look to see the labor situation right itself before midsummer.

The hopeful fact is—everybody is alive to the situation. In city and country, even in New York parks, everybody is cultivating a home garden for household use; and while this will not relieve the shortage of wheat, it will relieve some of the demand for wheat. It will also stop extravagance and waste in food. Hotels have already cut down menu lists; and high prices are quickly cutting the superfluous from private tables. The elimination of waste and careful buying and cooking will probably make up any ordinary shortage; but we need not blink the fact that we are facing a world menace of hunger.

Of course, all sorts of wild and foolish remedies are being suggested. Farmers are to be loaned money at 6 per cent. to buy seed potatoes at $4.20 a bushel. Now no poor farmer will chance his credit against weather and fate at $4.20 a bushel. He will buy enough for his own family use on a note. Whereas if he could repay his debt in potatoes, he could afford a chance.

The thing that will probably help the food shortage more than anything else is the fact that people, who work on farms, are to be exempt from military service. That has come too late to help 1917 crops very much; but the fact that millions of consumers will be forced back on the land during war will lessen an enormous demand by the city consumer and translate consumers into producers.

The food menace is, indeed, the only cloud I see in awakened America's horizon; and the fact that all America is awake—down to the Camp Fire Girls, who carried a hoe—has roused a vast army of food producers for the world need.

Sunshine in Mariposa

Continued from page 26.

JEFF.—So long, Josh. Take care of ourself.

[*Exit* SMITH *by front door. Enter* NORAH, *by side door—tip toe, she has a bag in her hand and is laughing.*]

NORAH.—Is Mr. Smith gone?

JEFF.—This minute.

NORAH.—I watched him go. I didn't ant him to catch me. I've got my money, r. Thorpe, all the savings I brought om Ireland, to put into the new com-any.

JEFF.—That's right, Norah, that's right.

NORAH.—It's a sight of money, Mr. horpe, seven pounds, ten shillings and ur pence, Irish. . . . I'd given it all Mr. Smith to keep—he'd put it in his om—and I knew he was dead set against e company—so I stepped in and stole it ack, Mr. Thorpe. (*She laughs.*) Isn't a lot of money? (*She pours it on the ble.*) Seven pounds, ten shillings and our pence! What would that be in Cana-ian money, Mr. Thorpe? Would it be ore or less?

JEFF.—More, Norah, ever so much ore. That'll be—I tell you—that shall e a hundred dollars, Norah.

NORAH.—And, oh, Mr. Thorpe, Andy ays to put his money in along with mine, nd it's to be just one share for the two f us.

JEFF (*laughing*).—Yes, I've been hear-g something about that—so it's just one hare for the two of you, already, Norah, s it?

NORAH (*clapping her hands*).—Oh, Mr. horpe! And is it true what they say hat we'll make a lot more with it?

JEFF.—Norah, you can't fail to. Here's he way it is. Here's Cuba.

[*Pointing to the map.*]

NORAH.—Yes, Mr. Thorpe.

JEFF.—An island.

NORAH.—Yes, Mr. Thorpe.

JEFF.—Fertile.

NORAH.—Yes.

JEFF.—Undeveloped.

NORAH.—Yes.

JEFF.—Lazy.

NORAH.—Yes.

JEFF.—No capital.

NORAH.—Is there no capital to the lace, Mr. Thorpe, like Dublin in Ireland?

JEFF.—They say not. No capital. Then n you come, Norah, do you see, with your orthern energy, and your brains, and here you are—millions!

NORAH (*laughing*).—Well, I'll have to un back, Mr. Thorpe, for I must keep on working at the hotel till I get my millions, nusn't I?

[*Exit* NORAH. *Enter* PUPKIN.]

PUPKIN.—Here it is, Mr. Thorpe, I've rought it all in cash, that's the way you wanted it, isn't it?

[*He takes a roll of bills from a wallet and lays them on the table.*]

JEFF.—Right, Peter, right—now let me ount it—nothing like being business-like. (*Counting the bills.*) Fifty, a hundred, a undred and fifty, a hundred and sixty—ne of the first things to learn in business, ig business, Peter, is to count your money —a hundred and sixty, two hundred and ten—stop, no—fifty, a hundred—if you can't be *exact*, you may as well—two hun-dred—did I say two hundred and twenty —no—well, I guess it's all right—how much is there, Peter?

PUPKIN.—Two thousand, that's all I



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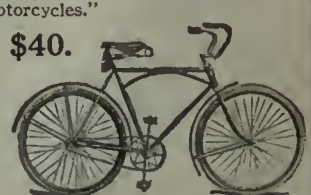
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can realize just now. Mother has ten thousand altogether——

JEFF.—Get the rest, Peter, get all she has—you're her trustee, aren't you? Well, put it all into the Land Company—ten thousand! She'll make quite a fortune with it. I was telling Mr. Harstone and Mr. Slyde about your mother and they were quite affected — quite affected. They're not such hard men as some people think.

PUPKIN.—Oh, I know! They're splendid fellows, really.

JEFF.—Quite affected—get all she has, they said, take everything she's got. There were tears in their eyes.

PUPKIN.—By Jove!

JEFF.—There! I'll put it in the safe here for to-day. It can stay there till night. That's my system, you know. At night you take it and put it with the rest up at the bank.

[JEFF *opens safe and puts money in.*]

PUPKIN.—In the cellar vault, in your tin box, I know. By the way, Mullins doesn't like it. He says it's irregular; says you ought to deposit it properly with the rest of your money.

JEFF.—I don't want to. I want this money by itself till I get it all collected.

PUPKIN.—And Mr. Mullins said that I was to tell you (as a matter of business—he said) that the bank isn't responsible for this money that you are putting in the cellar vault.

JEFF.—Eh?

PUPKIN.—Not for money put down in the cellar vault. You see, all the bank's cash is kept upstairs. The cellar place is only used for old papers and things that don't matter. He says if you put it there it's at your own risk.

JEFF.—Tut, tut! Poor Mullins, he's fussy—jealous, Peter, jealous.

[*Re-enter* HARSTONE *and* SLYDE.]

JEFF.—Well, gentlemen, here you are (*pointing to the safe*). Two thousand more in there now.

HARSTONE (*chcerily*). — Well done! (*Turning to* PUPKIN.) So we're to have you too among our shareholders, eh! That's good. Congratulations (*claps him on the shoulder*). We need some bright young fellows like you to keep us going.

JEFF.—Fine—isn't it? I was reckoning, that makes six thousand now.

HARSTONE.—Good! Gather it in, Mr. Thorpe. *Your* friends are our friends, don't forget.

JEFF.—Well, now, I'm off to get Macartney with his papers—come along with me, Peter. You wait here, Mr. Harstone and Mr. Slyde. We're going to sign up the trust deed of the Children's Home. I want you all here, everybody—and I"ve got a little surprise for you, too (*rubbing his hands*) a little treat. (*Going to door*) Myra, come along with me (*she comes out pinning on her hat and nodding to* MR. HARSTONE *and* MR. SLYDE *as she comes*), come up stret with me and see if you can find Andy and Mrs. Gillis. . . . Come along. . . . Wait here.

[*Exit* JEFF, PUPKIN, MYRA.]

SLYDE (*nervously*).—A little surprise? What's his damn surprise? Nothing wrong, eh? Don't like it!

HARSTONE (*laughing*).—Pah! You're nervous. Only some little foolery, I suppose, over signing up his damned deeds—

[*Enter* GILLIS, *evidently drunk.*]

GILLIS.—Are you Mr. Harstone?

HARSTONE.—Yes. That's my name.

GILLIS.—Well, this is for you.

[*Hands him a telegram.*]

HARSTONE.—Who gave it to you?

GILLIS.—Up street—at the office. They gave me the price of a drink to bring it.

HARSTONE (*looking at him narrowly as he opens the telegram*).—You'd do a good deal for the price of a drink, wouldn't you? You're the man they dismissed this morning from the bank?

GILLIS.—Dismissed! Yes, and wait till I——

HARSTONE (*with the telegram open*).—By God, see this!

SLYDE.—What is it? What is it?

HARSTONE (*to Gillis*).—You get outside. Wait there. I may want you.

[*Exit* GILLIS]

HARSTONE.—Look at this. (*Spreads out the telegram in front of them.*)

SLYDE (*looking at it*).—What does it say? I can't read that damn cipher. What is it?

HARSTONE (*absolutely calm*). — It's from Olson. That is what it says. Listen, and keep quiet can't you, you damn—— "All up. Warrants out here. Edwards has cleared with money. Warrants out Toronto you and Slyde to-morrow."

SLYDE (*in a panic, reaching for the telegram*).—Harstone, by God, does it say that?

HARSTONE.—You can work it out for yourself — there it is — warrants out. (*Striding up and down.*)

SLYDE.—They'll arrest us. They'll be here any time . . . we must get out . . . get out this minute.

HARSTONE.—GET OUT? You fool! Get out with what? . . . The money . . . the money.

SLYDE.—Edwards has cleared with it . . . all we can do now is to get out before they arrest us.

HARSTONE (*pausing in his stride*).—I'm *damned* if I'll get out. Not empty handed. There are six thousand dollars in *there*. . . . I'll take that with me anyway. I'm damned if I'll go without that.

SLYDE.—But you can't . . . right here in daylight. You can't——

HARSTONE.—Shut up and let me think. . . . Stop clutching that, for God's sake! (SLYDE's *hands have been scratching convulsively at the table.*) Let me think it out. . . . We've got twenty-four hours yet if this is true (*picking up the telegram*) "warrants *to-morrow*." (*With determination.*) Slyde, we stay right where we are till to-night. When we go, we take that six thousand dollars with us. To-morrow we'll be safe across the border with it. Let them find us if they can.

SLYDE.—But how? You can't——

HARSTONE.—Yes, I can. . . . I've a plan. . . . That money is put at night into the cellars of the bank. I've heard that young fool say . . . Hell, the thing's easy.

SLYDE (*getting calmer and thinking*).—But that place is locked. I looked it over. The street door leading down is iron—I don't see—you've no key.

HARSTONE.—No. But I know where to get one. He's either got it still, or he can get it easy enough. (*He goes to the door and calls.*) Here, you, I want you.

[*Enter* GILLIS.]

HARSTONE.—You're a man who would do a good deal for the price of a drink, eh?

GILLIS (*scowling and suspicious*).—Ay.

HARSTONE.—You see that? That's fifty dollars. You'd do still more for that, wouldn't you?

GILLIS.—What is it you're after? Say it out.

HARSTONE.—And you'd like a chance to get even with the man that fired you, too.

GILLIS.—Ay—now you talk—show me that—— What is it you want, boss? Say it out. If it's for that, I'm your man.

HARSTONE.—I want nothing now. But I want you for a certain job to-night, see.

GILLIS.—To-night?

HARSTONE.—Yes. When's the last train down to the city?

GILLIS.—Half-past eleven.

HARSTON.—Nothing after that?

GILLIS.—Nothing that stops.

HARSTONE.—Well, what I want of you is this, and listen you to me . . . stop. . . . They're coming back. . . . You come to me later, at the hotel. . . . This afternoon. . . . Say nothing to anybody. . . . I'll give you all the chance you want to get even. . . Here, out this way . . . quick, before they come. *Shoves* GILLIS *out.*) Now, then, Slyde, keep your nerve. Give me twenty-four hours—give me till to-morrow, to-morrow—and we'll be safe out of this with six thousand dollars to the good. Then they can bring on their warrants if they like.

[*Voices and laughing and talking at the door. In they come*—JEFF, MACARTNEY, MYRA, PUPKIN, ANDY, MRS. GILLIS, NORAH. JEFF *and* MACARTNEY *are lugging a big basket with a napkin over it.*]

JEFF.—Here we are. In with it, Macartney.

HARSTONE.—What have you got there?

JEFF.—Champagne! And plenty of it. We'll have a toast all round on the signing. You didn't think we had champagne in Mariposa, eh, Mr. Harstone?

ANDY.—The last time I seen champagne——

MYRA.—Run, Peter, help get the glasses out.

MACARTNEY (*laughing his rasping—Har! Har!*).—Steady, Thorpe, or you'll be all drunk when you sign! By George, I don't know if it's going to be legal. Har! Har!

JEFF.—Come on then, we'll sign first and have the toast after. Where's your deed, man? Spread it out.

MACARTNEY.—Here you are.

JEFF.—Get the ink, Myra.

[BILL *appears in the door.*]

JEFF, MACARTNEY, MYRA, ETC. (*speaking all together*).—Come in, Bill—just in time. . . . Here you are. . . .

MACARTNEY (*rapping*). — Now, then, quiet a minute. . . . Gentlemen, I have here a deed of trust establishing The Martha Thorpe Home for Destitute Children. . . . Mr. Thorpe will sign, and two other witnesses. Mr. Thorpe!

JEFF (*writing*).—Jeff-er-son Thorpe!

MACARTNEY.—Now, . . . here, Mr. Pupkin, . . . you witness first . . . there . . . below that seal.

PUPKIN.—Here?

MACARTNEY.—There.

[PUPKIN *writes.*]

MACARTNEY.—Now, Evans——

BILL.—I ain't much of a writer (*signs*).

MACARTNEY.—There! My dear Thorpe, I hereby hand, transmit and deliver to you the deed establishing the Martha Thorpe Home for Destitute Children, endowed with sixty thousand dollars worth of stock in The Cuban Renovated Lands Company. Take witness, all, of this delivery!

ALL.—Hoorah!

JEFF.—This is the proudest day of my life. . . . Now, then, I want to give



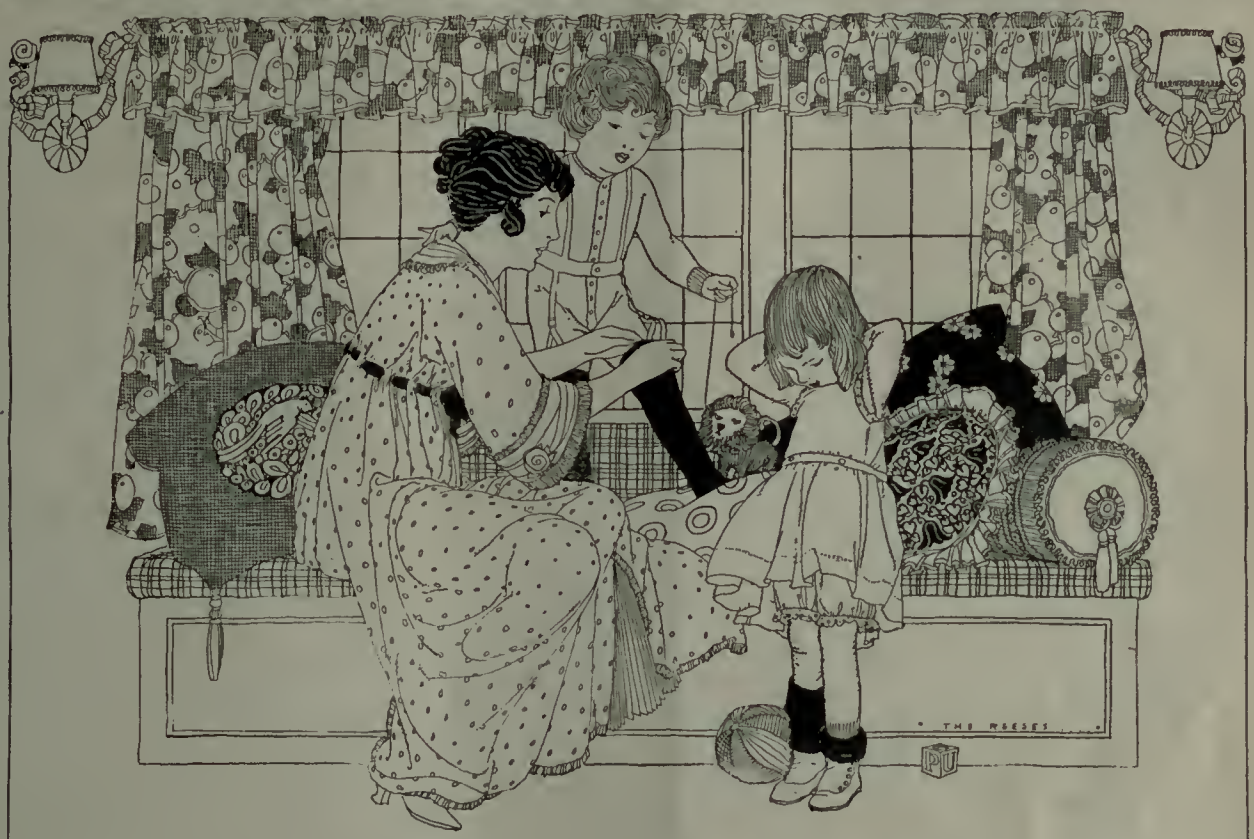
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you all a toast. Now, Peter, out with the bottles.

[JEFF, PETER *and* BILL *start pulling out the bottles.*]

BILL (*utterly disappointed*).—Gosh!

JEFF.—It's wired up!

ANDY.—Gol darn it!

[*They look at the bottles.*]

JEFF.—It's wired up. . . . No way to open it! Yes, sir, fixed up with wires. . . . You can't open it!

BILL (*yawns*).—Needs some sort of key, or something, I guess. . .

JEFF (*very formal*).—Gentlemen, I am sorry. I had wanted you to drink a toast but the champagne is wired. Smith has gone away, and I presume wired it up. . .

HARSTONE—Perhaps I can help you. . . . Here, that's how it goes . . . open them up . . . give them their glasses. . . . Now, Mr. Thorpe, give us your toast.

JEFF.—I'll ask you all to drink to the future of the Martha Thorpe Home for Destitute Children, the future of the Land Company, and our friends here who put their money in it. To-day, gentlemen, is bright, but to-morrow will be brighter still——

HARSTONE (*Interrupting*). — I'll put your whole toast into one word—"To-morrow"—eh? Mr. Slyde. . . Gentlemen, "To-morrow!"

ALL.—*To-morrow!*

[CURTAIN]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

SCENE—*The back bar-parlor of Smith's Hotel. Time—Five minutes to eleven the same evening. A door at the side standing open leads into the bar which is lighted. One can see through it a bit of the bar, with glasses, lemons, beer pumps, etc, and one can hear* BILLY, *the bartender, as he moves about mixing drinks, but cannot see him. Doors lead into the corridor of the Hotel, etc. At a table, lighted by a lamp,* HARSTONE, SLYDE, JEFF, BILL, MACARTNEY *and* PUPKIN *are playing poker with matches. There are glasses beside them. A hot night, they're sitting in their shirt sleeves.* JEFF *is dealing.*

JEFF (*flip, flip, flip—finishes dealing*).—Now, then, Macartney, can you open it?

MACARTNEY.—No.

JEFF (*to* PUPKIN).—Peter?

PETER.—No! but, Gee, I nearly could. I had a seven and eight and a jack—I only needed a nine and a ten and I'd have a straight.

JEFF.—Open it, Mr. Slyde?

SLYDE.—Not I. Whoof! it's hot!

JEFF.—Storm coming. I can feel it. Hark! wasn't that thunder?

HARSTONE.—Sounds like it. No, I can't open it.

JEFF.—Bill?

BILL.—No.

JEFF.—Nor I. Your deal, Macartney.

PUPKIN.—By Jove! Three times round! Takes aces now, doesn't it? Gad, there's a lot in the pot now. Eighteen matches! What are they? Ten for a cent.

JEFF (*as* MACARTNEY *deals*).—Five for a cent. Ten for a cent is too slow. Five puts some zip in it—huh! Bill, you've got an ace. (*The card is turned face up.*)

BILL—S'll right. I'll keep it. Might get another.

SLYDE (*he is evidently nervous, his face is drawn, and his fingers restless*).—What's that? Is that some one at the door?

MACARTNEY.—No—just the thunder. Now, can you open it?

ANDY.—Just eleven o'clock, gentlemen. Billy says do you want another drink before he closes up?

JEFF.—Yes, certainly. Gentlemen, it's on me. Andy, see what they'll have.

ANDY.—What's yours, Mr. Macartney.

MACARTNEY.—Give me a rye whiskey with lemon and a bit of chopped ice.

ANDY (*calling to* BILLY). — One rye with lemon, soda and chopped ice in it.

[*Zug, zug, zug—whizz—bang! . . . Noise of* BILLY *mixing the drink.*]

ANDY.—Yours. Mr. Pupkin?

PUPKIN.—Give me rye and seltzer with a dash of sarsaparilla.

ANDY.—One rye and seltzer with sarsaparilla!

[*Whiz! whiff! POPP! . . . Noise of mixing.*]

ANDY.—Yours, Mr. Slyde?

SLYDE.—I'll take a Collins.

ANDY.—One Collins, Billy.

[*Terrific roar of soda with a perfect cascade of chopped ice—whizz—rattle—bang.*]

Mr. Hartsone?

HARSTONE.—I'll take a pony of brandy.

ANDY.—One pony of brandy.

[*Plop, one short single sound.*]

What's yours, Bill?

BILL.—I'll take the same with a piece of ice in it.

ANDY.—Pony of brandy with a chunk of ice.

[*Plop! plunk!*]

Mr. Thorpe?

JEFF.—I'll take a beer—make it a long one, Andy.

ANDY.—One long beer!

[*Purr-r-r-r-r-r-r—the sound of the long beer goes on interminably.*]

[*Exit* ANDY to the bar.]

MACARTNEY—Now, then, can you open it, Pupkin?

PUPKIN.—What does it take—pair of aces or better? No! . . . Hang it. I awfully nearly had a flush. I had three clubs!

[ANDY *re-enters, puts the drinks on the table, saying as he puts them round.*]

ANDY.—Yours, Mr. Pupkin; yours, Mr. Macartney, etc. (*Last of all to* JEFF). Your's Mr. Thorpe; one long beer. (JEFF'S *long drink turns out to be only about three inches high in a very narrow glass.*)

[*Exit* ANDY.]

MACARTNEY.—Mr. Slyde?

SLYDE—No.

MACARTNEY.—Mr. Harstone?

HARSTONE.—No.

BILL.—Aces or better (*yawns*), yes, I'll open it—for fifteen matches.

PUPKIN.—I say, that's pretty swift! I'm going to stay (*piling in his matches*).

[*All begin counting and piling in matches and talking together.*]

ALL SPEAKING.—I'm in that. . . Not going to let that go. . . Here's a go. . . Count me in . . . etc., etc.

[ANDY *re-enters.*]

ANDY.—Billy says he's just going to close the bar and wants to know if you want another drink. He don't like to be too late with Mr. Smith away.

JEFF.—All right — give us the same again, eh?

ALL SPEAKING.—All right . . . suits me . . . etc., etc., . . . same for me. (*All drinking and draining glasses.*)

[*Exit* ANDY.]

[*The speeches that follow are punctuated with* BILLY'S *furious mixing.*]

JEFF (*putting in his matches*).—We'll all go in this. This'll be our last game for a while if you're off to-night. (*This to Harstone*) (*to Macartney*). One card! Whew! it's hot. There's a big storm somewhere.

[*Sounds of thunder.*]

HARSTONE.—Yes—two cards—we're off on the eleven-thirty.

MACARTNEY.—You've none too much time to get to the depot—one card. (*Looks at it*) Damn it! Where's your baggage? (MACARTNEY *throwns down his cards*).

HARSTONE.—Two cards, thanks. All gone except this valise. Gillis is coming to carry it down.

JEFF (*as he finishes his beer*).—Well, here's luck to you and safe back. I didn't know you had to go so soon. You didn't say so to-day.

HARSTONE. — Didn't know it myself. We're wanted suddenly in New York. They want us there badly, eh, Slyde?

SLYDE (*forcing a laugh*).—Eh? Oh, yes, yes—damn this heat.

[*By this time all have drawn their cards, either as above, or silently.*]

MACARTNEY.—Now, then, Bill——

BILL.—I bet five.

JEFF (*throwing down his cards*).—All yours.

PUPKIN (*eagerly*). — All right, raise you ten.

SLYDE.—I'm out.

HARSTONE.—Out.

BILL.—Ten— and ten more.

PUPKIN.—Ten more and twenty more.

BILL (*after thinking—puts in twenty*). —I'll see you—what have you got?

PUPKIN (*triumphant, planting down his cards, face up, and starting to pull in the chips*).—Three aces!

BILL.—Hold on. (*Yawns.*) I've got three aces, too!

PUPKIN.—By Jove! What's your best ace?

BILL—Ace of—let me look at her—Hearts.

PUPKIN.—By Gee! You win. Isn't it funny the way cards fall?

[*Enter* ANDY, *with the drinks.*]

ANDY.—Bill says if you want anything more to drink before he closes up, to say so right now.

JEFF (*laughing*). — No, no, I guess this'll do. Well! I've gotto be off.

[*All rise to drink.*]

I'll say good-night to you, gentlemen, see you back in a day or two.

HARSTONE.—Oh, yes, good night.

SLYDE (*shaking hands*).—Good night.

PUPKIN.—Well, good night.

HARSTONE.—You're off, too?

PUPKIN.—I've got to be. I sleep over the bank, you know. Have to be there at half-past ten every night. For protection. . . .

HARSTONE.—Protect what? You or the bank?

PUPKIN.—The bank — by Gee — didn't you notice that loaded revolver in my room when you came up to see me this afternoon.

HARSTONE (*with a laugh*).—I noticed it. . . . Well, good night . . . see you in a day or two. . . . Oh, no, thanks, Gillis has taken most of our things down—it's just a step—you hurry home or you'll be caught in the storm.

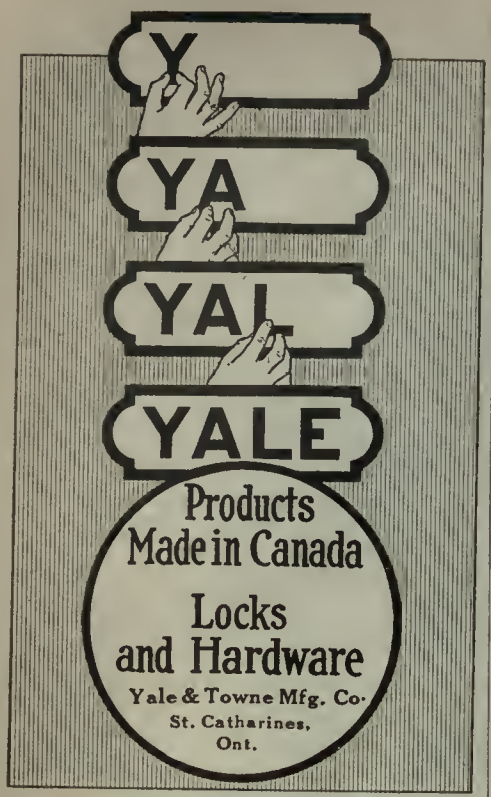
[*Thunder.*]

[*All shaking hands and saying "Good-night."*]

ANDY. — I'll let you gentlemen out







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through the bar, Mr. Thorpe; front door's shut.

[*Exit* ANDY, JEFF, MACARTNEY, PUPKIN, BILL—*one hears them saying good-night to the invisible* BILLY.]

SLYDE (*uneasily*).—You hear what that young fool says?

HARSTONE.—What?

SLYDE.—A revolver in his room! I don't like it—he'll hear us—I don't like it.

HARSTONE.—A revolver in his room! Yes, so there was . . . loaded, too . . but it's not there now, I took it. (*Lays it on the table with a grim laugh*)

SLYDE (*handling it timorously*).—It's loaded!

HARSTONE.—What else should it be? . . . Here! . . . There's Gillis. . . Shove it in your pocket.

[*Sounds of* GILLIS *blundering in through the side door and corridor.*]

HARSTONE (*calling*).—Here! . . . In here.

[*Enter* GILLIS, *evidently drunk, he staggers in the doorway.*]

Steady there—here—sit down . . . well?

GILLIS.—I done all you said. Your things is checked for the eleven-thirty—she's on time they said . . . and here's your (*he lurches as he feels in his pocket and gets out an envelope*) tickets, and sleepers and baggage checks. It's all there. . . .

HARSTONE—Right . . and now . .

[*Enter* ANDY *from the bar; he yawns heavily and is evidently very sleepy; he carries a bottle of brandy in his hand and puts it on the table with two glasses.*]

ANDY.—You said a bottle of brandy, didn't you, Mr. Harstone? . . . for the train — with the cork drawn — did you want to take glasses? (*Puts bottle and glasses on the table.*) And Billy says he's closing up and if——

HARSTONE.—That's all right. Nothing more—put the bottle here—cork drawn? (*Feeling it with his fingers.*) Right!

ANDY (*calling*).—Nothing more, Billy, you can close up. . . .

[*Sounds of* BILLY *closing; lights in bar go out first one and then another.*]

Take the front key of the bar with you, Billy. I'll lock up this door, good-night.

[*Voice, "Good-night"—sound of closing door — darkness in the bar —* ANDY *closes and locks bar door.*]

HARSTONE.—Well, good-night, Andy, we won't keep you any longer; Gillis will take us out. You get to bed . . . and here. (*He gives him a five-dollar bill.*)

ANDY. — Thank you, Mr. Harstone. Nothing more you want? I'll turn down this light low——

[*Steps into the hall, out of sight, voice still heard.*]

. . . And will you turn it right out when you go. (*Hall light goes dim.*) Good-night, Mr. Harstone . . . good-night, Mr. Slyde.

[HARSTONE *and* SLYDE *grunt a "good-night"; the room is now in half darkness; there is only the light of a lamp on the table; sound of* ANDY *going upstairs; sound of low thunder and sudden rain on the roof.*]

SLYDE (*starting at the sound*).—What's that?

GILLIS.—Rain . . . a storm . . . a big storm. (*He speaks in a strange abstracted way.*)

HARSTONE.—A bad night, is it?

GILLIS.—Ay . . . storm . . . thunder and a big gale . . . like I've seen it many a time down home on the Nova Scotia coast. . . . Hear it! Hear it sweeping over the lake! A bad night. . . (*Shambling to a seat on a bench.*)

HARSTONE.—So much the better. Here, are you drunk?

GILLIS—Drunk! Me drunk! No——

HARSTONE.—Then drink that (*pouring out brandy*). Here, then—have you done all I said?

GILLIS.—Yes, I told you. The things is all on the train.

HARSTONE.—Then listen to me.

GILLIS.—Ay, I'm hearing you.

HARSTONE (*slowly and impressively*).——Mr. Slyde and I are not going on that train.

GILLIS.—Not going? You told the folks here you was going on the eleven-thirty!

HARSTONE.—Well, we're not. They think you're taking us down to the train, see? And when they ask you in the morning if we went, you'll say you saw us go, do you understand?

GILLIS.—What's that for?

HARSTONE—Because I say so, and I'm going to make it worth your while.

GILLIS.—I'm to say you went on the eleven-thirty, well?

SLYDE.—And that you *saw* us leave on it.

GILLIS.—Well?

HARSTONE.—Now—you told me there was another train later.

GILLIS.—I did, half after one — the night express from the north—but she don't stop. I told you that this afternoon—she don't stop. I hear her nights, when I don't sleep, howling and shrieking through, like the storm——

HARSTONE. — You said she stops for water——

GILLIS.—Yes, mostly, but not here at the depot.

SLYDE.—Where?

GILLIS.—On the trestle bridge over the marsh, where the tank is—three miles from the town.

SLYDE.—She stops there. . . .

GILLIS.—Yes, most nights, not always.

HARSTONE.—The bridge is long?

GILLIS.—A quarter of a mile, mebbe more——

HARSTONE.—And how wide?

GILLIS.—Narrow.

HARSTONE.—Room to stand when the train passes?

GILLIS.—Yes, about that, no more—say, what is it you want of me? What's all this for?

HARSTONE.—Don't raise your voice that way. They'll hear you—here drink this.

GILLIS (*holding the glass and not drinking*).—And why not be heard? What is it you're after?

HARSTONE.—Drink your drink. Now, I asked you about a key. Have you got it?

GILLIS (*stubbornly*).—Ay. I've got it. (*Puts his hand to his waistcoat pocket*) What of it?

HARSTONE.—The key of the door leading to the cellar vault?

GILLIS.—Ay, the door to the cellar vault. I kept it back when I gave in my keys to Mr. Pupkin. Say, what is it you want with that key anyway?

[*Slams his glass on the table, spilling the brandy and staggering.*]

HARDSTONE.—Not so loud, I told you.

GILLIS.—You said you wanted that key for to go in this afternoon to get something of yours, something you'd left there.

HARSTONE.—Yes.

GILLIS.—Then you lied! (*He strikes*

his fist on the table and rises.) You gave me money to get and bring you that key. You gave me fifty dollars to bring you that key. . . .

HARSTONE.—I did, yes, fifty dollars. Sit down, you fool, and be quiet!

GILLIS (*With rising noise and anger*).—But you didn't say you wanted that key to break into the vaults at midnight—you didn't tell me that—at midnight when they thought you'd gone—I see through you robbers, you damn bank robbers—with your money to bribe a drunken man! Take it. (*Flings roll of money on the table.*) You thought you could buy me, buy Ben Gillis for fifty dollars to help you rob the bank I worked for—I know you——

HARSTONE (*to* SLYDE).—Close that door quick!

[SLYDE *closes the door.*]

[HARSTONE *continues—he is quite calm and hard.*]

Well? What of it? Do you feel so grateful to the bank as all that?

GILLIS.—You think you can bribe me with your money——

HARSTONE.—To help us against the bank that fired you—that put you on the street.

GILLIS.—Fired me! And done right to fire me—I'm drunk and I'm low, and I'm on the street—but I'm honest. I'm Ben Gillis, I am—Nova Scotia fisher folk—poor folk but never a robber among them—God! for six cents——

[GILLIS *has seized a chair; he swings it with giant strength over his head.*]

HARSTONE.—Back, you scoundrel—keep back or—— (*One sees in Harstone's hand a sheath knife that he has drawn from his hip pocket—the blade glitters in the light.*)

GILLIS (*furious*).—A knife! Would you—a knife, you hound—I'll brain you.

[*The chair is swung over his head, he rushes at* HARSTONE *and strikes him down.* HARSTONE *calls to* SLYDE, "*The gun! The gun!*" SLYDE *has drawn the revolver; stands jabbering, "Keep back or I'll shoot"*—GILLIS *with the chair raised to strike* HARSTONE *again turns towards* SLYDE.]

GILLIS.—You'd shoot, you dog—I'll kill you both!

SLYDE (*retreating, crying in panic*).—Keep off me!

HARSTONE.—Shoot! Shoot!

[*There is the loud report of the revolver.* GILLIS *reels, falls against the wall with a groan.*]

SLYDE.—My God!

HARSTONE (*rising*).—Curse him—he's broken my arm.

SLYDE (*in horror*).—I've shot him. I've killed him.

[*Voices and noise above* ANDY *calls, "What's that down there! Who fired that shot!"*]

HARSTONE.—Quick, out of this.

SLYDE (*paralyzed*).—I-ve killed him, I've shot him.

HARSTONE.—Don't jabber—the key—quick—the key!

[*Voices.*—"What's that down there? *Who's there?"* HARSTONE *quickly kneels over* GILLIS—*takes the key from his pocket—grabs his valise, drags* SLYDE *by the arm.*]

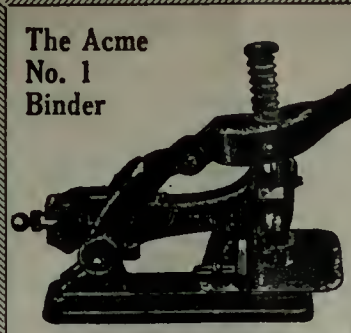
Hurry—the side door.

SLYDE.—I've killed him—I've killed him.

[HARSTONE *blows out the light. Exit* HARSTONE *and* SLYDE, *stumbling in the dark.*]

To be continued.

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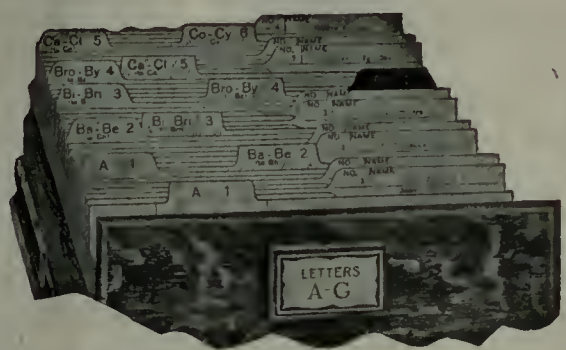
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June Comes Back

Continued from page 16.

"Your granddaughter!" exclaimed Jack, his face hardening.

"It is a long story, Mr. Beresford," said Sir William, evidently ill at ease. "And not a pleasant one for us to relate. June's mother was our daughter. She married, strongly against our wishes, a Mr. Summers, a young artist. Estrangement followed. I am not seeking to justify the severe view we took of her marriage at the time. It has been a great sorrow to us, and will ever be such. She was proud, deeply attached to her husband, absolutely loyal to him, and when we forbade them the house, she took us at our word. We lost sight of them, and understood they had gone abroad. The time came when we longed for reconciliation—she was our only child—an opportunity to make what amends we could. Our search failed. Only recently we discovered the truth, and you may judge its bitterness to us, that she died in want, widowed, and destitute."

The depth and reality of the man's sorrow softened Beresford's first judgment.

"We learned of the baby girl, June, and from the Orphanage officials were enabled to trace her here," continued the speaker. "We have heard with gratitude we can never adequately express of your goodness to the child."

"You have told this to June, that she is your granddaughter?" asked Jack.

"Yes, perhaps we ought not to have done so until we had seen you, but it seemed like meeting our own child again. The likeness is astonishing, as no doubt you have observed from the portrait in the locket June carries. Perhaps you can understand our impulsiveness," said Sir William; and Jack nodded.

There was silence for some time, Jack's mind being bewilderingly busy. "And, having seen June, what further do you wish to say?" he asked, challenge in his voice.

"We should like to have her with us in her mother's place in our home," the man answered.

"By what right?" Jack demanded.

"By no right. I acknowledge we have forfeited that," was the reply.

"You abandoned her mother, your only child, allowed her to sink into abject poverty—death for all I know. Think of a baby, a baby girl, alone, at the mercy of any evil chance in a London slum! Sometimes, as I have looked upon her, I have trembled to think what her fate might have been, and you come to me to ask me to give to you, who once failed to guard your own, the girl who has come to mean almost everything to us! She is almost a woman now. Ask her to decide. I know what answer she will give to you," said Jack.

"All you have said is true," replied Cranston. "She is deeply attached to you. But we had hoped you might, in her interest, and out of regard for her, see the advantage to her, were she to stand in her mother's place in our home."

"And perhaps, if she did not bow to your will, and order her life on the pattern drawn by you for her, be treated as her mother was," Beresford answered. "What can you do for her that I would not do?" I have worked for her, thought for her, planned for her, all these years. Money and comfort I can give her, she will be a rich woman, for all I have is hers. There is nothing in this wide world I could do to ensure her happiness that I would omit."

"And it is because we know that we may appeal to you," said Lady Cranston. "I know what you have done, others have told it to us, and I have seen and spoken with June. I can imagine the sacrifices you would make for her, since we have seen you. She has been a fortunate girl to have found, in her need, such protectors as you and your sister. If this meant her absolute separation from you, I would wish her to stay. But, Mr. Beresford, is there not another side to the matter? There are some things, in spite of your affection, that you cannot give her. She is very beautiful, very charming. Is it not desirable that she should see a wider world, and meet those who belong to the station in life that is hers by every right? Is there any one here to whom you would wish to give her in marriage, when the time comes? You are unmarried, the only women in your house are servants, can she obtain here those advantages that money cannot buy, social relationship with women of her own world? She would wish to stay with you, love and loyalty alike would inspire such a determination, but could you allow her to make the sacrifice?"

Jack was silent, the appeal was powerful. There was a barb, possibly not intended, in her words, that drove sharply to his heart. He was neither June's father, nor brother, nor any relative. Kate and he had not even formally adopted her. She was a woman now. Marriage had to be thought of. His mind ran over the few men in the hamlet. The idea of June marrying any of them was repulsive to him. He didn't know why it should be, they were pretty good, average men, who would be well off one day. Then the truth came to him, the idea of any man marrying her would be repugnant to him. The veil fell from his eyes, and he knew what his love for her really was.

"Think the matter over, Mr. Beresford," said Sir William. "We leave the matter absolutely with you, and will acquiesce in the decision you may make."

AFTER they had gone, Jack sat long pondering the situation bitterly, resentfully, fearfully. He would not, could not let her go. She would stand with him in all the strength of her loyal heart. But could he let her make the sacrifice? To her he was the brother, father almost, who had brought her up. His love and service through the years barred any other relationship. Her gratitude raised an impassable barrier between them.

She met him at the door when he entered, smiling welcome on her lips. He did not know what they had said to her, but he saw the clear, strong loyalty to him in the eager warmth of her greeting, in a new tenderness.

In the library after dinner she told him of the interview. The Cranstons had been nice and kind to her, she liked Lady Cranston especially. It was pleas-

ant to know her people, perhaps she was a little proud to know that she belonged to so eminent a family, but otherwise they meant little to her. This was her country, her home, her Jack.

He said little. After she had left him, he sat up late, pondering, reasoning, fighting, yet with a sickening conviction in his heart that he was losing the fight with himself. The following evening he brought the matter up again.

"Sir William and his wife will come for the decision to-morrow," he said. She looked up at him from the needlework in her hands.

"Decision, Jack? It has already been made." Then as she noted the cloud on his face, she put aside her work.

"I wish they had never come," she said. "They seem like interlopers sent to mar our happiness. If you look so awfully grumpy, Jack, I shall begin to think you doubt me. I don't want to go away. I won't go away. This is the place to which I belong, my home. Now drive that awful frown away. Come into the drawing room, I'll play and sing to you, to send away the evil spirit."

"I don't feel like music to-night," he smiled. "Let us talk, June, like the sensible folk we are. Do you know, honey," —the old, endearing name slipped out unawares—"I have thought that perhaps we ought to consider the matter more carefully. It was startling, just at first, and rather upsetting, but when looked at broadly, there is another side to it."

There was utter bewilderment in her face, her lips trembled, her clasped hands clenched tightly.

"I believe I frightened you," he smiled. "You know, June, how I'd hate you to go away, as I used to hate you leaving me for school. I was like a bear with a sore head for a month afterwards. But you had to go to school—for a time. Perhaps this is the same—for a time. I have been thinking quite a lot about it to-day, and I tell you, honey, it made me feel pretty cheap. I asked myself what business I had to keep you here, boxed up in a lone country wilderness, with an old lumberjack pitman like myself, just because I love to have you here. It made me feel mean, selfish, greedy. And the wonderful house here, it began to look to me like a beautiful cage I'd gilded with costly gold just to help to keep you."

"You are just the best, most generous—I don't know what name to call you." She began stormily, but sunshine swiftly followed tempest. "I don't know why you say all these things, Jack, they hurt terribly, you are so good to me that you have to be hard with yourself."

"There is winter coming, a long, dull time. I may have to be away on long business trips. It would be fearfully dull for you, June. You should be where you would have lots of friends, girls of your own age, and lots of gaiety and sunshine. Parties, you know, and dances, and theatres. It is all as necessary as school was. You should learn the sweetness and brightness of life, and not be mooning alone through a bitter, lonely, Northern winter. It would not mean good-bye for ever, but—just for a time. You could write and tell me all about it, the plays, and the books, and the nice people, and the grand times you are having, and I'd sit here at night and read the letters and have a fine time, too, knowing you are having such fun. And you'll have lots of admirers with their pleasant speeches

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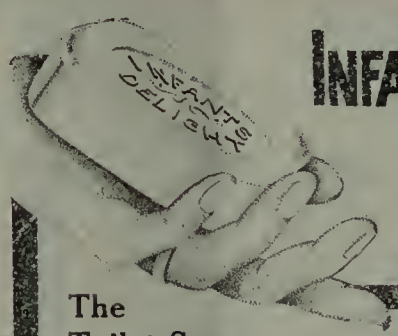


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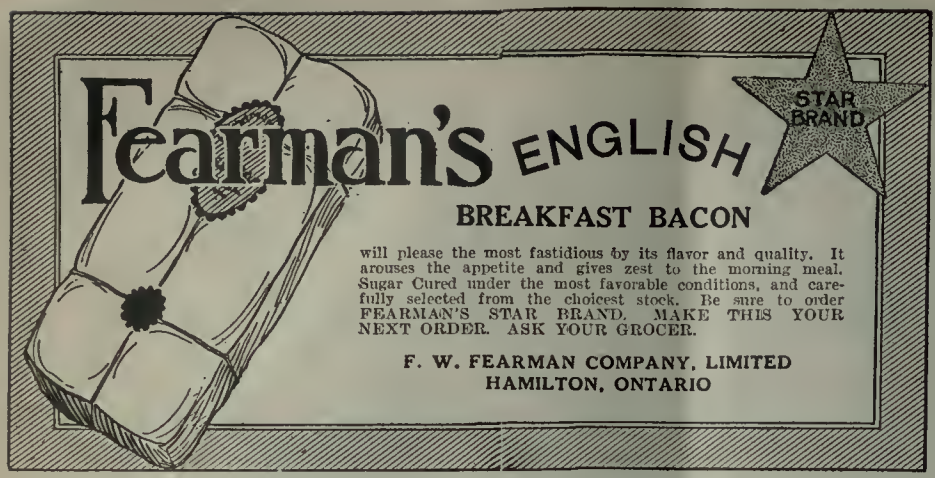
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and compliments. It will be just great for you. Why June, little June! You are crying. What have I said?" He went over and patted her shoulder gently.

"You want me to go, Jack!" it was not a question, but a wondering. She looked up as if she could not believe it.

"Is it because—because—you are going to get married, Jack?"

He burst into a roar of laughter that did both good.

"Married! Blessings on the girl. Having brought up one family, do you think I am going to plunge into trouble again?" She came across and pulled his ears for laughing at her, but her face was very sunny. "I am never going to get married, June, honey, I am too comfortable as I am. You see I want you to go just as I wanted you to go to school. It hurt dreadfully, but suppose I had been selfishly weak, and kept you here, what an injustice it would have been to you! I shall come over to see you sometimes, the old home daddy or brother, and you'll always be June, my June, the baby I used to play with, the tomboy who galloped over the country with me, the little housekeeper."

"Then you mean that you really wish me to go?" It was a decisive question this time. Her eyes rested searchingly on his. It was the most tremendous ordeal of his life. A word—and she would come to his arms, to rest there for ever.

"Yes, June, honey, I want you to go," he answered. "Why, it is no more than just going visiting, and we are making as much fuss about it as if we should never see each other again. You will have the grandest time, and will see all the famous places we have read about and promised ourselves we would see together some day."

"I'd rather be here on the hillside, in this dear house, with my keys and account books, and cheque book, than them all, without you, Jack," she said sadly.

"That shows how wretchedly I've monopolized you," he answered. "I'll take the housekeeping books and put them away—just for the time. Nobody else will have them, and the position will be left vacant."

"Till I come back?" she answered.

"Yes, till you come back," he promised smilingly.

* * *

A FEW days served to complete the enquiries Jack had instituted, and a week later he stood on the dock and watched the liner melt away in the distant haze.

Then he turned and went back to the lonely house on the hillside. The dream had died away. The castle, built with infinite toil and pains, had vanished like some splendidly iridescent bubble at the touch. That day the first heavy snow of the season fell. Winter came over the land, summer was but a fair, fragrant memory.

When spring approached again, Jack Beresford too was across the Atlantic, with the Canadian Contingent, helping to bar the road to the Channel against the Hun.

III.

BERESFORD'S first thought was that he had been sleeping, dreaming. Slowly the world of fancy faded, like the trailing mists of darkness at the coming of dawn. He seemed like a spent swim-



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mer whom a dark ocean has engulfed. The noise, as of waters, was still in his ears. He remembered the sensation, sinking down, and still deeper down, without pain or struggle, into the soft blackness that folded round him like a robe. How long, ages or moments, he did not know, for time was dead too. Then he had been raised to the surface, still cradled in the arms of night, washed up by gently lapping waves, and laid on the shores of time and consciousness again. The spell was still upon him, the mystery of the veiled second room of existence, beyond the curtain he had half lifted.

With the dream's fading, he felt cold. As he moved stiffly, there came a sharp sensation of pain. He wondered if he would ever have courage again to lift his head, that crowded world of aches and pains. His shoulder, as he twitched it, responded with a stinging stab. The rest of his body—he didn't know anything about it, save its weariness, pain, sense of brokenness. To ease the intolerable throbbing he lay quite still. The sky into which he gazed was a deep, violet, starry sea, stormless, benign. In a clump of shattered and ragged trees a nightingale sang and, listening to its ecstacy, the wounded man for the moment, lost sense of pain. And out of the velvet darkness came the face and form of the girl-woman. He closed his eyes that he might more perfectly behold the vision of June. For never battle yet, but over the field, when the fight was done, came the seeking woman on her errand of love and consolation, and none see her, save the man she seeks. How far away, and yet how near the old life seemed! He felt, as souls must, when after the voyaging through the night, they stand on the sunlit shores of the Paradise of God. And with him was June, to make heaven more perfect by reason of its sweet kinship with earth.

AND again she came, stealing into the ward of the London Hospital, fair and sweet, her face paler, nobler, more tender. He felt the soft lips on his forehead, as in healing benediction, and the tear that plashed in his cheek.

"You can't say I'm handsomer than ever now, June, honey," he laughed, recalling the evening of her return from school.

"You were never so handsome and fine, Jack," she smiled, holding his hand. "Oh, Jack! How proud I am of you. I tried to read about it in the newspapers, but I couldn't, for the tears blinded my eyes. When I read that first awful word 'missing,' I don't think I wanted to live any more. And then came the healing news. They say you are to have the Cross, Jack. Oh, it is good to have you back. We are going to take you down to the Towers as soon as you can travel, and I shall nurse you. Most of the house has been turned into a hospital, and I have been nursing ever since I came from home."

"Home?" he laughed quietly.

"Yes, it will always be home," she answered.

"You are not sorry now you came, honey?" he asked.

"No, I think not," she replied.

"They are all kind and good to you?"

"They are the best and dearest people in the world, Jack, except you," she answered with simple earnestness. "They are wonderfully kind, but it is not the same. Sometimes I get dreadfully homesick, at sugaring time, and when I know the maples must be crimsoning. And



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when the fog and rains come I long for the clear, blue skies and the sweet cold winds of the home country."

LATER they took him to the Cranstons' county seat to be nursed back to health and vigor. There were long delicious days with June, and the fatherly and motherly love of his host and hostess helped to restore him. Men and women came and went, people of the Cranstons' world, well-born, with the social hallmark that aristocratic lineage, and great, honorable tradition, writes subtly upon them. Among them June moved as with those of her own class and station. Jack's keen eyes noted the admiration her beauty and frank fineness attracted. One day she would marry, probably into some famous family, in comparison with whom the few Beresford generations at Bluewater were but of yesterday. It were better so, if the man were worthy of her. What could the hillside mining settlement give to her? What was he? Successful, yes, in the matter of money, but money was only one of many desirable things in life, and had its strict limitations. Besides, he himself would never again be the man he had been. He would never don uniform again. The few minutes in the hot corner of the splintered wood outside Ypres, had taken full toll of him. He would always be lame, scarred. Things were much better as they were. Life could not rob him of the joys he had known.

THEN one day he went up to Town. There was a ship sailing in a few days. Just before it left he mailed the long letter to June, asking a forgiveness for going without saying farewell. He was hungry for home, and the wonderful house, and the early summer beauty of the lakeside. Much more he said, and still more was in it, unwritten, but plainly perceptible to the eyes of love. He was retreating, but as splendidly and valiantly as when he won his decoration charging the machine guns in the deadly wood.

And so he came back to the quiet house, with the locked little suite upstairs, and the calm, evenly ordered life. The mines were increasingly prosperous, war had doubled their wealth, their management was in capable hands.

During these days he turned more to the old pastoral life, the sheep and cattle, the fields, and waters, and woods. After the scorched hell of the battle lines, the meadows and rivers, and forests were indescribably soothing and beautiful. He now tired easily, and lay long hours in the chair couch on the verandah, often with closed eyes, for thus he could see and hear better what he desired to see and hear. Sometimes her voice in song came to him from the rooms above, he could hear the soft swish of her dress, the light fall of her feet, the rippling music of her laughter. The orchard was still in the pink and white beauty of blossoming time, and there were roses again on the bush by the verandah. The winds were warm and fresh. The sky a soft, clear, deep blue. . . .

. . . He heard the whistle of the distant train. It brought back memory of the evening June returned from school. He fell again into a long, deep, reverie. How long it lasted, seconds or hours, he did not know. Then he heard her step again, the rustle of her dress. He waited. with closed eyes, as if expecting her to bid him come to supper. A soft pair of

hands were laid over his eyes, there was a kiss that fluttered like the fall of a rose petal on his brow, the fragrance of her went to his head like wine.

"June!" he whispered, scarce believing. Then his eyes opened. He stood up, as he had stood to receive his Cross. The roses in her cheeks took on a richer, duskier hue, her eyes were dewy, her lips trembled faintly.

"I had to come back, Jack. And you won't scold me, dear. I just had to. You know what you said, 'for a time,' and the time is over now." She spoke swiftly, in soft, low tones. "And I knew you wanted me, Jack, more than anyone else in the world wants me, and I wanted you."

"Wanted you!" he said. "As the world wants the sunlight."

"I am glad I went away, Jack. Things cleared before my eyes," she continued. "I came to understand myself, and you, and oh! lots of things about us. Sometimes you laughed and called me 'daughter' and sometimes 'sister,' but I know now it was all make-believe. The name I liked best was 'honey.' And while I was away I found out that I was just June Summers and you, Jack Beresford. And after that discovery—well—I had to come back. I couldn't help it, you see."

"June! Little June! It is too wonderful to believe, but you wouldn't mock me, would you, honey?" he said.

"Mock you!" she laughed, holding out her hands to him. "I want the keys back again, Jack, and the account books, and the cheque and pass books."

"I am afraid you can't have them," he replied. "The housekeeper's position has been abolished. But, we will row over to the Rectory, and when we return, I'll hand them over to my wife, my June bride."

And so, as the moonlight silvered the lake, they returned to the wonderful house on the hillside, and June came back a second time, this time really to stay.

Oil in the North

Continued from page 14.

The tar sand (of cretaceous age) which contains such an immense quantity of petroleum already has been referred to. This oil district is in the northern part of Alberta. But it is in the Devonian rocks that the most conspicuous seepages of fluid oil are found. Thus, on the shores of the Great Slave Lake, in porous dolomites of this age, there are many pools of oil and spreads of tar, so that bottles and pails can readily be filled with oil. And along the banks of the Mackenzie River in certain places the oil is flowing out into the water copiously from outcropping oil sands belonging to the Devonian formation. In one locality these seepages are continuous for several miles. The indications are as good as could possibly be desired and the only drawback is the distance.

OUR TROUBLES on the return journey were greater than on the trip north. Behind us the winter was creeping on and threatening to overtake us.

Our little steamboat was in bad condition and not strong enough to battle with the strong current against which we had to proceed. Sometimes we could hardly make any headway, so fierce

Continued on page 96.

A Penny Wise Engineer

Mackie, President of The Harlam Foundry Co., swore a round oath when he read the telegram, and handed it to Jennings. It read: "Engine wrecked—Regan."

To Jennings the message was cryptic; to Mackie it spelled thousands of dollars loss.

"We have a munitions contract, and every hour of lost time represents a loss of literally hundreds of dollars," he said; and bidding Jennings good bye, Mackie left The Engineers' Club to hasten to the station.

Seventy miles away a factory was idle, and the flying minutes multiplied losses at a maddening rate. At Linton, a motor car waited for him, and on the run to the foundry, the manager explained matters.

"Water in engine cylinders," was his first laconic remark, and the President understood.

"When can repairs be completed?" Mackie asked.

"It will be a week or ten days," the manager replied.

"Cut the time in two," said the president, "I'll give you four days to get that engine fixed. Spend any money you like to save time. It's costing us thousands of dollars a day to be idle."

There had been other delays, and the time limit for filling the order was dangerously close at hand. Heavy penalties for delays, and the hope of fresh contracts, dependent on demonstrated ability to make deliveries as per schedule, were two compelling reasons for urgency in making the needful repairs in the shortest possible time.

For one man, the disaster meant a ruined career—the engineer. On him was placed the responsibility of supplying and maintaining operating power. Mackie summoned him to his office.

"Hicks, he said, "why did water get into the engine cylinders?" and Hicks knew that evasion was worse than useless.

"Our engine was not equipped with a steam separator," he answered.

"And why not?"

"Well, a separator is an expensive thing," said Hicks, "and we've always got along without one up to now."

"Hicks, you make me tired," said the president. "Expense? Man, don't you see that it has proved a thousand times more expensive not to have had our engine equipped with a steam separator? You talk about expense! Why Good Heavens, Man, expense is a relative term. Here, to save a paltry $100, you've let us in for literally thousands of dollars of loss. Get out, Hicks, I'll attend to your case later!"

So Hicks lost his job, and blemished his reputation. His small mind,—his failure to see things proportionately,—is wanted by no firm doing things in the big modern way. An engineer who takes risks, by so-called economizing, is a poor engineer, a really dangerous man.

Hicks was urged to buy a Webster Steam Separator by a Darling Bros. man. The accident that happened had been foreshadowed. Hicks had admitted the possibility of condensation in the steam supply pipe; had admitted the danger of operating an engine without a separator on this pipe; had admitted that a sudden rush of entrained water into the engine cylinders would wreck it, and work great havoc; had admitted that the Webster Steam Separator was the best of all such devices; but——!

Reader of this incident, not fanciful but actual, with nothing but the "staging" altered, for obvious reasons: Who are you? Are you a president, a general manager, a director, an engineer? And is the engine in your factory or foundry equipped with an efficient steam separator? If it is not, then write straightway to Darling Brothers, Limited, Steam Appliance Experts, Montreal, for particulars of their Webster Steam Separator.—Advt.



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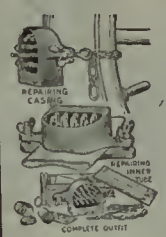
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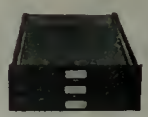
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were the elements against which we had to contend. We used wood as fuel and almost every day had to stop to cut a fresh supply.

One day we narrowly escaped shipwreck in the Sans Sault rapids. For several hours we battled against the current without making any headway whatever. In fact we began to slip back in a bad place in the rapids which would have meant inevitable disaster on the rocks. We stoked in the wood until the boilers threatened to burst. We tacked first one way and then another, vainly striving to beat our way up against the swift waters. Towards evening, just as our fuel was nearly at an end, we began to move—very slowly at first. Probably the current had slackened. At any rate we finally won our way up the rapids and into the quiet waters beyond—just as our fuel gave out!

To make matters worse, we were very short of food and found it impossible to secure any supplies at the trading posts. We did manage to borrow some from the Missions and from the police, and in that way were able to keep going. At one post where we had hoped to get supplies we were met by the only white man standing on the bank with a basin in his hand asking for flour.

IT WAS only at the posts that inhabitants were seen. The Indians on the Mackenzie belong to several tribes and there are many different tongues among them. There are, however, in each tribe some men who can talk Cree and in that way communication among tribes is kept up.

At one post we met a new missionary who was just learning the Cree language. He had a book to show how to make the right sounds and by means of this he had learned to conduct his church services fairly successfully, although he himself did not know a single word he was uttering.

Some of the Indian languages are very picturesque and tuneful. They have an especially apt way of coining words. In Chippewyan, for instance, the word for the gramaphone is "the voice in a box." The name for the North-West mounted policeman is "the man who speaks the truth," which is a deserved tribute, although what the Indian probably means is "the man whose word is law."

The missionaries certainly are heroic characters, living lives of hardship in a service that seemed to yield but little in the way of temporal return. They were always glad to meet us and to hear news of the outside world.

From them we heard many interesting and amusing stories of the land. One Bishop whom we met was something of a doctor and was often called upon to heal the sick. In one place they brought to him a man with a cut on his back. The bishop promised to put a plaster on it provided the back was washed first. After much persuasion the Indian's squaw agreed to this and enquired exactly as to the size and shape of the plaster. When the bishop returned with his plaster he found the back waiting ready for him. On it a small piece had been washed—the exact size of the plaster. It seemed useless to ask for more so into this place forthwith the plaster was inlaid.

The methods of trading in these parts are peculiar. No money is used, but all prices are quoted in terms of

skins. The cash value of a skin is now about one-third of a dollar. Originally the beaver skin was the medium of exchange. When an Indian came to the trading post to buy a rifle he brought with him beaver skins and laid them one upon another in a pile. When the pile was as high as the rifle the exchange was made. Every year the rifles were made longer and longer!

An Indian works for you for six skins a day. You pay him for his services by writing on paper that he is to receive a credit of so many skins at the nearest post. He takes this and uses it in due course; and you square yourself with the trading company. Calculations in the store are done by means of beads. The Indian brings in his fur and, as each one is accepted by the storekeeper so many beads are handed to him. Then the Indian buys his supplies of flour, sugar, tobacco, etc., handing the beads back to the storekeeper accordingly. Good Indians are allowed credit at the store where they trade on the strength of what they are likely to catch in the coming season. The larger the debt the prouder is the Indian —for it shows what a fine hunter he is.

AND so at last we retraced our journey of one thousand miles up the Mackenzie River and returned again into the Great Slave. Although the stormy season had arrived, and I knew the evil reputation of the lake, it was necessary to make some explorations of surrounding territories, and we embarked upon a risky voyage to a part of the northern shore.

I set a course by means of my instruments and, as soon as we were completely out of sight of land, a violent storm came up out of nowhere and tossed our little ship about like a cork. The Indians and breeds in the party became sea-sick; and all of us had an anxious time. However, fortune favored us and we reached the coast. As we neared the shore, which loomed up through the storm as remarkably rocky and dangerous, we threw out two anchors, but even then we nearly drifted on to the rocks. Finally we fixed two large spars to keep her off the shore and before we felt safe had no less than eight cables stretching out in all directions to rocks and trees.

The storm continued for several days, but the good ship held together.

On this coast we found there was a great abundance of fish—whitefish which we caught in nets, and pike and "conies" —the latter a fish peculiar to this lake, which we caught with spinning bait. Here we could throw out the line and continually draw in fish, as many as you pleased—and all sizes, from 8 to 20 lbs. and even larger. In the fall the Indians gather here and catch hundreds of tons of fish for winter food for themselves and their dogs.

There were also trout—the largest in the world—which we caught in the deep water by setting hooks at night. Some of these weighed 40 pounds, and it is said that they sometimes attain to 60 pounds.

We recrossed the lake in another bad storm and had to shelter for two days in the lee of an island.

In due course and very laboriously we retraced onr way along the Slave and Athabasca, meeting with various adventures on the way.

Along the river were several new crosses marking the places where men had been drowned that season on the journey in. We picked up all the men we could at McMurray who wished to travel out, but our party was really insufficient for the task and most of us were in rags and without any sound boots. Besides ourselves were several Indians and half-breeds and three prospectors from Nevada who had been washing gravel in the North in search of gold.

All were footsore and worn and very hungry. Once we found a dead deer which had died of a bullet wound, and though it smelt unpleasant we were glad of it as food.

"Tracking out" up the Athabasca River is perhaps the hardest work in the world.

Often we had to wade through tributary rivers where we could hardly keep our feet. Yet never must the pull on the rope be slackened. At times men would sink deep into soft mud and had to be hauled out with ropes.

In one backwater which we crossed, just whilst we were in it up to our waists, a man called out: "Tom, this is where your brother was drowned. He sunk into this soft mud and we could not get him out with the rope. He is down there yet."

It would be difficult to properly describe the struggles we went through during these three weeks. But at last we got our boat up through all the rapids and through all the 300 miles.

The last day of our toilsome journey was a day of clear air and bright sunshine, and it is pleasant to wind up this description with the recollections of the glorious beauty of the Athabasca Valley on this day.

The forest in its autumn dress was a blaze of color and beauty. Green trees and brown trees and dark spruce trees, and best of all the poplar trees, which were a blaze of brilliant gold, and all amongst the coloury foliage loomed the rough brown trunks of the pines and the glittering silver stems of the poplar and the birch.

Wearily and gladly we crawled up the river banks at Athabasca Landing all safe and sound.



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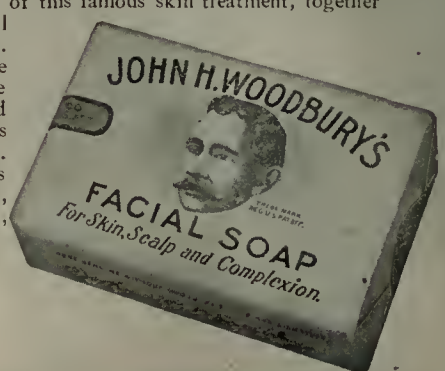
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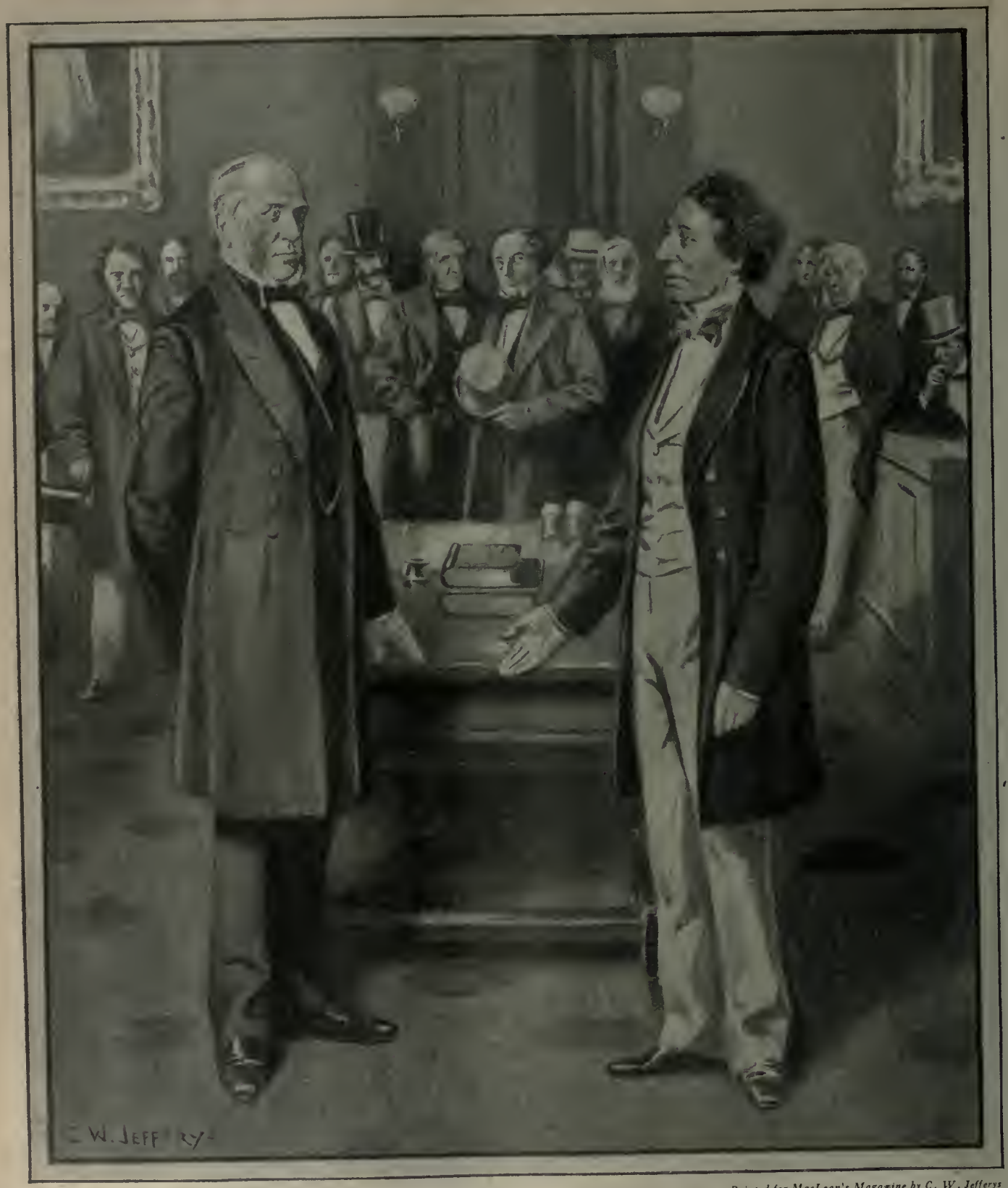
No marble shaft shall mark you where he lies,
Nor epitaph announce aloud his fame,
But in the hearts of men will last the name
Of him whom Freedom called to high emprise.

O man of sober mien and patient poise,
You did what others thought or talked about:
You worked and served, with honors or without,
Nor recked the blame of demagogic noise.

You died as you had lived — on duty bound —
And while without you shall the work be done,
Still, we had hoped that Europe's cause had won
Before grim Death his summons had to sound.

Yet, when the fairer days on England dawn,
May busy hours not lead us to forget
That all mankind do owe to you a debt —
That, after stern debate, your work went on,

— OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY



Painted for MacLean's Magazine by C. W. Jefferys

THE START OF CONFEDERATION

The meeting between John A. Macdonald and George Brown when a tacit agreement was made for the breaking of the Deadlock. The two men had not spoken for nearly ten years and there was cordial personal dislike on both sides. Both men, however, recognized the need for Confederation and decided to "bury the hatchet."

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Volume XXX JULY, 1917 Number 9

The Story of Confederation

By Thomas Bertram

With Frontispiece by C. W. Jeffreys

THE LOGICAL start for a story of Confederation is perhaps the dramatic moment when John A. Macdonald and George Brown, political opponents and personal enemies of long standing, met on the floor of the Assembly at Quebec and solemnly shook hands on a pact which had for its immediate object the breaking of the deadlock in the Government of Upper and Lower Canada, but which in reality was a first step toward the main objective—the union of all British colonies in North America. The movement really started there.

It is impossible to say when the idea of a Confederation first received utterance, but it was probably soon after the Declaration of Independence by the American colonies. From time to time the project was revived. Ambitious Governors wrote letters about it and patriotic Canadians dreamed of a great federation that would permanently bind the scattered Canadian possessions to the British Empire.

Unquestionably there was grave need for Confederation; and this necessity became very pronounced in the early fifties. There was the problem of transportation that could not be adequately solved as long as the provinces remained apart. Postal facilities were slow and unsatisfactory.

Many prominent Canadians favored annexation and received open encouragement in their stand from the British Government itself! Canada was, as a matter of plain fact, somewhat of a nuisance to the home authorities at this time. Not only was the problem of handling half a dozen more or less immature provinces a vexatious one, but Canadian interests were continually cropping up to create friction with the United States; and British relations with Uncle Sam were more or less strained at this time without colonial quarrels to add fuel to the flames. It is perhaps not strange that such men as John Bright favored annexation and that Gladstone, valuing peace with the United States above everything, actually went to the length of suggesting the giving over of Canada as a sop to the American Cerberus. There seemed but two alternatives before the Canadian provinces—Confederation or Annexation. That we chose Confederation was due to the work and the foresight of a number of patriotic and able men; and in the forefront of this group two stand out—John A. Macdonald and George Brown.

BY THE Act of Union of 1841 the two provinces now known as Ontario and Quebec, but then as Upper and Lower Canada, were being ruled together. Parliament sat alternately at Toronto and Quebec and governments and parties were for the most part joint affairs. This arrangement was not proving very satisfactory. Ontario was developing rapidly along industrial lines and with the resultant growth in size, was clamoring for representation on a basis of population. The French-Canadians of Quebec, fearful of their rights if the Ontario Protestants got the upper hand in the House, fought back determinedly on the ground of constitutional privilege. Governments came and went, cabinets squabbled and disrupted, members fought each other across the floor of the House with the weapons of verbal vituperation. It was a quarrelsome era in politics.

The two outstanding figures in the turmoil were the two men destined to play such prominent parts in the welding of the Dominion.



Sir Charles Tupper, whose resourcefulness brought Nova Scotia into the Union.

JOHN A. MACDONALD was the leader of the Conservative party in Ontario. He was the most accomplished parliamentarian in the annals of Canadian politics, adroit, suave, tactful, sunny-dispositioned, a believer in the glad hand rather than the mailed fist. Macdonald preferred to make friends rather than enemies, but he was ruthless enough to succeed in the stern and implacable game of politics. Brown in one of his sonorous speeches, declared that Macdonald's career was "studded all along by the gravestones of his slaughtered colleagues."

There had always been dislike and open animosity between these twain. Brown was the founder and editor of the Toronto *Globe* and leader of the Liberal wing in Ontario. He was a Scotsman with all the best qualities of his race; a man of lofty ideals who stood staunchly to them and showed at his best when the winds of adversity blew. True to type, he was grim, unbending, implacable. He fought the cause of Liberalism with the ardor of a Covenanter,

and when he spoke it was with straight swinging blows like the sweep of a claymore. The suavity of Macdonald irritated the dour Brown who read into it only insincerity.

This animosity was fanned into an open flame shortly after the Taché-Macdonald government was first formed in 1856. On the question of separate schools in Ontario, fathered by the Government, Brown fought strongly in opposition. He rose in the Assembly and characterized it as "flat popery," proceeding to flay Macdonald in a more than usual sweeping measure. Macdonald was stung into a response in like measure. He taunted Brown with irregularities in connection with an investigation in which the latter had figured. Brown's conduct in that connection was afterwards vindicated, but he never forgave Macdonald. For years they did not speak.



A First Glimpse of the Capital—in the Early Days of the Federation. —From an old print.

The long silence remained unbroken up to the time of the Deadlock of 1864. The system of governing the two provinces had been gradually running down like the wheels of an imperfect watch. Inside of three years two general elections were held and four ministries were formed only to go the way of all governments which lack majority support. And in 1864, with the defeat of the Taché-Macdonald government, while the House sat at Quebec, the wheels clamped together. It seemed impossible to form a government which could control a majority in the House. The business of Government threatened to stop.

The only solution that foresighted men could see was a confederation of all provinces. George Brown saw the need and he rose to the occasion with a singleness of purpose that shall forever proclaim his greatness. As leader of the Liberal Opposition he could have continued the deadlock in the hope of ultimately emerging from it with a Liberal Government and a majority. Unquestionably this is the course that most party leaders would have pursued. But there was nothing of the opportunist about George Brown. He saw that patriotic ends demanded unity, that Confederation could not be won while warring factions worried the tattered cloak of party government. He determined to sacrifice immediate party aims in favor of a purely patriotic duty.

ON THE evening of Tuesday, June 14, Brown spoke to Alexander Morris and John Henry Pope, two Conservative members with whom he happened to be on a footing of intimacy, and expressed his willingness to help the government solve the difficulty. The two members hurried to Macdonald with the glad news.

The two leaders, who had not spoken for nearly ten years, met next day on the floor of the House. The meeting had been carefully arranged by their lieutenants —one almost said "seconds"—for both men were proud and neither cared to seem the first to proclaim the truce. They rose and advanced to meet each other directly in the centre of the floor. It was as though a line had been drawn between the two parties, beyond which neither man would advance an inch. Public records say little about the meeting except that it occurred at 3 o'clock and that it was an extremely hot day.

Macdonald, quite at his ease, was the first to speak. He asked if Brown had any objection to meeting Alexander Galt and himself the next day to discuss means of overcoming the deadlock.

Brown, unsmiling and cold as granite, replied shortly: "Certainly not."

That was all. The next day the conference was held at the St. Louis Hotel, Quebec. Owing to the mutual distrust between the two leaders a careful record of the proceedings was kept and so history is well informed on the score of what actually transpired. The matter of a coalition government was discussed and it was agreed that the remedy for existing conditions lay in a measure of federation between the provinces. Negotiations proceeded back and forth for several days. Brown found that the "Rouges" — the Quebec Liberals—would not follow him. He also found that many in his own party, notably Oliver Mowat, believed that the Liberals should not consent to a coalition. Convinced, however, that the step was right, Brown held staunchly to his course and a new government was formed under the premiership of Sir Etienne Taché, with Macdonald and Brown included in the cabinet, the latter as president of the Executive Council.

Brown had sacrificed much. Taché was beyond his prime and it was inevitable that the reins would soon slip into the hands of the adroit Macdonald.

The news of the coalition was received throughout the country with mixed feelings. In the House, where gloom and uncertainty had reigned the announcement created excitement and joy. One French-Canadian member, a man of diminutive stature, ran across the floor to where the towering Brown stood and, throwing his arms around the Liberal leader's neck, embraced him exuberantly.

In Ontario the news carried amazement in its wake. Macdonald and Brown in the same government! Liberals, who believed the Conservative leader to be the Mephisto of Canadian politics—a smooth, smiling, dissolute Mephisto and, therefore, to be doubly feared — shook their heads in fear and doubt. Had the spider at last drawn Brown into the web of his urbanity? Would the doughty Liberal be the "noblest victim of them all," his political gravestone the last to "stud the triumphant path" of the detested Macdonald?

But on second thoughts the self sacrifice of Brown was approved. Men came to see that it was only by united action that a permanent cure could be found for the alarming list of Colonial ills. This, then, was Brown's great contribution to the cause of Confederation. He sacrificed personal ambition, and to some extent, party considerations to the common weal.

In Quebec the storm raged fiercely. Dorion, the leader of the Rouges, went out on the stump and stirred the Habitants up against it. Cartier, however, who led the Lower Canadian wing of the Conservative party, and who had gone into the coalition cabinet stood staunchly by the program and succeeded in keeping the members from the Lower Province in line.

IN THE meantime down in Nova Scotia Dr. Charles Tupper, Premier of the Legislative body, was working for the same cause. The Nova Scotians had been inclined to favor a union, in the abstract, but had shown a degree of uncertainty and even suspicion, when it came to the discussion of any concrete proposals. They looked upon the people of the more westerly provinces as "Yankees." Tupper, therefore, was playing a dangerous game in so boldly espousing the cause, an especially courageous course in view of the fact that he had always hovering in the offing a dangerous enemy in the person of the famous Joe Howe. One of the most brilliant men that Nova Scotia had ever produced was Joe Howe—a politician of the first water, a brilliant speaker, a hard fighter. He was easily regarded as the outstanding figure in the province at this time and his views on so broad a question were bound to influence the electors more than any other factor. Tupper, brilliant, fearless and egotistical, had jostled Howe in his march to power; and there was no love lost between them.

Howe did not, however, declare himself at this stage and Tupper called a conference of provincial representatives to meet at Charlottetown. He invited Howe, but the latter in his capacity as Imperial Commissioner of Deep Sea Fisheries, was unable to be present. Representatives

were on hand from all the provinces and some progress was made. This was in September, 1864, and on October 10, the Conference met again in Quebec. Premier Taché took the chair and the historic debates, which led to the formation of the basis on which Confederation was finally formed, began.

IT IS interesting to note how carefully the subject was approached. The delegates knew that they were handling dynamite. The people or class that each group represented had certain interests to be safeguarded, certain privileges to demand or certain restrictions to clamor for. The personal equation also entered strongly. Rivalry ran so sternly that each man knew his opponents would seize upon any phase of the proceedings to attack him later. And so there was much show of generalship and a great deal of jockeying one way and another. And careful steps were taken to preserve an accurate record.

Journalists from London and New York had flocked in to report the proceedings. It was decided at the opening session, however, that the meetings would be private and that nothing would be given out, much to the chagrin of the newspapermen. The scribes presented a strong memorandum on the subject, but the original decision was adhered to. Accordingly the newspaper men loitered about the streets and hotels of Quebec and picked up what news they could from individual delegates. The nearest they got to the actual meetings was the sound of the cheering that sometimes reached them—telling evidence that progress was being made.

IT WAS apparent from the start that the feeling in the Conference was in favor of Confederation *as a principle.* When it came to a discussion of terms, however, each group was prepared to fight tooth and nail, to demand everything that a suspicious electorate at home deemed necessary, to block progress, even to secede. That the Conference worked its way steadily through each stage, making concessions here and peace offerings there, amending and changing each clause to insure satisfaction, was due to the masterly strategy of the leaders. A number took prominent parts in the fortnight's debate, including Brown, Tupper, Cartier, Galt and others, but when all is said and done Macdonald held the centre of the stage. It was here that he assumed a mastery of the situation which he never lost from that stage on. Brown may have been animated by a fuller spirit of belief in the need for Confederation, but Macdonald, once he became convinced that it was a wise thing to do, carried through the Confederation problem with wonderful diplomacy and *finesse.* It is more than doubtful if any one else could have accomplished the task. His mind was the finely-tempered blade that cut the knots that men's greed and jealousy and misunderstanding tied. From the Quebec Conference on Macdonald was in the saddle. The work that George Brown's grand loyalty to a cause had rendered possible, John A. Macdonald carried through wtih a skill that only he possessed.

The first problem was that of representation in the proposed Federal House. It was finally, and with comparative ease, settled that the Lower Province (now Quebec) should be made the permanent basis with sixty-five members. The other provinces were to have representation according to population figured on the Quebec basis. Financial arrangements—and a knotty problem this, covering the adjustment of provincial debts—were managed very ably by Alexander Galt and Samuel Leonard Tilley, the latter from New Brunswick; complete accord being reached on these points.

The next point where the debate waxed warm was on the constitution of the Senate. or Upper House. Many delegates favored an elective Senate, but both Brown and Macdonald favored a nominative Upper Chamber, arguing that it should be made to approximate as closely as possible the constitution of the British House of Lords. This view finally prevailed and thus the lines were laid down on which the Red Chamber was constructed. It should be pointed out, however, that the idea of the Fathers of Confederation was to fill the Upper Chamber with equal numbers from each party. Macdonald himself threw this principle into the discard. During his long tenure of office following Confederation he appointed but one Liberal to the Senate! The precedent thus set has been followed since and now Senatorial appointments are admittedly a party prerogative and the toga is meted out along with the other spoils of office.

The proposed constitution was finally embodied in seventy-two resolutions and on October 28 the Conference broke up. The delegates, pledged to the agreement, returned to their respective provinces to fight for ratification.

It soon developed that the hardest



Market Scenes in Jacques Cartier Square, Montreal, in the Days When the Confederation Issue Was Fought.

part of the task was ahead. The Coalition Government decided to push the issue in the Canadas, and on Feb. 3, 1865, Macdonald introduced the Quebec resolutions. The debate that ensued was a memorable one, complete records of which fortunately have been preserved. In favor of Confederation on the lines laid down in the Resolutions, were Macdonald, Brown, Cartier, Galt and the eloquent D'Arcy McGee, who so soon after died at the hands of an assassin. The most prominent speakers against the proposal were Dorion, the fiery leader of the Rouges, Sandfield Macdonald, Holton and Dunkin. It is interesting to note that among the arguments advanced against the proposal was the suggestion, put forward by Dorion, that the Grand Trunk Railway was behind the scheme.

However, the resolutions finally carried by a vote of 91 to 34. That Upper Canada (now Ontario) was very strongly pro-Confederation was shown by the Upper Canada vote, which went 54 to 8. Thanks largely to the strength of Cartier the Lower Province also showed a majority by the vote of 37 to 25.

At the close of the session a delegation left for England, consisting of Macdonald, Brown, Cartier and Galt. Macdonald and Brown buried the hatchet completely at this stage and worked together in close accord and with complete outward amity for the good of the cause. They played euchre together on the boat and appeared together in public after their arrival in England whenever the occasion demanded.

IN THE other colonies, however, things were not going well. On finding how small their representation would be, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland promptly dropped out. In New Brunswick, Tilley, who headed the Government, went to the country on the question and was rather soundly beaten. This was due in some degree at least to the influence of the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, who probably feared a loss of prestige under the new arrangement.

In the meantime Tupper had been proceeding cautiously in Nova Scotia. He knew that the people were, to put it mildly, lukewarm. All that was needed to swing them over to active opposition was a leader. Accordingly Tupper kept a wary eye on Joe Howe. The latter said not a word.

Finally Tupper began a series of public meetings to present the Quebec Resolutions, and at the first, held in Halifax, Howe sat on the platform. He contented himself with the role of listener, however, and the meeting on the whole went off well.

The sentiment against Confederation began to grow and mature. Mutterings were heard from all corners of the province. Nova Scotia was being bound and delivered to the larger Western provinces; her future would be restricted, her privileges curtailed; so ran the voice of public opinion. Men wondered why Joe Howe did not declare himself. The Antis seemed to take it for granted that the great Joe would be with them and they waited for him to take the leadership.

Finally one day the Halifax *Chronicle*, which was edited by William Annand, a prominent Anti, came out with a front-page broadside headed, "The Botheration Scheme, No. 1." It proved a sweeping attack on Confederation as laid down in the Quebec Resolutions, written in a grandiloquent, onrushing style that could not be mistaken. Although no signature was appended the voice was the voice of Howe. The Antis rocked with delight. At last the Sphinx had declared himself. Joe Howe was on the warpath.



Sir Leonard Tilley, the leader of the movement in New Brunswick.

From that point on the opposition gained momentum and it became apparent that the outward feeling of the people of Nova Scotia was against the Union. Joe Howe continued to pummel the Botheration Scheme with a vigor that increased with each blow. Tupper decided to go slowly.

THE DELEGATION from the Canadas returned from England, having accomplished a great deal in the matter of bringing the Imperial authorities into full sympathy and accord. That things had not gone as expeditiously as had been hoped for, however, was apparent. Lord Monck, the Governor-General, was openly impatient. He hoped to have the consummation of the Union as a culminating point of his vice-regal period and it took all the tact of Macdonald to prevent him from resigning.

Then another complication arose. Sir Etienne Taché, the only man under whom both Macdonald and Brown could serve, died in July of that year. Lord Monck called upon Macdonald to form a government and Brown promptly and emphatically declined to continue in the coalition under his old rival. He was probably justified in this step, even though it threatened to block the progress toward Confederation if it did not defeat the project entirely. The coalition ceased to be a coalition when one party to the agreement was given ascendancy over the other and it was very doubtful if Brown would have been able to carry the support of the Ontario Liberals had he acquiesced. His followers had been restive as it was; they would probably have cut him adrift rather than bow meekly to the rule of the Conservative leader.

Macdonald rose to the occasion manfully. The charge that he was actuated throughout by desire for power only breaks down here. By accepting office and letting Brown go out he stood a chance of gathering enough support around him to retain power. Instead, he declined and proposed to Brown that the previous arrangement remain in force and that they act together under the nominal leadership of Sir Narcisse Belleau. To this suggestion Brown assented and Belleau became premier in succession to Taché.

It soon became apparent, however, that this was not going to work out well from the standpoint of the Liberals. Belleau was not a strong man compared with such giants as Macdonald and Brown and his grasp of the reins was purely nominal. Macdonald was the ruling spirit, the premier in everything but name. Brown felt this but forbore to act. He was waiting patiently for the culmination of the Union negotiations. There can be no doubt that he intended as soon as the great project had been successfully negotiated, to break the irksome alliance. His patience wore through, however, when he was ignored in the matter of a conference with Washington for a new Reciprocity Pact, and in December he tendered his resignation.

Brown's action was loudly applauded by the Liberals of Ontario, but it was characteristic of him that his formal resumption of the role of Opposition leader did not result in an active harassing of the government. He continued as favorable to Confederation as he had ever been. The personal truce with Macdonald ended, however, with a snap. From that time on the Liberal leader fought the astute Conservative with all the old vigor and the *Globe* enfiladed him every morning. It may be that they dropped back into the old habit of not speaking.

THE YEAR 1866 saw things take a better turn. Prince Edward Island remained out and Newfoundland turned an obdurate ear, but the decision of New Brunswick was reversed. It was hinted to the Lieutenant-Governor that the Imperial authorities did not approve and, like the Vicar of Bray, he experienced a change of heart.

Also about this time the fear of Fenian



THE FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION

A reproduction from the official painting of the men who formed the conference at Quebec at which the agreement between the various provinces was reached. The original, unfortunately, was burned in the fire which destroyed the House at Ottawa last year.



Joseph Howe, the brilliant leader of the Repeal Movement.

raids grew and the people of New Brunswick began to think they had made a mistake in electing to tread the lonely furrow. The Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Arthur Gordon, took the situation into his own hands in a way that more than offset his previous attitude, although his course seems to have been hardly constitutional. The Premier, Mr. A. J. Smith (afterwards Sir Albert Smith), who had swept in on the Anti-Confederation wave, had a cabinet under him of a very unstable nature. Some of his colleagues wavered, others went over secretly to the Confederation cause. It is even said that Smith himself had a change of heart and intimated as much to the Lieutenant-Governor. At the session early in 1866, the latter practically forced the resignation of the Smith government and the issue was again put to the test of a general election. The result was another turnover, this time to the side of Union. On June 21, by a vote of 30 to 8, delegates were appointed to proceed to England and arrange a scheme of Union with the Imperial authorities.

It seems clear that the defeat of Tilley in the first place was due to over-confidence. He brought on the election inadvisedly before the people had had an opportunity to thoroughly digest the proposals. It was a snap verdict, as the subsequent election showed.

THE REVERSAL in New Brunswick helped Dr. Tupper immensely in Nova Scotia. Tupper had a majority in the House to back him up, but the spirit of the country was dangerous. Fomented by Annand and "that pestilent fellow Howe" (to use Macdonald's words) the country was in a mood that verged close to revolution.

Early in April, however, an incident occurred that changed the whole course of events. William Miller, member for Richmond, and a supporter of Howe and Annand, rose in the House and suggested that delegates be appointed to treat directly with the Imperial authorities and thus frame a scheme of union independent of the Quebec resolutions. This suggestion, proceeding as it did from an opponent of Tupper, came as a golden opportunity. Tupper, experienced parliamentarian that he was, saw that Miller's idea had opened the path by which he could steer Nova Scotia into the Union without appearing to run contrary to public opinion. He sprang to his feet almost before Miller had resumed his seat and put the suggestion into a motion.

The debate that ensued was a bitter one, but Tupper won out, and on April 10 at midnight the Legislature adopted the motion by a vote of thirty-one to nineteen.

It was afterwards charged that Miller's part was not an incidental one and that the astute Tupper arranged with him to introduce the suggestion. In later years, when Miller was a member of the Senate, a libel suit developed on this point against the Halifax *Chronicle*. Tupper testified that the charge was entirely unfounded; and there the matter rests.

AND SO delegates from Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia began to assemble in London toward the close of the year. On December 4 the first session of the Conference was held in Westminster Palace. Lord Carnarvon was in the chair. The delegates in attendance were Macdonald, Cartier, Galt, Macdougall, Howland and Langevin from Canada; Tupper, Henry, Ritchie, McCully and Archibald from Nova Scotia; Tilley, Johnston, Mitchell, Fisher and Wilmot from New Brunswick; Brown, of course, had lost his place by resigning. Curiously enough Sir Narcisse Belleau, the nominal Premier of Canada, was not one of the delegates.

THE SUCCESS of the Conference has been generally ascribed to the adroit manner in which Macdonald guided the proceedings. It was no easy task. Each group of delegates was on the *qui vive* for anything that might appear prejudicial to their particular interests. The Liberals from Upper Canada wanted no deviation from the Quebec resolutions upon which George Brown had set the seal of his approval. The Lower Canadians were sensitive to anything that might tend to restrict their constitutional rights. The Maritime delegates were frankly there to be appeased and reconciled. Any untimely move or unhappy reference might have precipitated a break among any or all of the factions.

Macdonald took the proceedings in hand and carefully guided the cumbersome bark of mutual agreement through the swarming shoals. British statesmen who attended the proceedings went away marvelling at his address and wonderful tact.

The main points of agreement were gradually worked out and in the main the Quebec resolutions were adhered to. An interesting discussion arose on the point of the name to be given the new Confederation. The Maritime members advanced the name Acadia, which would almost certainly have been adopted in the event of a union of the Maritime Provinces only. It was rejected as too local. Other names that found favor were Britannia and New Britain and a host of less likely ones were suggested, such as Columbia, Cabotia and Canadia. Finally, however, the delegates agreed on Canada and it was decided that the Upper and Lower provinces in surrendering their name would seek new names of their own; and in time Quebec and Ontario were duly adopted.

The next point that arose was with re-

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Sir Etienne Cartier, who was responsibile for bringing the Lower Province (Quebec) into line.

Messages From Canadian Premiers

WRITTEN FOR MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE



SIR LOMER GOUIN
Premier of Quebec.

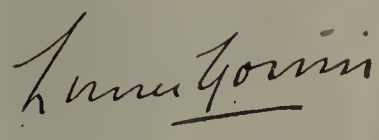
DURING the course of the last century all other public movements of Canadian life were overshadowed in importance by the practical realization of two ideas of vast and far-reaching importance. The first had for its aim, and happily also for its result, the establishment of a system of responsible government in the British North American Colonies, while the second grouped into a powerful and harmonious whole the former scattered and independent portions of what now constitutes the Dominion of Canada.

These two events have not only had a considerable influence upon the destinies of our country, they were the source of our political liberties, as well as of our economic progress. They constitute to-day a very important part of that national inheritance, of which all Canadians are so justly proud.

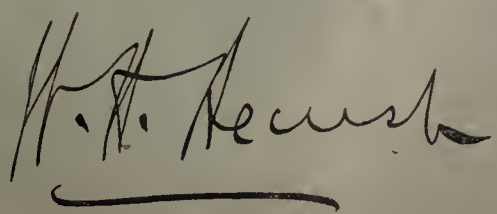
The Province of Quebec has contributed too largely to the realization of these two ideas to refrain from taking an important and enthusiastic part with its sister provinces in the worthy celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Confederation. Despite the crushing atmosphere of mourning which now weighs so heavily upon our country, the coming First of July will be a day of national pride, as well for the Canadians who inhabit the shores of the St. Lawrence, as for those who live in the Maritime Provinces, in Ontario, and on the fertile plains of the West.

Providence has given us a great and a goodly land to dwell in and to develop, and the people of the Province of Quebec, the oldest and the largest of the provinces, will continue in the future, as in the past, to do their full part towards assuring the future greatness and happiness of the entire Dominion, by inculcating and by practising the virtues of piety, industry and thrift, and by striving to promote that loyalty to our institutions which they have so well illustrated in their past history, and that generous union of hearts and minds so well typified for them in the compact of 1867, whose Jubilee we are about to celebrate. By no Canadians anywhere are the praises of our great Dominion more loyally and more enthusiastically sung than by those whose favorite national air is:

"O Canada, mon pays, mes amours!"



ON this Jubilee of Confederation let our justifiable pride in Canada's achievements be a source of inspiration for greater efforts and a fuller realization of our possibilities. What our country has done in the past fifty years, though truly marvellous, is only the stepping-stone to what it can do in the future. Canada's capabilities have been proven; it is for us to realize upon them. Let it be ours to fit this Dominion to be the home of happy and prosperous millions, the bulwark of free and democratic institutions, and the lasting glory of the British Empire.





SIR WILLIAM HEARST
Premier of Ontario.



HONORABLE H. C. BREWSTER,
Premier of British Columbia.

IT may be doubted that when the Confederation of the Provinces of Canada was effected the Fathers of Confederation foresaw, in its entirety, an incalculable advantage that was to result from this consummation.

To have federated the separate parts of the Dominion so that a national spirit might be inculcated, national ideals advanced and national benefits accrue, was something; to have co-ordinated the varied interests of the chain of Provinces stretching from ocean to ocean; to seek the unification of juvenile races; to open the national doors to immigration, and to aspire to the unification and harmonization of a heterogeneous citizenship, was a worthy and great ambition.

Now that Canada has taken her place with her sister overseas Dominions of the Empire in the World's greatest War; now that she is bearing her part—a not ignoble part—in the conflict for the maintenance of the principles of democracy; now that she is showing how deep-rooted in the hearts of all liberty-loving people are the principles upon which the Empire itself is founded, the importance of the place of the Dominion in a greater federation of great countries must be impressed upon the citizenship of Canada to a proud degree.

British Columbia appreciates her place in Confederation, and is by no means a negligible section of the Dominion. Whatever remains to be done to give her her proper place among the Provinces, she herself has established her credit with the Empire by the voluntary sacrifice of her sons upon the battlefields of Europe, and the no less voluntary sacrifices of those who have remained to "keep the home fires burning."

H C Brewster

The Draft

The Story of a Canadian in the American Civil War

By A. C. Allenson

Who wrote "June Comes Back," "Danton of the Fleet," etc.

Illustrated by J. W. Beatty

IT was a warm evening in July of last year. I had been out on the lake for an hour with the trout. Sport, however, was not good, so I ran the boat up on a shingly beach, below Lawyer Bateman's orchard, and walked up to the house to smoke a pipe with my hospitable neighbor before returning to Camp. A fine, hale man of sixty-five, Mr. Bateman lived alone, save for the company of servants. His wife had been dead some years, his children had married and scattered. Fortunate investments in local mines had made him wealthy, and long since he had abandoned the practice of law.

He was fond of country life, farmed for amusement, and was an ardent fisherman, liked a day with the gun, was a lover of books and owner of a rarely fine library; and he was ready at any hour to discuss literature, politics, or dry fly fishing. I had expected to find him alone, but there was a party of young folks on the veranda when I reached the house. Introductions followed, and I was taken into the group and made comfortable in a big, wicker chair, with one of Bateman's justly famed cigars to add the touch of luxury.

It was mainly a family party, composed of the lawyer's grandchildren, bright, attractive young people, whose ages ranged from grown-ups in the early twenties, to two or three quite small children. The central figure in the group was clearly young Tom Bateman, a smartly set-up young man in lieutenant's uniform, who was paying his grandfather a farewell visit before going overseas, and the occasion had been made into a pleasant family re-union. We were chatting in groups, half a dozen voices going at once, when I noticed an old man come along the private path, separating the garden from the orchard. I had met him before on the road, and had passed the time of day with him, but I did not know him. My curiosity had been roused by the distinctiveness of his type, as well as by an old-world dignity of manner and bearing, rare in this twentieth century. He seemed very old, and his heavily wrinkled face, that must have been strikingly handsome once, was disfigured by a wide scar that ran diagonally across the left cheek. He was lame, the left leg dragging heavily; but, in spite of this, the figure was erect. The bigness of frame showed that, in his prime, he must have been an exceptionally powerful man. He was dressed in black, his long coat buttoned closely about him; he wore an old-fashioned clerical stock, and soft, wide-brimmed, black hat.

BATEMAN rose and called him, and, in response, the old man limped across the lawn, his figure jerking oddly up and down as he brought forward the dragging leg. He would not take a seat as he had an appointment to attend before dark, but he stopped for a few minutes to chat.



She gave a chirrup and whistle to the dozing horses and turned to the plough.

He wanted to know who each of the young folks was, and Bateman made them known to him. This was Mary's lad, that Alec's girl, and so on. The old man spoke pleasantly, with attractive Scottish intonation, to each one.

"A soldier!" and he grasped young Tom's hand with particular cordiality. "I honor you, young gentleman! If one could turn back the clock, and march with the brave lads! But each to his own generation. It is heartening to us who can but look on and pray, to know that the men and women of the new generation are leal and true—leal and true. May the God of Battles aid and guard you, young sir!"

There was a fine, patriarchal dignity about the benediction, infinitely impressive. After a few more words he bade us good evening, and, lifting his hat, limped away.

"What an ugly old man!" The thin, childish voice broke almost ludicrously upon the silence. A sharp rebuke from an elder sister reduced the over-candid little one to the verge of tears. Her grandfather took her on his knee and comforted her.

"I don't think he is the least bit ugly, Madgie, dear," he said. "To me he is one of the handsomest men the world possesses, and I am going to tell you why. Once he was the best looking man in all these hills, but his face was scarred, and his body broken in doing something that was very fine and beautiful. In the Bible you read about a man named Paul, who said that he bore in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus, and sometimes, when I think of old Mr. Grant, I believe that his scar and lameness are much the same as Paul's marks."

The young folks settled in chairs and on verandah rails and steps, while young Tom found a corner for a pretty cousin and himself. Fresh cigars were lighted and the tale began.

II.

IT carries me back, this 1916, more than fifty years—fifty-three years to be exact," began Mr. Bateman. "The settlement here consisted then of a score or so of farm houses, dotted in clearings of the woods along the hillside. The people were mostly Irish — Irish Protestants — the majority from Ulster, a few from round Wexford and Wicklow. There was no railway hereabouts in those days. The big asbestos mine, that now produces more than three-fourths the world's output, had not yet been discovered. Think of it, young folks! No trains within thirty miles, no gas, electric light or power, telephone, cable, wireless, auomobiles, flying machines, submarines, moving pictures! Telegraphy still in its infancy. No cheap books. No cent newspapers bringing you daily the news of the world up to a few hours before. When we wanted to shop, we went sixty odd miles to Quebec, taking down produce and bringing back the best part of a year's supplies in great, heavy teams. Sometimes, for a jaunt, we walked down, and I remember riding in on horseback with father and mother in August of '60 to see the Prince of Wales, the late King Edward. There's a lot of water gone over the falls since that day. In '63, the year of which I am talking, Confederation was four years away, and two and twenty years would have to pass before the first train ran from Montreal to Vancouver. Over the line, the great struggle between North and South had been going on for nearly two years. You know, perhaps, as much about the war as I do, how it was fought on the right of individual States to secede from the Union, and, in lesser degree, it involved the liberation of the negro slave. We had heard much of the slave question here, since Canada was the terminus of the under-

Continued on page 114.



Winnipeg—From St. Boniface Ferry Landing.

Confederation—And Afterwards

By Agnes C. Laut

IF Rip Van Winkle had gone to sleep in Canada in 1867 and come awake in 1917, he would not ask if he had been asleep. He would ask to be taken to the mental ward of some observation hospital. If any prophet had predicted in 1867 what would happen in fifty years, he would not have been asked if he were dreaming. He would have been put in a straight-jacket.

Other half centuries have witnessed changes; but the changes of the last fifty years have been unbelievable transformations.

Consider then and now!

From 1800 to 1850, the world was shaking itself down to the new ideas of the yeasty French Revolution; but the world was very doubtful about self-government and human brotherhood and equal rights. As to all men being given equal opportunities, that was rankest heresy. Had not the Divine Regulator ordained that certain favored classes should ride on the backs of the other classes? Universal education was regarded as a yeast that might have poison in it, and universal suffrage was frankly called "mob rule." Two of our old governors in Canada,—Sir James Douglas in British Columbia and Sir Francis Bond Head in Upper Canada —had referred to the self-elected houses of representatives as "lower orders," and poor Bond Head called on Heaven and Earth to roll back that "pestilential democracy which was dashing its plague-infected waves against the barriers of Canada's Border." Yes, both gentlemen wrote those words seriously, and what is more, if we had been there, we would have bowed the knee and licked the backs of their hands for the noble utterances.

To-day the whole world is shedding its blood in rivers to save democracy. We need not take unction to ourselves that we are different; but let us thank God that we are heirs to destiny's unfathomable designs.

OR TAKE the world of mechanics and invention from 1800 to 1850! The incredible feat had been accomplished of constructing steam boats that crossed the Atlantic in a month. I don't think I am wrong when I say that a vessel displacing 5,000 tons was considered so big as to be almost tempting disaster. Also steam cars were running, though financiers considered Commodore Vanderbilt a madman to change from the ferry business to railroading. The first train from Albany to Buffalo accomplished the distance in twenty-four hours; and the gaping inhabitants on each side of the track hardly knew whether to prove the new devil wagon was impossible, or to stone it for endangering the lives of cattle by travelling at such immoral speed. Private motor cars now traverse this distance in a few hours. A few daring Darius Greens had dreamed of flying machines that would have a race track up in the clouds, or dive a hundred fathoms under the sea; but such men were placed in the same category as inventors of perpetual motion—it hurt your standing to associate with such obviously flighty cranks.

Or take the status of things economic.

Chicago was emerging from a mud hole. St. Paul was a cluster of shanties on a dirty river bank below Ft. Snelling, known under the approbrious name of Pig's Eye, from a one-eyed whiskey smuggler, who made his quarters in a log cabin; and wags said from the quantity and quality of whiskey consumed there, the name should have been Pig's Sty. Winnipeg was Fort Garry with a stone wall round a cluster of fur post stores and dwellings. Sometimes a board walk ran from door step to door step, but oftener man and beast wallowed knee-deep in a black mud that clung and slipped with the tenacity of grease. Calgary was a spot on the map, where a missionary had swapped a bag of flour to the Indians for a camping site. Up at Edmonton, they lived behind high log stockades from which rang a bell in the evening warning all white men it was safe to be inside. Between Edmonton and Winnipeg was only one place of the slightest importance; and it was the great metropolis of Northern Trade. It was to the North what St. Louis was to the South, the jumping-off place for adventurers into the wilds—the site of the

fur fairs and the dog races and the pony races, the place where the Blackfoot met and traded with the Cree—a very happy, care-free place ruled by a gentleman in a cocked hat and a silk-lined cape and knee breeched, with the grand air of a general. The name of the place was Fort Pitt and the gentleman was the local governor of The Company. Please note the Capital THE. No one conceived of any other company from Hudson Bay to the Pacific. To-day the most you can find of Fort Pitt is a pile of charred logs above brush-grown foundations. Vancouver was a howling wilderness of flood waters and blue sea and dank forest growth. Victoria was a little fort of a few thousand where the gentleman who had formerly been a governor for The Company referred to the people's representatives as the "lower orders." It is interesting to know that there were only twelve members of these terrible "lower orders," and historians declare to number as many as twelve, the census man must surely have included "the parson's pig."

BACK in Eastern Canada, when Oregon had been lost to British Domain and the mad fellow, Riel later did his best to bring about similar ends in Red River, it was seriously discussed whether Rupert's Land was worth keeping anyway. Had not the very great governor of a very great company said the land was fit only for a buffalo run and a hunting ground; and speaking of buffalo runs, buffalo herds roamed in such vast masses, they literally trampled one another to death when they crossed well-known fords like Qu'Appelle River. Mail was carried 1,800 miles from Lake Superior to the Rockies by pony and canoe in summer, by dog train in winter. I forget whether the postman called once in six months, or once in three; but if you wanted to go to town to do some shopping—the way you expressed it in those days was if you "wanted to come out"—there were only three methods of travel. In winter, you came out by dog train. The late Lord Strathcona and Senator Hardisty, his brother-in-law, have come to Montreal from Edmonton in three weeks; and the pace was considered such a frantic one that Hardisty slept for forty-eight hours after the journey and Donald Smith went in and had a directors' meeting or something with Hudson's Bay Company men. In summer, you either creaked across the plains in a Red River cart—made all of wood and every separate bit of wood squealed all the way to high heaven for want of axle grease—or you camped on a flat-bottomed York boat and drifted down Saskatchewan River to Grand Rapids. People, who didn't want to travel with the fur brigade, built big flat rafts, put tent and camp stove on them, attached two trees as sweeps, and drifted down the great river; but it was safer to travel with the fur brigade, for there were innumerable rapids in the river; and a stop at the regular camping places, like Fort Pit, or Cumberland House, was as gala an event as a week at the Waldorf or Ritz in election times in New York.

ALL that was less than fifty years ago as the years slip by. Can you believe it? The whole world shedding its blood in rivers to day to save democracy! The whole world, not Canada alone, federated in a brotherhood to fight to the last man, for world-democracy and world-federation to enforce peace! Railroads and telegraph wires criss-crossing the plains where formerly the buffalo ran and the wooden carts creaked! Aeroplanes that outfly the scudding clouds, running over seventy five miles an hour! Submarines that defy the seas! Great freighters that carry in their holds the cargoes of 2,000 freight cars! Radio stations that speak with an inaudible voice to unseen ears thousands of miles away! Private motor cars that travel at three times the speed of those early steam trains! Cities to-day where formerly camped the Cree and the Blackfoot! And Canada to-day not only a federation of provinces bound together by railroads and loyalty, but a part of a world federation to fight for and govern the world for peace.

We were bickering with the United States back in '57. We were actually jabbering such nonsense as their rallying cry of "54—40—or fight."

We are fighting shoulder to shoulder with the United States to-day for "the democracy," which our old governors used to call "a pestilence."

THEY not only proved to us that we could not raise any thing worth while in the North-West; but they told us, if we did, there was no market on earth, where we could sell it. Then, to convince ourselves in spite of our own despair that we really could do things, we used to call ourselves "the granary of the empire." I remember if ever there was an especially bad crop year—or what was worse, a bad price year, I recollect one year when wheat raised with a blood and sweat of despair commanded only 48 cents a bushel—some flub-dub politician would arise in the majesty of a frock coat, swell out his chest and thump his chest and tell us we were "the granary of the empire." We applauded, of course, we had to, and though we lived on hope, we didn't half believe our own destiny. To-day, the fighting world looks to those plains where the buffalo used to roam to stave off world starvation.

If Rip Van Winkle came back, which would he regard as his delusion—the past as he knew it, the present as he would see it? The two seem incredible in the span of one life's memories. It has not been change. It has been transformation. We are living in a world that is being re-made in mechanical inventions, re-made in government, re-made in international relations re-made in woman's status, re-made in the shifting of financial and world power, re-made in conscience and ideals.

Fifty years ago a war of pure conquest was not questioned. To the victor belonged the spoils and to him we gave the homage, whether he had galvanized his conscience in the process of winning victory, or given it an anæsthetic till the operation was over. The nation that won a big victory, we huzzahed. We huzzahed it in our histories. We huzzahed it in our prayers. The remission of freedom to Cuba marked a step forward in the world's conscience.

To-day it is not tolerated by a world conscience that any nation may trample and conquer and destroy a weaker people. It is for that the people of the world are fighting. There is a new world conscience at the helm making for that world brotherhood, that world federation of which the poets and prophets dreamed. If but this vision emerges clear cut and definite above the blood stained battle fields of Europe, it will be the highest, holiest grail that has ever led warring hosts to deathless glory.

CONFEDERATION is to Canadians a twice-told tale. No need to recapitulate the headline of the story—how the beaver, or the fur trade, led the way to discovery and exploration; how gold and the stampede for gold brought the colonist tramping over the hunting fields; how the presence of hosts of strange colonists brought the need for federation into a central government; how federation forced the building of railroads across a wilderness to bind the provinces into unity with hoops of steel; how the railroads forced the traffic into a great world trade; how the great world trade has drawn Canada out of isolation into a world arena; and how the war in that arena has tested the strength of the nation's cohesion, the purity of her ideals, the flame of her altar fires.

No one forced Canada to go into this war. She would have been perfectly safe from invasion under the Monro Doctrine. *Contd. on p.* 111.



Old Houses at Point Lévis.
—From an old print.

Ironing a Continent

Containing an Original Story by the Late Sir William Van Horne of the Building of the C.P.R.

By C. H. Mackintosh

EDITOR'S NOTE—*The writer of the accompanying article, C. H. Mackintosh, was editor of the Ottawa Citizen from* 1874 *to* 1891, *and Mayor of Ottawa during the years* 1879-1881-1882. *He sat in the House as senior member for Ottawa from* 1882 *to* 1887, *and from* 1890 *to* 1893. *He was then appointed Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Territories and remained in that office until* 1898. *He, therefore, knew well the principals in the launching of the C.P.R., and tells the story from personal knowledge.*



C. H. Mackintosh.

THE story of the building of the C.P.R. is closely linked with the story of Confederation. It was on the distinct understanding that the road would be built that British Columbia threw in her lot with the east, but for a number of years the project poised in the balance. The magnitude of the undertaking was such that it appeared impossible. Statesmen, engineers, men of capital, lured into consideration of the plan by the glamor and sheer magnificence of the idea, drew back, shuddering on the brink.

However, matters finally came to a climax, and the writer believes that he had the privilege of participating, in the role of journalist, in the earliest stages, when the necessary impetus was given.

The portfolio of Railways had been created in May, 1879, by the then government and was assumed by Sir Charles Tupper. The government was a strong one, headed by Sir John A. Macdonald, with a cabinet that included such historic figures as Sir Leonard Tilley, Sir Hector Langevin, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. Masson and John Henry Pope. The latter hailed from the Eastern Townships and had risen to his place in the Government as a result of remarkable powers and unflagging hard work. He was a staunch, clear-thinking man and stood high in the esteem of that astute judge of men, Sir John A. Macdonald. He held the Portfolio of Agriculture, but when Tupper, shortly after taking over the Department of Railways, went to England to make a general survey of the situation as affecting future railway operations, the work of his department devolved on Pope.

That the latter had been taking more than a cursory interest in the railway situation was soon apparent. One morning, during the early autumn the writer called upon Mr. Pope in his office in the Department of Agriculture. He was immersed in sheets of foolscap containing columns of figures and estimates. He looked up, exclaiming, with a smile that radiated confidence and optimism:

"I'm going to build the Canadian Pacific Railway. I am satisfied it can be done. Here are the figures."

He went on to speak in warm tones of confidence of the feasibility of the proposition. It was his intention to resign from the Government, organize a company, secure the necessary charter and proceed to the work of construction. He was not a visionary, dreaming of a mighty project, but a solid practical man, who had studied the proposition and was prepared to see it through. Such was certainly the impression he made upon me.

"However," he said in conclusion, "I've got to see Sir John about it first. Drop in to-morrow and I'll tell you more about it."

The appointment was, of course, kept and Mr. Pope appeared even more confident than before. "Well," he remarked quietly, "I'm not going out. But," and his smile as he said it was expressive of determination, "the railroad's going to be built. Of that you can rest assured."

He went on to tell of his interview the previous day with Sir John A. Macdonald. "When I told Sir John of my intention of resigning in order to launch a company, he asked me: 'Have you that much faith in the enterprise?' I replied 'Yes.' 'Then' said he, 'if you have, I'm with you. You and Tupper and I must have a talk, and see what can be done, either here or in England or in the two combined.' "

Knowing thus what was on foot in the Cabinet, the writer was not surprised when, early in 1880, Sir John, Tupper and Pope sailed for the Mother Country. What transpired during this visit is a matter of history, but it is certain that a very important part was played by the last-named of the trio. They engaged quarters at Batt's Hotel, London, and entered a brisk campaign to interest capital. They found the moneyed circles quite prepared to consider the proposition, but differences arose early.

Pope had always favored the construction of this road by a company, controlling interests of which would be in the hands of Canadians. He argued that the control would thus rest with men who would fully comprehend the situation, who would command local sympathy and who would be closely in touch with the commercial industries of the Dominion. George Stephen, of Montreal (afterwards Lord Mount Stephen), had already signified willingness to co-operate, and this lent weight to the view advanced by Pope, for Stephen had been interested in the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway and also in the Pembina branch from Emerson to Winnipeg. When it was announced that George Stephen and R. B. Angus, who had already been engaged also in these earlier railroad enterprises, had arrived in England and were prepared to negotiate, there was a great flutter in all quarters. Rival interests, largely made up of British capital, showed more of a tendency to come into the open.

However, matters did not reach a climax very rapidly. Meetings and conferences were held and protracted correspondence was conducted. Week followed week without anything definite resulting, until the patience of the three Ministers was nearly exhausted. Finally, however, a member of the British House, John Puleston (afterwards Sir John Puleston), came forward with proposals that appeared to contain the promise of something definite. Puleston, although not wealthy himself, was in alliance with many home and foreign bankers, and was confident that he could bring together a sufficiently powerful combination to definitely launch the project.

IT happened that at the conference with Puleston only Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper were present, Mr. Pope being absent at the time. On the latter's return, the Premier informed him that they were prepared to make an arrangement with Puleston on terms to be arranged later. Pope was very much chagrined.

"Very well, Sir John," he said, "I guess you have no further use for me. I'll pack my grip and go back to Canada."

The Premier and Sir Charles set about mollifying their irate colleague. Pope finally said:

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Prominent figures in the C.P.R. negotiations—Sir Leonard Tilley, Lord Mount Stephen and Sir John A. Macdonald.

"All right, I'll stay. But I'll stay only on one condition."

"What is that?" asked Sir Charles Tupper.

"This, that Sir John send for Mr. Puleston and gives him one week in which to produce the names of the proposed organization, with their financial credit vouched for, or failing that — to quit."

This was agreed to, and the ultimatum duly presented to Mr. Puleston. Speaking of the result, in after years, Mr. Pope said: "Except Baron Reinach, of Paris, we never saw one of them again." It transpired that Mr. Puleston had relied upon Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who was at one time Chancellor of the Exchequer, to become the frontispiece of a Canadian Pacific Railway Corporation, but had been unable to get this support.

IT IS not necessary to tell the whole story of the negotiations leading up to the building of the C.P.R. It has so often been told;



The most recent photograph of Baron Shaughnessy, present head of the C.P.R.

but rather to recite certain incidents which came under personal observation, and which, although never told before, had a very distinct bearing on the shaping of events.

Suffice it to say then, that at the time the projects of Puleston fell down, there were in London, representing Canadian interests, George Stephen and Duncan McIntyre, of Montreal. The latter had, in partnership with James Worthington, of Montreal, built a line to Renfrew, which would naturally become an important factor as a link in the proposed transcontinental line. The British interests having left the lists, these gentlemen entered into a tentative bargain with the representatives of the Canadian Government, and preliminary agreements were signed at Hochelaga, near Montreal, upon the return to Canada of the contracting parties. Subsequently, the contract was submitted to the House prepared by J. J. C. Abbott (afterwards Sir John Abbott and Premier of

Canada), and with certain amendments was finally crystallized into legislation.

Almost immediately the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was organized and began work. In 1882 the Dominion Government appealed to the country on their railway policy and were sustained. About this time Mr. Donald A. Smith (later Lord Strathcona), cast his lot with his old friend George Stephen, and henceforth the two co-operated loyally and with a wonderful degree of fortitude, in sustaining the enterprise through its ordeal of adversity. This important phase of the C.P.R. history should not be dismissed without some mention of others whose work and sympathy were behind the central features in the drama.

THE preliminary contract between the Dominion and the Pacific Railway incorporators was signed on the 21st of October, 1880, the incorporators being James J. Hill, Duncan McIntyre, J. S. Kennedy (New York), R. B. Angus, Morton Rose & Co., (New York and London), J. Kohn and Reinach & Co., of Paris, The first sod of the railway was turned on May 1st, 1881, and the last spike driven at Craigellachie by Sir Donald Smith, on the 7th of November, 1885. The first Directors were George Stephen, Duncan McIntyre, John G. Kennedy, Richard B. Angus, J. J. Hill, Henry Stafford Northcote, Pascal du P. Grenfell and Baron J. de Reinach; George Stephen (afterwards Sir George, now Lord Mount Stephen), being the President. When the first sod was turned the total railway mileage operating in Canada was 7,194. It now exceeds 34,000.

THE next important stage in the history of the C.P.R., looking backward, was the coming of William C. Van Horne. He appeared at a time when the tremendous nature of the enterprise was being realized in a tangible and almost terrifying way. Difficulties in construction, which had not been anticipated, cropped up. The task of finding the money to keep the work going had become an almost impossible one. Things had reached such a state that if the people of Canada or the influential members of Sir John Macdonald's Government had wavered in their support, or manifested lack of confidence and sympathy, disaster would have inevitably followed.

Fortunately the writer is in a position to tell how Sir William Van Horne chanced to throw in his fortunes with the C.P.R. A short time before the death of the latter, he wrote to James J. Hill, asking for some information with reference to the early history of the first railway line from St. Paul to Winnipeg and about his acquaintance with Sir William Van Horne. Mr. Hill replied at some length and incidentally told how the brilliant young American railroader was secured. It happened to have been "Jim" Hill himself who arranged the matter.

To quote from his letter:

"A part of the old St. Paul & Pacific Railroad Company's plan was a branch that should give through service from St. Paul to St. Vincent, but only some small portion of the line beyond Melrose had been constructed when the property passed into the hands of receivers. It was finished through to St. Vincent by the purchasers of the St. Paul & Pacific, to connect with a line built by the Canadian Government from Winnipeg to the American boundary. The first train of what was organized the following year as the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba entered St. Vincent on November 11, 1878.



The late Sir William Van Horne, who played so big a part in the building of the Road.

"I first knew Mr. Van Horne when he was Superintendent of the Southern Minnesota Railroad Company. At that time he was much interested in geology. His active mind was always attracted by different subjects outside of the line of his immediate pursuit, just as later he developed the taste for pictures, porcelain and other forms of art.

"When Lord Mount Stephen, Lord Strathcona and others were associated with me in the re-organization of the St. Paul & Pacific, formed a syndicate to build the Canadian Pacific Railway, much of the active work in locating the line fell on my shoulders; and at the same time the rapid extension of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba practically prevented me from giving as much time to the Canadian Pacific as I should have. In looking about for a General Manager, I recommended Mr. Van Horne, who was at that time General Superintendent of the Milwaukee & St. Paul, with headquarters at Milwaukee.

"In making this recommendation, I recall saying to Lord Mount Stephen that I knew of no man in the United States who had a broader imagination or greater capacity for executive work. The position was offered to him and accepted when the Canadian Pacific line was completed west from Winnipeg to Broadview, some distance west of Brandon. From that time on his work is a matter of public knowledge and official record."

FROM the time that he came to this country the writer saw much of Sir William, and from the first deemed this a great privilege. He could tell from first hand knowledge of the struggle during the early years, but instead shall present what is of inestimably greater importance—A brief history written by Sir William himself! This interesting and priceless document was forwarded by Sir William one Christmas Day and sent in fulfilment of a promise that he had made a short time before. The document is still in my possession, and is very highly prized.

It is worth telling how it came about that Sir William promised this story. During the summer and autumn of 1892 the writer had made a rather extensive trip through the Canadian Northwest and British Columbia. To any practical observer, the vast opportunity for cereal production in the former was apparent. The widely diversified products, the marvellous timber, mining, fishing and agricultural resources of the latter province

Continued on page 111.

Fifty Years of Business Expansion

How Industry, Finance, Insurance and Transportation Have Advanced Since Confederation

By W. A. Craick

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COURT BRANCH

CANADA'S position at the close of the fiftieth year of Confederation is imposing only in so far as present-day conditions are placed in contrast with those prevailing at the dawn of the Confederation era. Progress is at best a relative term, and to appreciate to the full the extent of this country's development, one must visualize the setting in which that development was commenced.

To all intents and purposes the whole of Western Canada, with its far-flung population, its many fine cities, its thousands of miles of railway and its enormous agricultural production, must be eliminated from the canvas. It is true that by 1867 some ten thousand people had settled in the Red River Valley; that stragglers had penetrated even farther west. It is also true that the gold rush of the late fifties had poured population into the Fraser River Valley and that Victoria was already a fair-sized town. But these widely-separated settlements, on the prairies and at the Coast, were almost as distant from Eastern Canada in those days as Australia is to-day, and further their business associations were entirely with the neighboring sections of the United States.

The picture of Canada in 1867 narrows, therefore, to the comparatively restricted limits of the older settled portions of the country,—the narrow fringe of clearing along the St. Lawrence; the lake front counties of Ontario; the coast and rivers settlements of New Brunswick and the scattered towns and fishing villages of Nova Scotia. The wider vision of a great and prosperous West had not yet seized upon the minds of the people and their field of possible endeavor lay no further off than the thickly wooded concessions of the back counties.

THOUGH fairly well populated and supplied with the modern means of communication, the older sections of Quebec and Ontario were still in a comparatively rude and undeveloped condition. Even between Montreal and Toronto, then as now the two foremost centres of population in Canada, the appearance of the country was anything but prepossessing. There remained much uncleared land. Many of the homes of the inhabitants were at best but miserable shanties. The people were poor; the children dirty and ragged; the cattle lean. Towns, which were quite as numerous as they are to-day and in several cases nearly as large, were suffering from the after-effects of the Grand Trunk boom, and exhibited numerous unoccupied and delapidated buildings.

From Prescott to Ottawa, then the customary route to the Capital, the railway traversed what appeared to be a continuous pine swamp, wet, dismal and depressing. The Capital itself lay hidden away in the midst of green, unbroken forests, which closed in on the log houses and small villas lying on the outskirts of the embryo city.

To the rear of the counties fronting on the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, settlement was just getting under way at the time Confederation came into being. Railways were being promoted to tap the resources of Peterboro', Victoria, Simcoe, Grey and Bruce Counties and settlers were arriving from the Old Country to people their solitudes. In fact this particular section of Canada was going through an experience which has since been duplicated many times in the West.

The government was devoting special attention to the settlement of the free grant lands in the Muskoka District. Advertising matter of the same brand as that which later lured thousands of immigrants to the prairies, told of the prospective wealth to be derived from the cultivation of the soil in this remote part of the province. In response to the appeal population was penetrating as far north as Parry Sound on the shore of the Georgian Bay, while Bracebridge was thronged with newcomers.

It was about this period too that the oil boom in Enniskillen Township and the gold boom at Madoc were absorbing public attention. The former attracted the curious from all parts of the country. To reach the oil fields, visitors had to leave the Sarnia branch of the Great Western at Wyoming and drive through the woods to Oil Springs. It was a trip, as described by travellers, full of spectacular interest. The great dark forest, traversed by a narrow plank road; the constant succession of carts coming and going with their barrels of oil; the derricks, oil tanks and engines scattered through the clearings, all presented a scene of strange and outlandish character. Oil Springs itself was a village of wooden hotels, thronged with speculators and hangers-on, who by their frenzied efforts to secure paying properties increased the popular interest in the district.

The Madoc gold finds were made in the year before Confederation and the rush to the mines in the spring of 1867 was one of the events of that momentous year. Prospectors in large numbers thronged to the new gold fields, from which so much was expected, and many miners, who had participated in the California and British Columbia rushes, made their way to the new Eldorado. Five lines of stages from Belleville to Madoc were for a time insufficient to accommodate the crowd who sought access to the scene of the discovery.

These events, bulking largely in the popular imagination at the time, have long since dwindled into their proper proportions. The oil wells of Enniskillen have become a commonplace; the gold strikes at Madoc have sunk into insignificance. Reference has been made to them merely to illustrate how places which fifty years ago were on the very fringe of settlement and to reach which tedious journeys had to be made are now left far in the rear by the tide of progress. The gold of Porcupine has long since eclipsed the gold of Madoc and in Southern Alberta the oil prospector has been finding new fields for his investigations.

IN VARIOUS other respects conditions have changed in old Ontario and Quebec. Lumbering was a far more important industry fifty years ago than it is to-day. The Great Western Railway brought down from its Sarnia branch annually large quantities of oak timber. This wood was rafted at Hamilton and towed to Quebec for export to the Old Country. The Northern Railway carried to Toronto, and the Port Hope, Lindsay & Beaverton Railway hauled to Port Hope trainload after trainload of lumber for shipment by schooner across the lake. Cordwood was one of the commonest commodities of the day and trainloads of it were a common sight on the railroads fifty years ago. It was used not only for heating and cooking but it formed the universal fuel for locomotives, and from the back settlements thousands of cords were shipped annually to the United States.

The extent of settlement in 1867 was reflected in the cities. To-day there are in the Dominion six cities with populations in excess of 100,000,—Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Ottawa, Hamilton and Quebec, —while a seventh, Vancouver, falls little short of that figure. In the year of Confederation, however, Montreal was the only urban centre that came within 50,000 of reaching the 100,000 mark. Toronto could not boast 50,000 inhabitants. Winnipeg was a mere hamlet. Ottawa contained but 15,000 people. Hamilton just exceeded 20,000 by a narrow margin. As for those flourishing Western cities,—Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Saskatoon, Brandon, Moose Jaw and Vancouver,—they were practically all non-existent. Only conservative old burgs like Quebec, Halifax and St. John had populations in any way commensurable with present figures.

The beautiful capital city of the Dominion, whose natural charms have been greatly enhanced by the work of the Ottawa Improvement Commission, has developed during the fifty years of Confederation from a crude backwoods settlement into one of the finest cities in America. So unprepossessing was its appearance when it was selected by Queen Victoria to be the seat of government, that it was described as the Cinderella of Canadian cities. Its intrinsic beauty was recognized but that beauty was so hidden by uncouth and dirty surroundings that the comparison was by no means inapt.

Curious visitors who went to view the new capital during the early sixties, came



Lumbering on the Upper Ottawa, a flourishing industry at the time of Confederation.

away with mixed impressions. It was admitted that the site of the Parliament Buildings was a lovely one; that the surrounding forests had a wild impressiveness and that the clear air, everlastingly resounding with the noise of falling water, was exhilarating, but what were these natural attractions when everyday living conditions were so bad? The streets were rough, the houses mean and squalid, the hotel accommodation wretched, and the food poor. Lumber and sawdust littered the place until it looked like one vast timber yard.

A sister of Lord Monck, who visited the town shortly before the Governor-General moved there from Quebec, groaned over the prospects of life in such a place, describing it as "t'other end of nowhere." And it is known that civil service employees, who had to forsake the comparative liveliness of Toronto, Montreal or Quebec, for its early crudities, bemoaned their fate, while ministers of the crown took the earliest opportunity to escape from its impenetrable dullness.

Of course all this has changed. Ottawa to-day boasts the possession of every modern facility, not only for the enjoyment but for the improvement of life. Its beautiful streets and parks, its splendid public buildings, its superior hotels,—all these combine to render the contrast with the miserable, down-at-the-heel settlement of fifty years ago most striking and complete.

AND WHAT of other cities? Montreal, the foremost city of the Dominion with its more than 600,000 people, could, in 1867, muster barely one-sixth of that number. In extent it was very considerable smaller. Its principal business thoroughfare of to-day, St. Catherine Street, lay on the outskirts of the city. Even lordly St. James Street, with its splendid financial institutions, was only just in course of construction. Business centred in Notre Dame Street; McGill College stood out in the suburbs and it was a mile walk from the edge of the city to the mountain.

In several respects, Montreal fifty years ago was greatly inferior to the present city. Its streets were notoriously filthy, especially along the docks where the mud frequently lay knee-deep. The lighting even of the main thoroughfares was inadequate, gas being then the universal illuminant. The drainage was bad, and in this connection one visitor tells of having to leave the Theatre Royal one night in the middle of an amusing comedy on account of the vile odors that were wafted in through the windows. Apart from these deficiencies, however, the city seems to have been an imposing place with its solid-looking buildings, its many fine churches and its active commerce.

Toronto's expansion during the fifty years has been equally, even if not more, phenomenal. When it is recalled that in 1867 Queen's Park, now in the heart of the city, was on its extreme northern edge; Trinity College was situated a mile beyond the western limits and that troops were able to go through extensive evolutions on a great common that lay between the city and Spadina Avenue, some faint conception of the physical growth of the place can be obtained. In population it has increased twelve-fold, or roughly from 40,000 to 480,000.

The cities in the east, Halifax and St. John, have probably exhibited fewer changes than their western sisters. Halifax, which has now about 50,000 inhabitants, had a population of 30,000 at the time of Confederation. St. John, which to-day contains approximately 54,000 people, was then a place of 35,000 inhabitants. In Halifax the lives of the citizens revolved around the garrison of British regulars which manned its forts and citadel. Some trading, it is true, went on with the West Indies. Fish was exported; sugar and other tropical products imported. But the military and naval interests of the place predominated and trade and commerce, while a necessary evil, were not allowed to thrust themselves too far into the foreground.

The commercial spirit was more in evidence in St. John, a city which then as now regarded its Nova Scotian contemporary with a feeling of suspicion and rivalry. St. John had been a notable shipbuilding center for years and, not only was many a stout vessel built each year in its shipyards, but its merchants owned and outfitted numerous deep sea craft for service on the seven seas. The docks of St. John was a busy spot in those days, for ships and sailors were numerous and there was a constant coming and going of vessels from distant ports.

IF CITIES were small fifty years ago, so also were the industries that flourished in them. Industrially there has been a remarkable change in Canada durin the past half-century. When Confederation came into being the settled sections of the country were plentifully supplied with an immense number of small steel industries. Each town, each village, had its little group of manufacturing establishments which produced the essentials of life for the people of the immediate neighborhood. A flour and grist mill, a sawmill, a tannery, a carding and fulling mill, a carriage factory and not infrequently a brewery or distillery were the possession of practically every center of population.

The census of 1861 showed that in Ontario alone there were in operation 501 flour and grist mills, 1,164 sawmills, 271 tanneries, 185 carriage factories, and 143 breweries and distilleries. In Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island combined. there was 8,503 industries, of which 1,785 were flour and grist mills, 4,240 saw mills and 710 tanneries. By 1,867 all these figures had probably been considerably increased.

Few of these primitive local industries have survived the evolution of the centralized factory system. Here and there through the country there may remain some pathetic examples of these once important institutions. But, generally speaking, the economies introduced in the operation of the large factories of to-day have made it quite impossible for the small industry to exist.

Even in the sixties there were evidences of the development of large-scale manufacturing. The building of the Lachine Canal seems to have produced a considerable industrial boom in Montreal. The canal furnished four million horsepower of hydraulic energy per annum, a huge figure for those days, and, as practically all manufacturing was done by water-power, manufacturers naturally flocked to this new source of energy.

The extent and importance of the factories along the canal filled visitors with astonishment. There were huge iron works, employing no fewer than 120 men and producing 12 tons of nail plates per day! There was a wonderful new flour mill, which could grind 500 bbls. of flour in twenty-four hours. There was a sugar refinery with capacity adequate to manufacture seven-eighths of the sugar consumed in Canada and there was a marine works, which could produce several ships for river and lake service each season.

One may smile at the expressions of amazement with which the citizens of 1867 regarded these examples of industrial enterprise, the size and output of which have long since been eclipsed by immensely larger establishments, but, after all, there were some industries in operation fifty years ago which would astonish even the wonder-sated folk of the twentieth century. The sawmills at Ottawa, for instance, were undoubtedly marvels. There were ten of them running night and day in an endeavor to keep pace with the efforts of the ten thousand lumbermen who were busy felling the forests along the river. One of these mills boasted eighty saws and the others were very little smaller. The ten mills together turned out 180,000,000 feet of lumber a year, while 16,000,000 cubic feet of square timber was rafted to Quebec each season for shipment across the Atlantic. In that golden age of the lumber trade, it took 800 ships, manned by 25,000 men, to carry the harvest of the Ottawa from Quebec to England.

THESE were great and picturesque enterprises and so too was the wooden shipbuilding industry, which was in its heyday of prosperity when Confederation came into being. At Quebec and at many a harbor and port on the coasts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, fine, large wooden vessels were built and launched annually in considerable numbers. There were fifteen shipyards at Quebec alone, in which from 25 to 50 ships were turned out each year. Unfortunately, except for a forced revival of the industry at the present time, wooden shipbuilding is dead and thus an interesting chapter in Canadian industrial history is closed.



The deep cut. A view of the Welland Canal in the early days.

However, all industry in Canada in and about the year of Confederation was not so spectacular, though to the people of the time many of the developments seemed very wonderful. In Hamilton, for instance, where foundations for future industrial greatness were even then being laid, it was deemed a remarkable feat on the part of the local manufacturers to have installed $100,000 worth of new machinery in a single year. The production of locomotives at Kingston was considered a work little short of marvellous. The erection in Sherbrooke in 1866 of a woollen factory five stories high was heralded as a most important event, while Victor Cote's new tannery at St. Hyacinthe, which gave employment to 90 hands, was regarded as a mammoth plant.

But if industries were small and scattered, the products of industry were by no means inferior. At the great Paris Exhibition of 1867, the goods of Canadian manufacturers showed to advantage. Furniture made by Jacques and Hay in Toronto was declared to be superior to anything on display. The wall hangings of the Stauntons compared favorably with the product of the English makers. The Barbers, of Streetsville, showed cloths and woollens of most creditable quality. Implements from the Jones plant at Gananoque and the Whiting plant at Oshawa were highly commended, as were also the cigars exhibited by Davis, of Montreal.

INDUSTRIALLY, Canada has travelled far since those far-away days. All the marvellous expansion which the introduction of electricity has facilitated has come since then. The mammoth textile works with their electric drives; the great steel plants; the huge paper mills; all these and many more have sprung into being since 1867, and in no respect has the progress of Canada been more marked than in this department of national life.

Hand in hand with the growth of industry has gone the extension of transportation facilities and rapid means of communication. In 1867 the railway systems of the country, since expanded to transcontinental proportions, were limited in scope. This was especially true of the maritime provinces, where the stage coach was still an established and very necessary institution when the Confederation era dawned. Nova Scotia was served

by two short lines of road, running from Halifax to Truro and from Halifax to Windsor respectively, a matter of some hundred miles of track in all. New Brunswick likewise had but two railways, one connecting St. John and Shediac and the other St. Andrew's and Woodstock. Prince Edward Island, which has now a system of 275 miles, was without any railway at all. In short the three Maritime Provinces among them had only about 300 miles of road in operation, whereas to-day their mileage extends to 3,668 miles.

The upper provinces were somewhat better served. The Grand Trunk, then the longest railway in the world under one management ran from Portland in Maine to Sarnia, in Ontario, and from Riviere du Loup on the lower St. Lawrence to Richmond, P.Q. Its most formidable rival was the Great Western, running from Niagara Falls through Hamilton to Windsor, with a branch from Hamilton to Toronto. Northward stretched lines from Prescott and Brockville to Ottawa, from Port Hope to Beaverton, and from Toronto to Collingwood. All the rest of the network of roads now traversing both old and New Ontario were non-existent.

THE idea of through traffic was only just being evolved in 1867. The Great Western, then a wide-gauge road, as were most of the railways in Canada, had laid a third rail from Windsor to Niagara Falls and built a car ferry for service across the Detroit River, in order to secure a slice of the business between the newly developed settlements of the middle West and the seaboard. The Northern Railway from Toronto to Collingwood was paying so much attention to the traffic it was receiving from the upper lakes and trans-shipping at Toronto for lower lake ports, that settlers along the line complained of the difficulty of getting their cordwood shipped to Toronto. In fact promoters of the Toronto & Nipissing and the Toronto, Grey & Bruce made it a point in soliciting financial aid from the municipalities that they would serve the settlers better in this regard.

Communication between the Maritime Provinces and the upper provinces in those days was usually by coasting vessel from Halifax or St. John to Portland and thence by Grand Trunk to Montreal. The extension of the Halifax-Truro road to Pictou, completed in the Confederation year, gave a new summer route up the St. Lawrence to Quebec, while one of the fruits of the new political arrangements between the provinces was the establishment of a line of steamers to run from Montreal and Quebec to Maritime Province ports. Otherwise it was possible to take a longer stage journey up the St. John valley from the railway terminus at Woodstock to Edmundston and across the height of land to Rivière du Loup, where the Grand Trunk terminated. This was the route by which the British regulars journeyed to Upper Canada at the time of the Fenian scare.

The recent completion of the Victoria tubular bridge at Montreal was then filling the minds of visitors with awe and astonishment. It was hailed as one of the wonders of the world, a scientific achievement without a peer in the history of construction. Its three million cubic feet of masonry, its eight thousand tons of iron, its enormous length, its great cost, were dilated upon in unmeasured terms of admiration. For the times it was indeed a remarkable engineering feat, but since then many a far more wonderful undertaking has been completed in Canada, which illustrates still further how the country has progressed.

Canada's canal system had by 1867 reached considerable proportions and comparatively speaking, traffic by water was of more importance then than it is to-day. The lakes were covered with sailing craft, while steamboats were far more numerous than they are now. Of course, all these vessels were so much smaller than the big freighters of the twentieth century that mere numbers were insignificant. At the same time they provided a most picturesque element in the picture of Canada in 1867. The passage of fifty schooners a day through the Welland Canal was by no means an unusual experience in the year of Confederation.

The canals were much smaller than they are to-day. Those on the St. Lawrence, by means of which ships passed up from Montreal to Lake Ontario, contained but nine feet of water, while the locks were limited to 200 feet in length. Notwithstanding this, records of vessels are not uncommon which had sailed down from the upper lakes and, passing through these canals, had later crossed the Atlantic.

TRAVELLING conditions in the year of Confederation were none too satisfactory. As compared with the luxury of the present day, a journey even for a short distance was an arduous and uncomfortable undertaking. In the Maritime Provinces, if a traveller preferred an overland journey instead of a trip by coasting vessel, he would have to put up with the inconvenience of a wearisome ride in a big, lumbering, springless stage over rough roads, his only solace the occasional pauses for rest and refreshment at old-fashioned change houses. In the upper provinces, he would have to contend with the wretched service of what were referred to at the time as the most poorly conducted railways in the world.

Two trains a day in each direction were sufficient to accommodate the traffic between the two largest Canadian cities. One made the journey by day, the other by night, and the run was scheduled for something like fourteen hours. The locomotives burned wood and there were frequent stops *en route* to re-load the tenders. Cars were small and light, the track poorly laid and the bumping and jolting terrific. One wretched tourist who endeavored to beguile the tedium of the journey by a game of draughts found to his disgust that it was quite impossible to keep the men on the board.

The postal system in Canada fifty years ago differed very little from the present system except that very much higher rates of postage had to be paid, and it took much longer for letters to reach their destination. The rate to points in Canada, that is, Ontario and Quebec, was five cents; to the United States 10 cents, and to England, 12½ cents. A special weekly service to Halifax, via Portland, having been arranged, a business man in Toronto or Montreal could send a communication to Nova Scotia for the sum of 12½ cents. As for British Columbia, it cost 25 cents to forward a letter to the Pacific coast.

Statistics for the year 1863 show that there were in the upper provinces, 1,974 post offices in that year and that the number of letters carried was 11,000,000. New Brunswick had 375 post offices, in which 833,625 letters were handled and Nova Scotia 493 post offices with 1,467,726 letters. The year's revenue for the three provinces was $853,778, and the expenditure, $896,303. As an indication of the extent to which the postal service has since expanded it may be said that in 1915, the revenue for all Canada was over thirteen million dollars and the expenditure nearly sixteen millions.

WHILE the telephone was unknown in 1867, the telegraph and the Atlantic cable were both in existence, and so far as telegraphic communication was concerned, Canada was well served. Indeed, in Nova Scotia the boast was made that they had more miles of telegraph per inhabitant than in any other country in the world and, what is even better, lower rates. In Ontario and Quebec, the Montreal Telegraph Company, with over 3,000 miles of wire, controlled the situation, while in the Maritime Provinces the lines, about 2,000 miles in extent, were controlled by the American Telegraph Co. As there are to-day over 200,000 miles of wire in the telegraph systems of the country, it is obvious that here again there has been vast development.

The story of the telephone is all contained within the limits of the Confederation era. There were no telephones when Confederation was born. To-day there are between six and seven hundred thousand instruments in use, with over a million and a half miles of wire connecting them.

ELECTRIC street railways have been another modern development. In fact in the year of Confederation, horse cars had only just come into use. Toronto's system had been opened in 1861. It consisted of six miles of track on Queen and Yonge Streets, with eleven cars and 70 horses, a total investment of only $175,000. Montreal had also about six miles of track with similarly small equipment. Halifax was a third city with a system of horse cars at that time. The innovation was not welcomed. One critic complained that "the street railway is an institution for the benefit of those who ride, at the expense of those who drive, and is a flagrant violation of the rights of the majority. The horse railway is a permanent obstruction; it practically divides a wide street into two narrow ones and a narrow one into two lanes. It is questionable whether it will be found profitable in Canada."

In the light of this hostile attitude, it is interesting to note that the tiny systems in the three leading cities of 1867 have since developed into a vastly important series of electric lines, located in practically every city in Canada, operating upwards of 1,700 miles of track and carrying annually six hundred million passengers. The capital invested in them amounts to over $150,000,000.

TRADE and finance have shown marvellous expansion in the fifty years of Confederation. When it is considered that in 1868 the country's total trade only amounted to a little over $131,000,000, of which $57,500,000 represented exports; that the export of manufactured products in that year scarcely amounted to $2,000,000 and agricultural products exported

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Some Canadian Contrasts

By Frank Yeigh



An old-time plow, constructed for the most part of wood, used on the prairies in the early days.

CANADA is young as the age of countries is commonly measured; only four centuries since Cartier landed on the Gaspe coast; only three since Champlain became Canada's first governor; only a century and a half since the British Conquest. Ontario is scarcely over the century mark, while the West may date its real life fifty years ago, practically covering the Confederation period.

But young as the Dominion is in this relative interpretation of time, she is old enough to present many striking contrasts that constitute measuring rods of our national growth. The span of a single generation provides many such suggestive contrasts, and in no less degree within the briefer period of a decade.

Especially does the Canadian West furnish impressive illustrations of progress in contrasts. In the little square facing the Canadian Pacific Station in Winnipeg, stands the first locomotive used to cross the continent on completion of its main line in 1885, while, within a stone's throw, the latest mogul is hauling a sixty-car train of wheat to the Head of Lakes or the Seaboard, and the difference represents Western development in thirty years. The old-timer was a wood-burner; the new-timer, coal or oil. The smaller looks ridiculously diminutive beside the great giant that towers high above one's head and that requires many ladder steps to reach the cabin. The old one ran smoothly on a light fifty-six pound rail; the other pounds a hundred pound rib of steel.

OUT on the far-flung prairie, with a sky-line as far remote as one's range of vision, an ox-team is plodding its laborious way with plow and share, slowly turning the tough virgin sod of a farm-to-be. The scene visualizes the same early stage of pioneer settlement as in the older provinces a century or more before. But an hour's train journey will bring you to homesteads where modern tractors haul a plowing machine and outfit, where soil-turning is done by contract and on a wholesale scale. The single narrow furrow of our fathers is a many-furrowed trail of a sulky plow or a disc machine. So is the gulf between the sickle of the reaper, swung with slow rhythm by muscular arms, and the row of reapers and binders hauled again by a ponderous and powerful traction engine. So, too, the difference between the husbandman who goes forth to sow, with the hand sweep of grain, and the present-day seed drill, dropping its kernels with mathematical precision in the warm bed of mother earth.

In many a town of the Plains, as on the outskirts of the older hinterlands, the log shack of the pioneer is dominated by an imposing structure, sky-scraping, as it were a Tower of Babel imitator, just as the first rough sod shelter of the homesteader is overshadowed by a mansion-like home of more prosperous modern days. Many a Western farmer, as an Eastern one, maintains intact the modest home of his beginnings, alongside of a mansard roof covering of to-day. Both pride and sentiment enter into the plan.

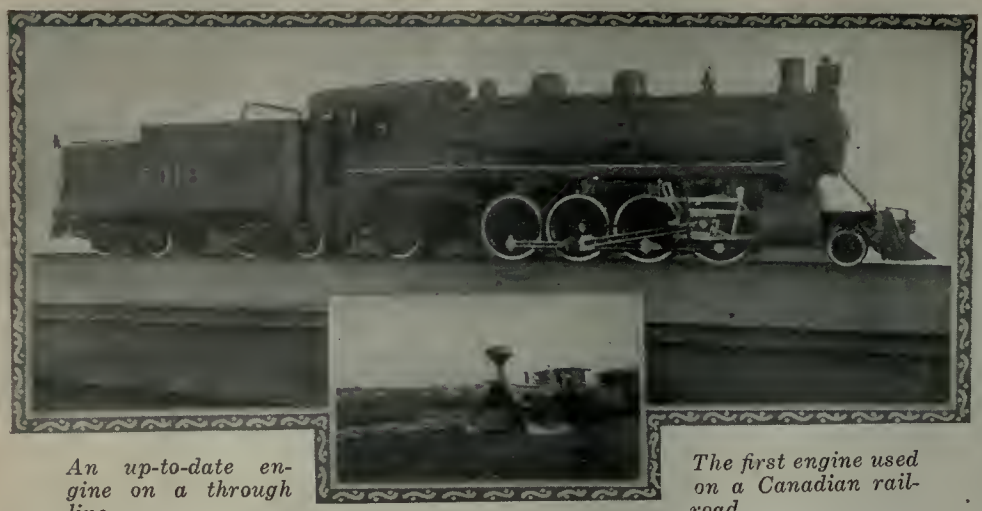
Winnipeg affords another striking contrast in the proximity of the gate remnant of Fort Garry, the wounds of time covered with foliage, while hard by a twelve-story hotel cries aloud its modernity. What ghosts still linger about the old brick-and-mortar pile; what historic memories cluster around the once and brief Riel rendezvous! and, in equal contrast, the two buildings epitomize the yesterday and to-day of our western prairie portal.

Or take Edmonton. On the river height stands the commanding pile of Alberta's Parliament Buildings, seemingly conscious of their architectural and legislative importance. Towers and roof hold their head high, scarce deigning to see the old Hudson's Bay Fort that flies the H.B.C. flag off in a corner of the lot. A contrast? Surely none more striking in all Canada: the flat little dormer-windowed building, eloquent of centuries of history in the great Lone-land west of Lake Superior, and still the great lone-land for many hundreds of leagues. One cannot rest the eye on the wooden structures without instinctively recalling a King Charles, a company of "Gentlemen Adventurers," supply ships, storehouses full of fur, and stockades alive betimes with factors, trappers, *coureirs de bois*, Indians, dog teams. The romance of nearly three centuries centers in this suggestive weather-stained pile. Law-makers in a sense, even law-breakers at times, and law triers were these H.B.C. folk, and now a company of more modern makers of statutes occupy the marble palace just across the lot!

CONTRASTS there are in abundance on the yonder Canadian shore of the Pacific. Here is the sweep of the Skeena River, where it widens to meet the sea. A single glance of the eye includes an old-timer of a stern-wheeler craft, redolent of primitive days in British Columbia. Of shallow draft it was, and it must needs have been to negotiate the shallows caused by the shifting sands, and with a blunt nose made to poke its way into mud banks or rustic wharf. Yes, it is tied up now for good and all, displaced by a railway. But its contrast is had in the fine Clyde-built steamer just sailing past on its run from Vancouver to Prince Rupert and the Portland Canal. Oil-propelled too, as is the



A striking contrast: Main Street, Winnipeg, and (inset) Fort Garry before Confederation, taken at almost the identical spot.



An up-to-date engine on a through line.

The first engine used on a Canadian railroad.

locomotive that went speeding by just now. Other marine contrasts there are: in the dug-out canoe of a Siwash or the clumsy fisher boat of a Chinaman, sailing by unassailed in and among the smarter craft belonging to the Coastal fishery combines.

Along the British Columbia rivers a lonely "Chink" is salmon fishing "on his own," while a noisy brig is hauling a fleet of fishing craft for the canneries that line the banks on their tide-washed piles.

So the old and the new are again brought into juxtaposition when a Red River cart, sans iron rim or steel springs, is placed alongside an up-to-date automobile. They represent the difference between a slow-moving mule of Dixie and an Imperial Limited, or Prince Rupert Express train.

A contrast as unique as it is historic is to be seen at Sault Ste. Marie, where, within sight of each other, two canals span a space of two centuries. A single lock of the earlier one, built for a fur-trading company in the long ago, has been preserved in contrast with the great Canadian lock 900 feet long, which is capable of holding three large vessels at one time within its massive gates.

Every Canadian city possesses numerous historic contrasts. Toronto's Old Fort, with its ancient earthworks, still revealing the gun embrasures; with its powder magazines, red brick military cottages, and over-hung guard houses, is eloquent of a certain day in 1813 when a party of our United States neighbors helped themselves to the Muddy York of that day, and now when a hundred thousand people crowd the Exhibition near by, a scene is presented in absolute contrast. If the soldier dead who were blown into another world a hundred years ago, as a powder magazine at the Old Fort was exploded, could come to life long enough to visit the Exhibition on a gala day, methinks they would prefer to return!

Kingston's Martello towers are in contrast with the Military College across the harbor, or the modern buildings in the Limestone city. Montreal can place its Chateau de Ramezay over against a St. James Street bank as another effective contrast.

Old Quebec is all contrasts: in Sault le Cap, and Grand Allée; Lower and Upper Town, citadel and armouries. Canada has no other city where the seventeenth and twentieth centuries live so amicably side by side.

CANADA is truly measured by contrasts; the log school house and the million-dollar technical school; the rustic chain ferry, swung by the current, and a million dollar high-level bridge over the Saskatchewan at Edmonton; a Washington hand-press in a rural printing office, and a sextuple press used by a city daily; the candles of our grandmothers and the electric light our children take for granted; the message by the post-chaise in grandfather's time, and the wireless of to-day; the Durham boat of the early settler, laboriously poled up-stream in the St. Lawrence, and a five or six-decked passenger steamer now; the ancient millstone that once ground the grain of a backwoods parish, and the great modern flour mills turning out thousands of barrels of the white product daily; the hand-power of earlier times, and the water-power of the present.

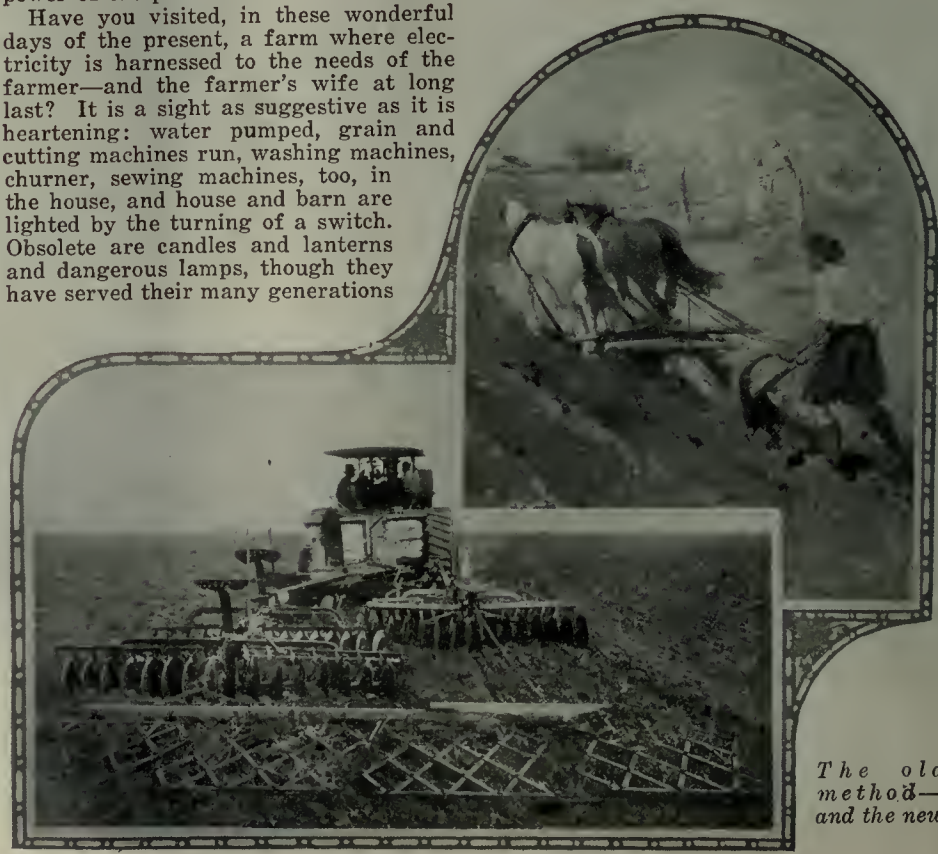
Have you visited, in these wonderful days of the present, a farm where electricity is harnessed to the needs of the farmer—and the farmer's wife at long last? It is a sight as suggestive as it is heartening: water pumped, grain and cutting machines run, washing machines, churner, sewing machines, too, in the house, and house and barn are lighted by the turning of a switch. Obsolete are candles and lanterns and dangerous lamps, though they have served their many generations faithfully and well. Truly it is a long way from the candle days, the old oaken bucket and the hand-power machine, and again one is delighted to know that some of the modern improvements are reaching and benefiting the Queen of the Farm.

If he who looked upon Niagara Falls in pre-Confederation days were able to make a return visit from the other or this world, he too would rub his eyes in an effort to take in the changes. Table Rock gone and the old tubular staircase leading thereunder. In its place one of the many giant power plants, busy making light and industrial force for towns a couple of hundred miles away. If he could see the maze of tunnels, even under the main river above the Falls, his wonder would be increased tenfold. Yes, Niagara presents one of the most striking contrasts of them all, and the end is not yet.

The houses of our fathers and their fathers were mostly built of one of three materials—wood, brick, stone. But to-day some structures,—homes, factories, stores,—are made of cement, some as fluid shot on a wall surface through a hose as if it were a fireman's game. In the olden days too a hand-made moveable house was unknown, and now you can order a home in sections and have it shipped and set up over night.

NOTE the contrast in mining methods, especially gold mining. One may still see the original plan in use in mining by hand. Along the upper reaches of the Fraser River the eye catches sight of a lonely figure bending over the water's edge and shaking a pailful of the wet gravel deposits in an old tin basin, for the yellow particles that may represent a good day's pay. "The narrowing lust

Continued on page 92.

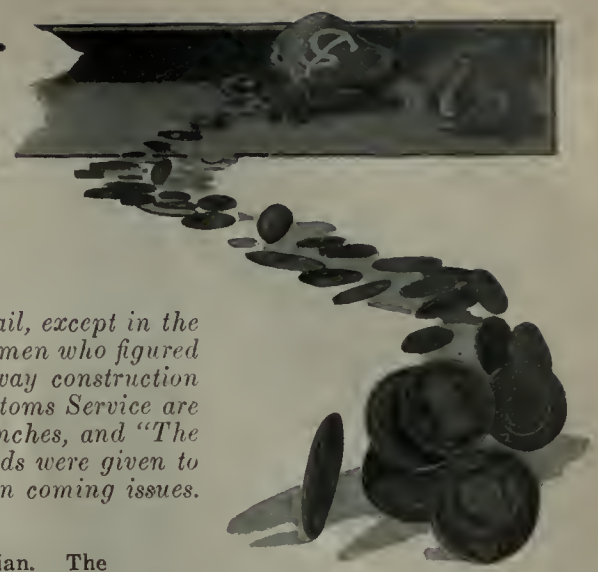


The old method—and the new

The Master Smuggler

The Disclosure of a Conspiracy Against the Government

By J. D. Ronald



EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This story is absolutely true in every detail, except in the matter of names, which, for obvious reason, are fictitious. The men who figured in the smuggling conspiracy are probably still following railway construction lines in some part of the continent. In the annals of the Customs Service are stories that equal anything in the more spectacular police branches, and "The Master Smuggler" is a taste of what might be told if the records were given to the public. More articles on Customs operations will appear in coming issues.*

A NUMBER of years ago a band of smugglers, operating from a single point in the United States and directed by one man, worked a scheme to defraud the Canadian customs, a scheme so thorough and clever that the man who conceived and carried it through well deserves the title of the Master Smuggler. The story of this huge swindle has never been told nor did a single word find its way into print when the Canadian customs officers had finally succeeded in bringing the band to time. The secrecy in which the case has been shrouded lends double interest to the telling now.

The centre figure in the narrative is, of course, the Master Smuggler himself. Let us call him Oleson, although that is not his real name. At the time the story opens Oleson was living in Minneapolis, a prominent society man of that city, a member of the most exclusive clubs and a good fellow generally. He was a bit of a high-flier, a *bon vivant* in fact, but a student as well. At that time he was about fifty years of age, and still in the prime of physical condition — standing slightly over six feet and as well-knit and athletic-looking as any man at that age that one would want to see. That he had been a hard worker and a hard liver, that he had seen life in many strange phases and places, was apparent to any judge of physiognomy. There was a grimness to the lines of his face and a suggestion of the hawk in his eyes. He was, nevertheless, mild-mannered and as charming a fellow, when he set about to please, as one would care to meet.

About thirty years before he had landed in America, a brisk, untutored lad of twenty years. He went to St. Paul, as most Scandinavians do, and took a job with a construction gang. But Oleson had no intention of making his living by the sweat of his brow nor of measuring his savings by the calouses on his hands. He soon made up his mind that there was more money in exploiting the worker than in working himself. So he became a pack pedlar.

THE construction of new railway lines through virgin country offers employment for the most part to foreigners. They get good wages and, having no other opportunity to spend their money they are easy prey for the heterogeneous class of camp followers and parasites of all kinds who soon collect. Gamblers, whiskey smugglers and pack peddlers vie for the wages of the ignorant Galician and the credulous Scandinavian. The railway navvy is particularly easy for the vendor of flashy jewelry and it is not hard to induce him to give orders on the paymaster in advance of his earnings in payment for rings, scarf pins and watches. In this lucrative business Oleson did remarkably well. The profits that he could make by himself did not satisfy him for long, however. He started in to organize the business of railway pack peddling. When the time came for him to turn his attention to Canada, Oleson had in his employ a large number of carefully selected men and with characteristic thoroughness was exploiting railway construction camps in Idaho. He was reputed to be worth a quarter of a million; and probably was.

IT WAS the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific that drew Oleson's attention to Canada. In the construction of the Transcontinental Railway from east to west there were employed by the different contractors at seasonable times, upwards of fifty thousand men. At the same time there was under construction in British Columbia, in the Fraser River Valley, branches of the Canadian Northern, and Canadian Pacific Railways. The payrolls representing the earnings of the men employed on the construction of these various lines ran close to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per day. The open season of construction averaged seven months in the year. This represented payment in money for labor, approximately thirty-five million dollars. To exploit and carefully follow the different camps with an organized gang of pack pedlars meant the realization of immense profits by the individual carrying to success such a scheme.

The construction of the Transcontinental began on a big scale in 1903, and some time early that year, Oleson called in his henchmen and planned a big campaign. They met in Minneapolis and one can imagine them squatting around the big mahogany desk in Oleson's office, with a map of Canada spread out before them. There were ten head men, or group leaders, in all, that he summoned. There was Billy Oleson, his brother and right hand man, "Sleepy Ike" Carlstrom, "Red" Cantler and "Black Jack" Anderson, all of whom played parts of some prominence in subsequent developments. They were all countrymen of his own and strong men. They were weather beaten, hardened to rough life; men of the greyhound type, fleet-footed and tenacious, used to traveling for long distances on snowshoes with dog teams. They all had unbounded faith in Oleson and would, so it was said, go through hell-fire if he said it was necessary.

Together they went over the map and laid out the line of the Transcontinental in ten sections, allotting one district to each group leader. The best methods of reaching central points for supplies and distribution were settled. These ten trusties of Oleson's in turn organized their various territories with distributing agents and in ten months from the time the bill authorizing the construction of the road passed the Canadian Parliament, Oleson and his men were ready to move on the construction camps.

This complete organization, consisting of some four hundred men operated in the most unostentatious way; they created no disturbance, but sold their wares, principally watches, chains and jewelry, in the various camps at noontime, and in the evening around the camp fires, taking in exchange orders on the paymaster which were cashed monthly at the various depots. This was good business; there was no risk.

TO OLESON'S credit it must be said that he handled high-class goods, the very best grade of watches, for instance, gold filled and solid gold cases, running in value all the way from fifteen to one hundred dollars. He did not at any time sell cheap trash under the guise of jewelry, although his prices allowed a big margin of profit; generally as high as 150 per cent. Some pedlars swindled the navvies right and left. Oleson never did. The customer paid a steep price but he got a genuine article.

Oleson's men were very successful. They were all jolly good fellows and made friends. The profits that the organization made were enormous.

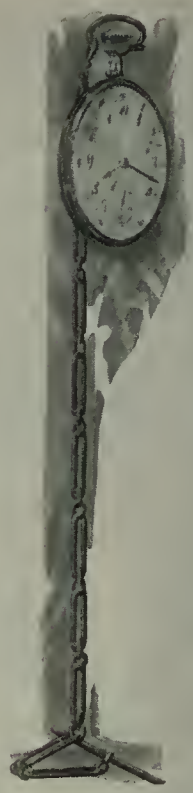
BUT OLESON was not satisfied. The Canadian customs duties were a heavy drain. The duty on watches was twenty-five per cent. of their market value, and on the other commodities that his men handled thirty per cent. of their market value in the United States. In addition there was the expense and delay involved in shipping the goods to central points in Canada, entering them at cus-

toms and redistributing them to his head agents.

Oleson looked this matter over, spent a day or two hard thinking and decided in the end that the immense sum which he had to pay in duty on the goods required was worth taking a chance upon. In other words, Oleson decided to smuggle. If caught he could pay up; if he got through free he would so much ahead. A born gambler, he took a gambler's chance.

Accordingly he called his head men together again, and told them what he proposed to do. They all agreed, and the die was cast.

In this way one of the most extensive smuggling operations ever carried on between Canada and the United States was developed.



A DEFINITE plan of campaign was worked out between them. The leaders were to personally undertake the smuggling operations. One man was to work via Seattle and Vancouver, another via the Soo line to Calgary, a third via Emmerson to Winnipeg. A fourth was to work in by Fort Francis to the region north of Port Arthur and Fort William, and another via Sault Ste. Marie, distributing from Cochrane east and west. A sixth was to take the St. Lawrence River near Montreal, working in Northern Quebec. Others worked through the State of Maine into Quebec and New Brunswick, covering the construction work in New Brunswick and Eastern Quebec.

The astute Oleson laid his plans well. The Pacific coast operations were entrusted to his brother Billy Oleson. Billy was a smooth fellow with an exceedingly cool nerve. He was likeable enough and generally reliable. But he had one weakness. He was a hard drinker.

For a time Billy Oleson used pack mules through the trails of the Rockies, slipping in with his loads by routes that left him free from all molestation. This, however, was laborious and slow and after a time he merely took the boat from Seattle to Vancouver, carrying two suit cases. One was always filled with clothing without anything of a suspicious nature whatever. All the jewelry would be concealed in the second suit case. He managed to get through on sheer nerve. Walking up to the Customs officer at the boat landing he would cheerfully proffer the first suitcase for examination. "Is that all you want?" he would ask in an off-hand way. The ruse always succeeded. Thus he carried in thousands of dollars worth right under the noses of the officials.

The men entrusted with carrying goods into Saskatchewan and Manitoba took train at Minneapolis and slept across the border in the Pullman car berth with thousands of dollars worth of jewelery under their pillows. It is a standing rule that the customs officials at the frontier do not arouse sleeping passengers, but merely examine the grips left under the berth. By adopting this plan the smugglers took a big risk; but they somehow always managed to "get away with it."

The man on the Fort Francis route smuggled by toboggan and dog sled, crossing the line at points where there was no one to molest him. At Sault Ste. Marie the head smuggler rowed himself across the river under cover of darkness, expressing his goods on to Cochrane for distribution.

In Eastern Canada the head men operated in Quebec and New Brunswick, driving over under cover of night during the summer months and by dog sled when the snow was on the ground. They then caught the C.P.R. and Intercolonial at various points.

These men were equipped with chamois skin vests containing one hundred pockets, which they invariably wore next their bodies when crossing the line. These vests were always filled with watches before they started out, so that each man was sure of getting one hundred watches safely past the customs, whether their packs were taken or not. The work was so well done, however, that not on any occasion was one of them molested.

OLESON directed all the work himself. He was the brains of the organization. He did all the buying and directed the operations from his office in Minneapolis. The plan that he had devised was to have his smuggling emissaries deposit the goods that they carried into Canada with banks and trust companies at conveniently accessible points. The goods remained there until they were distributed to the peddlers starting out for the construction camps. Oleson had arranged with banks and trust companies at various points from Moncton, New Brunswick, to Vancouver. He said himself afterwards, that at various times he had stored in his deposit vaults in various parts of Canada an aggregate of over one hundred thousand dollars worth of goods, all smuggled.

In addition to directing the intricate organization that he had thus built up, Oleson made many trips to Canada himself and he always carried a load of goods. None of his lieutenants worked with the same daring and assurance as the Master Smuggler himself. He, of course, had a vest of many pockets which were always filled in addition to the jewelry that he carried over in his luggage. His colossal nerve carried him through some very tight occasions. Once he crossed the line in broad daylight, sitting in a Pullman coach with ten thousand dollars worth of goods under the seat. When the customs officer came through, Oleson handed his grip over with a cheerful "Good Morning." Pullman seats have a cavity underneath and the use that he made of this space on this occasion proved so successful that he passed the word on to his trusty cohorts.

On occasion, Oleson carried into Canada as much as twenty to thirty thousand dollars worth of goods on a single trip. His *sang froid* was equal to any emergency.

AND NOW starts the second phase of the campaign of fraud. Oleson had built up elaborate machinery to provide underground routes for getting the goods into Canada. The plan had met with wonderful success. It seemed sheer waste of opportunity, to a man of Oleson's type, to use the machinery the one way only. His agents were coming back into the United States empty handed. Why not use the same method to smuggle goods back into the United States from Canada?

Oleson tackled this new problem with his usual thoroughness and ingenuity. He decided that the most profitable field would be in handling diamonds which enter Canada duty free but are highly dutiable in the United States. Another possible line would be Swiss watch movements, which pay a duty of 10 per cent. entering Canada and 35 per cent. entering the United States.

His first step was to make arrangements with a chain of stores in the United States to handle the goods. Then he went to England and arranged with a diamond house to ship diamonds to him to Canada. Each of his lieutenants in the meantime had established Canadian headquarters, so that Oleson had all these addresses dotting Canada from coast to coast to which the goods could be shipped. He then proceeded to Switzerland and negotiated a contract for watch movements.

Diamonds and watch movements were accordingly shipped out to Canada in large quantities. They were entered at customs in Canada through brokers and then sent on to the addresses of the various lieutenants. The smugglers from that time on, instead of returning to Minneapolis empty handed, used their many-pocketed vests to bring back valuable loads of watch movements and precious stones.

THE business thrived for over six years. So well organized was the whole business that not a question was asked by anyone. The agent, who worked on percentage, waxed prosperous. Oleson himself, who pocketed the profits, grew immensely wealthy.

The plan might have worked indefinitely had not Oleson made one mistake. For the business in which he had engaged, he had not a single flaw; he was cool headed, a born leader, and as silent as the Sphinx. He kept his men well in hand and did not allow his suddenly acquired riches to swell his head. The mistake he made was outside the bounds of actual operations.

Oleson was a ladies' man. His rather handsome face and striking physique had made him very popular with the fairer sex. His career had been punctuated with a long list of "affairs."

One of his lieutenants, a married man with a family, by the way, was madly infatuated with a pretty girl in Minneapolis. The girl, who afterwards proved to be an adventuress of the most dangerous type, was not only beautiful but extremely clever and thoroughly unscrupulous. She used her relations with the infatuated lieutenant as a means of attracting the attention of the wealthy Oleson.

The Master Smuggler became very much enamored. An ardent love maker, it was his custom to brush aside all rivals without counting the cost. Without stopping to figure what the effect might be within his organization, Oleson stole the girl from his underling. He did it quite openly, probably believing that the loyalty his men had always shown him would survive even so severe a test.

The discarded lover made no protest,

but was so bitterly aggrieved that he decided then and there to sell out the Master Smuggler and his whole works. There is a resident agent of the Canadian Customs service in St. Paul. One night this agent was awakened by a late ring at his door bell. Going down he found his visitor to be a man giving his name as Johnson. (This is not the real name, but it is as good as any other for purposes of narrative.)

"I can give you information worth thousands of dollars to the Canadian Customs," said the man.

The inspector hastily invited him in and questioned him further. Johnson told the whole story. His desire for revenge on his chief was so great that he did not even seek to profit in a monetary way from the information he gave. All he wanted was the satisfaction of "getting back" at Oleson. As he had been close to the Master Smuggler in all the operations, he was able to give practically complete details of the smuggling machinery that Oleson had built up.

The customs officer got all the information that he could and promptly wired to Ottawa, advising that a special officer be detailed to handle the case.

TWO days later Special Officer Duncan of the staff of the Chief Inspector of Customs for Canada, called quietly at the office of the Canadian agent.

"My name is Duncan, of Ottawa," he said. "Come down and have dinner with me at the Raddison in Minneapolis, and we'll talk things over." The inspector took his cue and got in touch with Johnson at once.

After dinner the two officers retired to Duncan's room, and in half an hour Johnson knocked at the door and was admitted. He told his story again, giving further details than he had been able to place at the disposal of the Customs Service before. He brought the further information that Oleson was leaving the city that night for Edmonton, Alta., and was taking five thousand dollars worth of goods with him, on which, needless to state, he had no intention of paying duty.

The three men discussed the situation from every angle, and Duncan announced that he was convinced that it would not do to act at that juncture but to wait until it was possible "To sew Oleson up tight." He wanted to get the Master Smuggler into a position where it would be possible to make him settle for everything that had been done during the six years that operations had been under way. He advised Johnson to say nothing and to wait and, above everything else, to retain the good-will and confidence of his chief. After the interview, which lasted three hours, it was mutually agreed that this was the best course and Johnson hurried away to meet Oleson before the latter left on his trip north.

THIS was early in August, and the only immediate result of the "Leak" was the prompt capture of Oleson in Edmonton. Duncan had wired to the Customs authorities in Edmonton advising them of the likelihood that Oleson would arrive with smuggled goods. Acting on the description that Duncan sent, the officials there met Oleson on his arrival, subjected him to a search and found the jewelry. Johnson's estimate proved correct, and they found that he had five thousand dollars worth concealed in his luggage and on his person. As he could not produce clearance papers he was forced to pay the full duty amounting to over twelve hundred dollars.

This was the first time that such a miscarriage of plans had occurred and Oleson returned to Minneapolis much chagrined and not a little suspicious. However, nothing occurred to confirm his suspicions and he accordingly allowed the full machinery to work along as usual.

In the meantime Duncan had been busy. The day after Oleson's departure for Edmonton he took the train East and commenced an extensive investigation to confirm the information which Johnson had given. He found that the latter, in his desire for revenge, had told not only the truth but the whole truth. By following up the information that Johnson had given, Duncan was able to locate every bank and trust company from one end of Canada to the other where the goods were held in store and also to secure complete knowledge as to the personality and the movements of each of Oleson's agents. In the meantime, he kept Oleson under watch and was advised by wire every day of the movements of the Master Smuggler.

IT TOOK two months to complete the investigation. Duncan then advised all the banks and trust companies that the goods which Oleson and agents had been storing in their deposit vaults were smuggled. He advised the managers confidentially, that when they received instructions from him by wire, they were to hold the goods then in their possession as under seizure by the Customs of Canada. In the meantime Oleson had been lost track of. It transpired that he had gone to Idaho to look up his bibuous brother who had not been heard from for several weeks and who presumably was on an extended spree. He found Billy finally and brought him back to Minneapolis, where he gave him the rest cure for three weeks. At the end of that time Billy emerged in good shape again and was ready for action. Oleson gave him a supply, chiefly of watches, valued at eight thousand dollars, and started him off for Vancouver via Seattle. This information was promptly wired to Duncan, the name of the boat on which Oleson would sail being given. Duncan promptly wired to a special officer in Vancouver.

"Place under arrest William Oleson, stocky build, florid complexion, fair hair and drooping moustache, carrying two suit cases, one of which contains jewelry valued at eight thousand dollars. Invoice will be found on his person. Search Oleson to the skin."

Unfortunately the special officer, Christie by name, was absent when this wire arrived and Oleson slipped through the skein of the law safely. Christie arrived back next day, however, and took up the case with great vigor. He first went to the officers of the trust company in Vancouver where the goods had always been stored and found that Oleson had been there the day before. The smuggler had left instructions there that any mail was to be forwarded to him to a small branch on the Canadian Northern where construction work was under way. Christie promptly jumped on a train and reached the town early the next morning. He located Billy Oleson without any difficulty and placed him under arrest. Oleson had his suitcase with him at the time and the full supply of jewelry was found. Christie wired Duncan: "Have Oleson and the goods. Will hold until advised." On receipt of this wire Duncan decided that the time had come to act. His first step was to wire each of the banks and trust companies, holding Oleson's goods, not to deliver any further goods to Oleson's agents and to advise the value of goods on hand. Inside of twenty-four hours he had received advices by wire which showed that he had a total of between fifty and seventy-five thousand dollars worth of goods under seizure. In addition he had Billy Oleson under arrest in Vancouver, caught red handed on a charge which would give him five years in the penitentiary unless all duties and fines imposed on account of the frauds perpetrated against the customs revenue laws of Canada, were promptly settled.

To Duncan this looked like a winning hand for a settlement so he took the first train for Minneapolis.

BEFORE he arrived in Minneapolis Duncan knew that word of his *coup* had reached Oleson. The head of the smuggling trust was, according to his advice, in a dangerous mood. However, on reaching the city, Duncan went straight to Oleson's office. This was about nine o'clock in the morning and Oleson was not down yet.

"Call Mr. Oleson up," said Duncan to the office clerk, "and tell him that a Cana-

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The Captain of the Susan Drew

A Story of the Sea in Two Parts

By Jack London

Author of "Jerry," "Burning Daylight," "The Little Lady of the Great House," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This is one of the last stories that Jack London wrote. His recent death was a sore blow, for London had become a great force in contemporary literature. As a writer of sea stories he was at his best and in "The Captain of the Susan Drew," he tells a typical London story with all his characteristic vigor, frankness and truth. It is an unusual story, despite the fact that it deals with castaways, one of the oldest themes of fiction-writers. Only—this time they do not land on a lonely island and there is a denouement that is new and startling.*

A SUNSET of gilt and blue and rose palpitated on the horizon. A tapestry of misty rain, draping downward from indefinite clouds, obscured the eastern line of sea and sky. Midway between, slightly nearer to the rain, a painted rainbow reached almost to the zenith. So lofty was its arch that the ends seemed to curve inward to the ocean in a vain attempt to complete the perfect circle. In this triumphal arch, toward the blue twilight beyond, sailed an open boat.

Nor did ever more strangely freighted boat float on the Pacific. In the sternsheets, in the weather side, a stupid-looking Norwegian sailor, in uniform of a quartermaster, steered with one hand, while with the other he held the sheet of the spritsail. From a holster, belted about his waist, peeped the butt of a business-like revolver. His cap lay on his knees, removed for the sake of coolness, and his short flaxen hair was prodigiously rigid over a bruise of recent origin.

Beside the sailor sat two women. The nearer one was comfortably stout and matronly, with large, dark eyes — full, direct, human. Her shoulders were protected against sunburn by a man's light overcoat. Because of the heat, this was open and unbuttoned, revealing the *decolleté* and rich materials of a dinner dress. Jewels glinted in the hair, at the neck and on the fingers. Beside her was a young woman of two or three and twenty, likewise *decolleté*, sun-shielded by a strip of stained oilskin. Her eyes, as well as the straight fine nose and the line of the red curve of the not too passionate lips, advertised the closest relationship with the first woman. In the opposite stern-sheet and on the first cross-seat, lolled three men in black trousers and dinner jackets. Their heads were protected by small squares of stained oilskin similar to that which lay across the young woman's shoulders. One, a youngster of eighteen, wore an expression of deepest yearning; the second, half as old again, talked with the daughter; the third, middle-aged and complacent, devoted himself to the mother.

Amidships, on the bottom alongside the centreboard case, sat two dark-eyed women, as evidently maids as their nationality was, respectively, the one Spanish and the other Italian. On the other side of the centreboard, very straight-backed and erect, was an unmistakable English valet, with gaze always set on the middle-aged gentleman to anticipate any want or order. For'ard of the centreboard and just aft the cast-step, crouched two hard-featured Chinese, both with broken heads swathed in bloody sweat-cloths, both clad in dungaree garments, grimed and blackened with oil and coaldust.



Jack London, whose early death was a distinct loss to literature.

WHEN it is considered that hundreds of weary sea-leagues intervened between the open boat and the nearest land, the inappropriateness of costume of half of its occupants may be appreciated.

"Well, brother Willie, what would you rather have or go swimming?" teased the young woman.

"A cigarette, if Harrison weren't such a pincher," the youth answered bitterly.

"I've only four left," Harrison said. "You've smoked the whole case. I've had only two."

Temple Harrison was a joker. He winked privily at Patty Gifford, drew a curved silver case from his hip pocket, and carefully counted the four cigarettes. Willie Gifford watched with so ferocious an infatuation that his sister cried out:

"B-r-r! Stop it! You make me shiver. You look positively cannibalistic."

"That's all right for you," was the brother's retort. "You don't know what tobacco means, or you'd look cannibalistic yourself. You will, anyway," he concluded ominously, "after a couple of days more. I noticed you weren't a bit shy of taking a bigger cup of water than the rest when Harrison passed it around. I wasn't asleep."

Patty flushed guiltily

"It was only a sip," she pleaded.

Harrison took out one cigarette, handed it over, and snapped the case shut.

"Blackmailer!" he hissed.

But Willie Gifford was oblivous. Already, with trembling fingers, he had lighted a match and was drawing the first inhalation deep into his lungs. On his face was a vacuous ecstacy.

"Everything will come out alright," Mrs. Gifford was saying to Sedley Brown, who sat opposite her in the sternsheets.

"Certainly, after the miracle of last night, being saved by some passing ship is the merest bagatelle!" he agreed. "It was a miracle. I can not understand now how our party remained intact and got away in the one boat. And if it hadn't been for the purser, Peyton wouldn't have been saved, nor your maids."

"Nor would we, if it hadn't been for dear, brave Captain Ashley," Mrs. Gifford took up. "It was he, and the first officer."

"They were heroes," Sedley Brown praised warmly. "But still, there could have have been so few saved, I don't see. . . ."

"I don't see why you don't see, with you and mother the heaviest stockholders in the line," Willie Gifford dashed in. "Why shouldn't they have made a special effort? It was up to them."

Temple Harrison smiled to himself. Between them, Mrs. Gifford and Sedley Brown owned the majority of the stock of the Asiatic Mail — the flourishing steamship line that old Silas Gifford had built for the purpose of feeding his railroad with through freight from China and Japan. Mrs. Gifford had married his son, Seth, and the stock at the same time.

"I am sure, Willie, we were given no unfair consideration," Mrs. Gifford reproved. "Of course, shipwrecks are attended by confusion and disorder, and strong measures are necessary to stay a panic. We were fortunate, that is all."

"I wasn't asleep," Willie replied. "And all I've got to say is, it's up to you to make the board of directors promote Captain Ashley to be Commodore; that is, if he ain't dead and gone, which I guess he is."

"As I was saying," Mrs. Gifford addressed Sedley Brown, "the worst is past. It is scarcely a matter of hardship ere we shall be rescued. The weather is delightful, and the nights are not the slightest bit chilly. Depend upon it, Willie, Captain Ashley shall not be forgotten, nor the first officer, and purser, nor——" here she turned with a smile to the quartermaster—"nor shall Gronwold go unrewarded."

"A penny for your thoughts," Patty challenged Harrison several minutes later.

He started and looked at her, shook off

his absentmindedness with a laugh, and declined the offer.

FOR HE had been revisioning the horrors of less than twenty-four hours before. It had happened at dinner. The crash of collision had come just as coffee was being served. Yes, there had been confusion and disorder, if so could be termed the madness of a thousand souls in the face of imminent death. He saw again the silk-gowned Chinese table stewards join in the jam at the foot of the stairway, where blows were being struck and women and children trampled. He remembered, as his own party led by Captain Ashley worked its devious way up from deck to deck, seeing the white officers, engineers, and quartermasters buckling on their revolvers as they ran to their positions. Nor would he ever forget the eruption from the bowels of the great ship of the hundreds of Chinese stokers and timers, nor the half a thousand terrified steerage passengers — Chinese, Japanese and Koreans, coolies and land-creatures of all, stark mad and frantic in desire to live.

Not all the deaths would be due to drowning, he thought grimly, as he recollected the crack of revolvers and the sharp barking of automatic pistols, the thuds of clubs and boat-stretchers on heads, and the grunts of men going down under the silent thrusts of sheath-knives.

Mrs. Gifford might believe what she wished to believe; but he, for one, was deeply grateful to his lucky star that had made him a member of the only party of passengers that had been shown any consideration. Consideration! He could still see the protesting English duke flung neck and crop from the boat deck to the raging steerage, fighting up the ladders. And there was number four boat, launched by inexperienced hands, spilling its passengers into the sea and hanging perpendicularly in the davits. The white sailors who belonged to it and should have launched it, had been impressed by Captain Ashley. Then, there was the American Consul-General to Siam—that was just before the electric lights went out—with wife, nurses, and children, shouting his official importance in Captain Ashley's face and being directed to number four boat hanging on end.

Yes, Captain Ashley surely deserved the commodoreship of the Asiatic Mail—if he lived. But that he survived, Temple Harrison could not believe. He remembered the outburst of battle—an advertisement that the boat deck had been carried—that came just as their boat was lowering away. Of its crew, only Gronwold, with a broken head, was in it. The rest did not slide down the falls, as was intended. Doubtlessly they had gone down before the rush of the Asiatics; and so had Captain Ashley, though first he had cut the falls and shouted down to them to shove clear for their lives.

And they had, with a will, shoved clear. Harrison recalled how he had pressed the end of an oar against the steel side of the *Mingalia* and afterward rowed insanely to the accompaniment of leaping bodies falling into the sea astern. And when well clear he remembered how Gronwold had suddenly stood up and laid about with the heavy tiller overside, until Patty made him desist. Mutely taking the rains of blows on their heads and clinging steadfastly to the gunwale, were the two Chinese stokers who now crouched for'ard by the mast. No, Willie Gifford had not been asleep. He, too, had pressed an oar-blade against the *Mingalia's* side and rowed blisters into his soft hands. But Mrs. Gifford was right.



There had been confusion and disorder following the sudden crash.

II.

DAYBREAK found the boat rolling on a silken sea. Half the night had been dead calm. The big spritsail had democratically covered coolies, servants, and masters. It was now thrown aside, and Harrison began doling out half-cups of water. Willie smoking another of the precious cigarettes, looked studiously away when a sip more than the others received was poured for his sister.

A screeched "Santo Cristo!" from Mercedes Martinex, Patty's maid, startled them. Harrison nearly spilled the water he was passing to Sedley Brown. The two Chinese had set up an excited chatter. Peyton was turning his head stiffly to see what all quickly saw; a large, yacht-like schooner, with an enormous spread of canvas, becalmed half a mile away. The Chinese were the first to get oars over the side. Peyton delayed, until ordered by Sedley Brown.

"Now, Willie, row—we're saved!" Patty cried.

"Nothing to stop me from getting my drink of water first," replied that imperturbable youth, addressing himself to the forgotten water-beaker and drinking cupful after cupful.

AS THE boat drew near the schooner, they saw several faces peering at them over the rail in the waist of the ship.

On the poop a large, heavy-shouldered man smoked a blackened pipe and surveyed them stolidly.

Sedley Brown did not know the etiquette of being rescued at sea from an open boat; but he felt that this, somehow, was not the way. It was embarrassing. He resolved to make an effort.

"Good morning," he said politely.

"Good morning," growled the big man in a vast, husky voice that seemed to proceed from a scorched throat, and that caused Mercedes and Matilada to cross themselves. "What luck?"

"Finest in the world," Sedley Brown replied. "We're saved."

"Aw, hell!" was the surprising comment. "I thought you was out fishing."

This was too much for Sedley Brown, who retired from the negotiations.

"We're the sole survivors of the *Mingalia*, sunk in collision night before last," Willie cried out.

"I suppose I'll have to let you come aboard," came the coffee-grinder voice. "Harkins!—throw 'em a line there!"

"You don't seem a bit glad to see us," Mrs. Gifford said airily, as she stepped on deck from the rail.

"I ain't, madam, not a damn bit," was the reply of the strange skipper.

III.

MRS. GIFFORD came up the companion ladder from the stifling cabin, looked vainly about for a deck chair, and collapsed against the low side of the cabin house. Her handsome black eyes were flashing.

"It's atrocious!" she cried. "It is not to be endured. He is an insulting brute. Anything—the open boat—is better than this horrible creature. And it isn't as if he didn't know better. He does it deliberately. It is his way of showing we are not welcome."

"What has he done now?" Patty Gifford asked, from where she stood with Harrison in the shade of the mainsail.

There was no awning, and the pitch oozed from the sizzling deck. From below came the mild protesting accents of Sedley Brown, and squeals and Ave Maria's from the maids.

"Done!" Mrs. Gifford exclaimed. "He has insisted on putting Mr. Brown and me into the same stateroom. They're awful little cubby-holes; no ventilation, no conveniences——"

She ceased abruptly as Captain Decker emerged from the companionway and approached her. Patty shuddered and drew closer to Harrison; for the skipper's brown eyes were a-smoulder.

"You must excuse me, Madam," he rumbled at Mrs. Gifford. "How was I to know? I thought you and the gentleman below was married. But it's all right." His face beamed with a labored benevolence. "I tell you, it's all right. I can splice the two of you legal any time, such bein' a captain's authority on the high seas."

"Go away, go away," Mrs. Gifford moaned.

Captain Decker fixed his terrible eyes yearningly on Patty and Harrison.

"I've pulled teeth," the skipper began, voluminously husky, "and I've buried corpses, and, once I sawed off a man's leg; but damn me if I've spliced a couple yet! Now, how about the two of you?"

Patty and Harrison shrank instantly apart.

"It might make things more convenient down below," the other was urging when Sedley Brown arrived on deck.

Him the captain immediately addressed.

"Hey, you; don't you want to get married? I can do it."

Sedley Brown looked involuntarily at Mrs. Gifford and gasped in astonishment.

"No; bless me, no; of course not; certainly not!" he declined with embarrassed haste.

CAPTAIN DECKER'S disappointment was manifest in his coffee-grinder throat.

"All right, my bully. May be you ain't seen the cook yet. I won't say he's clean, but I will say he's a Chinaman. You'll bunk with him." He turned upon Harrison. "You still got a chance. Say the word and I'll tie you up to the girl tighter an' all hell."

"And if I don't?" Harrison demanded.

"Why you'll bunk with——"

At that moment the cabin boy, a grinning, turbaned, moustached Lascar, passed aft along the poop.

"With the cabin boy—that's him," the skipper completed the sentence.

"Then I'll bunk with the cabin boy," Harrison decided.

"Suit yourself," Captain Decker strode to the companionway and shouted down. "Where's that mate? . . . Asleep, hey? Rout him out. Tell him I want him. . . Jump! you black devil, you! Jump!" He turned about to the survivors of the *Mingalia*. "Now, here's the sleepin' arrangements. Down below there's six rooms; two starboard, two port, two after under the deck. You two women'll bunk in number one port; the two dago girls in number two port; the cook and his nibs here in port after-room——"

"I shall not sleep there," Sedley Brown announced. "I shall sleep on the cabin floor."

"You'll sleep where I tell you to!" Captain Decker roared. "Who asked you aboard the *Susan Drew?* I didn't. You'll sleep with the Chink, or I'll know the reason why, or my name ain't Bill Decker. That servant of yourn'll sleep on the cabin floor." He now addressed Harrison. "You will bunk with the cabin boy in the starboard after-room—— Where's that mate?"

A MOST forbidding individual came up through the companion. He was as large as the skipper and as heavily built. Swarthy skinned and high-cheeked, his features were distinctly Mongoloid, despite cut lips, lacerated ears, a blackened eye, and a monstrously swollen nose. He was perplexed, stupid, and in very evident fear of the captain.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the mate of the *Susan Drew*. He was a beauty once upon a time. He was some man before he run foul of me, which was only yesterday. Look at 'm now. Flat-Nose Russ is his name. An' take it from me that nose was flat before I landed on it. Flat-Nose, you got to take a bunk mate. Where's that young whelp?"

Captain Decker turned and glared at Willie Gifford sauntering aft from the break of the poop, a brown-paper cigarette carelessly stuck to his lower lip.

"Here, you!"

Willie stopped short.

"Take that cigarette out of your mouth when I talk to you!" the skipper bellowed.

Willie hesitated, the skipper sprang toward him, and Mrs. Gifford screamed. The cigarette came out with dispatch, and Captain Decker turned on Mrs. Gifford.

"Madam, is there any reason why you and his nibs oughtn't to be married?"

Mrs. Gifford disdained reply.

"Is there any reason you ought?"

She looked appealingly to Patty, who came to her side. The captain returned to Willie.

"That's right, youngster. Learn to take orders. You see that handsome man by the companionway? That's Flat-Nose. And that's what I do to them I don't love. Throw that cigarette over the side—that's right—and smoke no more of 'em. Take a pipe if you want to smoke like a man. Now, you and Flat-Nose are going to bunk together. Flat-Nose, you're responsible for 'm. If he cuts up any didoes, spank him."

Captain Decker strode the length of the poop and back, studied the cloud-driftage crossing the sky from the north-west, debated a moment, then remarked to the company in general:

"It's mighty hot on this deck. Now, if by chance anybody might want to get married, I guess I could manage to rig up some sort of an awning."

IV.

BELOW, they sat in anxious council. A week had passed, in which everybody had been bullied and variously insulted, while Willie had been rope's-ended twice for smoking cigarettes and then turned to at holystoning the poop and scrubbing the paint-work. Mrs. Gifford and Patty sat at the cabin table, their shoulders and arms at last covered by extemporized shirts of cotton drill. The *Susan Drew* was in violent motion. The surge and gurgle of the water could be heard through her thin sides, and by her long lifts and lunges it was apparent that she was winged out and running before a stiff breeze.

"He is going to Hawaii," Sedley Brown was reporting to Mrs. Gifford. "I charged him with it to his face—told him it must be so, judging by the course he was steering."

"And it is only six days by our steamers from Honolulu to San Francisco," Patty cried joyously.

"But he refuses to land us," Sedley Brown went on. "He gives us no reason. He merely reiterates that we'll neither see hair or hide of the island any more than he will. I can't make out his vessel. There is something wrong about her. But what?"

"Begging your pardon, sir," the valet spoke up, "but I know what. This ship is a smuggler, sir."

"Nonsense, Peyton," Mrs. Gifford reproved sharply. "That's just your imagination. The age of smuggling is past, except among passengers from Europe landing in New York."

"What could he smuggle?" Patty asked.

"Opium, Miss, begging your pardon," the valet replied.

"By George, that's right!" Harrison smote his leg, loudly. "The new tariff law's been in effect over a year now. Opium is way up. I remember reading about it six months ago in the San Francisco papers."

"But what will we do if he is a smuggler

Continued on page 87.



Left: A "close up," Billy Sunday's latest Right: Billy Sunday, Mrs. Sunday and their three boys.

What I Think of Canada

By Billy Sunday

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*About the time that the famous evangelist descended on New York and proceeded to take Gotham along the Sawdust Trail, the editor wrote to Mr. Sunday suggesting that he prepare something for* MACLEAN'S *on "What I think of Canada." Mr. Sunday, although one of the busiest men in Uncle Sam's land, has complied. His messsage is brief, but right from the heart. It is characteristic in every sense. Read it.*



Billy Sunday in action. This is a typical photograph.

I OFTEN speak of Canada as "Our Sister of the North." That is not a mere figure of speech with me. I mean it.

Canada has been our next-door neighbor since first we set up housekeeping here. For all those years our front lawn has joined up with yours for a matter of three thousand miles and there has never been a fort nor a fence between. We have swapped things back and forth; our wives have borrowed and lent: when we got into a family scrap in the Sixties, two or three regiments of you came



He still loves the American national game.



In order to perform so energetically in the pulpit, it is necessary to keep "fit." The evangelist has regular hours with a trainer.

over and helped us settle it; we've sent a big regiment over to help you in your present fight. And now Uncle Sam has taken off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, hitched his belt up a notch or two and is going to pitch in and help you in dead earnest. Thank God that I have lived to see the American Stars and Stripes, the red cross of Britain and the tri-color of France waving from the same staff in all the streets of New York city, and everywhere in this country and in the countries of our common allies.

I know a little about the people of Canada. I have spoken in Toronto, Vancouver and Victoria. I can say without flattery or any mental reservation whatsoever that I like you. You're my kind of folks. You're clean living people, with respect for the Sabbath and a veneration for the things of God, and you know how to fight as well as pray. I tell you I don't believe anyone, not even a Canadian, read with more pleasure and pride than I have done, the accounts of Canadian valor on the battlefields of France and on all the seven seas. My blood tingles at your heroism, and so has the blood of every other man who is free and loves liberty.

The loyalty of Canada to the Mother Country in her hour of trial is one of the most magnificent spectacles that men or angels ever looked upon. Your cause is our cause and we are with you to the last ditch.

Putting One Over

A Story of Love and Rivalry on the Links

By W. Hastings Webling

A SMALL man was J. C. Nutley with a pretty fair opinion of himself. In his profession he had achieved some success, was one of Granville's eligible bachelors and, as a golfer, ranked high in local circles, having won the club championship two years in succession, despite strenuous efforts on the part of his most formidable opponent, one Gilbert Balker.

So successful indeed was he on the links that fortune at length began to pall, and he had been heard to express a very keen desire to meet someone who could extend him. Balker overheard this, and his sensitive soul received a fresh shock; for down in his heart he cherished a deep desire to get even.

His repeated attempts to this end, however, were all in vain. He was doomed to defeat. His game was alright, so far as it went, but his physical condition was against him. After their last match, Nutley, who had a biting tongue, had jollied him pretty badly, expressing the opinion that if he, Balker, would rise earlier, eat less and occasionally give his legs an opportunity to exercise the duties for which they were originally designed, possibly he might be able to negotiate the course without blowing like a grampus and returning in a state of melting collapse.

The direct force of the above will be more easily understood if the reader realizes that whereas Mr. Nutley was built as we have inferred, on the miniature plan—lean, lithe and active—a firm believer in eternal fitness, Mr. Balker, per contra, weighed well over two hundred pounds, was inclined to self indulgence and had a very decided objection to physical exertion of any kind, with the one exception of golf. This, it might be remarked, he had only taken up after the repeated solicitations of his anxious mother, backed by Dr. Pilgrim, the family physician. Much to his surprise, he grew to quite fancy himself on the links and to play a fairly passable game. Besides which, Balker found it put in the afternoon more or less pleasantly, improved his appetite and gave him a thirst that was simply invaluable.

"Blamed little shrimp!" growled Balker afterwards, reflecting on the personalities of his late opponent. "I'll get his goat yet, one way or the other, believe me!" He also thought of the many withering things he might have said, if they had only occurred at the psychological moment. But alas, Balker's brain, like his body, moved slowly. And Nutley was like a pesky mosquito; he stung and buzzed away prepared to sting another day.

BALKER spent considerable time in his den at night, cogitating over schemes to discomfit or otherwise destroy the self-complacency of the elusive Nutley, but in vain. Not being an imaginative man, ideas did not come to him readily; indeed, to be absolutely veracious, our friend suffered somewhat from fatty degeneration of the mind. He smoked endless pipes over this problem, assisted by sundry Scotches, but the more he thought, the more hopelessly bunkered he became mentally.

It was during the course of these weary efforts that the privacy of his sanctum was invaded one evening by his devoted mother, who rarely disturbed him only on very special occasions.

"Why, Gilbert, dear," she ex solicitously. "You looked worried ab something. Don't you feel well?" was his fond parent's pet theory th

only son was very delicately constituted and required the greatest care and attention to protect him against possible breakdown.

"I'm alright, mother," grunted Gilbert.

"Sure it isn't your liver, dear?"

"No, no, my liver's alright. What's the trouble? Cook given notice again?"

This as a rule was the only tragedy that disturbed their serene existence, that and the increased cost of porterhouse steaks, for which Gilbert had a very decided weakness.

"Such delightful news," babbled the good-natured Mrs. Balker. "You've heard me speak of Cousin Beth Milliken? She married a clergyman and went to live in England—very nice man indeed, but had a weak chest, you know. Well, their daughter is over here on a visit. Just think of Beth having a daughter old enough to travel alone, and," concluded Mrs. Balker radiantly, "she is coming to stay with us and will be here Thursday."

If Gilbert Balker felt any particular enthusiasm at the prospect of assisting in the entertainment of a half-fledged young English girl, he succeeded admirably in disguising he fact. However, Mrs. Balker was so wrapped up in plans for the future that she was entirely oblivious of her son's feelings. "It would be such an excellent thing for Gilbert," she decided. "Give him some new interest in life. Possibly, who knows, he might take a fancy to Beth's daughter."

WELL, the eventful day arrived, and with it Miss Millicent Fellowes, who appeared with much luggage, and a very business-like looking golf bag.

"Gee," groaned Gilbert, as he watched the arrival, concealed behind the bedroom curtain, "she's come to stay, alright, alright, and plays golf, dammit." Visions of escorting a novice round the links was more than Gilbert could stand. He took a hurried tub, and made his way to the club at a most unusual hour for him.

It was late in the day when he returned, and he made a bee line for his own room, to put off the evil hour of meeting as long as possible. But, on ascending the stairs, he nearly collided with a tall, good-looking girl, who smiled on his evident embarrassment with frank, humorous blue eyes.

"Are you Cousin Gilbert?" she exclaimed. "I'm Milly Fellowes, and have been waiting all day to meet you. Hope I didn't frighten you away."

"Awfully sorry. Busy in the city, you know—er—glad to meet you. Pardon, must hurry and dress for dinner."

"Righto, Cousin Gilbert. Don't be long. I'm dreadfully keen to know more of my—second cousin once removed," laughed the young lady merrily.

"Certainly — quite so — join you presently." Gilbert retired in evident disorder.

At dinner he sat opposite to Millicent, and from occasional furtive glances, he decided she looked rather nice and fairly easy to get on with. He even suggested taking her out to the links in the morning. He mentioned morning advisedly; there was not likely to be any one around. It would be a good time to try her out before committing himself too far.

THE RESULT of the match was rather disastrous to his *amour propre*. Fellowes simply swept the green with him. She played a different brand of golf to any he had ever seen exhibited by a mere woman. It was distinctly annoying, yea, it was soul disturbing, and severely wounded his masculine pride. "Thunder!" he muttered to himself, wiping the perspiration from his heated brow. "Beaten six up and four to play by a chit of a girl. Incredible!"

"Forty-four out and forty-five in," remarked Milly, checking up her score. "A bit off to-day—need practice."

"Practice!" bleated Gilbert. "What in time do you want to practice for? What do you expect?"

"Oh, on an easy course like this, one ought to get in under the eighties, don't you think? You can, of course, Cousin Gilbert, when you're on."

"I never made an 80 in my life and never expect to. Nutley's the only man in the club who has beaten 80, and he fluked a lucky two at the tenth. Eureka!" exclaimed Gilbert suddenly. "I've got it."

"Got what?" cried his startled companion.

"I've got an idea at last."

"Good. Hang on to it, dear boy, unless you want to share it with your little coz."

"I do — I will," responded Gilbert promptly. "And I want you to help me out. To put one over."

"Put one over! That sounds splendid, but what precisely does it mean?"

"Why, put up a job on a chap. I've had it in for him for months. Never could get the right idea. He's always joshing me about something, and I want to get back at him, see?"

"I begin to, but how can I help?"

"Haven't worked out the details yet. Got to take time and figure them out quietly at home. But you'll see me through, won't you?"

"Rather!"

And they shook hands solemnly on the deal.

"Say, you're alright, little cousin," exclaimed Gilbert gratefully. "We're going to hit it off in great shape." He continued to hold her small hand in his till, catching a glint of amusement in her deep blue eys, he dropped it abruptly and, flushing a fiery red, excused himself and made hasty tracks for the locker room.

GILBERT worked hard on his scheme. With the details mapped out he waited an opportunity to spring it on the unsuspecting Nutley. It was not long in arriving.

"Hello, my fat friend," greeted Nutley, as they met a day or so after. "What's this I hear? Playing with the girls now?"

"Yes," flushed the easily rattled Gilbert. "My cousin, Miss Fellowes, from England. And, judging from the little I've seen of her play, think she could about eat a little man like you as an appetizer."

"What! The giddy Gilbert indulging in repartee! But on the level, did she trim you very badly? Come now, fess up. Did Lovely Cousin beat the Beefy Balker? Wonders will never cease."

"Yes, she did," snapped Gilbert heatedly. "And what's more, I'll bet the dinners for as many as you like, she'll beat you. Why, say, she'll get your goat before you finish the first nine."

"Really!" drawled Nutley. "Dear, dear! Likewise, tut, tut! What an exalted opinion we have of our little cousin so soon. Has Cupid's dart already penetrated the susceptible heart of my old college chum?"

"Can that stuff, Nutley, and talk business. Are you on?"

"On? Rather, dear old sportsman. I admire your nerve, even if it is inspired by beauty, and we can always rely on your dinners. Like the bootblack, it's where you shine."

"You'll shine when the waiter hands you the check," retorted Gilbert. "Now, when shall it be?"

"The sooner, the better. Make it tomorrow afternoon. I'll leave ordering the dinner to you. Spare no expense. The honor will be yours."

Gilbert returned home, his florid face flushed with excitement.

"I've got him," he confided to Milly, who was alone at the time. "He swallowed the bait, hook, rod and basket. We'll serve him on toast for a fish course to-morrow night."

"Well, you can rely on me to do my best," smiled Milly, after hearing the full details. "But supposing I lose?"

"Lose? Why you can beat that gink on one leg—I mean," stammered Gilbert, "on one foot. Say, you'll make him look like a farmer. We're going to have one great night and Nutley foots the bill, eh, what!"

IT IS not necessary to describe the match, which, by the way, caused quite a little flutter of excitment. There was not much to it, and to the evident enjoyment of all, Milly took the redoubtable little Nutley into camp by a very comfortable margin. Balker simply bubbled over with excitement. He pressed Milly's hand in both of his, his rather bulging eyes beaming unutterable things.

As for J. C. Nutley, he took his defeat mighty well, considering, and after a most excellent dinner, made a neat little speech, proposing the health of the guest of honor, Miss Millicent Fellowes, which rather affected Balker's happiness, he being a man of few words, and those difficult to express on public occasions.

There was a dance afterwards, and possibly the best performers in the room were Miss Fellowes and Mr. Nutley. Indeed, before the evening was over, it was apparent to the most casual observer that J. C. was in probable danger of being a victim for the second time to the fascinating Miss Fellowes, and viewed his fate with entire equanimity.

A FEW days elapsed before Gilbert had the longed-for opportunity of meeting Nutley alone. He had long deliberated over the many scathing remarks he intended addressing to that volatile gentleman, the severity of which had been losing none of its sting from the way Nutley had gradually usurped Gilbert's place as Milly's partner on the links—and elsewhere.

At last they found themselves the sole occupants of the club smoke room.

"Hello," greeted Nutley, looking up from a magazine, as Balker entered. "Where has Mama's little invalid been lately—taking a rest cure?"

"Haw, still feeling a bit sore over your licking? Put one over you that time, eh, what," grinned Gilbert, with infinite relish.

"Forget it, Gil, old chap. You fixed me alright, but believe me, I'm most everlastingly grateful to you. Touch the bell like a good chap. I was just hoping you would drop in. I want to celebrate like the deuce."

"Celebrate? What in thunder for?"

Continued on page 93.



Again and again, the huge, powerful head, weaving back and forth with uncanny rapidity, hurled them aside.

The Outlaw Boar

By Clark E. Locke

Illustrated by Arthur Heming

IT WAS at that hour on a summer afternoon when the oblique rays of the sun strike hottest, and the rocky islets and shores of Georgian Bay, circled by clear water, appeared warped and twisted in the heat haze like great convolutions of black India rubber. The sky was brazen; the water lay, a vitreous sheet of pale green glass, and the stunted pine trees on the shore drooped as if even their hardy weatherwise forms were about to shrivel into flames at a moment's notice.

In a little bottle-necked inlet a quarter of a mile in diameter, the humidity was intensified. It was as if some gigantic unseen hand were holding up a huge lens to concentrate the burning rays in this particular quarter. The whole place palpitated and shimmered with the heat of the tropics. There was no sound at this hour of the day. The last vagrant gull had followed the creek channel far inland, and the querulous notes of the earlier hours were hushed. A pile of drying clamshells on a muddy shoal showed where an industrious muskrat had given over his task until a cooler season, and the chorus of the frogs in a reedbed had waned into a bronchial murmur. But to one creature at least was the day well-tempered, and the heat pleasing.

A slight crackling occurred in a mass of dried branches, and with a faint rasping of scaly armor along the rocks, a large female rattlesnake of the diamond-back variety, lengthened down from boulder to boulder, and made for the water's edge. The creature was gorged and unwieldy, and plainly travelling through new territory, but even so, wormed along cracks and crevices with marvellous ease. Coming upon a flat table formation, the height of three inches above the brink, she coiled in an attitude of wariness. From side to side the flat, evil-looking head swayed slowly, and the steady, unwinking bead eyes studied the slightest movement in the neighborhood. Apparently satisfied, the head was lowered and immediately the place was peopled with a dozen new inhabitants. The monstrous jaws opened as if with a spring, a faint, sibilant hiss was heard, and forth from the interior issued a mass of tiny, wriggling serpents, gliding vigorously about and exploring a new habitation. Coiled again, and poising motionless as the limb of a deadfall, maternity watched for the slightest flicker of danger from sea or land. Gradually her caution relaxed as minutes passed, and, coil falling from coil, the heavy rope-like body straightened out, and the whole reptilian family basked in the sunshine.

Five minutes later a scrape was heard on the rocks, followed by the sound of an animal coming to water. In a moment the wriggling midgets had disappeared in the family cupboard, the rattler had coiled into position, and the warning buzzed forth on the quiet air. Around the corner came the intruder, and eyes of mutual distrust crossed on the instant, as a stranger pair had not met in [illegible] ness for years.

It was a huge black boar, [illegible] with heat and lathered in foam

came hastening gingerly across the rocks towards the brink. Sighting the bulk of the coiled adversary in the path, he halted. Suddenly his eyes reddened and his jaws began to champ. Trotting with the peculiar sideswing of the fighting hog he advanced to within a yard's length, and then lunged. At the same moment the serpent struck. Neither blow drove home however. The side sweep of the boar shot him over the reptile, the fangs of which in turn missed by a hairbreadth. In a moment the snake lashed back on a half-coil and the fangs struck in the rough bristled mane of the assailant. The advantage was only momentary as the great jaws of the hog champed like a vise about his middle, and in a moment the vertebra had snapped beneath the grind. The finish was a matter of moments. Infuriated at the interruption, the victor mauled and mutilated the crippled prey into the semblance of a bloody rag, and then with head and shoulders spattered in gore, rushed into the mudflat and wallowed in the murk with great gasps and gurgles of relief. When the sun crawled down to the west, an hour later, he clambered out of the bath, shook himself like a dog on the bank, and turning his massive head inland, trotted briskly into the bushes.

WHEN n the spring of 1913, the Twin Sister Islands of the Point Au Baril region of the Georgian Bay was learned to be harboring innumerable rattlesnakes, and when Cyrus J. McShane of Pittsburgh, who had contemplated coming up in July to erect an eight thousand dollar summer bungalow, heard of the fact, there were many unconventional messages transmitted along wires through sleepy little Canadian towns. Yawning, red-haired operators straightened up with a grin as the contents buzzed into their ears for transmission. When these contents reached their destined party, one Tom Barton, trapper, fisherman, summer janitor and general factotum, there was excitement in the village. The fact was that few people had any idea as to means of getting rid of the plague, and those who did have their own opinions did not believe in them strongly enough to put them to the test. Had there not always been snakes in the district? Moreover, the rattlers in question had never been proved deadly. Naturalists had pretty well agreed that the further north the habitat of a poisonous biter the less dangerous the venom really was. But no one was willing to experiment; one couldn't tell what would happen. In the meantime the wires continued, each one increasing if possible the abusive asperity of the last.

It was an old woman who finally gave a workable suggestion. "I have heard," she said cautiously, "that hawgs will kill snakes. In fact some folks says as it was hawgs, and no saint, that cleaned up Ireland, and killed and ate every blessed varmint in the place."

"Shall I try hogs?" telegraphed Barton in desperation to Pittsburgh.

"Try anything on earth. Buy a carload if necessary," came the choleric reply.

Thus it came about that fifteen ill-nourished grunters, gathered up at popular prices from neighboring farmers, found a habitation for the summer on the Twin Sisters. Thereupon the rattlers disappeared with marvellous rapidity. No man saw the process of extermination, but it was none the less thorough. When McShane ran up in the fall to see the drove gathered in, not a trace of a serpent was found on the place, and the porkers had waxed fat. In the last count, however, one was missing. A promising young boar, remarked upon for his size and strength, could not be found, and the party returned, believing that the animal had come to an end in some way in the woods.

BUT this was by no means the case. As a matter of fact he had made a burst for liberty, and had attained it, unknown to his pursuers. When the drivers had landed on the island and the drove had rushed headlong through the narrows to the pen the taste of liberty which the black pig had enjoyed, spurred him to escape to the distant shores. He had plunged in, and his black, glistening shape, ploughing through the half mile of water, had been missed in the skirmish of the last exciting round-up.

There are days of emancipation in the lives of animals as in those of human beings. The escape of a Barb steed into an American wilderness, or of a circus-trained leopard into a strip of country woodland, is as much an unshackling of elemental forces as the plunge of the old time *courier-du-bois* into the aboriginal freedom of the back woods. So it was with the black boar of the Sister Islands. From the day of the round-up he was one with the creatures of the wild. He was, moreover, a wanderer and a pariah. For him there was no more guzzling at a trough of man-made swilly provender; no more swinish sprawling in mucky barnyards. But there were acorns to be found and berries in abundance. Even an occasional snake could be snapped up if one were but quick enough. Greatest of all, however, was freedom.

It is a strange reflection on animal nature, as on human nature, that successive generations show the cropping out of ne'er-do-wells. By this time it has become well recognized that the race seems bound to produce wild, restless spirits at intervals,—men who chafe at the bonds of conventionality, whose blood is filled with wanderlust, and whose hunger for adventure and freedom from restraint, fills the hearts of mayhap kindly Christian folk with vague alarm and apprehension. Whether these persons represent a sort of harking back to the earlier days of civilization, or whether they are merely born as "freaks," rebelling at their sociological outfit, there may be drawn a strange parallel with the animal kingdom.

Sometimes a horse is born, bigger and more finely developed than his fellows. Great promise is expected at first, but there develops a wild moodiness of temper that nullifies a burst of speed or turn of strength, and he becomes at once the pride and despair of his trainers. Should he escape to the wilds, such a life expands into a chapter of wonderful and inspiring adventure. Harnessed and confined, his services are disappointing and his life is shortened. Such a creature was this black boar of the north. From the midst of a litter of shoats he had developed into an amazing specimen. Even in the pen, his hide had held a gloss that none others could show. His head and shoulders broadened into a symbol of mighty strength, and such tusks had not been seen in a generation. His temper, too, had always been dangerous; no one dared set foot inside the palings. Now the day of independence had dawned.

AS the pig clambered up on the shore that day and shook his flanks, his one thought was to put as much distance as possible between himself and the distant shouts and thwackings; so he broke for the interior. Scrambling up rocky defiles he blundered along for a couple of miles, struck into a berry patch, and paused to grub around. In a moment, however, he became aware of another presence among the blueberries. A large black bear, moving stolidly about, had noticed the intrusion and halted to watch. Catching sight of him, the boar, with a flash of rage, ground his fangs and lunged at him. The bear, taken unawares by the charge and the unfamiliar apparition, bolted off up the slope in a panic. With a grunt of anger and a feeling of the utmost satisfaction with himself, the new comer returned to his feast. For an hour he guzzled amid the luxurious growth, and then, in the densest part of the patch, sprawled asleep.

The experience was a critical one in the life of the adventurer. For one thing, it established a wonderful self-confidence, an unwarranted appreciation of his strength and fighting ability. It turned the boar from a creature fleeing the thraldom of man into a lord coming into his own country. Henceforth he feared nothing. When the most threatening black creature would bolt from his presence, surely the wild could hold no terrors for him. Moreover, it established an unwise contempt for the bear, a contempt that would some day be modified. Had he but guessed the crushing strength of those hairy arms, or the fearful constrictive power of his hug, his eyes would have twinkled with more of cunning and perhaps less of triumph.

For three days the berry patch held out, and then hunger demanded new fields. Trotting across the rocky slopes the pig discovered himself possessed of a strange facility, little guessed before. His feet did not slip dangerously on the rocks. It was now four months since the drove had been set at large, and, like the gripping caulks of the mountain deer, so the caulks of his hoofs were becoming adapted, and it was with safety, mounting into ease, that he ran up and down declivities.

His frame, too, had taken on a great strength. Born with head and shoulders of unusual power, these had developed in warrings of the herd until they possessed not only a formidable aspect, but constituted a mighty engine of combat. Great slashing fangs protruded from his jaws and an abundance of coarse-grained mane on his muscle-matted forequarters, defied any minor attacks. Only an enemy big enough to break the neck at a sweeping blow, or wary enough to avoid the shock of that battle-scarred shoulder, could hope to escape a mauling from his tusks. And, now, with his lean razor-back frame pulsating with hunger and, grunting angrily at intervals, the hog coursed along the bay shore on the search for food.

SOMETHING flashed up in his path. The lithe, slender form of a marten leaped straight as a die at his throat, and teeth met in a mighty grip on the heavy bristling hide. In a spasm of impatience the hog turned aside and, kneeling, crushed the little adversary to the rock; at the

same time raking him head to toe with his mandibles. He then tore the carcase to pieces and devoured it. This action marked another milestone in the life of the freebooter. From that day he became kin with the flesh-eaters of the woods. A new exultance thrilled his frame and, as he coursed along with hunger somewhat dulled, the last remaining shreds of his old life fell from him, and he became literally a beast primeval. Coming upon another blueberry patch, he fell to devouring with avidity, grinding down the pulpy fruit with great masses of foliage; but somehow, it lacked the former satisfaction. The blood lust had set its grip upon him.

One still noon hour he stood quietly in the shade of a bush on the shore line, gazing stolidly out across the water. He had risen from an hour's nap, following a morning's foraging. Suddenly a ripple started, and the round head of a mink appeared, bearing in its jaws a large pike. Straight to the shore the fisher came, and laid his prey for a moment on the flat rock, while he shook himself. In that moment the boar sprang from the covert with a grunt, and shot down upon him. The nimble weasel, with a cat-like turn, somersaulted into the water, leaving his catch to be crunched by the assailant. This incident was typical of his life. He was a tyrant and a freebooter. Every creature was an enemy, and if not too large, legitimate prey to rob and feed upon.

OCTOBER had lengthened into November, and the north country was growing bleak and bare. Berries had given out; even the cranberry marshes were becoming denuded, and food was becoming scarcer with the frost of every night. The ragged lines of emigrating geese and ducks were growing smaller every evening and, with the approach of the great white season, the little people of the wild developed unusual wariness. Nothing was to be snapped up now save an occasional water snake, gathered in a rush through the cold marsh water. With winter fast coming on, the plight of the boar was growing serious. His frame became leaner and more attenuated, but continued muscular and powerful. Never had his agility been so remarkable nor his endurance power so great, but the pinch of hunger was becoming too frequent; and, when the snow came, the problem of life promised to take on an aspect of desperation. Already the frost had begun to whiten nightly about the rushes, and the nights themselves were so bitter that even burrowing deep into beds of pine needles did not keep out the cold. It was at this time that the pig wandering far afield in his rounds, came in contact once more with civilization, and the occasion spelt for him a great adventure.

Late one evening as he topped a rise, the pungent smell of woodsmoke filled his nostrils, and the sounds of an axe floated up. He froze into an attitude of watchfulness, even as porkers in a barnyard are observed to do. Below in a little valley, stood a shack. Tom Barton, out for his winter's trapping, was setting things in order for the season. His partner, a half-breed, lounged by the door, peeling potatoes for the evening meal. Suddenly the dog, a nondescript mongrel, set up a shrill yapping, and the man looked up.

"What in Heaven's name is that, Tom?" he cried, in affrighted tones, as he glimpsed the huge, misshapen figure on the crest of the hill.

"That," said the woodsman, dropping his axe in astonishment. "Why, that's a wild hog, as I live. Wait a minute." And like a rabbit, he dived into the house after a gun. In a moment he appeared, jambing cartridges in his rifle. Two shots rang out; but they were hasty and the animal was on the move. Turning with a snort of terror, the boar had galloped away in the gloom. But hasty as the shots were, one had touched him, and a red weal was scored along his flank. With more pain and terror than he had known since freedom, he raced along the skyline, and vanished up a ravine.

"That's the boar from the Twin Sisters," said Barton, with conviction to his comrade that evening. "And, my, what a beauty. There's enough meat on him to feed a garrison."

IN the morning they hunted for miles around, but the dog could not catch the scent on the rocks. The terror of man had come once more to the vagrant and he was plunging straight into the wilderness in reckless flight.

It was in this mad, hasty trek that the boar came into second contact with a bear, and the encounter which followed, piled on the ocasion of his flight from the cabin, chastened his adventurous spirit. He was trotting slowly across one of the little table-lands which frequently occur along the north shore, when a strong animal odor reached his nostrils. He paused, wagged his great head from side to side, and then, advancing around the jutting rock in quick jerky fashion, came to a sudden stop. A lean she-bear, busied in the exploration of an old stump, had not heard his approach. A grunt, however, and she wheeled about. But this time there was no bolting up the hill in a panic. Instead, red passion flamed into her eyes, and she dropped to attack. The hog at once drove at her, half-rearing after the manner of his kind, and slashing out with his fangs. The bear, however, even under the disadvantage of being taken on the turn, was an old experienced fighter. Sidestepping as lightly as a boxer, she evaded the rush, and delivered a tremendous smash of her forepaw. The blow, glancing slightly, landed on the shoulder of the hog and tore open the mane and hide. Only the marvellous strength of his shoulder withstood the cracking of his bones like pipestems. In a twinkling he was on his feet, and in an excess of fury, launched unexpectedly at her, and dodging another sweep, ripped a flaring gash down her side.

The stump in which the bear had been rooting stood on the edge of a gully with a twelve-foot drop, and the contest was now waging near the edge. The last act was partly accidental but none the less final in its conclusion of the fray. Raging with the pain of her wound, the bear dropped again to all fours and attempted to seize the assailant in a strangling hug. In doing so, however, she was perilously near the brink. Had she once got her grip on the boar, his size and strength would have availed little; but, as it was, the impact of his last charge, sweeping down like a thunderbolt, drove her to the summit of the cliff. Slipping steadily with her claws scoring the rocks, her feet gave way and she thundered down the declivity. A last parting blow, however, spun the boar backwards like a top and he bowled over and over, coming up with a bang against a boulder. This ended the fight. The combatants, one from the foot of the cliff and one on the plain above, lumbered off sullenly in opposite directions.

AFTER a few days' chase the hunters had given up the pursuit. Since the evening in question not a sign had been seen of the animal, not even a spoor to follow, and it became a jest between the two men as to the trick their imagination had played them. A pig in this district! The thing was absurd. At the same time a solemn contract was entered between them that nothing should be said of the adventure, on arriving back in the village. They were not going to be laughed out of countenance as two superstitious old women.

Nevertheless, a month later, their excitement was stirred threefold. Standing one day on the shore of a marshy bay where he had been setting muskrat traps, Barton found peculiar tracks in the sand. "It can't be deer," he argued. "No deer ever had such splay hoofs. Besides it ain't the way a deer walks. By Gum," he ejaculated, glancing hastily around. "It's that pesky hog again. We'll sure get him this time." And bursting with the news he hastened back to camp.

BACK two miles from the trapper's shack, lay a lumber camp. Twenty men had already arrived, and cutting operations were about to begin. Early in the dark hours of the second morning, Sandy, the cook, was aroused by the sound of grunting and rummaging in the garbage pile at the rear. Shortly, too, Cæsar, an old hound in the men's quarters, set up a baying. Throwing up his window the cook peered out, and in the faint grey light, detected a large peculiar-shaped creature lumbering off through the clearing. The boar, driven to desperate straits, had come down to forage for garbage.

"Holy saints in Heaven, what was that?" ejaculated the cook, straining his eyes in the dim light. "Looks like a small buffalo or a new kind of bear." It was too cold, however, to do much speculating in the night air, so at the breakfast tables the chopping gang heard highly embellished details of the occurrence, and with the scepticism of the backwoodsman, laughed at Sandy's story as a hugh joke specially prepared for their delectation.

Now, Cyrus J. McShane, of Pittsburgh, cheated of his summer's outing on the Twin Sisters, and mightily peeved at the circumstances, had determined in lieu of it, to take a few weeks of northern winter, following out an old ambition of securing some wolf pelts. Acting on the advice of Barton he arranged to put in three weeks at the lumber camp, and was bringing with him two Russian wolfhounds of celebrated pedigree. It happens that he, with a whole outfit of baggage and a small armory of weapons, arrived in camp on the very day of Sandy's story. He was a full-faced man with a keen love of outdoor life and a keen ear for a good story.

"That sounds good to me," he declared, laughing heartily at the excitement of the cook, as he told again his oft-repeated tale of the nocturnal visitor. "Tige and Nero are the very boys for such a job. Just the thing to key them up for a good wolf chase. We'll have a run in the morning."

Continued on page 90.



Jeff Thorpe, barber-capitalist.

Sunshine in Mariposa

A Play in Four Acts

By Stephen Leacock

Author of "Sunshine Sketches of a Small Town," etc.

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys



Slyde, one of the villains of the piece.

SYNOPSIS.—Jefferson Thorpe, barber, of Mariposa, dabbles in Cobalt mining stocks in order to raise enough money to build a Home for Orphans as a memorial to his late wife. The possession of four hundred shares of Corona Jewel Mining Co. certificates nets him over one hundred thousand dollars and he then decides to go into speculation in Cuban lands at the instigation of two New York men, Harstone and Slyde. He opens a real estate office in Mariposa and puts all his money in the fake concern. Harstone gets word from New York that the police are after them and they decide to steal the funds that Thorpe has collected from his friends before getting away. They try to bribe Gillis, ex-bank messenger, to help them, but he turns on them and in the ensuing fracas he is shot.

ACT III.—*Continued.*

[*Enter* ANDY.]

[ANDY *is heard groping his way and calling.*]

ANDY.—Is any one there? (*Calling up the stairs.*) Norah! bring a light—I can't see.

VOICE OF NORAH.—I'm coming, Andy. Any one hurt? What is it?

ANDY.—I don't know. (*Striking a match and lighting the lamp.*) Ben! (GILLIS *groans.*)

ANDY.—Norah, it's Ben Gillis. He's shot!

[*Enter* NORAH, *hurriedly dressed, a light in her hand—she puts it on the table.*]

NORAH.—Oh, Andy, they've killed him—he's dying! Who's done it?

ANDY—I don't know. I can't understand. (*Bending over* GILLIS, *who has opened his eyes.*) He's not dead!

[GILLIS *groans.*]

NORAH.—Andy, his wife, bring his wife!

ANDY.—Where is she?

NORAH.—Here—up-stairs—call to her—she stayed here to-night—they'd had words about his drinking — and she wouldn't go home to him—and, now he's dying—Oh, Andy—call to her—call to her to come. (*Sobs.*)

ANDY (*at the door*).—Mrs. Gillis! Are you there? Come down quick.

MRS. GILLIS' VOICE.—I heard, I'm coming. Is some one hurt? Andy, what is it?

ANDY.—It's Ben. Come quick!

[*Enter* MRS. GILLIS, *hurriedly dressed, a shawl about her shoulders — she enters, sees* GILLIS *against the wall and runs over to him—her arm about his neck.*]

MRS GILLIS.—Ben! Ben! My man Ben! What have they done to you?

GILLIS.—Water!

MRS. GILLIS.—Norah, quick, a glass—of water—there, dear heart, drink it—and speak to me—speak to me.

GILLIS (*trying to speak*). . . . (*His voice is too low to hear.*)

MRS. GILLIS (*bending down to him*).—Yes, yes, Ben—tell me——

GILLIS (*faintly*).—The money . . . Thorpe's money . . . the bank . . . robbers . . . ah!

MRS. GILLIS.—Quick! He's fainting. Norah, the brandy!

NORAH (*getting a glass from the table*).—Here, Mrs. Gillis, here!

[*They press a glass of brandy to* GILLIS' *lips. He draws himself up with a convulsive effort to a sitting position—his eyes are wide and glazed—there is death in his face—then with a great voice he says.*]

GILLIS.—I'm Gillis—Ben Gillis—Nova Scotia fisher folk—honest!

[*He falls back.*]

MRS. GILLIS (*throwing her arms about him*).—Ben! Ben!

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE II.

SCENE.—*The Cellar Vault of the Mariposa Bank. Time—Midnight. It is almost dark. One sees a dim light and hears voices. The figures of* HARSTONE *and* SLYDE *can be half distinguished.* SLYDE *is kneeling in front of a large safe, working with a drill; at intervals he pauses and looks about him; his face, even in the dim light, is pale as chalk with terror.* HARSTONE *is standing. His right arm is in a sling roughly made with a large handkerchief; in his left he has an electric lantern, the light nearly shut off. At the back of the vault a sheet iron door, behind which (when opened) are steps leading up to the street. To the left of this, at the side of the cellar, a small flight of stairs leads up into the bank above. There is a low basement window on the street level, through which, dimly, the electric lights of the street penetrate. At times the lightning lights it up in a glare. There is heard the sound of the drill and outside, the storm. When the act opens,* HARSTONE *and* SLYDE *can hardly be seen—only the little patch of light and the dark figures.*

A VOICE (*with fear in it*).—Turn up that light. I can't work. I'm afraid.

ANOTHER VOICE. — You must work, damn you. You've held us back enough already with your whimpering.

FIRST VOICE.—Turn up that light, I say (*with risng terror*); it's awful here—it's dark. Turn up the light.

SECOND VOICE.—You fool! They'll see it from the street. Have your own way.

[*The light is turned on stronger; the outlines of the place appear more clearly.*]

HARSTONE.—NOW work, and be quick, there's no time to lose.

[*Sound of the drill—dr-r-r-r-r-r-r.*]

SLYDE (*stopping*).—What was that?

HARSTONE.—Nothing—the storm. Go on—if that dog hadn't smashed my arm, I'd have had that open by this time.

SLYDE.—Hark! What was that—not the storm. . . . There, through the thunder?

HARSTONE (*listens a moment. There is heard, behind and through the storm, the ringing of a great bell*).—The town bell! I thought so. Damn them. They're sounding an alarm to rouse the town. Work—work! For your life.

SLYDE.—I can't, Harstone. I can't. (*Breaking off and turning round.*) I killed him! I never saw a man killed before—look (*With a half scream*) over there—out of the dark—his face!

HARSTONE.—You coward (*taking him by the throat and shaking him*). Killed him! What if you did? He'd have killed us. Now listen to what I say—stop looking about—listen. (*Shaking him*). Are you quieter?

SLYDE.—Yes.

HARSTONE.—Then listen. (HARSTONE *speaks with hoarse eagerness.*) We're safe yet if you can keep your nerve. Gillis is shot, yes, and they'll find him. They *have* found him. (*Ringing of the bell.*) That's what that bell is for—but they've no reason to connect him with us—they thought us gone—and they've no reason to think of the bank; we're safer here than in the street. Do you understand?

SLYDE (*slightly recovering*).—Yes.

HARSTONE.—We can force this thing open—get the money—and be gone before these slow fools are half awake—we've still time; once out of this, we strike for the swamp and down through it to the trestle bridge—get on the train there and before daylight we'll be over the border—and all hell can't find us. . . . Only get yourself together and work quick.

SLYDE (*turning the drill, dr-r-r-r-r*).—I am working—I'm steady now.

HARSTONE—Wait—let me see—is it deep enough? Give me one of the cartridges. (*Slyde takes one from his pocket.*) Yes—that'll do. Hush, keep still. There's some one moving upstairs!

[*They pause and listen.*]

SLYDE (*in a low voice*).—Can you hear anything?

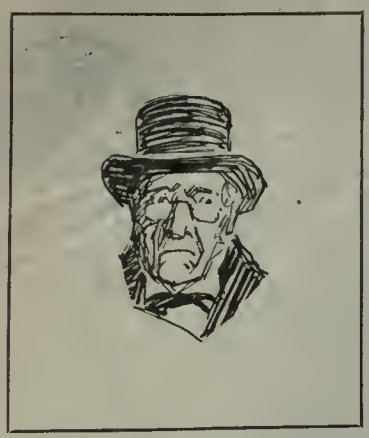
HARSTONE.—Yes—I daren't fire this thing. It's too big a risk. I must wait for the next clap of thunder—or stop—give me that iron bar again, here—perhaps I can wrench it off. No, curse it—it's too strong.

SLYDE (*in terror, clutching at* HARSTONE'S *arm*).—Listen again. There's some one on the stair.

HARSTONE.—Yes. I hear it. We've got to chance it now. It's too late. Shove in that cartridge—so—that's it, right in—stand back. I'll strike it with the bar—that'll fire it. Watch out!

[*Blow of the bar—explosion of the cartridge—door of the safe bursts open with the lock broken.*]

HARSTONE.—That's done — reach in quick and get the box. Is it there?



Macartney, the curmudgeon lawyer.

SLYDE.—Yes, I've got it! What's this other stuff?

HARSTONE.—Leave it—only litter—old papers—the box, grab that, nothing else —— Stop! Keep still!

SLYDE (*in a panic-stricken whisper*).—There's some one coming down!

HARSTONE.—I hear. It's that accursed young fool. It's young Pupkin. No noise.

VOICE OF PUPKIN (*on the stairs*).—Is any one down there?

HARSTONE (*turns his light low*).—Don't answer. Quick, move to the door; cover your face; pull your hat down. (SLYDE *stumbles on something and makes a noise.*) Quiet.

PUPKIN.—Who's that? Who's there?

[PUPKIN *appears in the door—he is fully dressed—in one hand a candle, in the other a poker.*]

I'm going to turn on the light. If you're honest men, answer up!

[PUPKIN *goes toward the street door and turns on the electric switch that is beside it and puts down his candle. Full light—the broken safe and littered papers appear.* HARSTONE *and* SLYDE *are still a little in the shadow so that* PUPKIN *sees the broken safe first.*]

Robbers! The safe robbed! (*Then he sees them and recognizes them.*) Harstone— Slyde! What's the meaning of this?

HARSTONE (*to* SLYDE).—Get to the door —quick—let us pass, I say.

PUPKIN.—No, you don't. (*Getting between* HARSTONE *and the door.*) .If there's robbery here, I'll let no one——

HARSTONE. — Let us pass, I say—— Curse you, step out of that or I'll shoot. (*Takes revolver from his pocket.*)

PUPKIN (*planting his back to the door and taking a whistle from his pocket.*) You be——

[HARSTONE *raises the revolver.*]

SLYDE (*hysterical, grabbing the revolver from* HARSTONE'S *hand*).—No! no! not that—not that. One killed is enough!

HARSTONE (*picking up the iron bar that lies on the floor*).—This then——

[*Strikes* PUPKIN *across the head and fells him to the floor.*]

SLYDE.—Oh! Oh! (*Hysterical.*)

HARSTONE.—Shut up—he's not dead. (*Stoops down a minute and examines.*) I tell you he's not hurt—quick, hurry now —no, stop. . . . Wait a minute . . . this is better . . . help me lift him.

SLYDE.—What do you want to do?

HARSTONE.—I'll show you. Here, lay him so—now, give me that drill. (*Putting it in* PUPKIN'S *hand as he lies.*) Let them find him so.

SLYDE.—What do you mean? So as to make them think. . . .

HARSTONE.—Exactly. It's thin . . . but it'll give us time . . . wait, this is better still. . . . Here, give me the rest of the cartridges!

[HARSTONE *takes them and stuffs them into* PUPKIN'S *pocket.*]

There! They can find him like that. . . Come, you gibbering coward. . . . I'll save your skin yet. (*He shuts off the light.*)

[*Exit* HARSTONE *and* SLYDE, *carrying the metal box. There is a long silence. Pale light through the basement window on* PUPKIN'S *face—the storm lashes on the pane.*]

[*Voice of* JEFF *and voice of* ANDY *off stage.*]

VOICE OF JEFF (*outside the street door*).—Open the door, here! (*Violently shaking sheet iron door from outside.*) Open the door! (*The door which is only latched opens under* JEFF'S *hand and stands for the moment partly open.*)

VOICE OF ANDY.—Don't go down there



Smith, the good-hearted hotel proprietor.

alone, Mr. Thorpe. The robbers may be there and——

JEFF (*partly entered; there is a half light behind him from the street, with fitful lightning, enough to frame his figure in the door-way*).—Hang the robbers! I'm not afraid of fifty of them! Run for the constable, Andy! I'm going in.

VOICE OF ANDY (*as he hurries away*).—Wait there till I bring——

JEFF (*enters; an ancient gun in his hand*).—If there's any one here, speak up, or I'll shoot. . . . There's a light here somewhere. Ah—there!

[*Turns on the switch near the door—electric light—and coming forward.*]

Peter! (*Comes near to look at him.*) Peter! My God, Peter! Killed! (*Feeling at his heart.*) No, thank heaven! not killed. . . What does it mean? What's happened? . . . God help us, what's this . . . a drill . . . in his hand . . . the safe open. . . . No, no, it's not possible . . . the safe rifled . . . everything gone. . . . Peter! Peter—what can it mean . . . what mad idea is this . . . no, no, it isn't possible . . . here, wait . . . I must look first . . no one must see. . .

[*Runs to the door and slides a bar across it Just as* JEFF *does this, there are sounds outside—voices and people and noise—"What's that light there—open the door there"; sounds of hammering at thed oor—and voices outside, "What's that light there—open the door in the name of the law."*]

VOICE OF MULLINS.—Force in the door, constable, I authorize it. Let drive at it, now together. (*Violent blows at the door.*)

JEFF (*going to the door and opening it.*)—Stop! It's I, Thorpe. I'm opening the door. . . .

[*Door opens—burst of storm and rain —*MULLINS *and* BILL EVANS *in waterproofs, with lanterns, the semblance of other people outside, noises and voices.*]

MULLINS (*turning, after* EVANS *gets in and holding the door half shut*).—No more—stop—keep back there—no one else —bar the door, Constable. . . No, wait a minute. (*As* BILL *goes to bar the door.*) Is Lawyer Macartney there?

[*Voice "Here!"*]

Let Macartney in—no one else.

[MACARTNEY *enters—door barred.*] Now, what's all this? What's here? Thorpe, what's the meaning of it? Ha! (*Sees* PUPKIN *as he lies.*)

JEFF.—You—you see it for yourself.

MULLINS.—Dead?

JEFF.—No—stunned, I think.

[BILL EVANS *has knelt beside him, his hand against* PUPKIN'S *side.*]

BILL.—His heart's beating—it's faint but it's beating. . . .

MACARTNEY (*who has been examining the safe*).—It's robbery . . . look here, Mullins . . . the safe's rifled.

MULLINS.—Robbery—I thought so . . the safe's broken open . . . Take notice here, Constable, and you Macartney.

BILL (*examining*).—The lock's blown out—drill hole and a cartridge—see—powder mark—the shell will be on the floor somewhere — yes (*picking it up*), here!

MACARTNEY.—A drill! . . . Why, see here, Mullins . . . in his hand!

MULLINS.—In his hand! Yes. . . . What does it mean? . . . Wait, touch nothing, move nothing—— Thorpe, what does all this mean?

JEFF.—How can I know. . . .

MULLINS.—You found him here, like this?

JEFF (*angry and agonized*).—Look for yourself. See for yourself. What do I know? . . . Don't question me.

MACARTNEY (*who has been re-examining the safe*).—Papers pulled out—



Gillis, the hard-drinking bank messenger

everything scattered. What papers are these, Mullins—valuable?

MULLINS. — Nothing—old stuff — mere litter.

MACARTNEY. — Is anything of value gone?

MULLINS.—Let me look. . . . Yes, I thought so . . . clean gone . . . that was what they were after no doubt.

MACARTNEY.—What?

MULLINS.—Why, the box—the deposit box — Thorpe's money, or his friend's money that he put here—take notice, Mr. Thorpe, this is no responsibility of the bank. . . . You wouldn't deposit it upstairs. . . .

JEFF.—I know it. I hold no one responsible.

MACARTNEY (*eager and anxious*). — What? What? That money *here?* Mullins, there was a thousand dollars of mine in that box. . . . Do you understand . . . *one* thousand dollars.

MULLINS—Well . . . it's gone . . stolen.

MACARTNEY. — Gone! Stolen. . . . But how! Where? Who's done it?

BILL.—God only knows—they've blown this here safe open—got the box and off with it.

MACARTNEY.—Blown it open! Then, by George, there's the thief that did it. . . There he lies with the very drill in his hand that did it.

BILL (*shaking his head*).—Couldn't be . . . he couldn't have blowed it up and then stunned himself and then gone off with the money.

MACARTNEY.—No, but it's plain as day what happened. . . . You don't need a lawyer's brain to see that. . . . He had another with him. . . . They did it together. . . . He got hurt when the safe blew open. . . . Ha! look, see, there on his temple. . . . The mark where it struck him . . . the other took the money and left.

MULLINS.—No, no, it could't be.

MACARTNEY (*with rising excitement*). —Couldn't be! I say it was. . . . Who had access here? Young Pupkin. Who had the keys of that door? He had.

MULLINS.—But what motive?

MACARTNEY. — Motive enough. Six thousand dollars. . . . But for an accident he'd have got away with it, and I could have whistled for my thousand. Constable, I say, arrest him, arrest him, where he lies. . . . Damn him. . . . Jail him till he tells where my money is. . . . I'll have the law, Constable, the law.

BILL.—Mr. Macartney, you can't do this. You can't have him arrested. I admit there's a sort of case, but——

MACARTNEY—I say arrest him; if he's innocent, let him prove it. . . . I don't believe he's hurt, anyway. He's shamming. (*Bending over.*) Ha! ha! look here, look at that! (*Taking the cartridges from* PUPKIN'S *pocket.*) There are the cartridges that did the job! Now is he guilty? Tell me!

BILL (*examining a cartridge thoughtfully*).—That's bad . . . bad.

MACARTNEY.—Arrest him.

BILL. — Macartney, you're the boy's friend, or you let on to be, and I'm his friend . . . you sat with him at the cards not two hours ago. . . . Now, you'd haul him to jail. I'll not do it.

MACARTNEY.—I say you've got to do it. It's your sworn duty. Put him under arrest.

BILL (*wavering*).—If I arrest him, Mr. Thorpe, you can prove him innocent later.

JEFF.—You can't do it. . . . You daren't arrest that boy for this! You'll ruin him. You'll ruin his name forever. . . . You say he can be proved innocent later. What's that? The thing will stick to him. . . . Arrested for bank robbery —it's ruin, ruin.

BILL.—I'm afraid I can't help it, Mr. Thorpe. He's my friend and yours. But Mr. Macartney's right—it's my duty, Mr. Thorpe.

JEFF.—You can't arrest him. . . You can't!

BILL.—I've got to. I don't need to take him to the jail. We can take him to the hospital, or to your own house, anywhere you like, but he's got to go under arrest. There's no help for it.

JEFF. — But you see, yourselves, he couldn't have done it—or not alone . . . the others . . . who got the money . . . arrest them. . . . They're the guilty ones. . . . If he opened the safe they must have *made* him open the safe.

BILL (*shaking his head*).—Show me the guilty party, Mr. Thorpe. . . . Tell me who they are and where they are and I won't arrest Peter.

JEFF (*with an idea*).—Ha! Show you the guilty party, and you won't arrest him?

BILL.—That's what I said. Give me the right man to take to jail and I'll never bother Peter. But as it is——

JEFF.—You won't, you won't, eh? Right, then, I'll give him to you—right here and now.

BILL and MULLINS.—Eh! What.

JEFF.—Constable Evans, get out your handcuffs. . . . Here, these are the wrists for them. . . . If there's ruin and robbery in Mariposa to-night, these are the hands that shall bear the fetters for it.

BILL.—What do you mean?

JEFF.—Constable, take me under arrest. It was I that robbed the bank . . . I confess.

BILL, MACARTNEY, MULLINS.—You!

JEFF (*his hands out*).—I did it. Take *me* under arrest and let Peter go. I robbed the bank.

[CURTAIN.]

ACT IV

SCENE. — *Time — The next morning, Thorpe's Barber Shop, formerly Thorpe's Mining and Land Exchange. Curtain rises on* JEFF THORPE *and* MRS. GILLIS *busily engaged in tearing down all the placards about stocks, shares of the Land Company, etc., and in restoring the place to being a shop as it was before.* JEFF *has still his sporting suit on, but his coat is off.*

MRS. GILLIS (*she talks with sobs in her voice*).—Take this down, too, Mr. Thorpe?

JEFF (*busily working*).—All of it, every last bit. . . . I want this to look the plain, honest place it used to be. I'm done with speculation, done with money. Last night has finished me on it. . . . . down with it . . . out with it! (*As he pulls down a placard.*) Cuba! Cuba! Damn Cuba! . . . (*Fires it out of the side window.*) Have they heard anything of Andy yet? Has he come back to the hotel?

MRS. GILLIS.—Not a word, Mr. Thorpe. . . . Away all night and not back, . . and there's Norah crying her heart out. . . . Do you want me to put out your brushes and the soap and things?

JEFF.—I want everything just as it used to be—plain and honest—the signs of a fair day's work around. . . Here put these up again. (*He has taken from a drawer a set of placards.*) I took them down when I went into that Cobalt foolery. Back they go!

SHAVE
FIVE CENTS
FIFTEEN FOR ONE DOLLAR

MASSAGE, FIFTEEN CENTS.

ALL HAIR CUTS ARE CASH ONLY.

MRS. GILLIS.—Any more?

JEFF.—That's the lot? There! That feels like home! Now, if they come to arrest me, let it be right here. . . . Plain old Jefferson Thorpe in his barber shop . . . wait. I'll strop up my razors—if I'm arrested I'll be arrested with sharp razors anyway. Hold on. . . Is that some one going by? (*Running to window.*)

MRS. GILLIS.—I think so.

JEFF (*going to the door and calling*).—Here! Do you want a shave?

[*Voice—"No thanks,* JEFF."]

(*Still calling.*) Your hair looks long. (*Returning.*) All right—he's gone. Keep an eye for another, Mrs. Gillis. If I'm arrested, I'd sooner be shaving when they do it.

MRS. GILLIS. — Arrested? What for would they arrest you?

JEFF.—Because . . . never mind . . . you'll see. . . . They refused to last night. But I won't take no . . . They'll have to. (*To* MRS. GILLIS.) Here, here, what are you crying about

MRS. GILLIS. — I can't help it, Mr. Thorpe. (*Sobs.*) I'm crying for Ben.

JEFF.—For Ben . . . Ben's all right . . . Didn't you tell me yourself that the doctors say they'll pull him through?

MRS. GILLIS.—Yes, Mr. Thorpe, but it's not for that I'm crying . . . it's for thankfulness, Mr. Thorpe . . . all night he lay there so white and still and just hover'n between life and death, they said. And this morning he opened his eyes and saw *me,* and he just gave one groan and fainted dead away again. (*Sobs.*)

JEFF.—He'll be all right. Pshaw! You can't kill a Nova Scotia man just by shooting him.

MRS. GILLIS.—Then presently he came to again and he put out his hand for mine and he spoke, and his voice was weak, but it was that soft and kind—just like it used to be years ago when he was courting me. . . .

JEFF (*blowing his nose*).—No doubt . . . no doubt.

MRS. GILLIS.—And he said, "Bend over me," and I bent over and he whispered, "Mary, if God spares me I'll never touch a drop o' drink again. . . . Oh, Mr. Thorpe. (*Sobs.*)

JEFF—Here! here! get out of my shop, woman! Get out of my shop. . . . I can't stand crying in a shop. . . . Get out, go back and sit with your husband. (*Takes her by the arm.*) You're no use here! You'll never be any use again; why is it a woman is only of some use when

Continued on page 95.

Records of Success

A department given over to sketches of interesting Canadian men and women

A Western Empire Builder

By Norman Lambert

"IF politics in Canada had been conducted in the interests of this country instead of party, you would have had that man in a position of responsibility and power at Ottawa to-day."

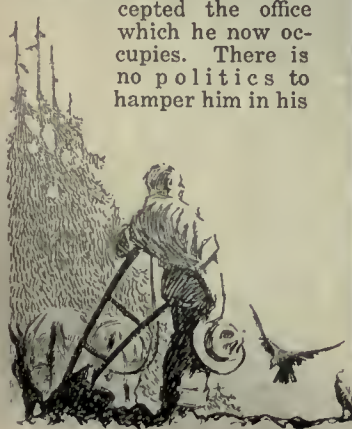
The speaker was a man who himself had seen something of political life, and whose name would be recognized any place in Canada. He was talking to a group of men in the smoking-car of a transcontinental train, as it wound its way across the wide, sparsely settled prairie of western Saskatchewan. The subject of conversation naturally enough had turned to the question of peopling and developing those idle acres of prairie land. A reference was made casually by one of the group to the work that was being done by Dr. Rutherford through the Natural Resources Department of the C.P.R., and immediately the mention of the name evoked the statement which is quoted at the beginning.

Dr. John Gunion Rutherford, C.M.G., who to-day is in charge of all the agricultural and livestock operations of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in Western Canada, and is known in the parlance of the railway, as Superintendent of Agriculture and Animal Husbandry, endeavored, for sixteen years at Ottawa, to apply a really great constructive mind to the upbuilding of his country. In 1912, the Government of Canada lost the services of Dr. Rutherford, who, at the personal invitation of the President of the C.P.R., accepted the office which he now occupies. There is no politics to hamper him in his present position. Efficiency is the ruling passion of this greatest of Canadian corporations, and Dr. Rutherford in the last five years has probably got more and better results from his work than he experienced in fifteen years on Parliament Hill. Herein lies pertinent food for thought on the part of the intelligent electorate of this wide Dominion.

The story of Dr. J. G. Rutherford, like that of so many other men who have left their mark on Canada, begins in Scotland. He was born at Mountain Cross in Peebleshire, the son of a minister, the Rev. Robert Rutherford, M.A. He was educated at Glasgow High School, and while in his early 'teens studied agriculture in Selkirkshire and at Edinburgh. It is recorded that the father was not wildly enthusiastic over the very evident declaration of his young son, John Gunion, towards a life on the land.



Dr. J. G. Rutherford.



Accordingly, the boy at the age of sixteen was sent off to Canada to work in a bank. He arrived in this country in 1875, and in that same year he managed to persuade his father to permit him to leave the bank, and enter the Agricultural College, which at that time had been recently established at Guelph. After finishing his course at the O.A.C., and after spending some time in practical work on the famous Bow Park Farm at Brantford, under John Hope, one of America's greatest authorities on Shorthorn cattle, young Rutherford decided to specialize in livestock. He entered the Ontario Veterinary College, and in due course, graduated with highest honors, winning a gold medal which was awarded for the best general standing. Woodstock, Ontario, was his first place of practice. Then he went to Saratoga, N.Y., to take charge of one of the largest breeding and racing stables in America. Trotting horses were raised and trained there for a group of New York capitalists who also had another establishment of the same kind in Kentucky. Dr. Rutherford was moved from Saratoga to Kentucky for a time, and he took with him several of the men who had been working for him. One day, one of the owners of the Kentucky farm came down from New York and told Rutherford to discharge his white men, and hire "niggers." The reply he received was: "If you are going to start firing anybody from this place, you had better start at the top and work down." And the spunky young Scot straightway threw up his job, and returned to Woodstock. But he did not stay long in Ontario. The prairies were just beginning to assume a romantic and inviting appearnce, and, in 1884, Dr. Rutherford settled in Manitoba, at the rising town of Portage la Prairie.

The West introduced J. G. Rutherford into public life. He had not been long in Portage la Prairie before he was actively interested in the politics of Manitoba. In 1892 he was elected to the Legislature for the constituency of Lakeside. Four years later he received the Liberal nomination for the Dominion riding of Macdonald, and was returned to the House of Commons with the first Laurier Government. The member for Macdonald dropped out after the next election in 1900, and entered the service of the Dominion Government in the new role of special Veterinary Quarantine Officer in Great Britain. He returned to Canada within a year to take the position which he held up till 1912,—namely that of Veterinary Director-General and Livestock Commissioner for the Dominion, with headquarters at Ottawa. In this office, Dr. Rutherford was charged

with the administration of the Animals' Quarantine Service involving the control of contagious diseases amongst livestock in all parts of Canada. The operation of the Meat and Canned Goods Act came under his control, and through the Department of Agriculture he had charge of all the work connected with the development of the livestock industry throughout the Dominion. It was as big a job as any man held at Ottawa, but it did not meet with the sympathetic support from certain responsible Ministers that either Rutherford or the job deserved. The result was that the shrewd head of the C.P.R. came along and saw where the experience and ability of Canada's Livestock Commissioner could be used in a valuable way. Presently, there was a job to let in the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

There is probably no man in this country who is so well known to the farmers from one end of Canada to the other as Dr. J. G. Rutherford. That wide range of acquaintanceship, carrying with it a remarkable knowledge of the conditions and needs of agricultural Canada, was one of the compensations of the years spent in the employ of the Government. His position to-day consists in developing sources of traffic for the C.P.R. in the virgin fields of Western Canada. In the five years that he has worked for that railway company, he has been able to apply all the wealth of his extensive previous experience to constructive enterprises on the Western plains. They are not merely working out for the benefit of the C.P.R., but are helping very materially to place the younger middle Western provinces on a strong and self-sustaining basis. In the important work of increasing production from the land after the war, and thus providing to meet the burdens that are bound to come out of the present conflict in Europe, such minds as that of Rutherford of the Natural Resources Department of the C.P.R., in Calgary, will be found to be a rare national asset. He has the enviable reputation of having been proof against the corroding influence of party politics.



Louise M. Carling—"Daughter of the Experimental Farm"

A Sketch of an Interesting Personality

By Madge Macbeth



THEORISTS and statisticians and speculators cry "Back to the land!" They loose a flood of figures over us and try to prove the advantage of country over city life. They glibly speak of intensive farming and its lure—then they sign their lease for another year in town!

The fact is that women are afraid. To the city-bred the thought of a farm conjures up an unpleasant picture of Piers the Plowman, of a field sown with Giant's Teeth, or of some gentle-fierce-eyed-crumple-horned cow at dawn and milking time, and they cling to the self-contained kitchenette six flights from the street as pertinaciously as did our hairy forebears cling to the tallest sycamore trees. A woman who is doing much to eradicate this fear and to put other women on at least a partially familiar footing with bees, berries, melons and poultry, is Miss Louise M. Carling, of London, Ontario. She has been called by one of her friends "The daughter of the Experimental Farms."

Miss Carling is a daughter of the late Sir John Carling, "Father of the Experimental Farms." In early childhood no shadow stretched its length toward agricultural ventures and gave a hint of the part she was to play in Canada's farming future. By her own confession, she was a lazy youngster about gardening, and preferred to see others work rather than do any of it herself. She says, "I can't think of anything unusual about my childhood. I probably cut my teeth in the ordinary manner, and passed through the various stages of infancy in an entirely unspectacular way." This may be so, but it did not prevent Miss Carling's personality from being felt even at an early date. Her ability, her enthusiasm toward the undertaking in hand, and her rare charm all tend to make her a splendid organizer. When Sir John and his family moved to the Capital after his appointment to the Cabinet, Miss Carling threw herself energetically into the life of Ottawa—social, artistic and philanthrophic. She was one of the organizers of the Morning Music Club to which she was elected honorary president for life. The Club is flourishing to-day, after a record of many years' successes, due in no small measure to Miss Louise Carling. Her tastes are catholic and her mind is broad. She encourages all forms of Art, including the dance. This breadth of view has met with disapproval—as upon an occasion when having been asked to arrange an entertainment for the church, Miss Carling varied a programme of singing, playing and recitations by a skirt dance! The horrified clergyman did not scruple to call her attention to the unsuitability of the attraction—but neither did he scruple to accept the funds raised by the entertainment!

When Sir John began his life's most interesting work—the establishment of the Farms—his daughter, too, gave a good deal of time and thought to the study of farming. She used to drive out to the Ottawa Experimental Farm almost daily and watch the stumps being dynamited and the ground made ready for sowing. Magically, it seemed, under her very eye, houses and barns sprung up where woods and fields had been but yesterday. In her words, "They grew like healthy children, as did the shrubs and hedges in the Arboretum. There were always hundreds of things to draw and hold my attention, and I shall always feel as though that farm were my very own. I look upon it and all the farms as a monument to my dear father's foresight in preparing for the millions of people who will come to this fair Canada of ours. Indeed, the granaries of the North-west are now, as a result of scientific methods, helping to feed multitudes of foreigners during this great war."



Louise M. Carling.

Returning to London to live, Miss Carling took up organization work there. She started the Morning Music Club and was elected its honorary president for life, as in Ottawa. She was the founder of the Seventh Regiment Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire; she was, and is, connected with so many other clubs and societies that a list of them would make this sketch look like a catalogue. And because she really worked for the organizations of which she is a member, and she was a member of so many—her health became impaired and she was ordered to take a rest.

That destiny which shapes our ends, led her to a farm—not the farm of the Gilded West, where fields of waving grain stretch away as far as the eye can reach, but an intensive farm of an acre's dimension, operated solely by two young girls.

They raised chickens. The "birds"—as they are called, had paid for the home in a few years and put each of the sisters through Macdonald College.

Miss Carling rested in a sense; at the same time her alert brain was ceaselessly busy with schemes and plans whereby other women, grinding out colorless lives in office or factory, might be assisted to

the healthfulness and the freedom and the financially successful life of these two young women. She advanced a scheme by which the Government might offer certain small tracts of land to "homesteaders"—women; she made a pretty exhaustive study of small farming, both in theory and practice. She lectured and she wrote. She put herself personally in touch with women who were interested and collected an amazing amount of data. Of course one can find data anywhere. . . . the magazines are pretty well stuffed nowadays with "How I—" articles (500 words and photo—pay on acceptance). We are all familiar with them. . . . "How I made fifty pounds of butter out of a spoonful of milk and a pinch of salt." Or, "How I put my three children through college on one bee." Personally, I have never been inspired with a passion to follow any of these simple methods as a means of livelihood; journalism is so sure and lucrative, one could hardly ask for more —even of a bee. And I venture to say that many another women is no more convinced than am I, of the desirability of farming, after a reading of these delightful bits of literature. But Miss Carling convinces and helps. She has been the means of establishing several women on farms—and like a good fairy godmother, keeps in touch with her farming god-children.

Due largely to this practice of hers, combined with a certain definite influence which she possesses, the "Daughter of Experimental Farms" was elected President of the Women's Gardening Association, of London. The object of this organization is to assist women in the most practical ways either to start farming operations, or to give help to those already established on farms. They are given opportunities to hear good lectures, and the Association sells seeds as well as teaches the food value of vegetables.

This part of the work is especially interesting to the President who leans to vegetarianism, and who is a firm believer in the old Mosaic law which forbids us to partake of the flesh of an animal with a cloven hoof. She was speaking one day somewhat forcibly on the subject to an old man who happened to be particularly fond of pork.

He listened attentively for a while and then remarked, "Yes, I suppose pigs ain't just what they used to be, before we caught and tamed 'em—before we put 'em in pens and fed 'em any old mess nothing else would eat. Seems to me they've dee-teriorated by associatin' with man—seems to me everything's dee-teriorated by associatin' with man—even woman!"

A Message from Lord Northcliffe

An article written for MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE and addressed to the people of Canada is coming from Lord Northcliffe, the great British publisher. This will be a feature of an early issue of the magazine.

A Brave Woman of the North

By George Armstrong

THIS war has brought out so many heroes and heroines, and exalted conduct has become so much more the rule than the exception, that it excites little comment or surprise to find women accompanying great and unusual tasks, and the story of the splendid work accomplished throughout Canada by the Daughters of the Empire is too well known to require repetition. But it may interest and stimulate the readers of MACLEAN'S to learn what one woman with few resources and under adverse circumstances, but filled with courage and singleness of purpose, has done.

The beginning of the war found White Horse, Yukon Territory, a little hamlet of four hundred men, women and children, surrounded by half a dozen slightly developed mining properties with less than two hundred miners employed, and our nearest neighbor of any consequence on the Canadian side of the line, Dawson, three hundred miles away. No persons of wealth or influence lived in the district, which depends for a livelihood upon transient travel and trans-shipment of freight to the Klondyke, and upon the aforementioned copper mines as yet in their infancy. But the women of this far northern outpost felt that they must do their share towards the preservation of the Empire that guaranteed the right of unmolested peace, liberty and the pursuit of happiness even away up here under the Polar star. A chapter of the I.O.D.E. was formed, and all of our patriotic women vied with each other in their efforts to raise funds, comforts, etc., for our soldier boys and the Belgian children, and it is with no thought or intention of slurring the efforts of these fine women that we pick out one in particular for special commendation.

In the mad rush of '98, wherever a sick man was found on the Teslin trail a prompt visit from Miss Katherine Ryan might be expected, and no rigors of weather or terrors of the trail prevented her from appearing on the scene, and many a homesick youth dates new courage from her first visit.

This intrepid woman drove her own dog team from Teslin to Atlin through a hundred miles of unbroken wilderness, and within six hours of her arrival appeared at the door of the Atlin hospital with a can of jam and several other dainties in her arms. The entire camp, including the hospital, was at this time without fresh meat, eggs, vegetables, canned fruit or canned goods of any kind, and even without sugar or dried fruit—the last refuge of the sick man in the wilderness. Can you wonder that to these poor frozen patients in this big motherly, blarneying sister of mercy looked like an angel sent from heaven? And so it has gone from that day to this; never a sick bed or never a funeral without the helping hand of "Aunt Katie," as she is known throughout the length and breadth of the Southern Yukon.

When the I.O.D.E. was formed, this energetic woman undertook collections from the miners for the Soldiers' Disablement, the Patriotic, and Red Cross funds, and never a month through summer rains or winter snows, on drifted trails at forty below zero, but what Aunt Katie and her dog team visited the mines, and through her unaided efforts more than ten thousand dollars have been added to the cause. No person was overlooked and no means of raising a dollar was allowed to pass by. No matter what effort or inconvenience had to be endured, Aunt Katie met the call. Her house was turned into a salesroom where useless and cast-off things, "rustled" from every possible source, were sold to the Indians, adding another clear five hundred dollars to feed the hungry Belgian children.

And this has been the work of one lone woman, without any supporting male relatives, who earns her own living and supports three orphan nephews, cooking, washing, darning and sewing for these three growing lads, who are bundled off to school with unfailing regularity.

"May her tribe increase."



"Aunt Katie" starting out with her dog team.

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The Gun Brand

A Story of the Canadian Northland

By James B. Hendryx

Author of "Marquard the Silent," "The Promise," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

CHLOE ELLISTON, inheriting the love of adventure and ambitious to emulate her famous grandfather, "Tiger" Elliston, who had played a big part in the civilizing of Malaysia, sets out for the Far North to establish a school and bring the light of education to the Indians and breeds of the Athabasca country. Accompanied by a companion, Harriet Penny, and a Swedish maid, Big Lena, she arrives at Athabasca Landing and engages transportation on one of the scows of Pierre Lapierre, an independent trader. Vermilion, the boss scowman, decides to kidnap the party and hold them to ransom; but Lapierre, getting wind of his plans, interrupts them at a vital moment, kills Vermilion, and rescues the girl. Predisposed in his favor, she accepts him as her mentor in the wilderness, believing all he tells her, especially about one Robert MacNair, another free-trader who Lapierre saddles with a most villainous reputation and the epithet of "Brute." On Lapierre's advice Chloe establishes herself at the mouth of the Yellow Knife River on Great Slave Lake, and starts to building her school, et cetera. Then Brute MacNair turns up and warns her to leave his Indians alone. She defies him, and later starts to his post on Snare Lake.

CHAPTER IX.—*Continued*

THOSE were hard years for Bob MacNair; years in which he worked day and night with his Indians, and paid them, for the most part in promises. But always he fed them and clothed them and their women and children, although to do so stretched his credit to the limit—raised the limit—and raised it again.

He uncovered vast deposits of copper, only to realize that until he could devise a cheaper method of transportation, the metal might as well have remained where the forgotten miners had left it. And it was while he was at work upon his transportation problem that the shovels of his Indians began to throw out golden grains from the bed of a buried creek.

When the news of gold reached the river, there was a stampede. But MacNair owned the land and his Indians were armed. There was a short, sharp battle, and the stampeders returned to the rivers to nurse their grievance and curse Brute MacNair.

He paid his debt to the company and settled with his Indians, who suddenly found themselves rich. And then Bob MacNair learned a lesson which he never forgot—his Indians could not stand prosperity. Most of those who had stood by him all through the lean years when he had provided them only a bare existence, took their newly acquired wealth and departed for the white man's country. Some returned—broken husks of the men who departed. Many would never return, and for their undoing MacNair reproached himself unsparingly, the while he devised an economic system of his own, and mined his gold and worked out his transportation problem upon a more elaborate scale. The harm had been done, however; his Indians were known to be rich, and MacNair found his colony had become the cynosure of the eyes of the whisky runners, the chiefest among whom was Pierre Lapierre. It was among these men that the name of Brute first used by the beaten stampeders, came into general use—a fitting name, from their view-point—for when one of them chanced to fall into his hands, his moment became at once fraught with tribulation.

AND SO MacNair had become a power in the northland, respected by the officers of the Hudson Bay Company, a friend of the Indians, and a terror to those who looked upon the red man as their natural prey.

Step by step, the events that had been the milestones of this man's life recurred to his mind as he tramped tirelessly through the scrub growth of the barrens towards a spot upon the shores of the lake—the only grass plot within a radius of five hundred miles. Throwing himself down beside a low, sodded mound in the center of the plot, he idly watched the great flocks of water fowls disport themselves upon the surface of the lake.

How long he lay there, he had no means of knowing, when suddenly his ears detected the soft swish of paddles. He leaped to his feet and, peering toward the water, saw, close to the shore, a canoe manned by four stalwart paddlers. He looked closer, scarcely able to credit his eyes. And at the same moment, in response to a low-voiced order, the canoe swung abruptly shoreward and grated upon the shingle of the beach. Two figures stepped out, and Chloe Elliston, followed by Big Lena, advanced boldly toward him. MacNair's jaw closed with a snap as the girl approached him, smiling. For in the smile was no hint of friendliness — only defiance, not unmingled with contempt.

"You see, Mr. Brute MacNair," she said, "I have kept my word. I told you I would invade your kingdom—and here I am."

MacNair did not reply, but stood leaning upon his rifle. His attitude angered her.

"Well," she said, "what are you going to do about it?" Still the man did not answer, and stooping, plucked a tiny weed from among the blades of grass. The girl's eyes followed his movements. She started and looked searchingly into his face. For the first time she noticed that the mound was a grave.

CHAPTER X.

AN INTERVIEW.

"OH, forgive me!" Chloe cried, "I—I did not know that I was intruding upon—sacred ground!" There was real concern in her voice, and the lines of Bob MacNair's face softened.

"It is no matter," he said. "She who sleeps here will not be disturbed."

The unlooked for gentleness of the man's tone, the simple dignity of his words went straight to Chloe Elliston's heart. She felt suddenly ashamed of her air of flippant defiance, felt mean, and small, and self-conscious. She forgot for the moment that this big, quiet man who stood before her was rough, even boorish in his manner, and that he was the oppressor and debaucher of Indians.

"A—a woman's grave?" faltered the girl.

"My mother's,"

"Did *she* live here on Snare Lake?" Chloe asked in surprise, as her glance swept the barren cliffs of its shore.

MacNair answered with the same softness of tone that somehow dispelled all thought of his uncouthness. "No. She lived at Fort Norman, over on the Mackenzie—that is she died there. Her home, I think, was in the southland. My father used to tell me how she feared the north—its snows and bitter cold, its roaring, foaming rivers, its wild, fierce storms, and its windlashed lakes. She hated its rugged cliffs and hills, its treeless barrens and its mean, scrubby timber. She loved the warm, long summers, and the cities and people, and—" he paused, knitting his brows—"and whatever there is to love in your land of civilization. But she loved my father more than these—more than she feared the north. My father was the factor at Fort Norman, so she stayed in the north—and the north killed her. To live in the north, one must love the north. She died calling for the green grass of her southland."

He ceased speaking and unconsciously stooped and plucked a few spears of grass which he had held in his palm and examined intently.

"Why should one die calling for the sight of grass?" he asked abruptly, gazing into Chloe's eyes with a puzzled look.

The girl gazed directly, searchingly into MacNair's eyes. The naive frankness of of him—his utter simplicity—astounded her.

"Oh!" she cried, impulsively stepping forward. "It wasn't the *grass*—it was—oh! *can't* you *see?*". The man regarded her wonderingly and shook his head.

"No," he answered gravely. "I can not see."

"It was—everything! Life—friends—home! The grass was only the symbol—the tangible emblem that stood for life!" MacNair nodded, but, by the look in his eye, Chloe knew that he did not understand and that pride and a certain natural reserve sealed his lips from further questioning.

"Is it far to the Mackenzie?" ventured the girl.

"Aye, far. After my father died I brought her here."

"You! Brought her here!" exclaimed the girl, staring in surprise into the strong emotionless face.

The man nodded slowly. "In the winter

it was—and I came alone—dragging her body upon a sled—"

"But why—"

"Because I think she would have wished it so. If one hated the wild, rugged cliffs and the rock tossed rapids, would one wish to lie upon a cliff with the rapids roaring, for ever and ever? I do not think that, so I brought her here—away from the gray hills and the ceaseless roar of the rapids."

"But the grass?"

"I brought that from the southland. I failed many times before I found a kind that would grow. It is little that I can do for her, and she does not know, but, somehow, it has made me feel—easier—I cannot tell you exactly. I come here often."

"I think she *does* know," said Chloe softly, and brushed hot tears from her eyes. Could *this* be the man whose crimes against the poor, ignorant savages were the common knowledge of the north? Could this be he whom men called Brute—this simple spoken, straightforward, boyish man who had endured hardships and spared no effort, that the mother he had never known might lie in her eternal rest beneath the green sod of her native land far from the sight and sounds that, in life, had become a torture to her soul, and worn her, at last, to the grave?

"Mr.—MacNair." The hard-note—the note of uncompromising antagonism—had gone from her voice, and the man looked at her in surprise. It was the first time she had addressed him without prefixing the name Brute and emphasizing the prefix. He stood regarding her calmly, waiting for her to proceed. Somehow, Chloe found that it had become very difficult for her to speak; to say the things to this man that she had intended to say. "I cannot understand you—your viewpoint."

"Why should you try? I ask no one to understand me. I care not what people think."

"About the Indians, I mean—"

"The Indians? What do you know of my viewpoint in regard to the Indians?" The man's face had hardened at her mention of the Indians.

"I know this!" exclaimed the girl. "That you are trading them whisky! With my own eyes I saw Mr. Lapierre smash your kegs—the kegs that were cunningly disguised as bales of freight and marked with your name, and I saw the whiskey spilled out upon the ground."

She paused, expecting a denial, but MacNair remained silent and again she saw the peculiar twinkle in his eye as he waited for her to proceed. "And I—you, yourself, told me that you would kill some of Mr. Lapierre's Indians! Do you call that justice—to kill men because they happen to be in the employ of a rival trader—one who has as much right to trade in the northland as you have?"

Again she paused, but the man ignored her question.

"Go on," he said shortly.

"And you told me your Indians had to work so hard they had no time for book-learning, and that the souls of the Indians were black as—as hell."

"And I told you, also, that I have never owned any whisky. Why do you believe me in some things and not in others? It would seem more consistent, Miss Chloe Elliston, for you either to believe, or to disbelieve me."

"But I *saw* the whisky. And as for what you, yourself, told me—a man will scarcely make himself out worse than he is."

"At least, I can scarcely make myself out worse than you believe me to be." The twinkle was gone from MacNair's eyes now, and he spoke more gruffly. "Of what use is all this talk? You are firmly convinced of my character. Your opinion of me concerns me not at all. Even if I were to attempt to make my position clear to you, you would not believe anything I should tell you."

"What defence can there be to conduct such as yours?"

"Defence! Do you imagine I would stoop to defend my conduct to *you*—to one who is, whittingly or unwhittingly, hand in glove with Pierre Lapierre?"

THE unconcealed scorn of the man's words stung Chloe to the quick.

"Pierre Lapierre is a man!" she cried with flashing eyes. "He is neither afraid nor ashamed to declare his principles. He is the friend of the Indians—and God knows they need a friend—living as they do by sufferance of such men as you, and the men of the Hudson Bay Company!"

"You believe that, I think," MacNair said quietly. "I wonder if you are really such a fool, or do you know Lapierre for what he is?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the girl, her face flushed. "I *do* know him for what he is! He is a *man!* He knows the north. I am learning the north, and together we will drive you and your kind out of the north."

"You cannot do that," he said. "Lapierre, I would crush as I would crush a snake. I bear you no ill will. As you say, you will learn the north—for you will remain in the north. I told you once that you would soon tire of your experiment, but I was wrong. Your eyes are the eyes of a fighting man."

"Thank you Mr.—MacNair—"

"Why not Brute MacNair?"

Chloe shook her head. "No," she said. "Not that—not after—I think I shall call you Bob MacNair."

The man looked perplexed. "Women are not like men," he said, simply. "I do not understand you at times. Tell me—why did you come into the north?"

"I thought I had made that plain. I came to bring education to the Indians. To do what I can to lighten their burden and to make it possible for them to compete with the white man on the white man's terms when this country shall bow before the inevitable advance of civilization: when it has ceased to be the land beyond the outposts."

"We are working together, then," answered MacNair. "When you have learned the north we shall—be friends,"

"Never! I—"

"Because you will have learned," he continued, ignoring her protest, "that education is the last thing the Indians need. If you can make them better trappers and hunters of them; teach them to work in mines, timber, on the rivers, you will come nearer to solving their problem than by giving them all the education in the world. No, Miss Chloe Elliston, they can't play the white man's game—with the white man's chips."

"But they can! In the States we—"

"Why didn't you stay in the States?"

"Because the government looked after the education of the Indians—provides schools and universities, and—"

"And what do they turn out?"

"They turn out lawyers and doctors and engineers and ministers of the gospel, and educated men in all walks of life. We have Indians in Congress!"

"How many? And how many are lawyers and doctors and engineers and ministers of the gospel? And how many can truthfully be said to be 'educated men in all the walks of life'? A mere handful! Where one succeeds, a hundred fail! And the others return to their reservation, dissolute, dissatisfied, to live on the bounty of your government; you, yourself will admit that when an Indian rises into a profession for which his education has fitted him, he is an object of wonder—a man to be written about in your newspapers and talked about in your homes. And then your sentimentalists — your fools—hold him up as a type! Not your educated Indians are reaping the benefit of your government's belated attention, but those who are following the calling for which nature has fitted them—stock raising and small farming on their allotted reservations. The educated ones know that the government will feed and clothe them—why should they exert themselves?

"HERE in the north, because the Indians have been dealt with sanely, and not herded onto restricted reservations, and subjected to the experiments of departmental fools, well intentioned—and otherwise—they are infinitely better off. They are free to roam the woods, to hunt and to trap and to fish, and they are contented. They remain at the posts only long enough to do their trading, and return again to the wilds. For the most part they are truthful and sober and honest. They can obtain sufficient clothing and enough to eat. The lakes and the rivers teem with fish, and the woods and the barrens abound with game.

"Contrast these with the Indians who have come more intimately into contact with the whites. You can see them hanging about the depots and the grogeries and rum shops of the railway towns, degenerate, diseased, reduced to beggary and petty thievery. And you do not have to go to a railway town to see the effect of your civilization upon them. Follow the great trade rivers! From source to mouth, their banks are lined with the Indians who have come into contact with your civilization!

"Go to any mission centre! Do you find that the Indian has taken kindly to the doctrines it teaches? Do you find them happy, God-fearing Indians who embrace Christianity and are living in accord with its precepts? You do not! Except in a very few isolated cases, like your lawyers and doctors of the States, you will find the very gates of the missions, be their denomination what they may, debauchery and rascality in its most vicious forms. Read your answer there in the vice-marked, ragged, emaciated hangers-on of the missions.

"I do not say that this harm is wrought wilfully—on the contrary, I know it is not. They are noble and well-meaning men and women who carry the gospel into the north. Many of them I know and respect and admire—Father Desplaines, Father Crossett, the good Father O'Reilley, and Duncan Fitzgilbert, of my mother's faith. These men are good men; noble men, and the true friends of the Indians; in health and in sickness, in plague, famine and adversity these men shoulder the red man's burden,feed, clothe and doctor them, and nurse them

back to health — or bury them. With these I have no quarrel, nor with the religion they teach — in its theory. It is not bad. It is good. These men are my friends. They visit me, and are welcome whenever they come.

"Each of these has begged me to allow him to establish a mission among my Indians. And my answer is always the same — '*No!*' And I point to the mission centres already established. It is then they tell me that the deplorable condition exists, not because of the mission, but *despite* it." He paused with a gesture of impatience. "*Because! Despite*! A quibble of words. If the *fact* remains, what difference does it make whether it is *because* or *despite?* It must be a great comfort to the unfortunate one who is degraded, diseased, damned, to know that his degradation, disease, and damnation, were wrought not *because,* but *despite.* But in spite of all they can do, the *fact* remains. I do not ask you to believe me. Go and see it with your own eyes, and then if you *dare,* come back and establish another plague spot in God's own wilderness. The Indian rapidly acquires all the white man's vices—and but few of his virtues.

"Stop and think what it means to experiment with the future of a people. To overthrow their traditions; to confute their beliefs and superstitions, and to subvert their gods! And what do you offer them in return? Other traditions; other beliefs; another God — and education! Do you dare to assume the responsibility? Do you dare to implant in the minds of these people an education—a culture—that will render them forever dissatisfied with their lot, and send many of them to the land of the white man to engage in a feeble and hopeless struggle after that which it is, for them, unattainable?'"



Hour after hour, as the craft drove southward, Chloe sat with the wounded man's head supported in her lap.

"But it is *not* unattainable! They—"

"I know your sophisms; your fabrication of theory!" MacNair interrupted her fiercely. "The *facts!* I have seen the rum-sodden wrecks, the debauched and soul-warped men and women who hang about your frontier towns, diseased in body and mind, and whose greatest misfortune is that they live. These, Miss Chloe Elliston, are the real monuments to your education. Do you dare to drive one hundred to certain degradation that is worse than fiery hell, that you may point with pride to one who shall attain to the white man's standard of success?"

"That is not the truth! I do not believe it! I *will* not believe it!"

The steel-gray eyes of the man bored deep into the shining eyes of brown. "I know that you do not believe it. But you are wrong when you say that you *will* not believe it. You are honest and unafraid, and, therefore, you will learn, and now, one thing further.

"We will say that you succeed in keeping your school, or post, or mission, from this condition of debauchery—which you will not. What then? Suppose you educate your Indians? There are no employers in the north. None who buy education. The men who pay out money in the waste places pay it for bone and brawn, not for brains; they have brains —or something that answers the purpose —therefore, your educated Indian must do one of two things—he must go where he can use his education or he must remain where he is. In either event he will be the loser. If he seeks the land of the white man he must compete with the white man on the white man's terms. He cannot do it. If he stays here in the north he must continue to hunt or trap, or work on the river, or in the mines, or the timber, and he is ever afterward dissatisfied with his lot. More, he has wasted the time he spent in filling his brains with useless knowledge."

MacNair spoke rapidly and earnestly, and Chloe realized that he spoke from his heart and also that he spoke from a certain knowledge of his subject. She was at a loss for a reply. She could not

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REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

What Britain Is Doing

A Story of the Immense Part the Empire Plays in the War.

A REMARKABLE article on "What Britain is Doing" appears in the *National Geographical Magazine* from the pen of Sydney Brooks. It puts a new light on the part that Britain plays in the war plans of the Allies, bearing out in marked degree the statement recently made editorially by the *Saturday Evening Post* to the effect that of all belligerents, not even excepting Germany, Britain was playing the most outstanding role. The article reviews Britain's part in naval and army operations, in finance, in manufacture of munitions and supplying of foods and materials and in influence—the potency of her grim determination that the others feel behind them. It is especially interesting to read what is said with reference to sea power:

I like to think of some future Mahan using the history of this war to point the deadly realities of sea-power. He will need no other example. Everything that naval supremacy means or can ever mean has been taught in the past 32 months in a fashion that he who travels may read.

Suppose Great Britain had remained neutral and the British navy had never moved. What would have happened? The German and Austrian dreadnoughts, with a five-to-one preponderance over the combined dreadnought strength of France and Russia, would have held an easy command over the sea. Germany could then have supplemented her land attack by disembarking troops on both the Russian and the French coasts in the rear of the Russian and French armies; she would have shut off all the French oversea trade; she would have captured or destroyed or driven into port practically the whole of the French and Russian merchant marine; France would have been blockaded; with her chief industrial provinces in German occupation, she would have been prevented from importing any food, any raw material, any munitions; while Germany would have been free to draw on the resources of the entire world. In less than six months, for all her magnificent valor, France could not but have succumbed.

That was the Prussian calculation and it was a perfectly sound one; but it fell like a house of cards when Great Britain intervened. Instead of securing at once the command of the sea, Germany lost it at once. Everything that she had hoped to inflict upon France and Russia by maritime supremacy was in fact inflicted upon herself. What has made it possible for us to land some 2,000,000 men on the Continent of Europe, equipped with every single item in the infinitely varied paraphernalia of modern war?

How have we been able to conduct simultaneous campaigns in Egypt, East Africa, the Cameroons, Southwest Africa, the Balkans, and the Pacific? There are Russian troops fighting at this moment in France and round Salonika. How did they get there?

From all the ends of the earth British subjects in hundreds upon hundreds of thousands have flocked to the central battlefield. What agency convoyed them? What power protected them?

The United States has built up with the Allies a trade that throws all previous American experience of foreign commerce into the shade. But how many Americans, I wonder, stop to ask themselves how it is that this vast volume of merchandise has crossed the Atlantic in the midst of the greatest war in all history almost as swiftly and securely as in the days of profoundest peace?

One by one Germany's colonies have been torn from her grasp—those oversea possessions the children of so many hopes, the nursing plots of such vast ambitions; and not a single blow has been struck in defense of them by the fatherland itself. One and all have had to rely on their own isolated and local efforts.

They have looked in vain to Germany. Germany—paralyzed by what power? Held down in helplessness by what mysterious spell?—has impotently watched her beginnings of a world-wide empire shattered beneath her eyes.

How is it, again, that the Belgian army has been rearmed, reconstructed, and reequipped? How is it that the Serbian forces have similarly been rescued and remade? How is it that Russia has been remunitioned, that Italy has been enabled to overcome her natural deficiencies, that France, in spite of the loss of some of her most highly industrialized districts, is still, for purposes both of war and of commerce, a great manufacturing nation, and that all the Allies can import freely what they need from the neutral world?

To what ubiquitous and unshakable power, stretching from Iceland to the Equator and back again, guarding all oceans, girdling the whole world, are these miracles due? They are due to just one thing—the British navy. Because of the British navy, Germany is a beleagured garrison, her strength steadily, ceaselessly sapping away; her people languishing physically under the stress of the blockade, and financially and economically under the total loss of her foreign trade.

Defeat the British navy and the war is over in six weeks. There lies Germany's nearest road, not only to peace, but to full and final victory. Take away from the Grand Alliance the support of the British navy and the whole structure collapses into nothingness.

Figures on the Melting Pot

Some Interesting Facts With Reference to U.S. Immigration.

IN the course of an article in the National Geographic magazine, the following interesting information with reference to immigration in the United States is brought out:

Who can estimate our debt to immigration? Thirty-three million people have made the long voyage from alien shores to our own since it was proclaimed that all men are born free and equal, and liberty's eternal fire was kindled first on American soil! It is as if half the German Empire should embark for America, or all of England except the county of Kent. It is as if all of the population of all of the States of the United States west of the Mississippi, plus that of Alabama, should have come bodily to America.

History records no similar movement of population which in rapidity or volume can equal this. Compared to it, the hordes that invaded Europe from Asia, great and enormous as they were, were insignificant.

Of the 33,000,000 who have come more than 14,000,000 still live among us, and their children and children's children are now in good truth bone of our bone and blood of our blood.

Not long ago America crossed the hundred-million line in the number of its citizens, and it is interesting to note the composition of that population.

To begin with, there are 11,000,000 colored people, including negroes, Indians, Chinese, etc. Then there are 14,500,000 people of foreign birth among us. In addition to these, there are 14,000,000 children of foreign-born fathers and mothers and 6,500,000 children of foreign-born fathers and native mothers, or *vice versa*. When all of these have been deducted from the 100,000,000, only 54,000,000 remain of full white native ancestry.

Yet the 35,000,000 American people who are of foreign stock—that is, foreign born or the children of a foreign-born parent—include some of the most illustrious citizens of our Republic. Even the President of the United States himself has only one ancestor who was born in America, and the list is long and notable of statesmen, captains of industry, leaders of finance, inventors, makers of literature and progress, who have strains of blood not more than one generation on this side of the sea.

An examination of the statistics of American immigration shows that since the foundation of our government the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland have contributed 8,400,000 of her people and Germany more than six million. Ireland, with more than four million; Great Britain, with a little less than four million, and Scandinavia, with something less than two million, have together with Germany, contributed more than half of the total immigration to our shores since the beginning of the Revolutionary War.

When we take the German immigration of the United States between 1776 and 1890 and compare it with that from other countries, a somewhat startling result, and one usually unsuspected, is disclosed. The total arrivals

of aliens in those 114 years aggregated 15,689,000 of whom more than 6,000,000 were British and Irish and 5,125,000 were Germans, which shows that one alien out of every three arriving in America during more than a century of our existence was a German. Only the United Kingdom shows a greater proportion.

Since 1890 the trend has been very different. With more than 17,000,000 immigrant arrivals since that date, only 1,023,000 have been Germans. If from this number a proper deduction is made for those who returned to their homeland and those who have died since their arrival, it will be seen that there are fewer than a million former subjects of the Kaiser in this country who have not been here more than twenty-six years. Of more than 8,000,000 people of German birth and immediate ancestry among us, less than 1,000,000 fail to have the back-ground of birth or long residence in America behind them.

It is interesting to note the other foreign elements that have entered into the make-up of American population since 1776. What a wealth of blood that wonderful little island, Ireland, has given us! More Irish people have crossed the seas to become part of us than have remained behind. It is remarkable that so small an island—smaller, indeed, than the State of Maine—could in a century and a half send us enough people to duplicate the present population of eleven of our States having an aggregate area as large as the United Kingdom, France, Germany, and Austria-Hungary together.

Austria-Hungary stands next on the list of contributors to the immigrant stream that has flowed from Europe to America. Although Austro-Hungarians began to immigrate in considerable numbers only when the arrivals from western Europe had began to fall off, sufficient have come from the dual monarchy to populate the State of Texas to its present density. Italy has sent us enough of her people to duplicate the population of Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregan, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico, while England's and Scotland's contribution, 3,889,000 in all, together with Ireland's 4,500,000, gives a total of 8,389,000, or plenty to populate all of the States lying west of Texas and the Dakotas. The Russians who have come to our shores number 3,419,000. They could replace one-half of the population fo New England.

Although the people of foreign birth constitute only one-seventh of the country's population, they contribute nearly one-fourth (22 per cent) of the arm-bearing strength of the nation. At the last census many of the States had a greater number of foreign-born men of arm-bearing age than they had of native-ancestry citizens, among them Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and North Dakota. Taking the States where those of foreign birth and their sons together constitute a major portion of the men between the ages of 18 and 44, it will be found that the list includes the above States and the following: New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Michigan, South Dakota, Nebraska, Montana, Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, Washington, and California—in all 20 States. We have considerably over 20,000,000 men of military age in the United States.

Another striking fact of our immigration situation is the unusual preference of the foreign born and their children for the cities. Of the 35,000,000 foreign-stock whites living in the United States, approximately 23,000,000 live in the cities. In only 14 of the 50 leading cities of the country do the whites of full native parentage constitute as much as half of the total population. Only one-fifth of the population of New York and Chicago is of native white ancestry. Less than a third of the populations of Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Buffalo, San Franciso, Milwaukee, Newark, St. Paul, Worcester, Scranton, Paterson, Fall River, Lowell, Cambridge, and Bridgeport are of native ancestry.

Conditions have played some curious pranks in the distribution of the immigrant population in the United States. More than two-thirds of the Germans live between the Hudson and the Mississippi and north of the Ohio. The same is true of the Austrians, the Belgians, the Hungarians, the Italians, the Dutch, the Russians, and the Welsh.

New York, Pennslyvania, and New Jersey have 47 per cent of the Austrians, 34 per cent of the English, 30 per cent of the Germans, 54 per cent of the Irish, 58 per cent of the Italians, 56 per cent of the Russians, 34 per cent of the Dutch, and 46 per cent of the Welsh in the United States.

An Exodus to Europe

People in America May Return Across the Sea.

THAT the end of the war will see an exodus of people from the United States to Europe is the opinion expressed by Frederic C. Howe in the course of an article in *Harper's Magazine*. He gives his reason as follows:

The European War has forced many new problems upon us. And one of these is the relation of people to the land. Of one thing, at least, we may be certain—that with the ending of the war there will be a competition for men, a competition not only by the exhausted Powers of Europe, but by Canada, Australia and America as well. Europe will endeavor to keep its able-bodied men at home. They will be needed for reconstruction purposes. There will be little immigration out of France, for France is a nation of home-owning peasants and France has never contributed in material numbers to our population. The same is true of Germany. Germany is the most highly socialized state in Europe. The state owns the railways, many mines, and great stretches of land. In England too the state has been socialized to a remarkable extent as a result of the war. Russia and Austria-Hungary have undergone something of the same transformation. When the war is over these countries will probably endeavor to mobilize their men and women for industry as they previously mobilized them for war. And in so far as they are able to adjust credit and assistance to their people, they will strive to keep them at home.

But that is not all. Millions of men have been killed or incapacitated. Poland, Galicia, parts of Hungary and Russia have been de-



—Cesare in New York *Evening Post.*
"A Masterful Retreat!"



—Cesare in New York *Evening Post.*
He Mourns Dear Enemy.

vastated. Many nobles who owned the great estates have been killed. Many of them are bankrupt. Their land holdings may be broken up into small farms. The state can only go on, taxes can only be collected if industry and agriculture are brought back to life. And the nations of Europe are turning their attention to a consciously worked out agricultural programme for putting the returning soldiers back on the land. Not only that, but reports from steamship and railroad companies indictate that large numbers of men are planning to return to Europe after the war. The estimates, based upon investigation, run as high as a million men. Poles and Hungarians are imbued with the idea that land will be cheap in Europe and that the savings they have accumulated in this country can be used for the purchase of small holdings in their native country, through the possession of which their social and economic status will be materially improved.

I have no doubt but that the years which follow the ending of the war will see an exodus from this country which may be as great as the incoming tide in the years of our highest immigration. Along with this exodus to Europe, Canada will endeavor to repeople her land. Western Canada especially is working out an agricultural and land programme. Even before the war her provinces had removed taxes from houses and improvements and were increasing the taxes upon vacant land speculation. And this policy will probably be largely extended after the war is over. England, too, is developing a comprehensive land policy, and is placing returning soldiers upon the land under conditions similar to those provided in the Irish Land Purchase Act. It is not improbable that the war will be followed by a breaking up of many of the great estates in England and the settlement of many men upon the land in farm colonies, such as have been worked out in Denmark and Germany. Even prior to the war Germany had placed hundreds of thousands of persons upon the state-owned farms and on private estates which had been acquired by the government for this purpose. Over $400,000,000 has been appropriated for the purpose of encouraging home-ownership in Germany during recent years.

Mark Twain's Brother

Eccentric Career of Orion Clemens as Told by the Author.

MARK TWAIN'S humor was sometimes shown to best advantage in his letters. *Harper's Magazine* publishes a series of his letters to William Dean Howells, written during the time that the latter was editing the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is impossible to quote other than a mere fragment from them, but one bit stands out as a gem, his description of the career of his eccentric brother, Orion Clemens. He writes to urge that Howells' introduce Orion into one of his books and tells something of Orion's life as follows:

"Observe Orion's career—that is, a *little* of it: He has belonged to as many as five different religious denominations; last March he withdrew from the deaconship in a Congregational Church and the superintendency of its Sunday school, in a speech in which he said that for many months (it runs in my mind that he said 13 years) he had been a confirmed *infidel*, and so felt it to be his duty to retire from the flock.

"2. After being a Republican for years, he wanted me to buy him a Democratic newspaper. A few days before the Presidential election, he came out in a speech and publicly went over to the Democrats; he prudently hedged by voting for 6 state Republicans, also.

"The new convert was made one of the secretaries of the Democratic meeting, and placed in the list of speakers. He wrote me jubilantly of what a ten-strike he was going to make with that speech. All right—but think of his innocent and pathetic candor in writing me something like this, a week later:

" 'I was more diffident than I had expected to be, and this was increased by the silence with which I was received when I came forward; so I seemed unable to get the fire into my speech which I had calculated upon, and presently they began to get up and go out; and in a few minutes they all rose up and went away.'

"How *could* a man uncover such a sore as that and show it to another? Not a word of complaint, you see—only a patient, sad surprise.

"3. His next project was to write a burlesque upon 'Paradise Lost.'

"4. Then, learning that the *Times* was paying Harte $100 a column for stories, he concluded to write some for the same price. I read his first one and persuaded him not to write any more.

"5. Then he read proof on the New York *Evening Post* at $10 a week and meekly observed that the foreman swore at him and ordered him around 'like a steamboat mate.'

"6. Being discharged from that post, he wanted to try agriculture—was sure he could make a fortune out of a chicken farm. I gave him $900 and he went to a ten-house village two miles above Keokuk on the river bank—this place was a railway station. He soon asked for money to buy a horse and light wagon—because the trains did not run at church time on Sunday and his wife found it rather far to walk.

"For a long time I answered demands for 'loans' and by next mail always received his cheque for the interest due me to date. In the most guileless way he let it leak out that he did not underestimate the value of his custom to me, since it was not likely that any other customer of mine paid his interest *quarterly*, and this enabled me to use my capital twice in six months instead of only once. But also, when the debt reached $1,800 or $2,500 (I have forgotten which) the interest ate too formidably into his borrowings, and so he quietly ceased to pay it or speak of it. At the end of two years I found that the chicken farm had long ago been abandoned, and he had moved into Keokuk. Later, in one of his casual moments, he observed that there was no money in fattening a chicken on 65 cents worth of corn and then selling it for 50.

"7. Finally, if I would lend him $500 a year for two years (this was 4 or 5 years ago) he *knew* he could make a success as a lawyer, and would prove it. This is the pension which we have just increased to $600. The first year his legal business brought him $5. It also brought him an unremunerative case where some villains were trying to chouse some negro ophans out of $700. He still has this case. He has waggled it around through various courts and made some booming speeches on it. The negro children have grown up and married off, now, I believe, and their litigated town-lot has been dug up and carted off by somebody—but Orion still infests the courts with his documents and makes the welkin ring with his venerable case. The second year he didn't make anything. The third he made $6 and I made Bliss put a case in his hands—about half an hour's work. Orion charged $50 for it—Bliss paid him $15. Thus four or five years of lawing has brought him $26, but this will doubtless be increased when he gets done lecturing and buys that 'law library.' Meanwhile his office rent has been $60 a year and he has stuck to that lair day by day as patiently as a spider.

"8. Then he by and by conceived the idea of lecturing around America as 'Mark Twain's Brother'—that to be on the bills. Subject of proposed lecture, 'On the Formation of Character,'

"9. I protested, and he got on his war-paint, couched his lance, and ran a bold tilt against total abstinence and the Red Ribbon fanatics. It raised a fine row among the virtuous Keokukins.

"10. I wrote to encourage him in his good work, but I had let a mail intervene; so by the time my letter reached him he was already winning laurels as a Red Ribbon Howler.

"11. Afterwards he took a rabid part in a prayer-meeting epidemic; dropped that to travesty Jules Verne; dropped that, in the middle of the last chapter, last March, to digest the matter of an infidel book which he proposed to write; and now he comes to the surface to rescue our 'noble and beautiful religion' from the sacrilegious talons of Bob Ingersoll.

"Now come! Don't fool away this treasure which Providence has laid at your feet, but take it up and use it. One can let his imagination run riot in portraying Orion, for there is nothing so extravagant as to be out of character with him."

How Batteries Are Hidden

Ingenious Methods of "Masking" Guns Behind the Lines.

ALTHOUGH the guns behind the British lines are said to be so numerous that they could almost be placed in a line wheel to wheel stretching from the coast to Switzerland, the fact remains that one may approach the front lines without seeing any trace of artillery in action. In the course of an article in the *Windsor Magazine*, dealing with the work of the British artillery, H. D. Girdwood explains by a description of the elaborate and ingenious methods of "masking" batteries. He says:

It may come as a surprise to many readers to know that as one motors in the firing zone, or, nearer the treaches, proceeds on foot over roads along which it is far too dangerous for cars to go, one rarely spots our guns anywhere. You may walk by a hedge, fence, or a thicket, and never dream that it masks an entire battery.

I have often had the greatest difficulty, even after seeing the flash of a gun, in locating a particular battery. We have all grown accustomed to the many disguises, such as painting the guns to resemble branches and trunks of trees, which were used even here before the batteries went across to France.

Unless one has been in the battle zone, it is impossible to realize how cleverly the guns are masked. To visit a concentration area, after three or four months of work, even to one well trained in topography, is a revelation. Roads and light railways seem to radiate in every direction. Farmyards everywhere in the neighborhood are billeted with gunners and drivers, and the roads teem with long strings of motor lorries.

As the infantryman in the front-line trenches has his dug-outs, to which he proceeds during bombardments, so his brother in the artillery has his own "funk-hole," to which he retires on occasion. Many pleasant hours has the writer spent in these dug-outs while German shells were whistling overhead. These "funk-holes," however, take a lot of getting used to before one can appreciate a rest in them, especially with our own batteries firing at one's very elbows. The earth seems to tremble with each recoil of our guns, rendering sleep well-nigh impossible for the newcomer.

Whether the artillery observation officer is away in some shell-crater in "No Man's Land," or in the fire and assembly trench, or perched aloft, cleverly concealed in some tree or sand-bagged terrace of a ruined building, he is equally valuable as the eye for his battery. Perchance the C.O. may be depending on that tiny speck of an aeroplane over the Boche lines. In any case, the targets having been duly registered during periods of inactivity, the degree of destruction during the terrific bombardment preceding an attack is carefully telephoned or signalled to the gunners at frequent intervals. It is computed that, in the battle of the Somme, some

of our guns averaged no less than fourteen thousand rounds during the bombardment which flattened out the Hun's trenches, destroyed his barbed wire entanglements, and maintained such a triple barrage that he was unable to counter-attack. "Ah," said a gunner in a certain battery, "we are only giving the Germans a little of their own back that they gave us in those terrible days at Mons, when we were outmatched by four to one, and my battery had but one gun left, and only two of us to fire it!"

Christians In Society

Can a Consistent Believer Take Part in Social Functions?

CAN A consistent Christian remain in society? This question is often asked and has, in the answering, created much bitterness and dissension. Charles Edward Jefferson, D.D., pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, essays an answer in *Woman's Home Companion* and succeeds in establishing the primary fact that Christianity in society is practicable. He succeeds also in smoothing away certain ideas with reference to the attitude of the Christian who essays to remain in society which have done much to cloud the issue. He then proceeds:

A wise man long ago said this: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven; a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing; a time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away; a time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak." And if the wise man had cared to go on, he could have added that there is a time for afternoon teas, and a time for missionary meetings; a time for receptions and a time for the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; a time to pray, and a time to chat and joke with one's friends; a time to sing hymns, and a time to engage in social amusements; a time to read the Bible, and a time to enjoy a sumptuous dinner. We err when we assume that a function is godless because it is not draped in the symbols of religion. We can do all sorts of things to the glory of God, as the Apostle Paul reminds us, even such prosaic and mundane things as eating and drinking.

Nor can society use the methods of Prophets and Apostles to accomplish its ends. A man in society is not under obligation to imitate the methods of Moses or Elijah or John the Baptist. The dinner table is no place for denunciation, nor is the parlor a suitable forum for debate. It is absurd to accuse society of being superficial and worldly because men and women in their social recreations do not discuss problems in theology, and carry on a propaganda or moral reform. The true aim is the same in society and in Church—the enlarging and enrichment of life, the extension of the reign of sympathy and good-will—but what is accomplished in one way in the Church will be accomplished in another way in society. "God fulfills himself in many ways lest one good custom should corrupt the world." For a Christian at a social function to talk to people about their souls would be not only bad manners, but also an exhibition of a lack of common sense. It converts one into a nuisance to act upon the idea that one must always be doing the same thing in the same way. Sundry religious workers would be greatly helped by a few seasons in society. They would lose some of their boorishness—which is not a Christian virtue—and would make advancement in the difficult art of making themselves agreeable. Conduct is not necessarily godless because the name of God is not mentioned. We are in the way of Christian service when we are adding by our spirit and conversation to the agreeableness of life. The world needs a deal of sweetening, and this



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process is carried on by men and women who meet in the exchanges and amenities of social intercourse. Society is not necessarily of the evil one because it pays attention to the outside of the cup and the platter. There is no reason why the outside of life should be allowed to become unkempt and drab. The appreciation and cultivation of the beautiful is one of the Christian duties often neglected. Satisfaction in beautiful houses, delight in beautiful dresses, pleasure in beautiful decorations, joy in beautiful music and paintings — these are not evidences of a heart estranged from God. The love of the beautiful ought to be cultivated as well as the love of the true and the good.

But society, like all the other kingdoms of life, has in it the seeds of corruption. Unless safeguarded and revivified it inevitably tends to degenerate. Human nature has a strong lurch in the direction of the physical and the sensuous and the frivolous. Men and women alike easily lose their heads, they readily go to extremes. Some men go half crazy over money, some women go completely crazy over society fads. The stupid-headed and the shallow-hearted are everywhere, and it is in society that they often give the sorriest exhibitions of themselves. There is a constant tendency toward lavish display, and a mighty push toward barbaric extravagance. Society has its rivalries as business has its competitions. These rivalries often lead to fooleries, and finally end in disaster. There are forces in society always working in favor of physical and intellectual dissipation. Excess comes easily. Society in many a city is a wild whirlpool in which multitudes of women are wrecked both in body and in spirit. Society, unless held in check by men of character and women of common sense, is certain to follow the example of the Gadarene swine and rush violently down to destruction.

Here then is an opportunity for a Christian. Here is a piece of the Heavenly Father's business which Christians should attend to. Here is an arena in which one can save his soul by having others. Here is a call for social service. Social service is larger than we think. To many it is teaching poor girls how to sew, and interesting poor boys in taking a bath. But holding the tone of society high—that is social service of the most momentous sort.

Business Morals in Russia

Punctilious Honesty Shown in the New Republic.

AN INTERESTING pronouncement on the score of the business morals of the Russian people is made editorially by *World's Work*. That Russian business men are punctiliously honest is the point made in the following paragraphs.

Bankers who have been in Russia and made careful inquiry about these matters say that the Russian people will never consider defaulting on an obligation; that they do not know the meaning of default or repudiation of debt. They may at times need renewal of credit, but there is never any thought of not paying what they owe. For that reason there is not likely to be any debate in Russia, as there was in this country after the Civil War, regarding the payment of government obligations. Russia is now largely on a paper currency basis because of successive issues of legal tender notes to meet war expenses, and it is evident that it will take time and courage to bring it back to a sound monetary standard. Those at the head of the new Government, however, have already signified their intention to meet all financial obligations.

Our present stake in Russia is a comparatively small one. Since the war started, two external loans totaling $75,000,000 have been placed here, and American investors are believed to have purchased about $100,000,000,

r value, of internal loan bonds. Bank edits of about $75,000,000 more bring the al up to approximately $250,000,000. This mpares with the more than $1,000,000,000 British Government obligations taken since e war started and the more than $725,-0,000 of French.

Save the Horseshoe Fall

an to Preserve the Scenic Beauty Without Interfering With National Power Service.

THE world-renowned "Horseshoe Fall" at Niagara is no longer a horseshoe. For ars it has been wearing down into an acute gle until the water at its sides forms cata-cts that almost face each other and mingle a great welter of foam and spray. More-er, this part of the Fall appears to be de-vering just now a much smaller volume of ater than it did a score of years or more go. The responsibility, says *The Literary igest*, has been almost universally laid on e diversion of the water for power develop-ent.

Based on this theory, public opinion has en arrayed against the proposition to di-rt additional water; and in recent years tention has been directed to schemes for taining power from other sources, such as e Whirlpool Rapids. John Lyell Harper, a ell-known engineer, has just published a mphlet entitled "The Suicide of the Horse-oe Fall," in which he maintains that the minution in flow is only apparent, and is due the changes in the contour of the precipice, e effect of which is to concentrate the flow the centre so that a smaller proportion is scharged at the sides. We quote from a re-ew of Mr. Harper's pamphlet in *Engineer-g News* (New York, December 14). Says is paper:

"The visitor at Niagara who views the Fall om Goat Island now sees a huge mass of lid green water plunging over the preci-ce at the top of the horseshoe, while only a in veil of water flows over at the sides. It obvious that with the concentration of the w in the centre of the stream, erosion there nds continually to become more and more pid, and the concentration of flow at that int becomes still greater. Mr. Harper says:

"'An entire cessation of the diversion of ater from the river for power would not re-rd the self-destruction of the horseshoe rm, but would rather tend to accelerate it. negative action can preserve the horse-oe, but positive action must be taken with urage and intelligence, and as soon as pos-ble, so that the greatest scenic spectacle in e United States may not be allowed to com-t suicide.

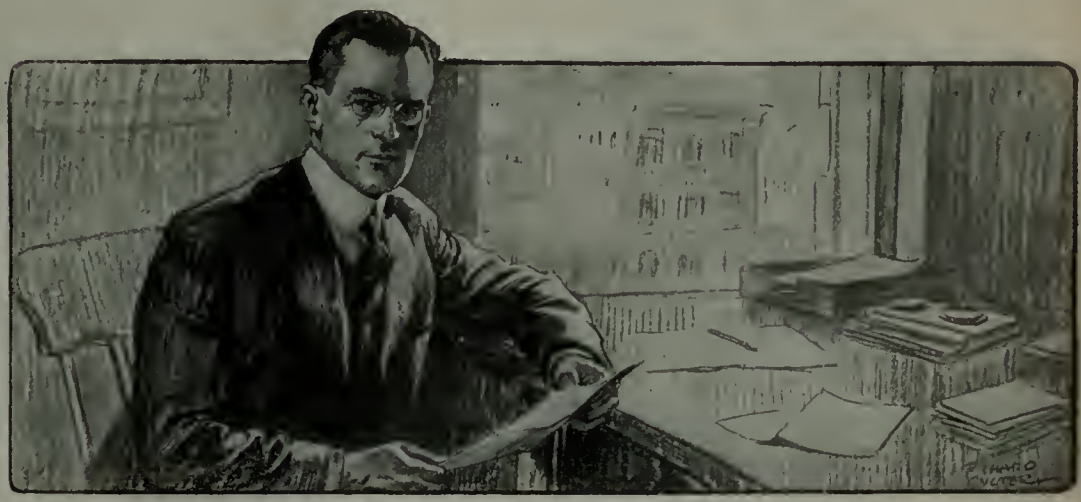
"'It should be the policy of those control-g the falls at Niagara to have constructed the bed of the river, above the Horseshoe ll, invisible current deflectors which would ake impossible the gathering of the whole ver into a deep, narrow gorge, and would ain deflect the water over the sides and els of a re-established horseshoe.

"'This would not only improve the present ectacle, but would cause the whole contour the fall to wear uniformly, so that coming nerations in viewing its beauty may also ve before their eyes the emblem of good ck.'

"Mr. Harper further points out that the nerican Fall, on the eastern side of Goat land, delivers only 5 per cent. of the total w of the river, yet it forms at least a arter of the total scenic spectacle. If the w of the river in the Canadian channel were



THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD



This is the day of "captains." The times call for captains in all lines of endeavor, military and industrial. Behind the captains in the Army and Navy must stand the captains of Industry. In war and in peace our national security is a question of factories and food. The best food for men and women who plan and direct great enterprises is

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spread around the whole length of the horseshoe, as it is along the crest of the American Fall, Mr. Harper believes that not more than 35 per cent. of the total discharge of the river so distributed would cover the entire precipice at the Horseshoe Fall with a cascade more than twice as deep as that of the present American Fall, and would produce a scenic effect equal in grandeur and greater in extent than the present Fall.

"Mr. Harper is chief engineer of the Hydraulic Power Company of Niagara, and is a member of the American Societies of Mechanical Engineers, Civil Engineers, and Electrical Engineers, and the Electrochemical Society. He makes no suggestion in his pamphlet as to the methods by which the 'invisible current deflectors' which he proposes could be constructed in the bed of the river above the Horseshoe Fall. Those who have visited Niagara and witnessed the wild torrent of water which sweeps down the rapids above the falls can form a conception of the heroic task that would be involved in building any structure in these seething waters which could withstand them.

Japan and Germany

Will Friendly Relations Between Them Follow the War?

MUCH discussion has followed the now famous "break" of Herr von Zimmerman in suggesting an alliance with Mexico and Japan against the United States. The Japanese have repudiated all knowledge of the matter and their denial is accepted unqualifiedly by all who have stopped to consider the position of the Island Kingdom. However, Japanese writers are now freely discussing the position that Nippon will take after the war. Fairly representative of the general opinion is that expressed by K. K. Kawakami in the course of an article in *The Forum*. He reviews the reasons for Japan's hostility to Germany, but it will be observed that in his closing paragraphs he states frankly that this hostility need not continue in the future. It depends, apparently on Germany; also, although this in not suggested, on Britain and the United States. He concludes:

If a German-Japanese rapprochement is to follow the War, the Wilhelmstrasse must entirely abandon the tactics which it has hitherto practised in the Far-East. Fortunately both for Japan and for Germany, there is growing evidence that such a modification of German policies will not be slow in coming. Admiral von Truppel, whom we have already quoted, frankly admits that German work in China can no longer be carried on without taking Japan into consideration."

Once Germany frankly admits her past blunders and shows an earnest desire to "make up" with Japan, there is no reason why the latter would not respond. Indeed, the gradual change of attitude which the German press and publicists have of late displayed in favor of Japan had, until the unfortunate Zimmermann occurrence, been highly appreciated in Tokyo. It is, of course, too early to predict what the post-bellum alignment of the Powers will be, but it is certain that when Germany abandons her political ambitions in China and concentrates her energies in the development of her colonial interests in Africa and other countries close to the Fatherland, Japan will be glad to co-operate with Germany in the commercial development of China. With Japanese tutorage leading China into the path of progress and higher civilization, Germany will find a large new outlet for those machineries and manufactures stamped with the German mark.

This seems obvious from Germany's experience in Japan, where her export in the past fifteen years rose from practically nothing to the sum of $34,197,000.

A German Republic?

If the Teutons are Turning Democratic Let Them Prove It.

IN THE course of a vigorous editorial pronouncement, *Collier's Weekly* deals with the outward semblance of democracy that Germany has professed and puts forward the suggestion that the world demands proofs and not protestations. The editorial reads:

It may be that the Allies are in a bad state, that England is starving, France exhausted, Germany victorious all along the line. We have no sources of exact information, but are forced to go for the hardest facts to newspapers that destroyed England by means of Zeppelins two years ago and surrendered Paris to Von Kluck as early as September, 1914. On the other hand, faith in these assertions is sometimes shaken by intimations from German sources that would seem to indicate anything but a victorious feeling or even a remote hope of victory. Imagine a triumphant Germany suggesting peace! Yet the German peace propaganda in this country has started even earlier than *Collier's* predicted. This Government had hardly warmed up to the war, there had been scarcely time to make contracts for submarine chasers, before friends and agents of Germany began to talk of "peace arrangements agreeable to the interests of both nations." In New York there are a number of pro-German newspapers. There is one in particular which was so distinctly in the propaganda that it became a public nuisance. After war was declared against Germany it was quiet for a few days, probably from a judicious regard for its own safety. Then it crept out of its hole to propose an immediate peace "based on an alliance between Germany, Great Britain, and the United States"—an exquisite idea, but not one that conveys a note of triumph.

Abroad there are other signs that while victory is sweet there can be too much of it. It is palling on this meek and Christian dynasty. It seems as if they would almost welcome the homely fare of defeat. Nothing is more certain than that the autocracy has as firm a grip as ever on public opinion in Germany. What is published in the papers is published by permission. What is discussed in the Reichstag is agreeable to the men who control the military policy of the Government. Why has absolutism softened? Why are unheard-of constitutional reforms openly discussed? Why is Maximilian Harden permitted to denounce the Government and call for radical reorganization? Why is a socialist sent on a Government mission to confer with foreign socialists and when he returns appointed to the head of the Constitutional Committee of the Reichstag? Why are the editorial rooms of *Vorwärts* no longer in the county jail?

Germany, the Germany of blood and iron, of rule or ruin, has suddenly gone democratic. The Kaiser, in effect, is saying to the democracies of the world: "Look, I am no longer supreme. I have seen the error of my ways. I withdraw from power, or, if you like it better, I have been forced out by a great upheaval of popular sentiment, for which instructions have been issued through the customary police and journalistic agencies. You refuse to discuss terms of peace with me? Very well, then, I no longer speak for the German people. They will speak for themselves through my Reichstag. It is an admirable instrument of public thought. I know, for my glorious and invincible ancestors made it themselves and I have added a few inventions of my own. It is composed, as you see, of lawyers, merchants, journalists, socialists just the sort of honest fellows who make up the House of Representatives at Washington. There will be no longer a question of an autocrat imposing his will on the world, but democracy shall speak to democracy—a republic in everything but name to her sister republic in nothing but name. These two democracies have a common culture, and surely the land of Karl Marx and Beethoven can address the land of Washington and Sousa? You say you

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Dear Reader:—
If you prefer, you can write me personally about your skin troubles. All letters confidential.
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feel no hostility to the people of Germany Then there can be no obstacle to an arrange ment for peace. Let the democracy of Ger many and the democracy of the United State of North America embrace!"

To the casual observer it sounds a good dea less like a note of triumph than an acknowled ment of defeat. There was no talk of "Ger man democracy," "constitutional reforms," o a "constitutional monarchy" after the peac of Versailles. If the German people wish t treat for peace as a republic, they should no overlook one small preliminary. They hav only to become a republic.

Finance in Paraguay

A View of Money Conditions in This Easy-Going Republic.

IN THE course of an interesting descriptio of the South American Republic of Para guay, J. O. P. Bland writes in the Edinburg *Review* as follows:

The present condition of the Republic fairly reflected in its currency, which consist entirely of greasy paper. The Paraguaya dollar (*peso fuerte*) is worth, as I have sai between three and four cents gold, as times g The average peon laborer can earn ten these dollars (say, eighteen pence) a da The bare necessities of life, including hous rent, are comparatively cheap, but everythin of the nature of imported or manufacture goods is extremely dear. Boots, for exampl are beyond the means of the working class so that men, women, and children—every on in fact, except politicians and policemen—g barefoot. Eggs cost fifteen dollars a dozen a ride in a tramcar a dollar. Even largesse i a beggar or a bootblack must take the for of a bank-note. Every Indian market-woma in exchange for her fowls, fish, or fruit, go home with a fat wad of this paper, to whic each day's use adds its tale of ragged greas ness. The lowest note value is fifty centav —roughly, three farthings. For the printin of these notes the Government has gone the American Bank Note Company of Ne York, and acquired a very creditable spec men of steel engraving. It has probably nev occurred to any market-woman, or indeed any patriotic legislator, to inquire what pr portion the cost of printing bears to th purchasing value of these scraps of paper, to trace the connection between this sort frenzied finance and the chronic insolvency

Continued on page 75.

COMING FEATURES

A narrative of circus life in Canada, by L. B. Yates, the famous writer of race horse and circus stories, and creator of "Paragon Pete" and "The Singin' Kid." L. B. Yates is a Canadian.

A strong article on the granting of titles in Canada by a well-known public man.

Some remarkable narratives from men at the front.

Continued from page 72.

the treasury. Such things are nobody's business. The little groups of gesticulating citizens, that discuss politicis with such eloquent fervor on the sidewalks, allot their praise or blame to public men entirely by results, assessed in terms of loaves and fishes.

In a community where the "emerged tenth" looks frankly to the State, expecting to be maintained in dignified ease from the public funds, it were churlish to reproach the general body of citizens, either for their habits of cheerfully improvident indolence, or for their destructive methods of remonstrating with the powers that be, whensoever there are not enough loaves and fishes to go round. You cannot persistently inculcate the modern socialist doctrine of rights without corresponding duties, and then expect a lively sense of public service in the electorate. But, to give him his due, your Paraguayan, even when he sets out to wreck public buildings, as a protest against the words and works of public men, preserves something of the manners of a gentleman and a philosophic quality of urbanity. It is chiefly this quality, together with the humblest peon's complete lack of snobbery, which somehow compels one to a sneaking sympathy with him, even though we may know that he treats his womanfolk as beasts of burden and pawns his thirsty soul for *cana*. As you saunter through the streets of the sleeping town at midday (it takes its *siesta* from 11.30 to 2.30, be the weather hot or cold), gradually the earnestness of all our hustling, bustling civilization, our cult of machinery and Mammon, seems charged with futility, and this people almost justified, if only because its individual soul (for what it may be worth) is still its own. In such an atmosphere as this, it is not possible to maintain grimly protestant moods of moral superiority. Easier far, and possibly wiser, to let oneself drift uprotesting on the placid tide of *manana* and *mas o menos*.

This facile descent, this process of adaptation to environment, is frequently rapid, but rarely complete. A Chicago "drummer" never attains to it, and a Frenchman seldom. Irishmen achieve it best, especially in the life of the "camp," because of the elementally human quality in the philosophy of the Celt —that something which enables him to sympathize instinctively with his primordial Paraguayan brother; and also because he himself has never wittingly yielded to the tyranny of the Time machine.

German Colonies Must Be Kept

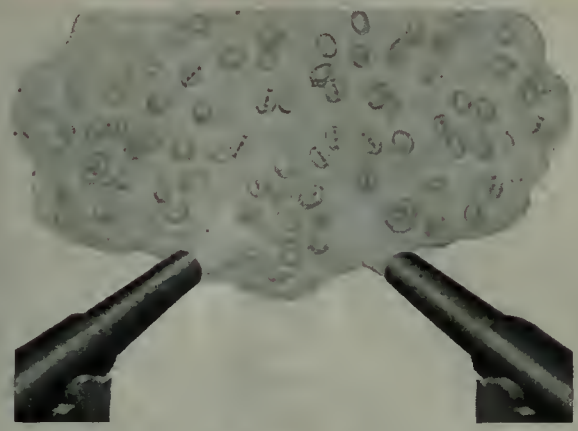
Reasons Why the Conquered Territories Should Not be Returned.

GERMANY'S colonies are practically all in in the hands of the Allies now and will unquestionably weigh in the consideration of peace terms. In the course of an article in *The Contemporary Review*, however, John H. Harris advances the opinion, first, that these colonies are worthless to Germany and, second, that for reasons which he outlines they should be retained. It is interesting to quote:

There are three cardinal facts which should be borne in mind in conection with Germany's Colonial Empire. First, almost the entire areas of these colonies are incapable of white colonization; secondly, and this, I repeat, is of immense political importance, Germany knows that without the conquest or the annexation of populous Asiatic or other African territories, her colonies were doomed to ultimate bankruptcy; finally, that the value of any of these colonies, if they should come under the flag of England, France, or even Portugal, would be increased tenfold for the simple reason that either of these Powers could do what Germany cannot — namely, populate them.

When we turn to the potential assets of the German colonies, a vision of incalculable wealth confronts the eye. Happily there is very little gold, the frantic searching for

Continued on page 77.



No Fancy Food
This Bubbled Wheat

Make no mistake about these airy tidbits—these flimsy, flaky bubbles—puffed from wheat and rice.

They are no mere food confections.

Their inventor is Prof. A. P. Anderson. And they represent the utmost in scientific foods.

Their nut-like flavor comes from terrific heat. The grains are all shot from guns. They are puffed by a hundred million steam explosions, caused in every kernel.

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These are delightful dainties. They seem, perhaps, like a breakfast garnish. But they are really the greatest foods ever created from wheat or rice. The better you know them the more you will serve them. Every ounce is an ounce of clear nutrition. Many foods are toy foods in comparison.

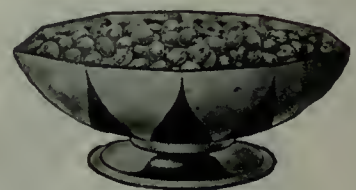
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C. A. HAYES,
General Traffic Manager.

H. H. MELANSON,
General Passenger Agent,
MONCTON, N.B.

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which is not merely the root of all evil, but, economically, is the "scarlet woman" of the financial world, whose chief function appears to be the dissipation of capital. Vegetable oils and butters—the Consols of the tropics—abound, edible butters from cocoanuts, ground nuts and oil palms for the production of salad oils and "nut butter at popular prices," cocoa-butter from the cocoa beans for delectable pomades, and the healing ointments of medical science. After vegetable butters come a host of commodities jostling each other for pre-eminence — cocoa, rubber, cotton, sizal, mahogany, diamonds, and spices.

The areas capable of largest productivity are the Cameroons and Togoland. These two colonies, which had a pre-war export of vegetable butter products of £300,000, have a combined area of 225,000 square miles, while the neighboring British territory of Nigeria, only half as large again and with approximately the same "butter" productivity, has an export of £5,000,000. It would be perfectly safe to calculate that after ten years of British rule the butter exports of Togo and the Cameroons would exceed £3,000,000. But it is doubtful whether Germany, unless she controls new and populous areas either in Asia or Africa, could raise the export much beyond the £300,000.

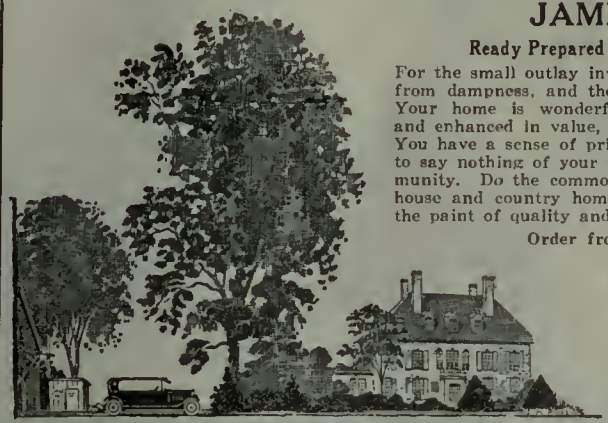
The same arguments apply to cocoa. Togoland, the Cameroons and the British Gold Coast, all commenced the production of cocoa approximately at the same period. The Gold Coast and Ashanti measure only 80,000 square miles as compared with their sister German colonies of 225,000 square miles. The cocoa production of the smaller British territory was, prior to the war £2,500,000, as compared with only £220,000 for the larger German territories with similar productive capacity. The production of cocoa in the British areas was £30 per square mile, as compared with a fraction less than £1 per square mile in German territory. It should not be difficult task for an Administration adopting British principles to raise the cocoa export of the German territories from £220,000 to something over £3,000,000. German East Africa and the South Pacific Islands are also capable of producing an enormous quantity of vegetable butter. Copra, the flesh of the cocoanut, one of the most nutritious and, at the same time, germ-proof ingredients of the best margarine, represents already 90 per cent. of the Pacific exports.

Whilst vegetable oils and butters constitute the major exports of the German colonies, they are only exported to-day to the veriest fraction of their capacity. There are other subsidiary possibilities of large and increasing value. Besides vegetable butter, the Cameroons abound in African mahogany, and there are still large supplies of virgin rubber possessing some market value. In Togoland, there are possibilities of cotton in three large provinces, and ground nuts once had a phenomenal export which would have been maintained but for the folly, to say nothing of the crime, of killing off the producers. German South-West has diamonds which will find a good market when it so pleases Kimberley, but copper and the cultivation of cotton have to ask nobody's permission to come into more energetic activity, providing the countless Herreros could either be called back to life or be replaced from other parts of the world. German East Africa not only produces some vegetable butter, but has a good chance of ultimately capturing the sisal markets of the world and a certainty of so doing if the upheaval in Mexico should lead to the liberation of the slaves of the henequen kings of the Yucatan.

The one supreme consideration, the bed-rock fact which explains the stunted economic growth of the German colonies, is that in spite of all her expenditure of money and energy, the colonies were not what Germany so sorely needed—namely, areas capable of absorbing her surplus population. This cardinal fact has never been grasped by British or any other public opinion. A territory to be colonizable must be suited to the domestic life of a white race; it must permit the birth, education, and up-bringing of white children. In the million square miles of the German African and South Pacific Colonies, there were, prior to the outbreak of war, less than

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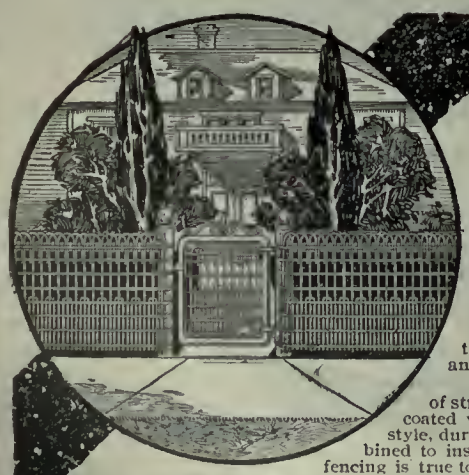
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9,500 colonists, which implies a total immigration from the Mother Country of less than 1,000 men per annum! Every student of Colonial affairs can appreciate what this means, can appreciate the chagrin of the German nation which it was realized that the colonies were not, and could never be, rendered colonizable by Germany.

The natural unwillingness of the Germans to emigrate with their families and expose themselves to the ravages of malaria was bad enough, but worse was to follow. Tropical and sub-tropical territory can be developed by the white man, providing he has an adequate population to draw upon, and here again the German administrators found themselves in a hopeless position. In Togoland, Germany possessed three natives to one square mile, but they crossed the borders in a continuous stream to trade and labor in the British Colony of the Gold Coast. In German South-West Africa the sparcity of population was still worse—three natives only to ten square miles!

The political significance of this should be carefully noted, for when it was realized that Germany could not colonize the territories she possessed, her statesmen had but one of two courses before them: (*a*) to obtain a labor supply from other Powers, or (*b*) to obtain by diplomacy or force control of a densely populated area in Africa or Asia. Failing either solution, there was nothing but Colonial disaster before Germany; this was beyond question a contributory cause of that German political irritability which has for years set Europe by the ears, and has at last culminated in a world-wide catastrophe.

Germany at first attempted to secure a labor supply from British territory, but the atrocious treatment at Wilhelmstal of immigrant natives from the South African Union put an end to this current of labor. Then an attempt was made to obtain British permission to recruit Indian labor from British India, which permission was promptly refused. The failure of these and similar efforts, coupled with the ever-increasing rate of native depopulation in the Colonial territories, left Germany with the single alternative of obtaining control over some fairly densely populated territory elsewhere, but when German statesmen cast about for such territory, they were confronted everywhere with doors bolted and barred against them. German statesmen were too late, the older Colonizing Powers had, for good or ill, divided up and entered into the inheritance of the more densely populated areas of the world.

The future of the German colonies must, of course, depend almost entirely upon the ultimate military situation. There are those who argue with a good deal of political force, but very little thought for the native inhabitants, that for many reasons peace terms should permit the return to Germany of all her conquered territories. There are no conceivable circumstances under which such a return could be made, those who have any doubts upon that should bear in mind three indisputable facts. First, for political reasons Germany cannot, as a result of the war, return either to the Far East, the South Pacific or German South-West Africa. Secondly German statesmen may have shown themselves fools in many directions, but they are not so foolish as to desire a return of their African colonies unless with the return of those colonies there are coupled other Colonial territories capable of white settlement, and an arrangement by which adequate labor forces can be obtained for the development of the tropical and sub-tropical zones. Finally, there is one sheet-anchor to which British public opinion must hold fast—no British territory in any part of the Colonial Dominions occupied by colonists or tribes with whom we have contracted obligations, can be surrendered either to enemy or Allied Powers as a result of the war, without first securing the sanction of the British Parliament and the occupants of the territories concerned—this in view of certain suggestions now being made in connection with one at least of Britain's oldest colonies. If Germany is to rise again as a Colonial Power, the interests of permanent peace and of the Colonial territories themselves demand that she should only do so

providing she is prepared to regard Colonial expansion as an opportunity for service, and not that the territories should only be exploited in the interests of the Mother Country.

No Supermen in this War

The Conflict is too Great to be Dominated by Single Figures.

SIDNEY LOW writes in *The Fortnightly* an extremely able treatise on "The Passing of the Superman," showing that the war has not produced figures which dwarf the stage as in the great wars of the past. It is perhaps that the present war is too great, too all-embracing, to allow any one figure, no matter how powerful, to monopolize any single phase of it. Mr. Low discusses this interesting subject, in part, as follows:

The greatest of all wars has so far thrown up no supremely great personality. We have got rid of what Mr. Wells, with one of his irradiating flashes of insight and description, calls the Effigy: the great, caracoling, threatening, overbearing figure that looms so large in the foreground of all the wars and conquests of the past. Always when you turn back to these things the interest centres dramatically round an individual. The Man has so overshadowed the Event that most often we have forgotten the latter and remember only the former. It is of Rameses or Sesostris, Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, Attila, Charlemagne, Genghis Khan, Charles XII., Peter the Great we think rather than of the kingdoms they devoured, the empires they founded or destroyed, the hosts they led to the slaughter. History flattens out before many minds a rather dull, level expanse, like the plain of Thebes with the Colossi towering above it to catch the sunbeams. It is the big man who often gives his name to the epoch: the age of Augustus, the age of Mohammed, the Napoleonic period, the Bismarckian era, and so forth.

But this marvellous stretch of time through which we are passing will not, it seems, be known as the Age of Anybody. We have no Effigy really worth a show-case in the historic museum, though several of the nations engaged have made some well-intentioned efforts to create one. We have felt somehow that we "want a hero," like Byron when he started upon "Don Juan." The research after this object of desire has not been conspicuously successful. The Germans do their best with Hindenburg; but it is surmised that the strategy and battle-schemes are really worked out by Ludendorf and other useful subordinates, and that Hindenburg himself may be only a clumsy wooden image, "made in Germany" to order and scale. In France there was at first some disposition to cast Joffre for the part; but that modest, methodical, painstaking, and unimaginative commander is not of the stuff whereof effigies are made, and he showed an absolute disinclination to appear in this *role*. Among ourselves a conscientious endeavor was made for a time to find what he wanted in Kitchener, the strong, silent man, the organizer of victory. But, alas! the Dardanelles report is out; and whatever may be said of that inconvenient, and inconveniently timed, document, it must be acknowledged that it makes sad havoc with the Kitchener legend.

And the Effigy-Statesman is apparently as obsolete as the Effigy-Warrior. We look in vain for the Cromwell, the Lincoln, the Cavour, the Chatham, even the Choiseul or the Alberoni, of the Great War. We are still conscious of the old tradition which tells us that when great things are being done there should be a Great Man somewhere to see to the doing of them. So we are hoping that the Prime Minister may fill the void.

We have no hero; but a superabundance of heroes. We live, as Mr. Wells says, amid a torrent of heroism. But it is the heroism of the common unregarded human being, the man who was just food for powder or food for pikes in the olden wars.



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The Importance of the Eastern Front

Britain Should Have Concentrated on the War Problems of the East.

UNDER the heading "A Criticism of Allied Strategy," H. Sidebotham contributes a remarkably interesting article in *The Atlantic Monthly*. He adopts the view that Britain should have concentrated on the east rather than throwing her great weight against the western front. France, he claims, could have maintained a successful defensive. Then the following plan could have been followed out.

If the danger caused by the entry of Turkey into the war were to be regarded through British spectacles, the area indicated was clearly Syria, with or without Mesopotamia. When Turkey became an enemy the foundations of our whole Eastern policy suddenly gave way. For more than a century we had supported her, because an independent and friendly Turkey was supposed to be necessary to the safety of our Indian Empire. Turkey was the buffer state between that Empire and Russia, and the first and main effect of her hostility, so far as England was concerned, was that the communications through Egypt were endangered. The surest way of defending Egypt and the communications with India was by attacking the communications of Turkey with the East. Turkey has only two routes to the East that matter—one along the northern shores of Asia Minor leading to Armenia, which was clearly the concern of Russia; the other through the Cilician Gates into Syria, and this was clearly our concern. A quite small military effort, made as soon as Turkey declared against us, would have given us Alexandretta and prevented Turkey from using the Bagdad railway and from reinforcing Syria with troops or munitions. Under these circumstances a serious attack on Egypt would have been quite out of the question. There might have been two supplements to this plan. If Akabah had been seized, we should not only have secured this flank of Egypt against attack but we should have cut Turkey's communications with Arabia by the Hedjaz railway. It might also have been convenient to seize the head of the Persian Gulf up to the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates; but this campaign had no urgency. Can it be doubted that the cutting of Turkey's railway communications with the East would have been infinitely more useful, not only to ourselves, but to the cause of the Allies as a whole, than, say, the dubious victory of Neuve Chapelle?

A second alternative would have been the forcing of the Dardanelles and the capture of Constantinople. If the first of the plans that are now being outlined would have insured the safety of Egypt and of the communications with India, and the defeat of Germany's Bagdad railway schemes, the success of this second plan, by opening communications into Russia and breaking the blockade under which Russia was suffering, might perhaps have saved her from the heavy defeats of 1915, and would in any case have dealt a fatal blow at Germany's ambitions in Turkey—a blow that would have been a dramatically just retribution for the criminal folly of the General Staff in invading Belgium. Begun early and without the distraction of a premature offensive in the West, this enterprise would not have been impossible of accomplishment; and success would also have saved Serbia by preventing Bulgaria from taking the side of Germany.

A third alternative—though much more difficult of accomplishment—would have been so to strengthen Serbia that she not only could have resisted invasion, but might have developed an offensive against Hungary. This plan would have fitted in with the Russian strategy of concentration against Austria; it would have been invaluable if Roumania had come in early; and if our positions had been well established, it would have saved Roumania when she did come in. But the practical difficulties might very well have been insuperable, and this alternative cannot compare in attractiveness with the first and second.

The paradox of the whole business is that, while any one of these alternatives would have served and accomplished results far greater than any which were obtained on the West, and at far less cost, we should have tried all three in succession and each in a way that could not succeed. The first alternative we adopted in the form of a campaign in Mesopotamia which did not protect Egypt, and, so long as Turkey was free to reinforce her local troops by the Bagdad railway, was most unlikely to reach any decisive results. The Dardanelles campaign, again, was ruined partly by bad management, but mainly by a strange lack of appreciation of the great prize for which we were working. Mr. Churchill was one of the very few Englishmen who realized that the logical sequence of the Marne victory was, first, the defense of Belgian Flanders, and after that a vigorous offensive, not against the strongest part of the enemy's defenses, but against the weakest point at which victory would have given decisive results. This was, undoubtedly, Constantinople. Such a prize, once we had entered for it, was worth every man that we could spare after the defence of our lines in the West had been made secure.

Finally, after the failure of the second alternative, the third was tried under circumstances that insured failure from the very outset. It would have been at least an intelligible though not a wise policy to refuse at the outset to have anything to do with an Eastern campaign of offence and to confine all our offensive efforts to the West. It would have been equally intelligible, and productive under wise direction of immensely important, perhaps decisive results, to confine ourselves on the West to a strict policy of defence, and to throw ourselves with all the vigor of which we were capable on the weak easterly wing of the hostile coalition. But the policy actually adopted, of attempting simultaneous offensives on both East and West fronts, was doomed to failure from the outset. Either West or East—East rather than West, because not only was the offensive less difficult there, but success would bring us nearer to decisive results—but not both East and West at the same time.

It is interesting to speculate as to what would have happened if England had waged this war on the lines of Chatham's strategy, which was to avoid taking part in the main clash of European armies, except to supply money and munitions; to use the power of the fleet to the utmost; and to use the army only as an adjunct to the fleet in colonial operations or in such military enterprises on the Continent as were peninsular in character and could be waged on a system of strictly limited military liability. Some modification of this system would clearly have been necessary in view of pledges given by England in the military conversations with France that continued for years before the war; and as things were we had no alternative until after the battle of the Marne. But when that battle had been won, there were no valid objections to a reversion to Chatham's principle of strategy.

These principles would probably have dictated a defensive campaign for Antwerp and the Belgian coast, because our naval problems were greatly complicated by their loss. They would certainly have dictated a war against Germany in Turkey, like Chatham's wars against France in India and Canada. It is not impossible that. had this policy been adopted, the year 1915, or at least 1916, would have been as great in English history as 1757, the year of Plassey, or 1759, which saw the fall of Quebec. The element of doubt is whether France, if she had not had the British reinforcements that went to her in 1915 and 1916, would have been able to hold her defensive lines. The strong probability is that she would, though under such circumstances there could be no question of her attempting the offensive. But did she in fact gain anything by the premature offensives of 1915 and 1916? Were these not in fact an extravagant use of her man-power? There were many Frenchmen who thought so.

The Gun Brand

Continued from page 59.

dispute him, for he had told her not to believe him; to go see for herself. She did not believe MacNair, but in spite of herself she was impressed.

"The missionaries *are* doing good! Their reports show—"

"Their reports show! Of course their reports show! Why shouldn't they? Where do their reports go? To the people who pay them their salaries. Do not understand me to say that in all cases these reports are falsely made. They are not—that is, they are literally true. A mission reports so many converts to Christianity during a certain period of time. Well and good; the converts are there—they can produce them. The Indians are not fools. If the white men want them to profess Christianity, why they will profess Christianity—or Hinduism or Mohammedism! They will worship any god the white man suggests—for a fancy waistcoat or a piece of salt pork. The white man gives many gifts of clothing, and sometimes of food—to his converts. Therefore he shall not want for converts—while the clothing holds out!"

"And *your* Indians? Have they not suffered from their contact with you?"

"No. They have not suffered. I know them, their needs and requirements, and their virtues and failings. And they know me."

"Where is your fort?"

"Some distance above here on the shore of this lake."

"Will you take me there? Show me these Indians, that I may see for myself that you have spoken the truth?"

"No. I told you you were to have nothing to do with my Indians. I also warned my Indians against you—and your partner Lapierre. I cannot warn them against you and then take you among them."

"Very well. I shall go myself, then. I came up here to see your fort and the condition of your Indians. You knew I would come."

"No. I did not know that. I had not seen the fighting spirit in your eyes then. Now I know that you will come—but not while I am here. And when you do come you will be taken back to your own school. You will not be harmed, for you are honest in your purpose. But you will, nevertheless be prevented from coming in contact with my Indians. I will have none of Lapierre's spies hanging about, to the injury of my people."

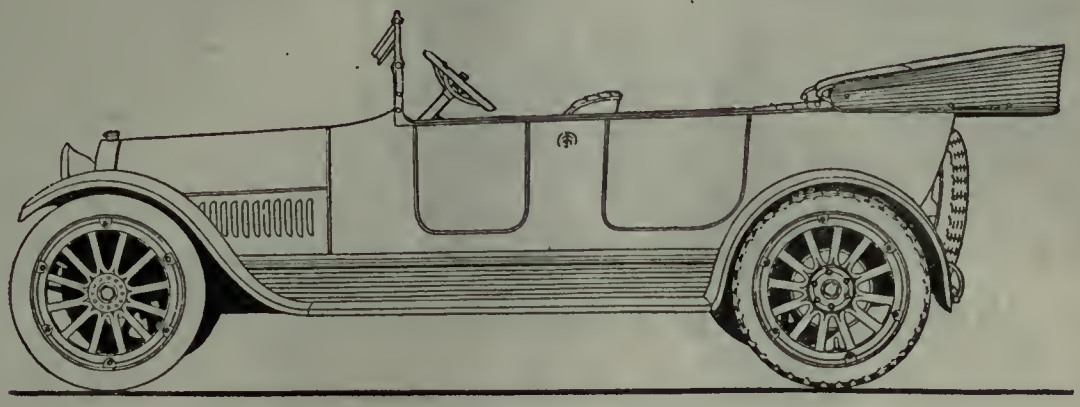
"Lapierre's spies! Do you think I am a spy? Lapierre's?"

"Not consciously, perhaps—but a spy, nevertheless. Lapierre may even now be lurking near for the furtherance of some evil design."

Chloe suddenly realized that MacNair's boring, steel-gray eyes were fixed upon her with a new intenseness—as if to probe into the very thoughts of her brain.

"Mr. Lapierre is far to the southward," she said—and then, upon the edge of the tiny clearing, a twig snapped. The man whirled, his rifle jerked into position, there was a loud report, and Bob MacNair

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sank slowly down upon the grass mound that was his mother's grave.

CHAPTER XI.

BACK ON THE YELLOW KNIFE.

THE whole affair had been so sudden that Chloe scarcely realized what had happened before a man stepped quickly into the clearing, at the same time slipping a revolver into his holster. The girl gazed at him in amazement. It was Pierre Lapierre. He stepped forward, hat in hand. Chloe glanced quickly from the dark, handsome features to the face of the man on the ground. The gray eyes opened for a second, and then closed; but in that brief, fleeting glance the girl read distrust, contempt, and silent reproach. The man's lips moved, but no sound came—and with a labored, fluttering sigh he sank into unconsciousness.

"Once more, it seems, my dear Miss Elliston, I have arrived just in time."

A sudden repulsion for this cruel, suave killer of men flashed through the girl's brain. "Get some water," she cried, and dropping to her knees began to unbutton MacNair's flannel shirt.

"But—" objected Lapierre.

"Will you get some water? This is no time to argue! You can explain later!" Lapierre turned, and without a word, walked to the lake and, taking a pail from the canoe, filled it with water. When he returned, Chloe was tearing white bandages from a garment essentially feminine, while Big Lena endeavored to staunch the flow of blood from a small wound high on the man's left breast, and another, more ragged wound where the bullet had torn through the thick muscles of his back.

The two women worked swiftly and capably, while Lapierre waited, frowning.

"Better hurry, Miss Elliston," he said, when the last of the bandages were in place. This is no place for us to be found if some of MacNair's Indians happen along. Your canoe is ready. Mine is farther down the lake."

"But this man—surely—"

"Leave him there. You have done all you can do for him. His Indians will find him."

"What!" cried Chloe. "Leave a wounded man to die in the bush!"

Lapierre stepped closer. "What would you do?" he asked. "Surely you cannot remain here. His Indians would kill you as they would kill a *carcajo*." The man's face softened. "It is the way of the north," he said sadly. "I would gladly have spared him—even though he is my enemy. But when he whirled with his rifle upon my heart, his fingers upon the trigger, and murder in his eye, I had no alternative. It was his life or mine. I am glad I did not kill him." The words and the tone reassured Chloe, and when she answered, it was to speak calmly.

"We will take him with us," she said. "The Indians could not care for him properly even if they found him. At home I have everything necessary for the handling of just such cases.

"But my dear Miss Elliston—think of the portages and the added burden. His Indians—"

The girl interrupted him—"I am not asking you to help. I have a canoe here. If you are afraid of MacNair's Indians you need not remain."

The note of scorn in the girl's voice was not lost upon Lapierre. He flushed

and answered with the quiet dignity that well became him: "I came here, Miss Elliston, with only three canoemen. I returned unexpectedly to your school, and when I learned that you had gone to Snare Lake, I followed—to save you, if possible, from the hand of the Brute."

Chloe interrupted him. "You came here—for *that?*"

The man bowed low. "Knowing what you do of Brute MacNair, and of his hatred of me, you surely do not believe I came here for business—or pleasure." He drew closer, his black eyes glowing with suppressed passion. "There is one thing a man values more than life—the life and the safety of the woman he loves!"

Chloe's eyes dropped. "Forgive me!" she faltered. "I—I did not know—I—Oh! don't you see? It was all so sudden. I have had no time to think! I know you are not afraid. But we can't leave him here—like this."

"As you please," answered Lapierre, gently. "It is not the way of the north; but—"

"It is the way of humanity."

"It is *your* way—and, therefore, it is my way, also. But let us not waste time!" He spoke sharply to Chloe's canoeman, who sprang to the unconscious form, and raising it from the ground, carried it to the water's edge and deposited it in the canoe.

"Make all posible speed," he said as Chloe preceded Big Lena into the canoe; "I shall follow to cover your retreat."

The girl was about to protest, but at that moment the canoe shot swiftly out into the lake, and Lapierre disappeared into the bush.

There was small need for the quarter-breed's parting injunction. The four Indian canoemen, evidently keenly alive to the desirability of placing distance between themselves and MacNair's retainers, bent to their paddles with a unanimity of purpose that fairly lifted the big canoe through the water and sent the white foam curling from its bow in tiny ripples of protest.

Hour after hour, as the craft drove southward, Chloe sat with the wounded man's head supported in her lap and pondered deeply the things he had told her. Now and again she gazed into the bearded face, calm mask-like in its repose of unconsciousness, as if to penetrate behind the mask and read the real nature of him. She realized with a feeling almost of fear, that here was no weakling—no plastic irresolute—whose will could be dominated by the will of a stronger; but a man, virile, indomitable; a man of iron will who, though he scorned to stoop to defend his position, was unashamed to vindicate it. A man whose words carried conviction, and whose eyes compelled attention even respect, though the uncouth boorishness of him repelled.

Yet she knew that somewhere deep down behind that rough exterior lay a finer sensitiveness, a gentleness of feeling, and a sympathy that had impelled him to a deed of unconscious chivalry of which no man need be ashamed. And in her heart Chloe knew that had she not witnessed with her own eyes the destruction of his whisky, she would have been convinced of his sincerity, if not of his postulates. "He is bad, but not *all* bad," she murmured to herself. "A man who will fight hard, but fairly. At all events, my journey to

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Suddenly the very last words she had spoken to him flashed into her mind—"Mr. Lapierre is far to the southward"—and then Chloe closed her eyes as if to shut out that look of mingled contempt and reproach with which the wounded man had sunk into unconsciousness. "He thinks I lied to him—that the whole thing was planned," she muttered, and was conscious of a swift anger against Lapierre. Her eyes swept backward to the brown spot in the distance which was Lapierre's canoe.

"He came up here because he thought I was in danger," she mused. "And MacNair would have killed him. Oh, it is terrible," she moaned. "This wild barren wilderness, where human life is cheap; where men hate, and kill, and maim, and break all the laws of God and man; it is all *wrong!* Brutal, and savage, and wrong!"

The shadows lengthened, the canoe slipped into the river that leads to Reindeer Lake, and still the tireless canoemen bent unceasingly to their paddles. Reindeer Lake was crossed by moonlight, and a late camp was made a mile to the westward of the portage. The camp was fireless, and the men talked in whispers. Later Lapierre joined them, and at the first grey hint of dawn the outfit was again astir. By noon the five-mile portage had been negotiated, and the canoes headed down Carp Lake, which is the northmost reach of the Yellow Knife.

The following two days showed no diminution in the efforts of the canoemen. The wounded man's condition remained unchanged. Lapierre's canoe followed at a distance of a mile or two, and a hundred times a day Chloe found herself listening with strained expectancy for the sound of the shots that would proclaim that MacNair's Indians had overtaken them. But no shots were fired, and it was with a feeling of intense relief that the girl welcomed the sight of her own buildings as they loomed in the clearing on the evening of the third day.

That night Lapierre visited Chloe in the cottage, where he found her seated beside MacNair's bed, putting the finishing touches to a swathing of fresh bandages.

"How is he doing?" he asked, with a nod toward the injured man.

"There is no change," answered the girl, as she indicated a chair close beside a table, upon which there was a tin basin, various bottles, and porcelain cups containing medicine, and a small pile of tablets. For just an instant the man's glance rested upon the tablets, and then swiftly swept the room. It was untenanted except for the girl and the unconscious man on the bed.

"Lefroy, it seems, has improved his time," ventured Lapierre as he accepted the proffered chair and drew from his pocket a thick packet of papers. "His complete list of supplies," he smiled. "With these in your storehouse you may well expect to seriously menace the trade of both MacNair and the Hudson Bay Company's post at Fort Rae."

Chloe glanced at the list indifferently. "It seems, Mr. Lapierre, that your mind is always upon trade—when it is not upon the killing of men."

The quarter-breed was quick to note the disapproval of her tone, and hastened to reply. "Surely, Miss Elliston, you cannot believe that I regard the killing of men as a pleasure; it is a matter of deep regret to me that twice during the short period of our acquaintance I have been called upon to shoot a fellow man.

"Only twice! How about the shot in the night—in the camp of the Indians, before you left for the southward?" The sarcasm of the last four words was not lost upon the man. "Who fired that shot? And what was the thing that was lifted from your canoe and dropped into the river?"

Lapierre's eyes searched hers. Did she know the truth? The chance was against it.

"A most deplorable affair—a fight between Indians. One was killed and we buried him in the river. I had hoped to keep this from your ears. Such incidents are all too common in the north land—"

"And the murderer—"

"He escaped. But to return to the others. Both shots, as you well know, were fired on the instant, and in neither case did I draw first."

Chloe, who had been regarding him intently, was forced to admit the justice of his words. She noted the serious sadness of the handsome features, the deep regret in his voice, and suddenly realized that in both instances Lapierre's shots had been fired primarily in defence of her.

A sudden sense of shame—of helplessness—came over her. Could it be that she did not fit the north? Surely, Lapierre was entitled to her gratitude, rather than her condemnation. Judged by his own standard, he had done well. With a shudder she wondered if she would ever reach the point where she could calmly regard the killing of men as a mere incident in the day's work? She thought not. And yet—what had men told her of Tiger Elliston? Without exception, almost, the deeds they recounted had been deeds of violence and bloodshed. When she replied her voice had lost its note of disapproval.

"Forgive me," she said softly, "it has all been so different—so strange and new, and big. I have been unable to grasp it. All my life I have been taught to hold human life sacred. It is not you who are to blame! Nor, is it the others. It is the kill or be killed creed—the savage wolf creed—of the north."

THE girl spoke rapidly, with her eyes upon the face of MacNair. So absorbed was she that she did not see the slim fingers of Lapierre steal softly across the table-top and extract two tablets from the little pile—failed also to see the swift motion with which those fingers dropped the tablets into a porcelain cup, across the rim of which rested a silver spoon.

The man arose at the conclusion of her words, and crossing to her side rested a slim hand upon the back of her chair. "No, Miss Elliston," he said gently, I am not to blame nor, in a measure, are the others. It is, as you say, the north—the crushing, terrible, alluring north—in whose primitive creed a good man does not mean a moral one, but one who accomplishes his purpose, even though that purpose be bad. End, and not means, is the ethics of the lean, lone land, where human life sinks into insignificance, beneath its immutable law of savage might."

His eyes burned as he gazed down into the upturned face of the girl. His hands

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stole lightly from the chair back and rested upon her shoulder. For one long, intense moment, their eyes held, and then, with a movement as swift and lithe as the spring of a panther, the man was upon his knees beside her chair, his arms were about her, with no thought of resistance, Chloe felt herself drawn close against his breast, felt the wild beating of his heart, and then—his lips were upon hers, and she felt herself struggling feebly against the embrace of the sinewy arms.

Only for a moment did Lapierre hold her. With a movement as sudden and impulsive as the movement that embraced her, the arms were withdrawn, and the man leaped swiftly to his feet. Too dazed to speak, Chloe sat motionless, her brain in a chaotic whirl of emotion, while in her breast outraged dignity and hot, fierce anger strove for the mastery over a thrill, so strange to her, so new, and so intense that it stirred her to the innermost depths of her being.

Swiftly, unconsciously, her glance rested for a moment upon the lean, bearded face of MacNair; and beside her chair, Lapierre noted the glance, and the thin lips twisted in a smile—a cynical sardonic smile, that faded on the instant, as his eyes flashed toward the doorway. For there, silent and grim as he had seen her once before, stood Big Lena, whose china-blue eyes were fixed upon him, in that same disconcerting, fishlike stare.

THE hot blood mounted to his cheeks and suddenly receded, so that his face showed pallid and pasty in the gloom of the darkened room. He drew his hand uncertainly across his brow and found it damp with a cold, moist sweat. Was it fancy, or did the china-blue, fish-like eyes rest for just an instant upon the porcelain cup on the table? With an effort the man composed himself, and stooping whispered a few hurried words into the ears of the girl who sat with her face buried in her hands.

"Forgive me, Miss Elliston; for the moment I forgot that I had not right. I love you! Love you more than life itself. More than my own life—or the lives of others. It was but the impulse of an unguarded moment that caused me to forget that I had not the right—forget that I am a gentleman. We love as we kill in the north. And now, good-by, I am going southward. I will return, if it is within the power of man to return, before the ice skims the lakes and the rivers."

He paused, but the girl remained as though she had not heard him. He leaned closer, his lips almost upon her ear. "Please, Miss Elliston, can you not forgive me—wish me one last *bon voyage?*"

Slowly, as one in a dream, Chloe offered him her hand. "Good-by!" she said simply, in a dull, toneless voice. The man seized the hand, pressed it lightly, and turning abruptly, crossed to the table. As he drew his Stetson toward him, its brim came into violent contact with the porcelain medicine cup. The cup crashed to the floor, its contents splashing widely over the whip-sawed boards.

With a hurried word of apology he passed out of the door—passed close beside the form of Big Lena, into whose cold, fishlike eyes the black eyes stared insolently, even as the thin lips twisted into a smile—cynical, sardonic, mocking.

To be Continued.

The Captain of the Susan Drew

Continued from page 44.

and won't put us ashore?" Mrs. Gifford demanded.

All stared hopelessly. No suggestions were offered.

"Very well, then," she said firmly; "I shall speak to this brute myself. I shall pay him to land us. I shall——"

A pair of feet and legs appeared on the companion ladder, and Captain Decker descended.

"Look here, sir," Sedley Brown gallantly sprang into the breach. "We've been discussing the situation——"

"What situation?" demanded the skipper.

"We all know about this ship," Mrs. Gifford said sternly. "We know you are smuggling opium into Hawaii, and that is why you refuse to land us. But I will pay you to land us. I will pay you five thousand dollars."

"I wouldn't if you made it fifty thousand," was the gruff rejection.

"I do make it fifty thousand. I will pay you fifty thousand dollars to put us ashore anywhere on the Hawaiian Islands."

CAPTAIN DECKER gave her a searching glance, and seemd convinced that she meant it. But the effect upon him was contrary to what they expected. His smooth-shaven face, harsh and savage, set obstinately.

"You can't walk over me with your money," he sneered. "Bill Decker ain't a pauper. Fifty thousand ain't no more to me than a piece of shavin' paper. Yes; the *Susan Drew* is a smuggler, and I don't give a rap who knows it, an' I'll see to it none of you get ashore in Hawaii to spread the news. Fifty thousand! Huh! Me and my partners make enough of this one run to retire. I got fifty tons of the dope below. It's worth fifteen dollars a pound. Think I'd risk a million an' half just to please you? Why, I'd give fifty thousand myself to get rid of you, if there was any way. But there ain't. Take it from me, madam, I ain't stuck on you."

V.

THE DAYS came and went. In vain Harrison and Sedley Brown scanned the sea-line for land. They knew the high peaks of the Hawaiian Islands were often sighted a hundred miles away; but Captain Decker was true to his word and raised neither hide nor hair of them. His rendezvous was a matter of pre-arranged latitude and longitude in the ocean waste far off from the traveled steamer tracks. One day, after the morning observation, he shortened sail and hove to. Though days and nights of fresh winds blew the *Susan Drew* drifted idly. After each morning observation, he would put on sail, regain the lost position, and heave to again.

"Of course—the fox—he is too cunning to venture in to land," Harrison remarked to Patty. "This is the meeting place, where he will transhipp the opium. He's made a good passage and is ahead of his time, that is all."

Captain Decker grew more insufferable. He had little manners and less courtesy.



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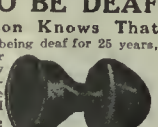
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He dominated any conversation he engaged in, and rudely broke in upon any conversation in which others chanced to be engaged. His table conduct was abominable. He could never keep out of paint or tar. He was stronger than any two of the sailors; and it was a splendid sight to see him swinging on a halyard with a turn under a pin, throw himself back and down till his broad shoulders almost touched on the deck. But the effect on his hands of this inveterate sailorizing was not nice—at least, for those who sat with him at table. His hands, skinned and scarred, gnarled and calloused, filthy with dirt grimed deep into the texture of the skin, were anything save appetizing to contemplate. Furthermore, he insisted on serving, and did so with those same members, upon which, during the performance, every eye was glued. Stewed prunes was a prime favorite of his, and graced the table three times a day. When he began on his full saucer, all conversation died away. Every person at the table gazed fascinated at the prunes disappearing into his mouth. But no pits came forth. Toward the end, he would solemnly bow to the empty saucer and spit out the accumulation in one single, heroic effort.

MRS. GIFFORD he made especially uncomfortable. He would gaze at her for long periods in a curious, speculative way. They even knew him to break off in the middle of a sentence to gaze at her, with dropped jaw and puzzling eyes.

"No, you are not my style," he remarked emerging from one such brown study. "I never did see anything in stout brunettes. Besides, it wouldn't be legal. A sea captain can splice anybody but himself. He's like a lighthouse that way."

"A lighthouse?" Patty asked, boldly striving to divert the conversation.

"A lighthouse? Oh, a sky-pilot, a parson!" was the answer. "When a parson wants to get married, he has to get some other parson to do the job. Same with sea captains. Any way, blondes is what I run to."

With her daughter and Temple Harrison very much occupied in aiding each other to pass the time, Mrs. Gifford was driven more and more by Captain Decker's persecution to accept the attentions of Sedley Brown.

"Now, don't worry," she told Patty, who had twitted her. "I haven't the slightest intention of marrying Sedley. He is too much like your dear father. No, no, nothing invidious — your father was a dear; but he was too good, too sweet, too mild. I never understood it, either, how such a gentle, non-assertive man could so successfully wield the immense financial power that was his. Of course, Old Silas laid the foundation and built the structure, but your father ably realized all that Silas had planned and not yet achieved. And he did more. The Caledonia and North Shore was entirely his own idea; and in the face of their calling it 'Gifford's Folly' for years, look at what it is to-day."

"But I don't object to Sedley Brown," Patty hastened to disclaim.

"But I do—as a husband," Mrs. Gifford went on. "I know all you would say—our financial interests are so similar, Asiatic Mail, Carmel Consolidated and all the rest; but . . . well, I couldn't bring myself to marry him, that's all. He's a dear, kind friend. As such, I adore him. But as a husband—Patty

dear, if I ever marry again it shall be a man, a big, strong man."

"But father was big and strong," Patty defended. "He played football at college. Sedley Brown says so, and says that he weighed nearly two hundred pounds. I scarcely remember him myself. I wasn't more than four or five years old at the time."

"You've seen photographs and portraits of him though. Don't you remember that ridiculous beard of his?—and on so young a man! Don't you see, Patty? That beard tells the whole story. He hid his face from men's eyes. He was not aggressive. He could never nerve himself to walk over the face of things rough-shod. He was an adept at finding peaceful ways around. If ever I marry again, it will be a human man, with spunk, who can raise his voice and swear at least once in a while, and fly off the handle; and if he does play the fool, play it with strength. I could even forgive such a man for drinking too much on occasion. Your father, my dear, was too perfect for a commonplace mortal woman like me. But it is all beside the question. I shall never marry. There is no proof of your father's death——"

"But the law?" Patty interposed.

"Oh, of course, it is legally established for business purposes! But I want moral proof."

"Yet, there was his hat, picked up off Yerba Buena a week after his disappearance," Patty argued. "In my mind, in everybody's mind, there isn't the slightest doubt but that he was drowned in San Francisco Bay——"

THROUGH the open skylight from below came squeals of terror from Mercedes and Matilada, the servile tones of Peyton, and the roaring huskiness of Captain Decker's whiskey-corroded throat.

"Begging your pardon, sir, I don't understand," Peyton was apologizing.

"Then I say it again," rasped the skipper. "There's the two skirts. Cast your lamps over 'em. Which'll you have? The Dago or the Eyetalian?"

More squalls and Ave Marias from the two maids, and reiterations on the valet's part of non-understanding.

"By the tarpaulins of Tartarus!" cursed Captain Decker. "Ain't it plain as the nose on your face? Ain't you a man? Ain't these here women? Ain't I goin' to marry you to one or the other?"

"But you can't, sir——"

"Can't! Maybe you don't know the authority of a captain on the high seas? I can do anything! I can mast-head you; I can keel-haul you; I—and I will, if you don't pick one of them skirts, an' damn lively about it!"

"But I won't be a bigamist, sir, begging your pardon," Peyton wailed. "I've a wife, sir, home in England——"

Further explanations were cut short by a snort of rage from the skipper.

"I always thought there was something underhanded about you—you, with your lick-spittlin' and cringin'. An' a married man all the time!"

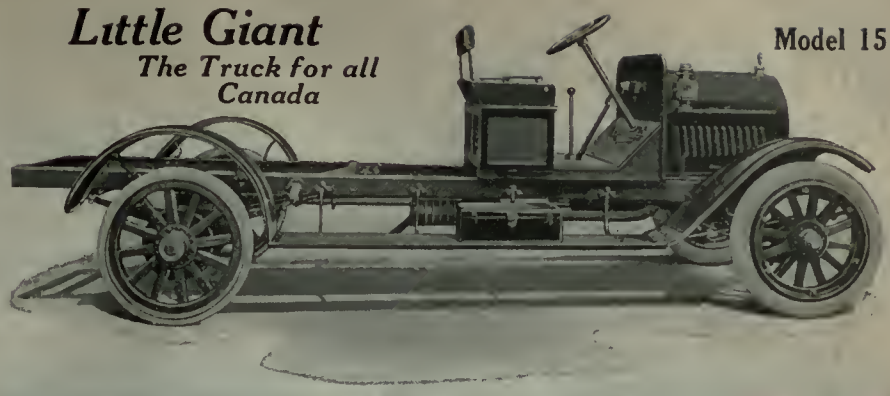
"Begging your pardon, sir," Peyton stammered. "Mr. Brown, my employer, sir, knows that I am married. You ask him, sir. He knows I send regular remittances home, sir. He can tell you——"

"Ar-r-r-r-g-g-g!" Captain Decker's inarticulate disgust was as a coffee-grinder in violent eruption. "Shut up! What are you making all the noise about?"

To be Continued.

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The Outlaw Boar

Continued from page 50.

AT TEN o'clock the party issued forth. It was a fine late fall day. The air was crisp and bracing. The rocks rang like metal to the footsteps, and a film of frost had spread over all the evergreen boles and foliage. Barton had come over early to see if the American had arrived and little persuasion was required to press him into the hunt.

Not ten minutes after leaving the shanties did the old hound, leading the pack, break into a deep-voiced bay and dash off through the underbrush. In the desire to make the hunt as interesting as possible, every dog in camp had been requisitioned, and a nondescript pack issued forth. Old Cæsar was brought along because of his excellent trailing propensities, and in addition to the wolfhounds, Smart, a snappy bull-terrier, and Jo, a mongrel collie, were now trailing out in the chase.

"We'll never catch them," panted McShane as he labored along. "Those dogs will run for miles." Suddenly, however, a distant clamor was heard, and the noise grew stronger. The chase, whatever it was, had turned, and was coming nearer.

"There they are. My God, what's that they're chasing?" burst out McShane, pointing to an elevation a quarter mile away. Along the plateau, racing at top speed, was the boar, and stretching out far behind him came the wolfhounds, hound, and collie in order.

"They'll corner him in three minutes," shouted Barton. "Come over this way and we'll see the finish." And, cutting across diagonally, the men joined the pursuit.

SURE enough, the prey was cornered in a few moments. In a small pocket gully, the black boar wheeled to face his foes, and when the hunters rushed up, the fight was on in terrible earnest.

The clamor at first had been tremendous, the wolfhounds opening out their deep voices at the sight of the creature at bay. This, however, soon died in the stress of a fearful combat. It was a veritable vortex of animals which the men witnessed from the top of a neighboring boulder. When the hounds, roaring around the corner in full tongue, had come suddenly upon the great black beast, standing chop-chopping in the shadow of the rock, they had piled on him even as a wave piles on a half-submerged reef. The sheer weight of attack would have seemed to overwhelm him. But in a moment the charge was scattered. As the dogs were hurled off, a fearsome gash ran red on the flanks of one. The collie, leaping fearlessly to the attack, as such dogs do in the first flush of valor, cannoned off the battle-scarred shoulder, unharmed, escaping by the merest inch a sweep of razor-edged fangs.

Again the pursuers rushed like an avalanche, and once again were shaken off. The big hounds could not gain a grip on the coarse, heavy throat, and again and again the huge powerful head, weaving back and forth with uncanny rapidity, hurled them aside, bleeding and torn.

There was something devilish in the last stand of the big outlaw. Crouching, with head lowered and slaver streaming from his chopping jaws, he met every rush of his foes with a vicious nimbleness of movement that was amazing. His little red eyes, gleaming from the bloody, scarred face, seemed fixed in a straight gaze, but the great head was faced to meet every attack.

THE battle was going hard with the hounds. The big pedigreed brutes, fagged with the chase on the rocks and baffled by the fearful sidelong sweeps and nimble drives of the boar, were sobbing in their throats, as they launched themselves again and again at the foot of the rock. The collie with two great body gashes was nearly out of it, and the foxhound, never a fighter, was stepping cautiously about in the background, seeking an opening.

But the day of the outcast had come. The fight had gone even harder with him. The muscles of a foreleg had been stripped in a chance grip of the collie, and his head and shoulders were a mass of bleeding wounds. Then, too, the appearance of the men in the background filled his soul once more with that vague dread which had always been with him since the shot in the dusk had seared his shoulder.

It was strategy, however, which hastened the end of the combat; the cunning of lesser assailants pitted against the stronger, and backed up with a last tremendous avalanche of energy. Like a white streak, the terrier, thirty pounds of daredevil recklessness, hurled himself at the throat of the boar. At the same moment the old fox-hound, long-used to harrying deer, stole from the rear and snapped the tendons of his quarters. With a roar the two big dogs leaped in, and even the mangled collie dragged in for the finish. For the first time the prey was down, but the fight waged none the less furiously for the time. But the last few moments were destined to be brief. Above the din of the scrimmage, the sharp, clear crack of a rifle rang out. In a minute all action was stilled. The body of the boar relaxed, and the assailants drew off. Tom Barton, from the crest of the rock, lifted his smoking rifle, and scrambled down to join the rest of the hunters. The hounds were whimpering and comforting their sores, and the American was solicitously examining them for serious injuries. But Barton stood gazing at the frame stretched out and stiffened in death.

"Poor old divil," he said, looking down at the massive head and shoulders. "So I was right after all. Couldn't make the grade, could you, old chap? But you're the gamest fighter of them all." And he took off his hat in respect.

WHENEVER Georgian Bay is mentioned in the home of Cyrus McShane, of Pittsburgh, he has a story to tell, and, grasping the visitor gently by the arm, he will propel him into his den, where, on the walls hangs a remarkable boar's head. Somehow the expression of the eyes is that of a captured outlaw, bold, hard, defiant, and yet with something of a wistful straining after freedom. McShane relates his story very well; the trapper in the north country could tell it even better; but to the keen observer, the eyes on the wall read out their version, which is more graphic than them all.

Fifty Years of Business Expansion

Continued from page 36.

were under $13,000,000 in value, then the growth becomes all the more remarkable. For, in 1916, Canada's trade amounted to nearly a billion and a half dollars; her exports of manufactured products to $242,000,000, and her exports of agricultural products to $250,000,000. Her mineral exports in the same period jumped from $1,800,000 to nearly $67,000,000, and the products of her fisheries from $3,500,000 to over $22,000,000.

The development of trade has been graphically reflected in the expansion of the financial institutions of the country, notably the chartered banks and the insurance companies. There were as a matter of fact, more banks doing business in 1867 than there are to-day, but the banks of the Confederation year were very much smaller and, in several cases, they were in a notoriously shaky condition. In all there were twenty-six of them in existence, with a paid-up capital among them of approximately thirty millions, or about a quarter of the paid-up capital of the twenty-one institutions now operating under Dominion charters. There were about 120 branches doing business, the large majority of which were located in the Upper Provinces.

Since 1867, sixteen of the twenty-six chartered banks on the list in that year have disappeared, either through failure or amalgamation, leaving but ten of their number to carry on the traditions of the pre-Confederation days. The survivors, in point of age, are the Bank of Montreal, Bank of Nova Scotia, Bank of British North America, Bank of Toronto, Molson's Bank, Bank Nationale, Merchants Bank, Banque Provinciale, Union Bank and Canadian Bank of Commerce. Eleven new banks have been established, bringing the present total up to twenty-one.

To-day Canadian banks have over 3,000 branches in Canada alone, not to mention agencies in the United States, the West Indies and elsewhere. Their assets have grown since 1867 from seventy-five millions to well over two billions; their liabilities from forty millions to over eighteen hundred millions. They have deposits of over fifteen hundred millions, as compared with twenty-five millions fifty years ago, and their circulation has expanded in the half-century from nine millions to over $132,000,000.

Life insurance was the smallest of Canada's financial institutions in 1867. Only one Canadian company,—the Canada Life, which had been organized in 1847,—was operating, and the total insurance in force of all companies, including British and American did not exceed $30,000,000. Progress in this one business alone has been little short of phenomenal. Company after company has been organized until to-day no fewer than twenty-six domestic companies are reporting annually to the Dominion Department of Insurance, not to speak of fifteen British and sixteen American companies.

By the end of 1916, the insurance in force on the lives of Canadians amounted to nearly a billion and a half dollars, of which nine hundred millions was carried by our own Canadian insti-

Continued on page 92.

Jamieson Loses a Hat

White and Jamieson are two engineers. White has the modern mind—goes in for cost-study. Jamieson is old-fashioned—goes in for production and efficiency, as applied to the mechanics of his department, but has little liking for the arithmetic of business.

White was arguing for the economy of an oil filter—for a Tracy Oil Filter in particular, since he was familiar with this device. He claimed that it was sheer economy to spend $60 or so on a Tracy Oil Filter, by which lubricating oil could be filtered and re-used, rather than to get along without a device of this sort.

Jamieson contended that such a contrivance was just a bit of extravagance, and was not worth the money, and that it wasn't possible to cleanse oil after it had once been used. His whole attitude of mind was one of negation—of denial. Conservative, capable, cautious and canny, he responded but little to the enthusiasm of salesmen who sought to sell him this equipment and that.

"Jamieson," said White, "I'll just bet you a new hat that you'll change your mind about this matter, if you have the honesty and courage to put the matter to the test. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll put a Tracy Oil Filter in your engine room and supply my choice of lubricating oils, and give you three months to try it out. You are to keep a close account of the oil consumption. Then run your engine the old way for an equal period with your choice of oil. Then we'll match costs, and you can compare experiences."

Rather reluctantly, Jamieson consented.

Six months went by.

"Well, old man, whats the verdict?" said White.

"You win," said Jamieson. "Man, I am beaten. And I'll be honest with you. I hated like Sam Hill to return to the old way when the three months of use of the Tracy Filter, and your choice of oil, were up."

On Jamieson's engine was a Rochester Automatic Force Feed Lubricator. Jamieson had long ago been persuaded to use this method for lubricating the cylinders of his engine, for he knew from one source and another and from actual personal experience that Automatic Force Feed Lubrication is really the only correct method for lubricating the cylinders of all types of engines, pumps, ice machines and compressors, so the Rochester Lubricator on his engine was there as a matter of experience and established belief.

But it was the further step—the adoption of the allied device, the oil filter, that Jamieson had baulked at.

Now he's a convert. He knows that the value of consumed oil is not necessarily taken away; that even though it may be dirty and contain particles of metal, gum, dirt and acid, all of these contaminations can be removed without subtraction from the lubricating quality of the oil. He has convinced himself that the Tracy Oil Filter enables him to save 75% on former oil bills; and this in turn enables him to use higher grades of oil, and still be far below former costs. Jamieson's experience in this matter has done him a world of good. He paid a new hat for it, but it was cheaply bought experience. White finds him more open-minded, and together they are making faster progress in the direction of efficiency in its arithmetical aspects.

Tracy Oil Filters cost from $30 to $120, according to size; and Rochester Automatic Force Feed Lubricators from $18 to $150, according to size. Both these devices are sold by Darling Brothers, Limited, Steam Appliance Experts, Montreal, who will be glad to give further information.—Advt.



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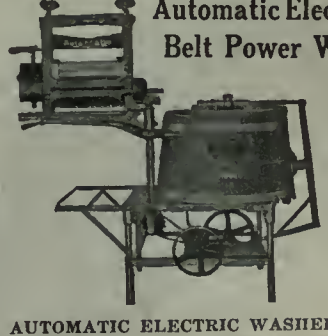
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tutions. The latter, whose assets in the year of Confederation were a mere bagatelle, now show accumulated wealth approximating three hundred million dollars; their annual income runs to over sixty million dollars; while they disbursed last year to policyholders or to their beneficiaries nearly twenty-five million dollars in cash.

The business of fire insurance has enjoyed a similar expansion. Our Canadian companies, then few in number and uninfluential, had at risk in 1867 about fifty million dollars, on which they were receiving premiums of somewhat less than half a million dollars and paying losses of from a quarter to half a million dollars a year. Last year, the domestic fire companies had $663,758,129 at risk, on which they were receiving premiums of nearly five million dollars, while they met losses during the year of over half that amount.

One might proceed and produce figures bewildering in their detail to demonstrate how far Canada has progressed in every department of business activity since 1867. The tremendous expansion of agriculture due to the opening up and settlement of the West; the development of mining, which is placing Canada in the forefront of the mineral-producing countries of the world; the growth of the fisheries; the extension of hydro-electric power in industry; these and a hundred other matters might easily be referred to as affording means of gauging the country's fifty years of progress. However, enough has been written to give a faint idea of the Canada of fifty years ago and with this in mind it is not difficult to picture mentally the extent of development.

Some Canadian Contrasts

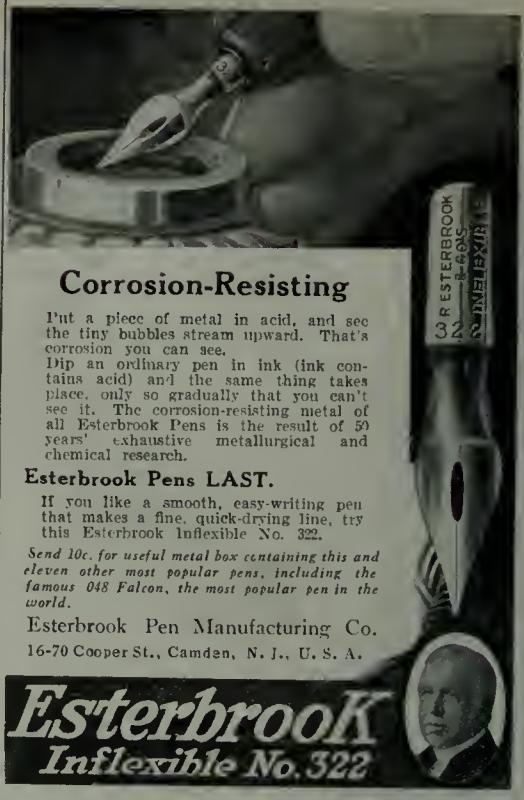
Continued from page 38.

for gold," in Tennyson's expressive phrase has seized upon this white or yellow or red men in the heart of the wild hills, where no staking out is required and the only equipment is the old basin.

Now go to the Yukon and see the difference where hydraulic mining has largely superseded all other methods and where the impact of the waters, thrown with titanic force against the hillsides, does the work of a hundred men in a trice of the time. It is mining by wholesale instead of retail away up in this northwestern jumping-off place of Canada.

It is moreover interesting to note the change in costume, even during the last generation. Study, for example, the Harris painting of the Fathers of Confederation as to the dress of that famous coterie of statesmen, or gaze upon any ancient daguerro type to realize the extraordinary styles then in vogue. The ponderous white hats of the men are matched by the voluminous skirts of the women. Contrasted with Canada to-day, the country is not standing still in the matter of styles and costumes.

Thus measured by contrasts, how remarkable and how comparatively rapid has been Canada's development! A century has brought to pass a revolution, even the half century since Confederation has witnessed no less startling changes. And if this is the tale of a hundred or half a hundred years, what will be the story of the coming decades as more contrasts will be created and new advances made?



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Putting One Over

Continued from page 47.

demanded Gilbert, following instructions, in an absent minded sort of way.

"Come and sit right down, old chap. I'm the happiest man alive." Nutley's countenance radiated with deep-lit joy as he drew Balker to his side.

"What's the answer?" enquired Gilbert nervously, as he gingerly took a seat. He began to think Nutley was showing signs of mental aberration, or semi-intoxication.

"You're one of the family, Gilbert—it will soon be out anyway. Milly and I are engaged. What do you think of that my bonny boy?"

"Engaged!" gasped Gilbert, half rising. "Ridiculous! You've only known her a week. Absurd!"

"A day is a lifetime," replied Nutley rapturously, "a week an eternity."

"But look here, I say," floundered Gilbert desperately. "I expected—my mother suggested—why, I was going to propose myself."

"Too late, old chap," he heard Nutley say, as in a trance. "You should rise earlier in the morning, and by the way, it looks very much as if the last one is on you — what? Never mind, Gil, old bucko, you are my first choice for best man."

"Dammit," groaned Gilbert Balker, as he again pressed the button, with quite unnecessary force.

The Master Smuggler

Continued from page 41.

dian Customs Officer wishes to see him at once."

The clerk looked startled and promptly called up one of the big hotels where he got in touch with Oleson.

"He wants you to go over to see him," the clerk said after a brief colloquy with his chief. He named one of the prominent hotels.

Duncan went right over and Oleson met him in the rotunda. The Master Smuggler was quite unruffled and cheerful.

"Good morning, sir," he said. "Are you looking for me?"

"I guess so," replied Duncan. "You look like Oleson to me."

"That's my name," said Oleson.

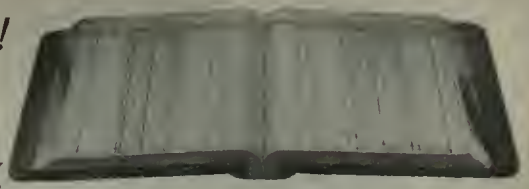
THEY sized each other up, for a moment, both smiling and apparently unconcerned. It might have been a meeting between old college chums for all the people scattered around the rotunda could have told. "This man is going to be a good loser," said Duncan to himself. Jocularly, he asked: "Do you play poker?" He knew as a matter of fact that the Norwegian was a wonderful player of the American national game. Oleson had played "stud" in the mining and railway camps and "draw" in the fashionable clubs of Milwaukee where stakes ran high; and his perfect nerve and coolness had made him a sure winner everywhere.

OLESON now led the way to the elevators and they shot up to his room on the tenth floor. He opened the door and Duncan passed in. Oleson followed,

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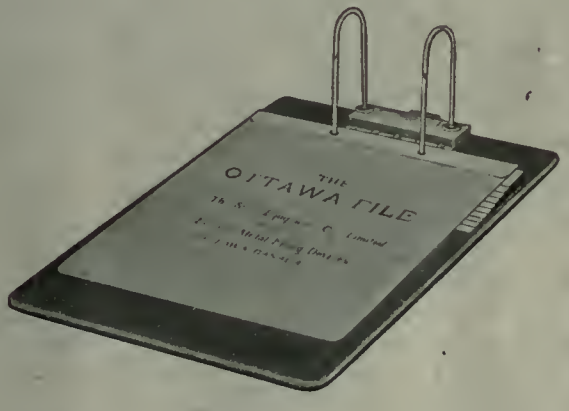
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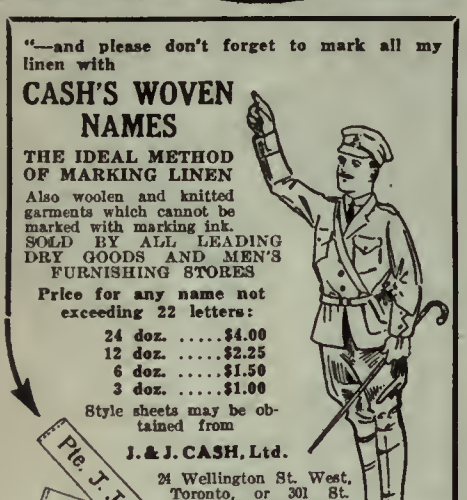
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They die outdoors!



closed the door and locked it with a quick turn of the wrist and slipped the key into his pocket. Duncan heard, but never turned his head. Instead he walked to the table and drew up a chair in which he seated himself, ready for the conference.

Oleson placed his own chair so that he sat at the end of the table, thus manoeuvering so that the table was *not* between the two of them.

"I suppose you know what I am here for?" asked Duncan, to start the ball rolling.

"Yes, damn you!" replied Oleson, with a show of anger that appeared a little forced. "I've known you were after me for some time. I've heard, too, that you are going to hold a charge of murder over my head."

THIS was sheer bluff; and they both knew it. The incident to which the Norwegian referred had occurred a couple of years before and had created some newspaper talk. Oleson and one of his men had been crossing the Skeena River in British Columbia with a suitcase in which had been packed a valuable store of jewelry on which not a cent, of course, had been paid. It was in spring and the ice had not cleared off entirely so that the passage was a dangerous one. In the course of the trip over the boat upset and Oleson's companion sank. Oleson himself clung to the overturned boat until rescued. and the story ran that, when the other man tried to cling to the same unstable support, he was unmercifully pounded back into the yeasty waters. However, Oleson came ashore—and brought the suitcase with him!

This story Duncan had heard in the course of his investigations. It might be true or it might not. At any rate it had no particular concern for the customs service; and Oleson knew this.

AS OLESON spoke he took from his pocket a large clasp knife which he kept snapping open and shut after the practice of bushmen. His attitude was very threatening. His hard, piercing eye was fixed on Duncan with an intentness that aimed at intimidation. But the Canadian never batted an eyelash. He looked smilingly at Oleson and proceeded to "call" his bluff.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I haven't charged you with *anything* yet. Please don't make yourself appear the bad man you say you are. Up to the present I've been forming a rather good opinion of you. You look like a *man* to me, so please let's talk business—rationally."

"In the first place," he went on, "we don't deal with murder charges. They are handled by the North West Mounted Police. I guess you know them well enough to feel that they'll do their duty. If there was anything in this murder charge you'd have heard of them before now. You know, as the Blackfoot Indian says, 'Dey have damn big eyes and long ears.'

"So much for that matter. We'll drop it there, if you are agreeable. I want you to distinctly understand that we deal neither in threats nor hearsay. Our work is handled on the basis of facts, and facts alone. Now then," and Duncan's fist came down on the table to emphasize the fact that he had come to his point, "what I wanted to ascertain from you first hand are the facts about your smuggling! We know that you smuggled and caused to be smuggled large quantities of watches and jewelry into Canada during the past six years."

Oleson did not say anything. But that he appreciated the time for bluffing was passed, was evidenced by his closing up the knife and putting it away.

"In the first place, do you deny that you have smuggled goods into Canada?" asked Duncan, looking Oleson squarely in the eye.

Oleson thought hard for a minute and then replied:

"No, I guess I won't deny it."

"Well, then," said the Canadian official, "all that remains to be done is to go through your books and determine the value of all the goods you have smuggled into Canada. Then we can fix the amount of duty which you owe thereon and arrive at a basis of settlement."

OLESON was a little taken aback at this suggestion. He had probably anticipated a demand for settlement on a fixed amount. The idea of paying on all the tremendous volume of stuff that had been shipped across the line probably took his breath away. And yet, at the very moment he had a clerk in his office busily burning invoices and covering the trail generally.

"How much is this thing going to cost me?" he asked.

"That depends upon the value of the goods you've smuggled," replied Duncan.

"If it is too much, I'm likely to tell you to go to the devil," said Oleson.

"My good fellow," replied Duncan, "that will be up to you. I suppose though you know your brother is under arrest in Vancouver? Do you want him to go to jail for five years? How much does he make for you in a year? I suppose you are likewise aware that we have every dollar's worth of goods you have stored in the banks and trust companies in Canada under seizure?"

"Yes, I know," replied Oleson. "I've had nothing but damn telegrams raining on me for two days. My brother Billy is scared stiff in Vancouver and has been burning up my money on the wires ever since they caught him. What the devil do you want, anyway? You have pretty nearly everything that I own now."

"I want to go through your books and invoices," replied Officer Duncan, "and establish to my satisfaction the value of the goods you have smuggled. Then we can talk turkey. In the meantime, as we appear to understand each other, let us go to your office and get busy."

Oleson yawned sleepily as if a load had been removed from his shoulders, got up, unlocked his door and led the way out of the hotel and down town to his office.

AS THEY walked in, a man with a shoebox under his arm was walking out of the office. Duncan afterwards learned that it was "Sleepy Ike" Carlstrom, one of the trustiest lieutenants of Oleson. He appeared a little uneasy at seeing them and hesitated a moment. Oleson nodded to him to return and the three stepped into the office together. At a further nod from his leader, "Sleepy Ike" laid the shoebox on the desk and quietly vanished. He stayed not on the order of his going. In fact he seemed anxious to go.

"Just to show you that I am playing fair," said Oleson, opening the box. It

was filled with watches. "That pile is worth $2,700. My man was starting out for Canada with it. And he would have made the grade too."

However, he had not played as fair as he desired to make out. The invoices were a pile of ashes down in the furnace. It was impossible, therefore, to arrive at a correct estimate of the total amount of the operations and the matter of settlement became one of force. The officer used the weapons in his hands to bring the head of the organization to time. And he finally succeeded.

THAT evening Oleson and Duncan dined together at the Radison and the following day lunched at the same place. In the afternoon of the second day, Oleson handed Duncan a New York draft for the amount settled upon. To raise the money Oleson had been forced to realize on a substantial block of G.T.P. bonds that he held. They shook hands and parted on friendly terms.

"Come down to the office, Duncan," said the Master, "I'd like to give you a little souvenir—one of the finest watches I carry. You can pay the duty on it when you cross the line."

"Good-bye, Oleson," said Duncan.

And the amount of the cheque? The customs authorities refuse to tell. But it was, in Duncan's words, a "whopper."

Sunshine in Mariposa

Continued from page 53.

you treat her badly? . . . Out, out, you go!

[*He hustles her out. Enter* BILL.]

JEFF.—Arrest me, arrest me!

BILL.—Good morning, Mr. Thorpe.

JEFF.—Arrest me! I robbed the bank, I confess it. . . . Arrest me!

BILL (*sitting down and shaking his head*).—Can't be done, Mr. Thorpe. (*Yawns.*)

JEFF.—Why not? I've confessed.

BILL.—Sorry, you didn't rob it.

JEFF.—But I say I did. I broke in at night. I blew open the safe. I took the money. I meant to run off with it to spend it on horse races . . . dog fights . . . anything!

BILL.—Sorry. We know you didn't. We can prove it.

JEFF.—You can't.

BILL.—Yep. First you weren't there at the time.

JEFF —I was.

BILL.—Second (*yawn*) you was somewhere else.

JEFF.—I was not.

BILL.—You was, and third, young Pupkin has come to and told all about it.

JEFF.—Peter come to!

BILL.—Yep! He ain't much hurt. Head a bit cracked. (*Yawns.*) A constable's head would think nothing of it.

JEFF.—That's a different kind of head . . . but . . . he's better, that's one relief . . . one big relief.

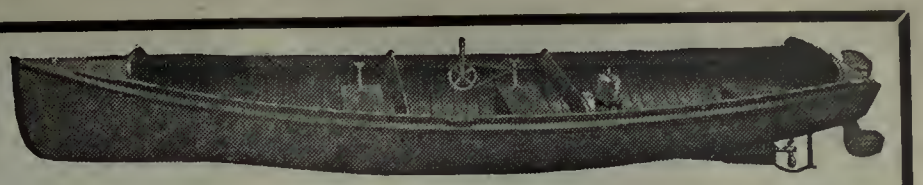
BILL.—Yep . . . out in two or three days, doctor says.

JEFF.—And who did rob the bank. . . What's the truth of it all?

BILL.—Well, here's Mr. Mullins coming . . . he'll tell you all about it. I've got to go and help hunt for Andy Claggett.

[*Exit* BILL. *Enter* MULLINS.]

MULLINS (*comes with his hand out to-*



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wards JEFF).—Mr. Thorpe, may I shake your hand? I owe you an apology for the boy's sake . . . for Pupkin's. . . You needn't try to shield him any more. There's nothing to shield.

JEFF.—Shield him? I wasn't trying—

MULLINS.—Come, come . . . we've got the whole story now. . . Young Pupkin has come to and told us all that happened in the bank. I've telegrams here from New York and from Toronto that give us the rest. They say they'll have the robbers caught any minute now . . . they can't escape . . . the trains are watched . . at the border. They'll never get clear . . . we should have known it was them right away.

JEFF.—I don't understand . . . who?

MULLINS.—Harstone and Slyde . . . your precious friends. Your New York promoters . . . Harstone and Slyde.

JEFF.—Harstone and Slyde!

MULLINS.—I have it all here in black and white. (*Showing telegrams.*) There's a man Olson in New York that was arrested yesterday and has turned state's evidence. The whole thing is out now. Harstone and Slyde and their land company and all the rest of it was just a plan, Mr. Thorpe—just for your money.

JEFF.—For my money!

MULLINS.—Nothing else. And they got word they were to be arrested and cleared out.

JEFF.—But they left town before the robbery. We saw them go.

MULLINS.—No, we didn't. They never went near that eleven-thirty at all!

JEFF.—Where are they then?

MULLINS.—We don't know. They got out of town somehow, later . . . no train till six this morning . . . that was searched . . . they weren't on it . . . they can't get far.

JEFF.—And Peter? What was Peter doing in——

MULLINS.—Peter! By gad, Thorpe, the boy's a hero. You'll have a son-in-law to be proud of. He heard them there in the vault, came down and, single-handed, he fought them—fought the two of them—saved the bank. But for him they might have had a try at the big safe, the real safe upstairs. Thorpe, there was a hundred thousand dollars in currency, grain money, in that safe last night—and he's saved it for us. . . I've been talking on the 'phone to the head office; they'll do something big for Peter, mark my words, something big. Our bank knows how to be generous.

JEFF—Thank God, thank God! I knew it, Mr. Mullins, that he was innocent, but all the same this is the greatest news and —— (*Runs and strops a razor violently.*)

MULLINS.—Well, it's good news . . . but I'm afraid it's not *all* good news. I've got some pretty bad news for you, too, Thorpe, your money's gone.

JEFF.—Gone! I knew that. Six thousand dollars there was in the box they took, but I can make that good easy enough. My fortune can stand it.

MULLINS.—You don't understand, Mr. Thorpe. . . . Your fortune's gone.

JEFF—Gone! It's in New York. You sent it there yourself.

MULLINS (*shaking his head*). — The gang got it before the arrest, and cleared with it. It's gone.

JEFF.—My—money—is—gone? Do you mean that I have no money to make good what my friends have lost? . . Peter's two thousand? Norah's money . . .

Johnson's . . . Macartney's . . . everybody's? Mr. Mullins, it can't be.

MULLINS.—What money have you here in the office?

JEFF.—Here, in the *shop*? (*Looking in a till.*) *That* (*shows it in his hand*)—only two—four dollars and eighty cents.

MULLINS.—And at your house?

JEFF.—Nothing.

MULLINS.—I'm sorry to say it, Thorpe, but what you have here is all you have in the world.

JEFF (*leaning against the chair where he was stropping the razor*).—It's ruin . . . all that I had . . . robbed . . . gone . . . not for myself—I don't mind that. . . . My friends. . . . I've ruined them.

[*Enter* MACARTNEY, *in great excitement.*]

MACARTNEY. — Mullins! Is it true — what they're saying in the street? I hadn't realized it! Is this man's money gone—his fortune gone?

MULLINS.—It has.

MACARTNEY. — Do you mean that he can't repay . . . can't make restitution of the thousand dollars that he took from me?

JEFF.—Macartney, I'll pay you . . . every cent of it . . . give me time . . . I'll work, I'll get it back. . . No one shall lose—I'll work.

MACARTNEY (*angry and excited*). — Work! Har! This tuppeny, ha'penny barber business—to pay back a thousand dollars . . . thousands of dollars . . that you *robbed*, by Gad! That's the word! That you've *robbed* from your fellow townsmen.

JEFF.—I only say, give me time. . . . It's all I ask . . . time.

MACARTNEY.—Time! I'll distrain on him, Mullins, I'll seize his store, I'll take his fittings—I'll seize his soap. I'll have his premises. (*Walking up and down.*)

MULLINS (*shaking his head*). — Can't do that, Macartney, it's all rented. . . It's Smith's.

MACARTNEY.—Then I'll——

JEFF.—Macartney. . . . This has come as a hard blow. . . . I'm an old, old man. . . . It hits me hard . . . but I'm not beaten. . . . You give me time.

MACARTNEY —Time!

JEFF.—I'll pay it all. I'll start over. I'll work here again . . . night and day . . . I'll pay it all, and I'll get money enough to found the Home again. That's all I care for—that's the only part that touches *me*. . . . To have lost that! but——

MULLINS.—Why, that's not lost, Mr. Thorpe!

JEFF.—What!

MULLINS. — The Home you founded? That's right where it was.

JEFF.—How do you mean? That money went to New York, too. That's gone.

MULLINS.—No—draft left yesterday; cancelled by wire before arrival. . . . Here's the telegram, "Draft for sixty thousand, stopped payment as ordered." We bankers are not so slow after all. . .

JEFF (*overjoyed*).—Why, Mr. Mullins, Mr. Mullins—this is glorious—this is all I ask. . . . This is *everything* to me.

MULLINS.—Yes, we still have the sixty thousand . . . in trust for the Martha Thorpe Home for Destitute Children . . . as sole trustee your cheque is good at our bank this minute—for anything up to sixty thousand—as trustee, of course.

MACARTNEY (*who has listened with*

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growing interest and change of expression).—Ah, then, Thorpe, our whole position is altered . . . I congratulate you—er—my dear Thorpe—most heartily—everything can be paid now. Luckily, as sole trustee you can—er—practically—use this money as you like—pay your creditors — all or single — pay me, for instance. . .

JEFF.—Pay you?

MACARTNEY.—Yes, certainly.

JEFF.—Out of the Home money?

MACARTNEY.—Assuredly . . . nothing easier, my dear Thorpe. We need, of course (*he laughs*) some sort of small legal fiction, har! har! A bill of charges of $1,000 against the Home for such and such services—purely imaginary—but—har! har! luckily there's no one to question it. I'll just sit down and draw it up.

JEFF.—Stop! You mean you want me to take a thousand dollars of the money that's in trust for the children to pay my debt to you. Is that it?

MACARTNEY. — Quite so, Mr. Thorpe, har! har! Simple as . . . now . . .

JEFF (*striking his hand on the table*). Then, Macartney, before I do that, I'll see you——

MACARTNEY.—YOU what?

JEFF.—I'm no financier but I understand clearly enough that that money is deeded in trust for destitute children and there's no court and no law can alter it. There it is and, William Macartney, there it stays.

MACARTNEY.—Ar—r? Is that it? I'll have the law on you for misappropriation of my funds. . . . You shall see the inside of a jail, Jefferson Thorpe.

MULLINS. — Come, come, Macartney, you're getting——

JEFF.—Macartney, this is my shop. . .

[*Enter* BILL.]

BILL (*entering*).—Say, what's all this, Macartney? I could hear your voice a block away . . . what's 'matter? (*Yawn.*)

MACARTNEY.—Matter, matter enough.

JEFF.—Stop. I'll tell him. Bill, that money you gave me, that two hundred and fifty dollars, is lost . . . every cent of it.

BILL (*yawn*).—Lost, eh? You don't say so?

JEFF.—Lost! Gone!

BILL.—Well! Well! (*Yawn.*) Ain't it a caution the way money gets lost . . . beat's all. (*Yawn—then more energetically.*) Say, Jeff, did you lose yourn, too?

JEFF.—Bill, I have lost every cent I had in the world . . . that's why I can't pay . . . I am ruined.

BILL.—By gosh! that's hard. . . . But say, Jeff, don't let that worry you . . . most fellers that I have seen that was ruined, in the city anyway, seemed richer than ever . . . anyway, Jeff, you've got your friends. . . . There's Macartney here and me, and——

[*The loud and burly voice of* MR. SMITH *is heard as he enters—fresh from the city — valise — dressed up—a large aster in his buttonhole.*]

SMITH (*dumping down his valise*).—Here! what'n hell is gone wrong with this town—can't I leave it for a day? Here's the whole hotel upside down—Andy lost—little Norah there doing nothing but cry.

JEFF.—Why, Josh, Andy's lost and she and Andy——

SMITH.—Was in love with one another? Why! Didn't I know that the first day I seen them working together. First Sunday she was there I seen Andy fixing up his Sunday hat with a peacock feather . . . and Norah putting a pink bow crosswise in her hair . . . and the two of them off for a walk down by the lake! But Andy lost! You can't lose Andy! He'll be back next mealtime, or I'm a liar. . . . .

MULLINS. — There's more than that, Smith. . . . The bank's vault was robbed. . . . Thorpe's money's gone.

SMITH.—Do you think I don't know that? That was all over Toronto by daybreak. Where do you think I've been? What do you think I've been doing?

JEFF.—I thought you were at a hotelmen's conference.

SMITH.—Hotelmen! Do you fellows think a hotelman has nothing else to do but sit round and discuss temperance? Do you think if a man's a hotelman he's got no sense? Do you think if a man's a hotelman he'll stand round and see his town plundered and robbed and ruined by a couple of crooks and not lift a hand? No, sir, I'd sooner see this town go local option! Hotelmen! The hotelmen I went down to see was the Provincial Detective Office. Jeff, I warned you, I tried to give the hint.

JEFF (*contritely*).—You did, Josh, you did.

SMITH.—But you wouldn't hear me . . but I got the warrants and back here on the early train with three officers with me. They're over in my bar now, with Billy. They say they may pick up a clue there. They're pumping Billy and Billy's pumping the beer. But they'll have them two rounded up before noon, you see it!

MACARTNEY.—But do you understand, Smith, Thorpe here has lost every penny, his own — mine — everybody's — some of yours, too, I don't doubt. And I'm telling him I want my thousand, by Gad! I'll have my thousand dollars!

SMITH (*eyeing him quietly*).—Yes, or you'll do what?

MACARTNEY.—I'll have the law on him—I'll seize his goods. By gad, I'll jail him.

SMITH.—For what?

MACARTNEY.—For my thousand dollars—he lost it—he as good as stole it.

SMITH.—You'll jail Jeff, will you, Mac? Well, somehow I guess not. . . . Here! (*He takes from his pocket a huge roll of bills.*) I allus like to carry money—never know when it comes handy—here—fifty, seventy——

JEFF (*running to stop him*).—No, no, Josh, I won't have it! Not from you—let him jail me—anything—I——

[*Enter* NORAH *hurriedly.*]

NORAH.—Oh, Mr. Smith, you're back! You're back—and will you find Andy . . he's lost.

SMITH (*patting her protectingly*).—Give me five minutes. . . . I ain't got started yet!

NORAH (*beginning to cry*).—Oh, Mr. Smith, it's killed him they have.

SMITH.—Not a bit, Norah—don't you be ascared for Andy. Now tell me, Billy says you seen him last, eh?

NORAH.—Yes, Mr. Smith, after we'd got Ben upstairs and got the doctor to him—

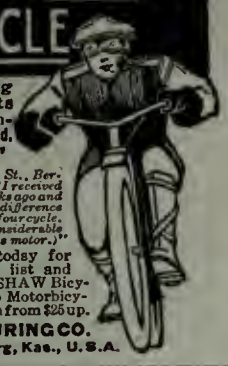
SMITH.—I know——

NORAH.—Then Andy came back from taking Mr. Thorpe to the bank, and says, "Norah, darling, I believe I know who's done it"—and he had your gun in his hand from the rack in the hall and his face was that white and set, it scared me.

SMITH.—And where did he go?

NORAH.—Sure, I don't know—he just

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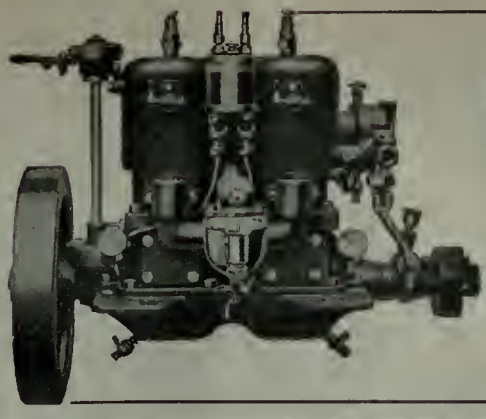
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G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, March 12, 1917.

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went out—out into the night and the storm—"They've done for Ben," he says, "and I'll kill them." I clung to him, but he went. Oh, Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith, will he come back?

SMITH.—Back, sure he'll come back—why—— Come back! look! here he comes now.

[*Enter* ANDY, *dishevelled, pale, his clothes wet and muddy; his coat he carries under his arm wrapped about a gun and something else.*]

ANDY (*sinks panting into a chair*).—I've seen them—the robbers—it was Harstone and Slyde—they done it—they shot Gillis to rob the bank——

JEFF.—Yes, yes, we know. They're after them now. They'll arrest them any minute.

ANDY (*solemnly*). — Never in this world, Mr. Thorpe—they're dead—they're killed.

ALL.—Dead!

NORAH. — Oh, Andy — you've killed them?

ANDY.—Not I—look for yourself—the gun is loaded still. . . . But I meant to—I went from the hotel meaning to—I'd heard them talking with Ben, just as I went upstairs, and I heard them speak of the trestle bridge in the big marsh.

JEFF.—Yes, yes, other side of the big swamp.

ANDY.—And they asked after the midnight express from the north, if it stopped—I didn't see what it meant till the word came that the bank was robbed—then I saw what it meant. . . . I took the gun.

NORAH.—Yes, yes, Andy, I told them that.

ANDY.—. . . I guessed they had made through the big swamp to the marsh where the trestle bridge is . . . but it was dark, black dark, I could only see when the lightning came. . . . There's a way through the marsh, a dry path, if you can find it, that leads to the centre of the bridge where the tank——

MULLINS.—Yes, I know, the trainmen use it sometimes——

ANDY.—I meant to get to the bridge that way and wait for them to kill them—but I was late—as I got close to the bridge there came a great flash of lightning all white—and in it I saw them for a second standing on the bridge—there in the centre——

JEFF.—Harstone and Slyde?

ANDY.—The two of them—and right then—all of a sudden I heard the train, the night express, and heard the roar of it and the long whistle as it took the trestles—and I knew from the sound and the rush of it that it wasn't going to stop——

SMITH.—And them on the bridge——

ANDY.—. . . . Tearing and shrieking it came—and the glare of the headlight lit up the bridge and I saw them. . . . Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Smith, I give you my word that when I saw them there, all thought of killing them went from me and I called to them to leap over the bridge. It's a forty-foot drop from the trestles—but they could have done it, could have leaped into the water of the marsh——

JEFF.—Yes, yes, of course they could, why didn't they?

ANDY.—Mr. Thorpe, that was the awful part of it—they couldn't. I could see Harstone trying to get to the edge . . . and Slyde, clinging to his throat, and shrieking as he tried to drag him down in front of the train—shrieking like he was

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crazy! Then the train struck them—it hurled them over—I seen them fall—down into the dark—I could hear Slyde scream—— It's in my ears—I can't forget it. . . .

MULLINS.—Did the train stop?

ANDY.—No. I think no one saw but me—the storm was too wild.

MULLINS.—What did you do?

ANDY.—I waited—I waited there where I was till it was day . . . and when the light came I found them . . . there below the bridge . . . in four feet of water . . . with the life all beat out of them.

JEFF (*quietly and earnestly*).—God's mercy on them. They're gone beyond man's judgment now.

NORAH.—But what did you do then, Andy? Why didn't you get here sooner?

ANDY.—I went astray in the big swamp—it was hard to get through it—and clambering over the logs; my legs give out . . . and I've been ever since trying to get here.

NORAH.—My poor darlin'. (*Taking his hand and caressing it.*)

ANDY.—But wait—that's not all. Mr. Thorpe, look there — inside my coat — I found it beside them in the marsh. . . .

[THORPE *and* SMITH *run and unwrap the coat. In it is the missing box of money.*]

JEFF.—The cash box — my box — the money. Thank God. Is it all here, Andy?

ANDY.—Look for yourself. I never opened it.

JEFF (*examining*).—Yes, yes, here it is—all as I left it. (*Taking out a parcel and reading*)—Bill Evans, two hundred and fifty dollars. Bill, here's your money back.

BILL (*yawning*).—S'all right. I ain't in any hurry for it. Keep it and put it into some other good thing. (*Yawn.*)

JEFF.—Johnson's — Norah's — ha! ha! Norah, yours and Andy's, together, eh!

NORAH (*who has had her arm about* ANDY'S *neck as he sits*).—And it's my own brave boy, Mr. Thorpe, that's brought it all back to us—together is it? Together for as long as ever Andy will have me.

JEFF.—Peter's . . . two thousand dollars, P. Pupkin—that's all right . . and ha! here's what I was looking for. W. Macartney, one thousand dollars. There!

MACARTNEY.—My money, har! Thank Heaven that's safe back again, and, Thorpe, I'll just give you one word of advice.

JEFF.—No. I'll give you one, William Macartney. (*Looking him over from head to foot.*) You—need—your hair cut—and you need it bad (*taking him by the arm and leading him to the door*). Down the street there is Hillis' barber shop. Take this twenty-five cents and go and get your hair cut. This shop don't ever need your custom again.

[JEFF *pushes him out.*]

SMITH.—Bully for you, Jeff!

JEFF (*repenting*).—Poor old Macartney—perhaps I was a little too hard, eh, what? After all, you know, he's only a lawyer—I'll call him back.

SMITH.—Not a bit . . . do him good—but look who's here!

[*Enter* MYRA, *in great joy.*]

MYRA.—"Look who's here!" Is that what you said, Mr. Smith? Well, you may well say it! Oh, father, father, look who *is* here—look out! (*Taking him to the door.*)

JEFF (*looking out*).—Not Peter! Not

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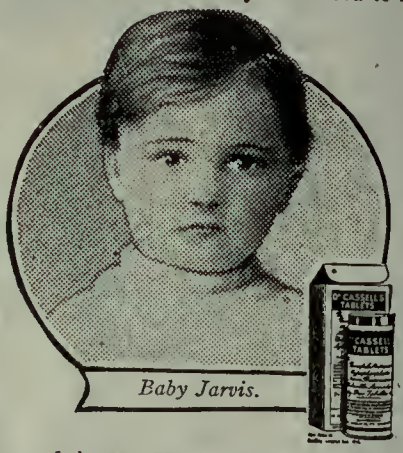
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Every mother should know that Dr. Cassell's Tablets are just as suitable for children as they are for grown-up people. Their splendid nutritive and vitalising properties soon overcome any tendency to nervousness or weakness in the little ones, and lay the foundation of a strong constitution for after years.

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Peter! Here, help him out of that carefully, wait, I'll come and—— (*Going out and helping in* PUPKIN, *pale and bandaged head, happy.*) Careful, steady . . . but Myra, what madness is this? . . . The doctor said bed for a week.

MYRA.—Oh, bother the doctor. We couldn't help it . . the news is just too good. . . . Read it to them, Peter, read it.

[PUPKIN *takes a telegram out of his side pocket.*]

PUPKIN (*in a weak voice*).—You read it, Myra.

MYRA (*taking the telegram*). — It's from the Head Office of the Exchange Bank: "Peter Pupkin, Mariposa. Have just heard of your splendid courage in protecting the interests of the bank. We appreciate to the full your devotion and courage and in proof of it desire to state that your salary is hereby raised from eighty to eighty-five dollars a month, dating from to-day." Isn't it splendid?

MULLINS (*proudly*).—Didn't I tell you, Thorpe? I knew they'd do something handsome. The Exchange Bank never forgets its friends.

JEFF. — Eighty-five dollars! Why, Myra, that's—let me see—that's—well, it's over a thousand a year. Do you realize that that's past the bank's limit, and you and Peter can get married now——

MYRA.—Realize it! We've been——

PUPKIN.—Talking about it all the way down. (*Embrace*).

JEFF.—Well, well, bless your hearts, there's good coming out of this business after all—you and Peter married and happy—Andy and Norah I imagine likewise.

NORAH.—On the same day, Mr. Thorpe, if you'll allow it.

MULLINS.—Hear! Hear!

JEFF. — The Home founded and endowed—its money safe—and as to me—as to me—me! I wouldn't change with a king—safe back in my old life again. . . Here, Myra . . . my coat . . . my white coat. . . . Ah! that's something like comfort, that's ease. (*Getting in it.*) That's a coat for you . . . now then, my razors . . . hurry . . . the soap, yes, that's right . . . and the brushes . . . there we are (*flick, flick*) and now then. (*Turning to assembled lot.*) Now, I give you all warning. . . . This is a barber shop. And for the future, barber shop it's going to stay. It's not an Exchange, or an office, or a silver mine . . . and if anybody after this ever breathes the word share, stock or certificate, or says, Cuba, Habana, or Porto Rico in this shop, out he goes to follow Macartney.

ALL IN CHORUS — Hear, hear. Well done, Jeff!

MYRA.—Splendid, father.

JEFF. — That's talk enough. (*Flick, flick.*) Now, if any of you want a shave, hair cut, facial massage, or wrinkles removed, come forward; if not, clear out. .

BILL (*yawns*).—Well, I did have a kind of idee I'd like one of them egg-shampoos like you gave me two months ago. . . . If you have eggs.

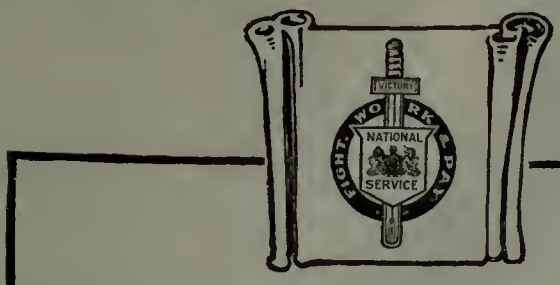
JEFF. — Bill, you're my best friend. Eggs! I have the very (*getting them, very dingy looking, from a drawer*) eggs themselves. . . . Little I thought to ever use them. I kept them as a souvenir. (BILL *has climbed into the chair.*) Now, then, here goes—egg shampoo!

[CURTAIN]

THE END

Save the Food and Serve the Empire !

The Average Canadian Family Wastes Enough to Feed a Soldier





"The Kitchen must help as well as the Workshop and the Trenches"
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INTELLIGENT economy in the kitchen can do much to prevent the threatened world famine—can counteract the effect of high prices—and can replace growing debt with systematic saving.

Careful investigations show that before the war the average British family wasted 25% of their food—and we Canadians were even more extravagant.

This waste is not in a few big things, but in many little ones, each, we used to think, too small to bother about—such as careless peeling of vegetables and fruit—failure to make good use of dripping and "left-overs"—and such others as will occur to every thrifty housekeeper.

For the Empire's sake as well as your own, hunt up and cut out these leaks ! You'll be helping to relieve the food shortage—saving your own money—and putting yourself in a position to buy Canadian War Savings Certificates and help win the war.

War Savings Certificates are issued in denominations of $25, $50 and $100, to be repaid in three years at full face value. They cost $21.50, $43 and $86 respectively, at all Money Order Post-Offices and Banks, thus yielding over 5% Interest. Should you need it, you can get your money back at any time. 19

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The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance

Figures Point to Prosperity

THE continual advance of prices has had some effect on business conditions. People are becoming apprehensive and the rise of the prices of actual necessities is proving the most effective means of provoking economy. In all branches of business, however, a very satisfactory degree of briskness still obtains.

Industrial activity is as great as ever. Any change that might be noted there has been in the nature of acceleration; and this condition is bound to continue until the end of the war is in sight—and perhaps beyond. The direct result of this remarkable industrial activity is the absolute absence of any degree of unemployment. There is work and big wages for everyone.

Another very direct result has been an increase in savings. Despite the tendency on the part of people who are earning more than they ever did before, to plunge into unusual expenditures, the bank statements show a gratifying growth in deposits. The increase in the month of April was $9,343,783, and for the year ending April, $195,840,097. This is a very satisfactory feature indeed.

In connection with the banking situation it is interesting to note that more money is being used for the carrying on of business in the country. The chartered institutions, according to complete statistics for April, have increased their current loans by $37,469,431. The total of outstanding loans, in fact, is larger than at any time since the start of the war. This indicates that business conditions are unusually brisk and points to increased confidence and optimism on the part of the banks.

As regards national business the outlook continues remarkably good. Our exports continue to advance and our balance of trade is now very distinctly favorable, exceeding the adverse balance which we faced in 1913. The latest figures show as follows:

Fiscal year ending March	Imports	Exports	Excess Imports	Excess Exports
1913	$686,515,000	$ 377,068,000	$309,447,000	
1914	635,383,000	455,437,000	179,946,000	
1815	497,376,000	461,442,000	35,934,000	
1916	530,211,000	779,300,000		$249,089,000
1917	845,330,000	1,179,211,000		333,881,000

This is, after all, the surest barometer by which to judge the outlook; and to the uninitiated even it must appear evident that war is proving a "bountiful jade" to Canadian industry. Our prosperity is gratifying if only from the standpoint of production, which has become so necessary a feature, of the Imperial win-the-war determination.



—Sykes in Philadelphia *Evening Ledger*.
"Use the 'Bean' Ball!"

INVESTMENTS

INVESTING IN STOCKS

THE public makes the market. The impression that a few operators can advance or lower prices as they please, is a sadly mistaken one. If this could be done by a dozen men, or by a hundred, or a thousand, there would be no need of a stock market, for these gentlemen could combine and enrich themselves beyond the dreams of avarice.

No, the stock market is made by the public. When the public is scared and refuses to buy the market languishes, business halts, and uncertainty prevails. When the public is badly scared, it becomes panic-stricken and unloads by wholesale and all must take their losses, big and little operators alike.

I do not mean to say that large operators are not able to influence the market to a certain degree and under favorable conditions, but they cannot do this to the extent that most persons imagine. They make their money by operating skilfully

on the side that they think will win, whether the bull or the bear side.

This was clearly developed during the recent "leak" examination at Washington, for it was shown that the heavy bear operators who reaped the largest profits were those who were quickest to recognize the danger signals regarding our foreign complications. These big operators are not the only ones who profited by their experience and good judgment. I know of many small dealers who took the bear side promptly and cleared up a few hundred or few thousand dollars according to the extent of their operations.

But this is the kind of business that the investor has little to do with. The traders who are in and out of the market day by day and sometimes hour by hour, constitute the large speculative element. They have their losses one day and make them up perhaps the next, and perhaps they don't.

The safe, careful and successful dealer in securities is the investor who buys not to sell at a small profit, but to hold for the advance that comes with good times. He buys when other people are liquidating, when the market is weak, and prices declining, and he sells when the market is buoyant, prices advancing, every one buying.

SAFE INVESTMENTS

H. L. Higginson writes in *World's Work*:

"The chief thing to ask an investor is: 'Do you want the best security, or a security that is good enough, or a speculative security, or a security of an enterprise which has prospects for future growth?'

"This goes to the bottom of the correct investment. A security suitable for the surplus income of a business man who wishes investments might be too speculative for a woman to buy or for a man who is dependent on the income from his investment. Such people should not risk losing part of their principal, and must be satisfied with a smaller yield on their investments than can be secured by a man who can risk something. This statement is so trite as to call for an apology if it were not that in nearly every corporate failure men and women who could not afford to lose money have been caught. This class of people is the food for the promoter with his get-rich-quick scheme.

"An investment in good bonds or mortgages is best adapted to the needs of most people, for bonds, as a rule, are safer than stocks."

INSURANCE

AUTO INSURANCE

ONE of the most interesting and perhaps the most recent branch of insurance is that pertaining to automobiles. Nearly every family of means owns a car nowadays and, as the risk is constant and imminent, it becomes necessary to carry insurance. It is true that there are many automobile owners who neglect to put any on, but no sensible person does this. It is too dangerous.

Automobile insurance divides under a number of heads. There is, first, insur-

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The "Kelsey" has stood the test for 25 years, and it is the triumphant heating system to-day. It embodies the correct principle for heating and ventilating a house—it heats and ventilates at the same time—heats all rooms alike. By capping two of the sections you can heat distant rooms which could not possibly be heated with ordinary furnaces.

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ance on the car itself. This is absolutely essential. No foresighted owner can take the chance of a collision or an accident which might absolutely destroy so valuable a property. And it must be borne in mind that such accidents cannot be prevented absolutely by careful driving; the carelessness of another driver may bring about a collision.

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Still another feature is insurance against injury to the general public. Accidents occur more or less regularly and will continue to occur and, where the driver is in any way to blame, damage suits are bound to result. The risk is too great to assume. Suppose a car, through one of the unhappy chances that come about, runs over a man and kills him. The driver is judged liable and has to pay damages to the family of the victim. If he is not protected, it may seriously cripple him financially to meet the situation. In places where jitney services are run, the municipalities insist upon the jitney drivers carrying a stated amount of insurance for the safety of the passengers carried. The amount is generally too small, in some cases as low as $1,000, but the recognition of the principle is important.

Undoubtedly insurance is too essential for a car owner to dispense with. Some do not cover themselves on all phases, but no man can afford to overlook the possibility of loss entirely unless he is prepared to take big chances.

The Story of Confederation

Continued from page 24.

gard to the designation of the Confederation. It was strongly urged that it should be called the "Kingdom of Canada" and, strangely enough, this point was urged by the Canadian delegates themselves, and opposed by the home authorities on the ground that it would give offence to our republican-minded American neighbors!

The matter was settled finally in a rather dramatic way. One member rose suddenly and quoted a verse from Scripture:—

> "And his dominion shall be from sea even to sea, and from the river even to the ends of the earth."

The word was seized upon with loud and unanimous acclaim and thus came into existence the happy phrase "Dominion of Canada."

IT IS not intended here to give a detailed story of the manner in which each constitutional feature was worked out. The first conference ended on Dec. 24, and the sittings were resumed early in January, 1867. In February the completed bill, as agreed to by the Canadian delegates was submitted to the British House. It went through without opposition, almost without any discussion. There was a curious apathy on the part of the Imperial legislators. Quite apparently they attached little importance to the Canadian colonies. On March 29 the bill received the Royal assent, and on May 22 a Royal proclamation set July



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CANADIAN OFFICE: 312 St. Urbain, - - MONTREAL

1 as the day on which Confederation was to go into effect.

The announcement was received with delight in Upper Canada and with milder enthusiasm in other parts. In Nova Scotia the newspapers came out with their columns draped in black and men began to talk of secession and annexation with the United States.

THE outstanding part that John A. Macdonald had taken in the negotiations was recognized when Lord Monck called upon him to form the first Canadian Federal Government. He had returned to Canada in May, and had set actively about the formation of his government. The first step was to ensure the retention of support from his Liberal lieutenants, Macdougall and Howland. He offered them portfolios in the new cabinet and they accepted, taking the stand that the government should still be regarded as a coalition, inasmuch as the work for which the coalition had been formed would not be completed until the new Dominion was safely launched. However, this stand was not accepted by the Liberal party of Ontario and when MacDougall and Howland appeared before a Convention to explain their stand they received a noisy reception.

This convention, which was held in Toronto on June 27 and 28, had been called by George Brown to signalize the fact that the Liberal party had once again resumed active opposition to John A. Macdonald and all his works.

"I understood what degradation it was," exclaimed Brown, in the course of an impassioned address, "to be compelled to adopt that step by the necessities of the case, by the feeling that the interests of my country were at stake, which alone induced me to ever put my foot into that government; and glad was I when I got out of it!"

From the first, therefore, Macdonald had the active opposition of his old enemy. The cabinet that he finally got together was as follows:

John A. Macdonald, Prime Minister and Minister of Justice; George E. Cartier, Minister of Militia and Defence; S. Leonard Tilley, Minister of Customs; Alexander T. Galt, Minister of Finance; William McDougall, Minister of Public Works; William P. Howland, Minister of Inland Revenue; Adams G. Archibald, Secretary of State for the Provinces; A. J. Fergusson Blair, President of the Privy Council; Peter Mitchell, Minister of Marine and Fisheries; Alexander Campbell, Postmaster-General; Jean C. Chapais, Minister of Agriculture; Hector L. Langevin, Secretary of State of Canada; Edward Kenny, Receiver-General.

THE PART that Charles Tupper played throughout was that of broad statesmanship. Sincerely believing in Confederation he had whipped Nova Scotia into line with courage and resourcefulness. He had been a potent factor through all the conferences. He appeared at his best, however, when the question of the formation of the Dominion Government came up. No one was more entitled to a post than Tupper, but the appointment of Edward Kenny was necessary to give representation to the Irish Catholics and accordingly Kenny went in as second minister from Nova Scotia, Tupper generously stepping aside.



The street (Brunswick Place) in Glasgow where Sir John A. Macdonald was born and where he played as a boy. His father, Hugh Macdonald, lived at 18 Brunswick Place, but there is no No. 18 on the street, the original number being bricked up.

THE FIRST election was fought out from August to September of that year and proved to be a spirited contest. George Brown threw himself into the lists with all his old vigor. The Rouges in Quebec came out against the Government; and down in Nova Scotia Joe Howe and the Antis prepared to fight the Government on the issue of Confederation to the bitter end.

The election in Nova Scotia was a picturesque one as well as bitter and hard-fought. William Annand went up to Colchester to contest that seat against the obnoxious Tupper. Joe Howe stumped the province from end to end. He spoke

The House of Service

GOURLAY WINTER & LEEMING

Limited

BUSINESS firms have personality. They stand for something. Some are animated by ideals. Ideals come before money, but the money comes surely, in its own place and time, and plentifully enough. For the public—a certain large part of it, that is—is also concerned with ideals, and gives its money to those who fill them out.

These thoughts come to one contemplating the business of "The House of Service"—Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, makers of pianos and piano-players. Here is a firm possessed by ideals, and a firm that has grown to magnitude because it possesses ideals and translates them into its product.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming have chosen for themselves a watchword—"The House of Service." Can you imagine a finer one—one of loftier import? It makes the desire of the piano-player—the public—supreme. It signifies a sense of obligation, of trusteeship. It implies an intention to respond, to the utmost of ability, to the necessities of the musician—of those who love music more than the structure which is called a piano, and whose souls are uplifted and transported by the singing of the harp within its casing of wood.

You who are soon to buy a piano or a piano-player—what is the thought that is directing you to a choice? Is it price? Is it appearance? Is it the name? Is it value for money? Is it music—that Voice of your own spirit and desire and dreaming, a Voice sweet, or strong, or soft, or vibrant, or deep? It all matters.

If price governs you in your choosing, you'll probably get a piano costing you $200 more or less. If appearance is the chief thing, then all makers can provide you with a piece of furniture passably good-looking. Is it a name?—then you should be careful what name will be on the piano to reveal you to your friends, for some names blatantly advertised, stand for energy in selling rather than for excellence in the instrument. Is it value for money?—then probably it will be a case of bargaining, or "shopping" with little concern for the piano viewed as a musical instrument. Is it music?—then your choice narrows down to two or three makes of instruments,—and the Gourlay is in this small company.

Now your choice will become perhaps difficult; and, perhaps, in the end, you will have to take refuge, less in your own ability to distinguish between the merits of one piano and another, since both may appeal to you equally, and more in the good faith of the makers; and then you may find it easy to decide when you remember that Gourlay's are "The House of Service." They do serve you—you who may be ready to buy a piano or a piano-player purely as a musical instrument, and not as a piece of beautiful joinery. Indeed, they have already served you. They served you long before your need or desire for a piano or piano-player became pressing. They anticipated your case, and conscientiously and with the utmost fidelity Gourlay's made their piano and their Gourlay-Angelus player-piano the fulfilment of all that the musician demands and an incentive to more artistic work on the part of every other good piano maker in Canada.



One further distinction of this firm should be noted, because it bears on the thought of service.

Frequently, at stated—and regular intervals fourteen men in the Gourlay organization meet in council to talk over every phase of the business in which all are supremely interested by reason of being stockholders and active workers. This Cabinet includes the president and executives, the factory manager, the sales manager, the superintendent of agencies, the superintendent of case-making, the head of the polishing and finishing department, the sounding-board expert, the head joiner, the head of the action-finishing department, the chief regulator of actions, the chief tuner, the tone-expert, the player-piano expert, and the chief of the repair department. Collectively, they make the Gourlay piano and the Gourlay Service what they are. The House of Service is a democracy, not a one-man or one-genius organization. It would be impossible to exaggerate the significance of this collective organization. It has given the Gourlay piano its supremacy and assures it.

Just another glimpse into what is signified by service.

In the midst of the Christmas rush a salesman sold to a customer in the brief space of 20 minutes an instrument valued at $325. The next customer to come in was received by an equally efficient salesman who spent a full hour in exchanging a phonograph record. The salesman had caught the spirit of the House of Service in display of great patience, and maintained courtesy with apparently small results.

Whether the transaction be the purchase of goods having the value of a single record or of a grand piano costing $1,000, the service is the same—earnest, cordial, sincere, complete.

It is this fact and knowledge that have made The House of Service a House of Confidence.

This advertisement is published in the Confederation-Jubilee Number of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE to show that in the development of Canada throughout the past half-century, there has arisen a firm of piano-makers purely Canadian in origin, making a piano that stands by right of its own worthiness in the small company of pianos made to embody ideals—pianos that are not sold as examples of skilled carpentry; but for their power to produce and interpret finely the compositions of the divinely-endowed who use music as their language of revelation, and at the same time to place Canada nationally in the forefront of those countries who produce pianos as world-leaders in musical circles.

Get a Gourlay catalogue if you want a fuller and more specific study of the Gourlay piano and the Gourlay-Angelus piano-player and the maker's own presentation of their instruments. But remember always that a piano in those homes where culture is will likely continue to give its exalted service for a generation or more, and, therefore, should be chosen with this thought and fact in mind. Remember, also, that some pianos will remain sweet singers for all their life—and the Gourlay is one of these.

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SCHOOL REOPENS SEPTEMBER 13th
New Prospectus from MISS STUART

in every riding, wearing, so the chronicles run, a "tasteful grey suit and a tall white hat." His tall white hat, like the white plume of Henry of Navarre, waved always where the fight was hottest. Howe's methods were picturesque and such records as have been kept of his speeches shew that he employed humor as well as invective to carry his audience.

On one occasion he lauded the city of London as the real capital for Canadians, adding: "Surely with such a capital as this we need not seek another in the backwoods of Canada! We may be pardoned if we prefer London under the dominion of John Bull to Ottawa under the dominion of Jack Frost!"

THE GOVERNMENT was sustained by large majorities in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick. Even George Brown went down to defeat in South Ontario; and he never again sat in the House of Commons. But in Nova Scotia the story was reversed. Joe Howe and the Opposition swept the province, and for the nineteen seats only one Government supporter—Tupper in Colchester—was returned. Eighteen members went to Ottawa prepared to fight for the repeal of Confederation!

Following the election the Antis decided to send a delegation to London to move for repeal and Howe, Annan, J. C. Troop and H. W. Smith were selected. They sailed at once and had soon launched an active propaganda in London. To counteract the effort, Tupper also went to London and presented the other side of the case.

Tupper soon found that the Imperial authorities were prepared to let matters stand. Accordingly, on the evening of Feb. 4 he called upon Howe at the lodgings of the Anti delegation. He saw the Anti leader alone.

"You are beaten—and you know it," was the substance of what he told his opponent. Howe, weary from butting up against the hard, cold wall of British governmental indifference, could not gainsay this. Tupper then proceeded, with rare tact, to point out that, where repeal was impossible, the only loyal course was acquiescence. What other course was possible? Howe was too loyal to consider annexation.

Howe went back to his associates, shaken in his determination. He said to the others: "Tupper has been to see me." One of them asked: "Howe, what have you to do with Tupper?"

Howe sensed suspicion in the query and replied: "I wanted to see his hand. Do not mistrust me, gentleman, I am acting for our best interests as I see things."

Subsequently Howe and Tupper went to visit the Duke of Buckingham and, before returning Tupper wrote to Macdonald: "Howe will soon be with us."

THE ANTI deputation returned to Nova Scotia without having accomplished anything. The agitation still went on, but Howe took a less active part. It has been asserted by the enemies who afterwards rose up against him that he was then looking for a reward as a result of abjuring the cause of the Antis; but from an outside perspective it seems more certain that he had wearied of what appeared to be a lost cause and had become convinced that loyalty demanded that he bow to the inevitable.

The next step in the winning over

of Nova Scotia was the visit of a delegation headed by the Premier (now Sir John). They saw Howe and he arranged a public meeting at which he presided and Sir John spoke. Negotiations by letter between Howe and Macdonald went on for some time afterward and finally all Nova Scotia was dumbfounded by the announcement that Howe was entering the Dominion Government.

Howe elected to stand in the constituency of Hants, and his erstwhile friends, now converted into the bitterest of enemies, prepared to rend him limb from limb. But the old lion roused himself, and after a grand fight won the seat by a majority of 383. It was charged that the Macdonald Government poured money into the constituency and that as high as four hundred dollars was paid for a vote. The popular story was that it cost sixty thousand dollars to carry Hants for Howe; that, however, is a story that probably arose in the heat of the election. Howe sat for four years in the Cabinet. They were neither happy nor fruitful. He was too brilliant and self-willed to make a good lieutenant and he found that he was overshadowed completely by the lustre of the now firmly-entrenched Sir John A. Macdonald. Howe's term made a rather unfortunate finish to a brilliant political career; and he was very glad finally to accept the post of Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.

IN THE meantime the Repeal Movement in the province had lost some of its force and it never again assumed sufficient proportions to threaten the solidarity of the new-fledged Dominion.

It remains but to be told that in 1870 the North-West Territories were transferred to the Dominion; that in 1871 the people of British Columbia cast in their lot with the Dominion; and that in 1873 Prince Edward Island decided not to remain out in the cold any longer.

And so the constitution of the Dominion of Canada was completed.

Confederation—And Afterwards

Continued from page 29.

The United States would have had to fight for her. She could have saved her own skin. But she espoused the cause because she could not be worthy of her destiny if she had not; and it is symbolical of her progress to that destiny that the anniversary of her natal day as a federation should come when she is in the midst of battle throes for a world federation.

The Indians of the South-West have a practice of working blood into the walls of the house when a new family comes into the clan. The war is to Canada the blood sign on the lintel of a newer, larger life in a newer, bigger world federation.

A dozen families of nations are now fighting for this federation. What will come of it, we do not know. We only know we are following a vision to a larger, higher destiny, and that the things we fight for are precious to human freedom.

IRONING A CONTINENT
See Next Page

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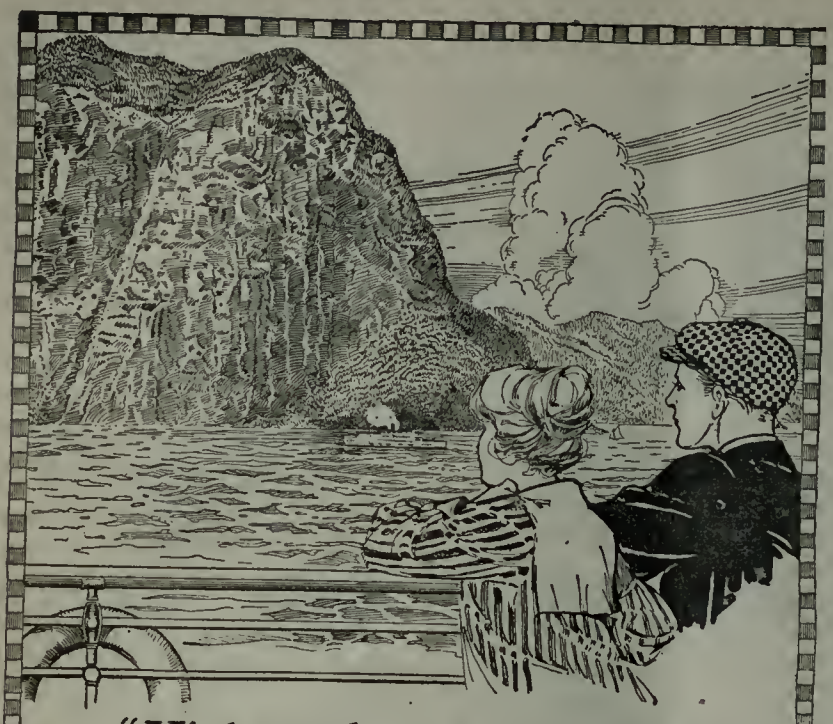


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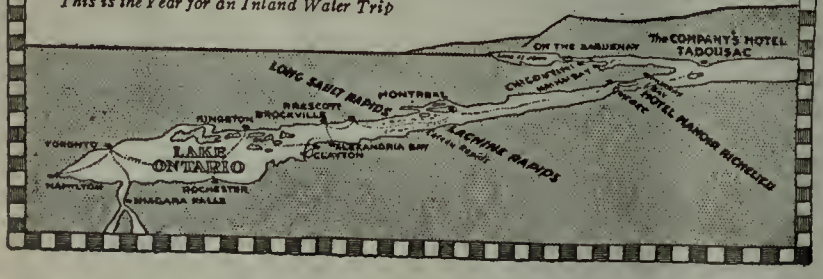
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National Equipment Co., Limited
17 Wabash Ave. - Toronto



They work as you hoped they would

Ironing a Continent

Continued from page 32.

presented a world of possibilities. Returning east he was interviewed by the Montreal *Star* and spoke enthusiastically of the vast country west of the Great Lakes. Meeting Mr. Van Horne on Peel Street the following day he stopped and said:

"Well, I read what you had to say, but I only wish our revenue account would correspond with these vast resources you see. We're behind over $650,000 on this year's account on operation out there! But I want to talk to you; I like men who have faith in great enterprises."

The writer dined with him that night at his home on Sherbrooke Street. In view of the passing of Sir William, it will not be considered a breach of etiquette to refer to his nobility of nature as revealed within the bosom of his family. As a host he was in his element. The cares, worries and responsibilities of office became seemingly of infinitesimal importance. Painting, history, literature were covered in his engaging conversation, and one no longer wondered why his magnetic force enabled him to undertake what at one time seemed a hopeless task and to carry it to a triumphant termination; the blood of New Amsterdam was no prodigal element, coursing through the veins of a worthy son. During the conversation Mrs. Van Horne listened with wrapt attention. She turned to me at one stage and said quietly: "You public men only see my husband facing and overcoming difficulties. I see him as the most beautiful character God ever created. The moment he enters his house the office door is closed; he never permits me to know or speak of his business anxieties; you see him now as he always is at home."

The good wife who spoke thus has perhaps long forgotten the occurrence and her words; but they have remained green in the memory of the writer, who recalls them now as illustrative of the character of a man who gave permanence to great national achievements without disturbing the sweet harmony of the home sanctuary.

Later in the evening, ensconced in what he called his "den," but which was in reality a gallery of art, Sir William referred to the difficulties which he and his co-laborers had encountered during the earlier days.

"They were pretty solemn processions that visited Ottawa in 1883-4," he said. "Financial disaster was threatening the railway. Sir John Macdonald we found willing but non-committal. Sir Leonard Tilley, the Finance Minister, was cautious to unwillingness; Sir Francis Smith, a sheet anchor; J. H. Pope was always with the enterprise, and Sir Charles Tupper always favorable, whether in Ottawa or London."

He then proceeded to tell how he had come to secure some of his chief officials, and to pay tribute to their loyalty and industry. And incidentally he drifted into an anecdote which probably has not been published before.

"BY the way," he said, "I'll tell you how I discovered Shaughnessy. I was conversing with the head of an important railway in Milwaukee when in the next room I could hear a voice strongly rebuking the representative of a supply firm for failing to deliver ma-

chinery up to the hour of contract. I looked in and enquired, 'Who is that?'

"'Oh, that's Tom Shaughnessy,' was the reply.

"Would you object to me making him an offer? I want a man like that.'

"The other replied, 'Oh, we'll not stand in his way, if it means promotion.'

"So the Canadian Pacific 'annexed' Shaughnessy."

WHEN leaving that night the writer made a request that he dictate some of the points of the conversation.

"I'll do it, with pleasure," replied Sir William. "I shall do it myself without any secretary."

Sure enough, the document in his handwriting, was received about ten days later. It was accompanied by a brief note expressing the hope that the paper would prove interesting, and adding: "This was the way I spent my Christmas holiday."

THE following is an accurate copy of Sir William Van Horne's manuscript notes, outlining some of the earlier history of the C.P.R.:

"Company work in the North West was begun in the spring of 1881 under A. B. Stickney, General Superintendent, and Gen. Thos. G. Rosser, Chief Engineer. William Van Horne was appointed General Manager of the Company in November, 1881, and early in 1882 Jno. M. Egan (afterwards President of the Chicago and Great Western Ry.), was appointed General Superintendent of the Western Section of the Railway, and Samuel B. Reid, Chief Engineer. The latter was soon obliged by ill health to resign his office, and was succeeded by J. C. James, who, dying early in 1883, was succeeded by James Ross.

"The Company's work was commenced at Portage la Prairie, when, in addition to pushing westward, a new line was made eastward to Winnipeg, to take the place of the line already built by the Government from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie, via Stoney Mountain and Ossawa, a line altogether too circuitous. The close of the working season of 1881 found the end of the rails at Flat Creek (now Oak Lake Station), 131 miles west of Winnipeg. Van Horne reorganized and enlarged the construction and operating departments, established an enormous depot for construction material and supplies at Flat Creek, and otherwise made ready for the great work of 1882. Rails were brought from England and Germany, mostly by ocean to New York, thence by rail to Winnipeg, and owing to the inefficiency of rail transportation from the seaboard, more than 100 miles of rails were brought to New Orleans, thence conveyed on barges up the Mississippi to St. Louis and then to St. Paul. Sleepers were procured from the Lake of the Woods country. Engines and cars from the workshops of the United States and Canada, and even from Scotland; laborers and skilled men were gathered from everywhere. The construction organization, once set in motion, proceeded without hitch or stoppage to the completion of the railway.

"The company very soon awakened to the fact that they would be closely pursued by interest account, recognizing that money put into the work must be made to yield returns; and the railway made an earning factor as quickly as possible. As Sir John Macdonald once expressed it, it was a case of the quick or the dead. If the full time allowed by the contract with the government was taken advantage of, interest would swamp the corporation, and it was believed (as afterwards demonstrated), that rapid work did not necessarily involve extra expense; that it was largely a question of perfection of plan and organization of anticipating and providing in advance for all requirements. Therefore, the work was laid out with a view towards its completion in less than half the contract time. The programme then decided upon was carried through, almost to the day.

"While the physical victory achieved was wonderful, the financial feat in carrying through the undertaking was more wonderful. The financial world at first regarded the undertaking with doubt, at times with derision. This changed as time went on, to astonishment, then to amazement and admiration. It was half believed that the company had found Aladdin's Lamp. George Stephen (Lord Mount Stephen), was the financial soul of the enterprise. His genius, courage and devotion made the impossible possible. Along the contemplated route of the railway at the time the contract was executed between the Government and the Company, the settlements ended, going west from Montreal to Pembroke only



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200 miles away. From there to Prince Arthur's Landing (Port Arthur), 800 miles beyond, there was wilderness supposed by Canadians to be practicably uninhabitable. At Prince Arthur's Landing was a small mining village of 300 people or so. From there to Winnipeg, 425 miles, was another rocky wilderness with perhaps a dozen people at the Lake of the Woods. At Winnipeg, which was then little more than a trading post of the Hudson Bay Company and within a radius of 50 miles, were a few thousand people. From Winnipeg to the Pacific coast, 1,500 miles, there were four great mountain ranges to be crossed and no population save Indians. About the Pacific terminus there were a few thousand inhabitants at New Westminster and scattered among the mining camps and a few thousand more at Victoria and elsewhere on Vancouver Island. It was not possible that these *scattered elements* could sustain a transcontinental railway costing two hundred million dollars, not possible that such a railway could earn even its train expenses, saying nothing of maintenance; as to interest on the money invested that was not to be thought of—so all the world said. That it would be made to pay dividends on its ordinary shares was not believed by half a dozen financiers. It was in the face of this general opinion that Mr. Stephen found the money to keep the work going on, even when the expenses amounted to $100,000 a day, for months together. The company set out in the first place to build its line from the proceeds of land grant bonds and $100,000,000 of ordinary stock, keeping the railway free from mortgage. Something more than half the shares had been marketed when, about midsummer, of 1883, it was found that the remainder would not at the low price they had given. realize enough to complete the work. Then, in order to give financial backbone to the enterprise, and to put the price of the stock high enough to yield the required amount, the Company deposited with the Government a sufficient amount in cash to secure a guarantee of three per cent. per annum for ten years; but before this arrangement had the anticipated effect and Villard and the Northern Pacific got into financial difficulties, prices dropped and the Canadian Pacific Company found itself in a worse plight than ever. It was then that the Government was asked for a loan of $30,000,000 to enable the Company to complete its work. This was reluctantly given, nearly everybody supposing the amount lost to the country. A year later a further loan of $5,000,000 was made to the Company and to the surprise of everyone, these advances were repaid with interest, shortly afterwards.

"The line through the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains traverses what was in 1880 practically an unknown region.

"Major A. B. Rogers, then a well-known engineer in the Western States was entrusted with the explorations and surveys of this section. He was a man in whose character, professional pride and absolute fidelity were the predominating traits; so extreme were his ideas as to these, that by many he was regarded as a 'crank.' The difficulties he encountered in tracing out a line through the mountains were extraordinary and the hardships undergone were almost beyond human endurance; but the Major prosecuted work with a pertinacity and enthusiasm that nothing seemed to daunt and his success was the proudest achievement of his life.

"Roger's character is well illustrated by the fact that when the pass through the Selkirks was found to be a certainty, and the directors issued a cheque for $5,000, the Major had it framed, refusing to draw the money, holding the cheque to be worth vastly more that $5,000. In his own words he had not been working for money! It was only on being given a fine gold watch covered with complimentary inscriptions that he could be prevailed upon to have the cheque cashed. The Major was very economical in the conduct of his work. On being told that he was accused of making his men live on soup made from bacon rinds and old hamsacks, he replied: 'That's an infernal lie, whoever told you it. I have never squandered the Company's money in buying hams.'

"The Major died in 1889, and a week or two before wrote me he was ill at his brother's house in Minnesota, that the doctors told him that he would have to 'pass his checks' in the course of ten days or so. He mentioned that when in Montreal last he saw in the C.P.R. office a lot of photographs of mountain scenery, and he would like to get some of the pictures, if he could, in time to show and explain them to his young nephews and nieces before he passed away. Needless to say, not a minute was lost in sending them; so the Major's last days were made happy."

It may not be out of place, in conclusion, to chronicle a statement made to the writer by Sir Donald Smith (afterwards Lord Strathcona), at Winnipeg, during the winter of 1896. The old Hudson Bay Factor, after referring to his connection with the Canadian Pacific said: "When Parliament voted approval of a loan of $30,000,000 to the Company, both George Stephen and I were hopelessly involved; to such an extent that even our houses and other effects would have gone had the smash come."

The Draft

Continued from page 27.

ground tunnel, as it was called, by which escaped slaves, helped by Northern Abolitionists, found freedom on Canadian soil.

The North started out, thinking its task easy, but sharp defeat at Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, and Wilson's Creek, opened its eyes. Voluntary enlistment failing to fill the depleted ranks in the Union armies, Lincoln and his government, in March of '63, resorted to the draft. All able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five were liable to be drafted, and forced to serve or pay for a substitute. Down in New York and elsewhere, there were, as now, pacifists—Copperheads or Butternuts they were called—who talked high-sounding phrases to save their skins, and preached the brand of freedom that cheerfully lets the other fellow take the risky job. Thousands of Canadians fought on the side of the North, some drawn by the righteousness of the cause, others impelled by the love of adventure, and many attracted by the money offered

by wealthy slackers, with no stomach for fighting, to those who could take their places in the Draft. In this way a great many Canadians took a chance in the big game, and some returned to build fortune on the foundation of bounty money.

III.

"I CAN recall the day and hour, as if they were but yesterday, instead of in '63. It was a beautiful spring morning. The ice had been out of the lake two or three weeks. Sugaring was over, the snow had gone. The young leaves were on the trees, and farmers busy with spring ploughing in the warm, dry fields. Fishing was fine. I had been to the river inlet, and had a basket of beauties. I can see myself, a bare-legged lad, rising twelve, pants and shirt my costume, my fishing kit a pole cut from the bush, length of string and hook. I wanted to see Annie Harland, so I ran my tub of a home-made boat on the sand strip yonder.

"The old cottage you see, above the beach, was the Harland place, then as pretty a little spot as you'd wish to look on. Most of the hillside had been owned by a wealthy man named Dransfield, who lived down in the States. He had cut it up into hundred acre farms, selling them on time to a band of North of Ireland settlers who had recently come out. One of the new arrivals was James Harland, a Belfast man. He was said to come of good stock. Money, we knew, came to him every year in small sums from Ireland, and it was rumored that one day he would get quite a little fortune, when some property he was interested in was sold. We didn't pay much attention to those tales, however, as most of the Old Country fami-

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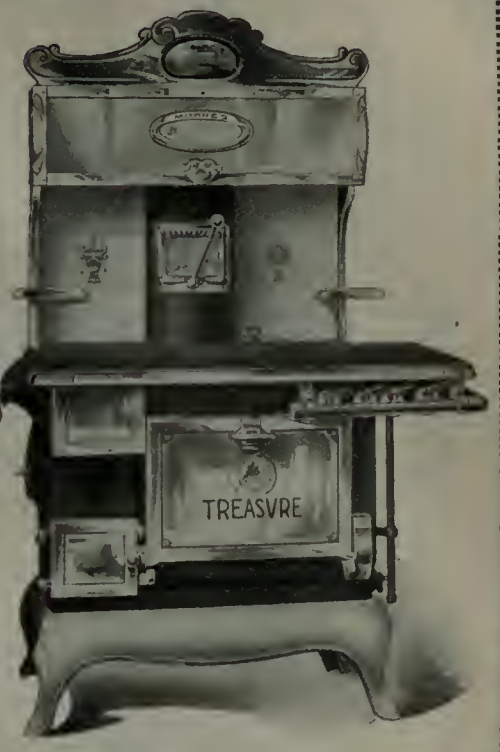
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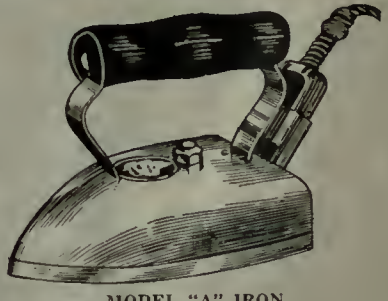
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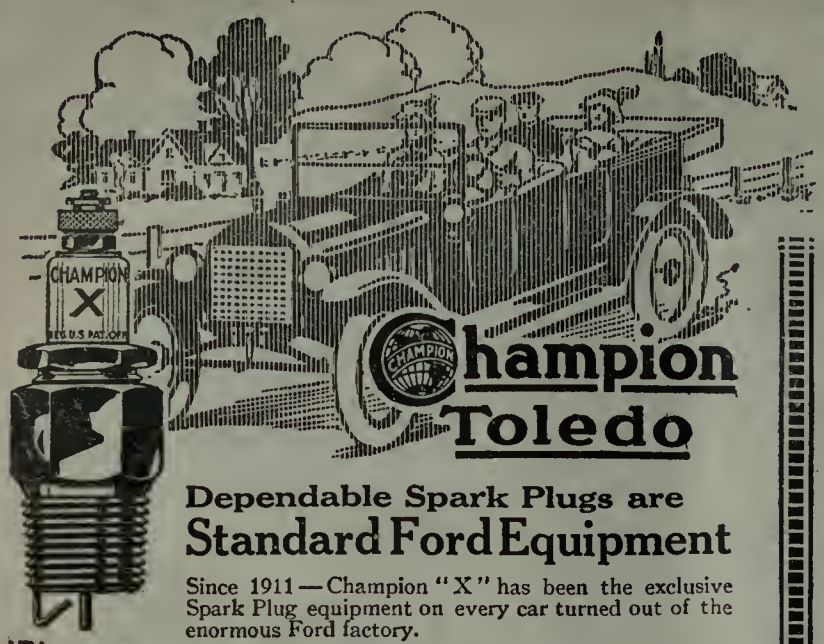
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lies had traditions of wealth tied up in Chancery, or dangling tantalizingly just out of reach for want of some vital 'papers.' Harland's wife died soon after he settled here, leaving him with one child, a girl, Annie.

"The land then was not as it is now, cleared and fenced. Most of it was heavy bush. In a few years Harland got a fair piece cleared, house and barns built, and a tidy bit of stock accumulated, but it was terribly hard work. He had no money to hire help, and except for the few days a neighbor might give him, in return for like services, he and his daughter managed alone. As industrious, honest, and God-fearing a man as ever stepped in shoe leather was James Harland. Then, just as he was beginning to see the glimmer of daylight in his affairs he was killed in the bush by the fall of a tree.

ANNIE was then a girl of twenty, a tall, handsome lass, with big, dark speaking Irish eyes, bright winsome face, with a glow of color under the dusky tints that sun and air had given her. All the lads in the Settlement were head and ears in love with her, I myself, —at twelve—as much as the next. Harland had left things in a bad way, through no fault of his own, poor man! There was a sum of eight hundred dollars still due on the land purchase and building loans. Old Dransfield had been a kindly, accommodating man, reasonable with mortgagors, anxious to see them prosper. He died, and his son, a man about thirty, was of another stamp. He knew nothing but the strict letter of his bond, called hardness sound business principle, and thought himself a hundred times smarter than his father had been, though the old man had more wisdom in one corner of his skull than the son had in his entire establishment.

Men came courting Annie—youngsters in their teens, likely farmers, moldy old widowers. She laughed alike at their clumsy or crafty lovemaking, and shoo'd them away. Neither young man's slave nor old man's darling was she ready to be—just yet. Young Dransfield, who came up every few months, debt collecting, fell before her charms like the rest.

She did not laugh at his lovemaking, but sought to avoid him, as if she feared. After she was left alone he went to see her, and asked what she proposed to do about the farm, and she told him she meant to try and run it herself and pay him off. He laughed at the notion, but she was wonderfully sweet and pretty, and all alone, so he was indulgent for a year or so. When the first instalment ran behind—for the year following Harland's death was a very hard one—he began to come to the house oftener, making the debt an excuse. He was foppish in a cheap, vulgar way, fond of displaying what he considered were city manners, and showing off his wealth before the plain folk as if he were a superior being. To those who were in his power he was a pitiless bully. I suppose he thought that a country girl like Annie would fall down and worship his magnificence, but he was mistaken, and when he found he could not win her by fair means, he tried foul, bothering her about money, till she had little pleasure in life. Of course, it was his right. The money was due him. But he sought to use the power it gave him like the coward he was. At last, when he became impertinent, she pulled him up



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The ravages of the World War must be made good, and the unparalleled natural resources of Ontario as yet scarcely touched will now enter upon their own. As the following facts prove, the Province of Ontario presents greater opportunities to Capital and Labor than any other in the Dominion.

Resources.

Ontario includes 230 million acres of land, of which only 13½ million acres are under cultivation. More than 20 million acres of the very finest arable land await the plough. From east to west its borders are 1,000 miles apart, and from north to south 1,075 miles.

Timber licenses have been issued for only about 10% of the 200,000 square miles of wooded land. Extensive forests of pine and other woods are yet untouched.

Practically all minerals excepting coal are found in Ontario, and there are 4,300,000 h.p. in "white coal" still undeveloped.

The value of farms in Ontario, including lands, buildings, implements and live stock, is estimated at $1,480,000,000, yielding an annual gross return of at least 23% on their value.

Bordering on the Great Lakes, and with one-third of Canada's railway mileage and five great canals within its borders, every advantage of transportation is available. Ontario is the natural distributing centre of Canada. Every encouragement is given to industries, and most new Canadian factories locate in Ontario.

There are over 300 towns and cities in the Province, including 25 of over 10,000 population. Among these are Toronto, the second largest city in Canada, and Ottawa, the capital of Canada.

Development.

The utilities necessary for development are further advanced in Ontario than anywhere else in Canada.

The Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission operates 450 miles of 110,000-volt power lines, and 1,250 miles of lower tension lines, 44,000 volts or less. The rates charged to municipalities, industries and other customers are from $15 per h.p. year upwards, according to amount used.

There are 50,000 miles of highways and 10,000 miles of colonization roads (an aggressive good roads policy is being carried out by the Minister of Highways), and 10,039 miles of steam railways and 772 of electric. The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, owned by the Province, operates 330 miles, connecting Northern Ontario and Toronto.

A network of rural telephone systems has been developed as a result of provincial legislation, comprising 600 systems, 65 of which are municipally owned, and 80,000 farmers' telephones, the large majority of which connect with the Bell telephone system through which they secure long distance service with all points.

Assessed Value - -	$1,900,000,000
Annual Production -	$1,000,000,000
Uncultivated Farm Land,	20,000,000 acres
Available Timber -	19,000,000,000 ft.
Available Pulpwood,	300,000,000 cords
Undeveloped Water Powers,	4,000,000 h.p.

Nine of Canada's 22 chartered banks, with assets of $645,290,525, have their head offices in Ontario, and the Province also has 1,135 of the 3,094 branch banks in Canada.

The population of Ontario, Dominion census of 1911, was 2,523,274, of which more than half was urban. So there is plenty of room for greatly increased rural population. Ontario will undoubtedly remain the most populous and powerful of Canada's provinces.

Production.

Manufacturers employed 238,817 persons in 8,001 establishments, according to the 1910 Dominion Census, and produced $579,810,225 a year, or almost exactly half of all Canada's manufactures.

Forest products are worth $35,000,000 annually. Minerals averaged $46,000,000 annually for the past five years, of which $32,600,000 was metallic, chiefly silver, iron, nickel, gold and copper.

Fisheries yield annually about $2,700,000. Natural gas worth $16,000,000 has been obtained in the past ten years, and in the same decade, four million barrels of Crude Oil.

Agricultural production is about $365,000,000 annually, including: Field crops, $199,000,000 or 39% of all Canada's; dairy products, $36,000,000; fruit, $26,100,000, retail value, ¾ of all Canada's fruit being grown in Ontario; tobacco, $2,000,000; live stock, $93,000,000.

Crops are well maintained. In 1914, fall wheat, oats, corn for husking, barley, turnips and mixed grains totalled 222,413,233 bushels; in 1915 these crops totalled 253,015,418. Modern machinery has revolutionized methods in Ontario, and cheap electrical power on the farm is increasing production still further.

Improved farms are for sale from $500 to $50,000, while homesteads of 160 to 200 acres are given free or sold for 50 cents an acre in four annual instalments. The bush farm presents many advantages over the prairie farm, including scenery, shelter, fuel, lumber, pine atmosphere, delightful shaded walks, and profitable winter employment.

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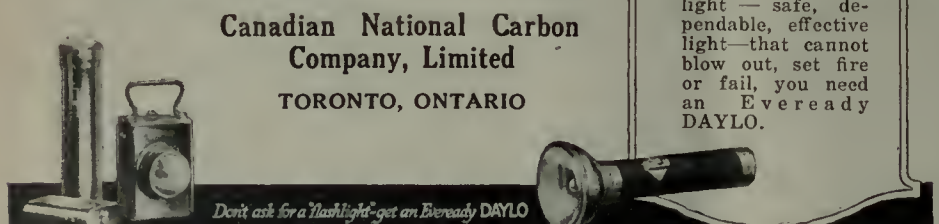
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Eveready DAYLOS are made in 77 styles, at prices from 85 cents up, and sold by the better electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods and stationery stores everywhere. There's an Eveready DAYLO for your pocket, your traveling bag, your car and your home. Get one to-day for your greater comfort and safety.

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when something goes wrong with your motor at night
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when a thunderstorm puts your house lights out of commission
when you must find the first-aid kit, quick!
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short, and told him to stay away, and write what he had to say about business. He laughed at her signs of fear, in his rough coarse way, and at last, as he became bolder, she came to father, and he put the laugh on the other side of the fellow's face. A word, or a hint—father told him—to any of the lads along the hillside that he was annoying Annie, and it would be a mighty long day before he would be able to display his gold watch chain and diamond stud on the streets of New York City. And if the lads were slack, he, father, would attend to the job himself. Dransfield was wise after his kind, and courageous only with his tongue, so he contented himself with pestering Annie with dunning letters.

IV.

IT WAS in the fall or late summer of '62 that Peter Grant came to the Settlement. Peter was a Scotsman, a tall, dark, good-looking Highland lad, who had the Gaelic tongue, and something of the courteous Gaelic gentleness over granite ruggedness. He came to teach the little schools in this and the adjoining hamlet, spending a few months in each. In between his teaching he found work on the farms at busy times. He could drive as straight a furrow as any man on the hillsides, and swing scythe or sickle with the best and fastest. Folks said he was saving to put himself through College and become a minister. He was quiet, grave beyond his years, a great reader, with a prodigious memory for poetry that he would recite, when carried out of his reserve, with a compelling, fiery eloquence I will never forget. His gentle, polite ways made the rougher lads, at first, pick him as butt for their practical jokes and clumsy fun. Then they discovered another Peter. He could use his fists with bewildering dexterity. He fought like a whirlwind, and there wasn't a man, big or little, in the Settlement, that the steel-and-whipcord Highlander could not put on his back and pin there. He seemed, as we came to know him, a curious blend of fire and ice and power and gentleness. There was something of the heavy claymore, and something of the fine, keen rapier in him. Poor in pocket, he had a pride and chivalry that the noblest in the land could not have outmatched.

His courtesy to women was a revelation to us then. To him they were not mortals of common clay, to be flirted with or joked about, but another, superior order of beings, to be worshipped and reverenced. His quaint politenesses, never effusive, were often ridiculed by the men, and some of the women too, who nevertheless thought no worse of Peter because he esteemed them finer and better than they really were.

HE and Annie Harland drew together like magnet and steel. Folks saw it, and expected they would marry and settle down; but they didn't, and it was the judgment of the Settlement that they were the queerest lovers ever known. They did not go out walking together. He never went to the house, he saluted her with grave hat-lifting when he met her, and always called her Mistress Annie when he spoke of her. Some said he wished to marry her, but she would not hear of it. She knew what life on the farm would be, one long struggle all their days with poverty, hardship, and, maybe, crushed ambition. To put Peter to wood clearing, and swamp draining, and the drudgery of farm life, would be like harnessing a thoroughbred racer to a lumber wagon. He must go his way, get to college, enter the ministry, and then, if he didn't find someone he liked better—she laughed, talking it over with my mother—they might talk about it again. They musn't even be declared lovers, each must have full liberty, he must take his way, and, no doubt, she would be able to manage on the farm, when things began to run more smoothly. One change there was for Annie. Dransfield, like the rest, saw how things were going, and he weighed and estimated the young Highlander in his mind, concluding that he was not a safe man to cross, where the woman of his heart was concerned. So Annie was no more molested. The shield of Peter was over her. Dransfield even became friendly with the strange Scotsman, whose power alone he could understand.

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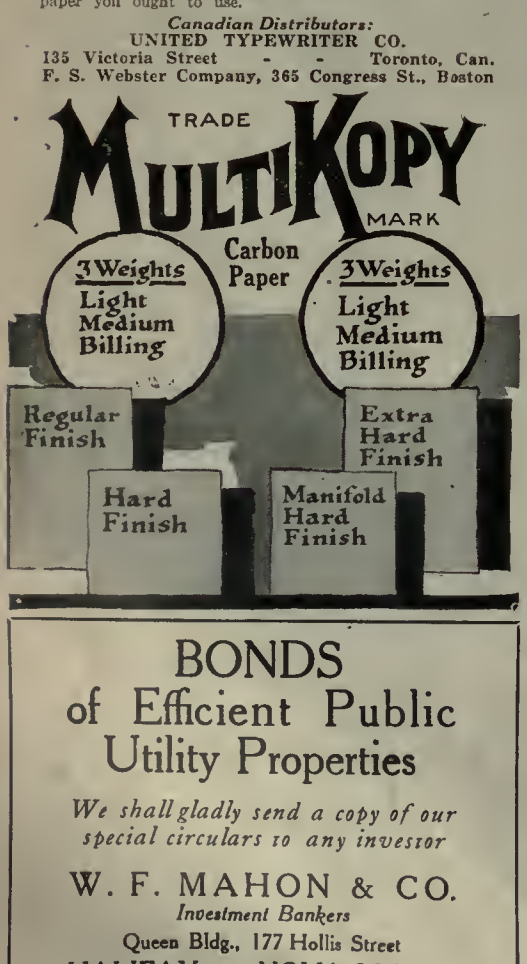
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The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance

IT WOULD appear, on the surface of things, that Canada is facing the prospect of continued prosperity. Industry is very active. Not only are demands heavy for everything in the way of every-day goods, but the demands of the war, heaped upon the industrial market, have created a situation of strenuous activity. The available supply of labor and material is quite inadequate to keep pace with the demand for production and it is quite certain that this condition will continue until the war is terminated. It follows that wages will remain high and that business will continue active.

To add to the prospect of an indefinitely continued prosperity, the crop outlook in Canada is excellent. The farmer "got away" to a bad start this year owing to the unfavorable weather prevailing in early spring. Subsequent conditions have more than compensated, however, for the cold and wet of April and May. To-day reports come from all provinces full of optimism and reporting the surety of increased yields in most crops. Only extremely adverse weather later in the season could upset the favorable agricultural outlook. With a big yield and high prices in prospect the Canadian farmer may find in 1917 his banner year.

LET us repeat, therefore, that on the surface, it would appear certain that our present prosperity is due to continue indefinitely. Business men, men with a stake in the country, men with something to lose, are inclined still, however, to probe beneath the surface and to seek for the underlying indications. They are not entirely satisfied that the future is all plain sailing. They see that money is scarce and that the burden of debt the country is piling up is bound to prove a handicap on the future. For these reasons they are inclined to view the future with a certain reserve; and they are, moreover, losing no opportunity to provide for any contingencies that may arise. Farsighted business men are straining every nerve, every resource, to increase production and to *save*. By accomplishing these two objects they are preparing themselves to successfully face any business crisis that the future may hold.

THE degree of uncertainty that business men entertain is lessening all the time, however. In the early stages of the war it was freely predicted and generally believed, that the declaration of peace would usher in a period of unprecedented stagnation, that the sudden collapse of war orders would leave industry flat and utterly helpless. Gradually this anticipating pessimism has given way to a more hopeful feeling. Peace cannot come on a world unprepared as war did in that fateful month of 1914. Finance and industry are having time to plan and prepare for peace. When peace comes and war orders are cut off other methods will have been devised to keep business moving. A Canadian recently back from England, reports a conversation that he had after a visit to one of the largest industrial plants in that country. He had seen enormous additions that had been put up to enable this firm to make munitions and whole villages of special houses that had been built up to house the workmen.

"What will you do with these buildings after the war" he asked. "Will they be torn down or allowed to stand?"

"Neither," was the reply. "We have all our plans laid to utilize our present war plant for peace purposes. We are going into the manufacture of certain lines that Germany has had a monopoly on heretofore. The patterns are all ready, the machinery is arranged for. On the day our last war order is filled the work of reconstruction will start. Our operations after the war will be double what they were before it."

This may or may not be typical of the attitude of British Manufacturers. Probably it is. It is typical of the attitude of the more progressive Canadian business men.

And Canada will be in a particularly fortunate position to hold up when peace comes. The tremendous work of rebuilding and reconstruction which Europe must undertake will mean a heavy demand for material and supplies from America for many years. Canada and the United States will share in the activity that will follow. In addition Canada stands to benefit by the closer and more amicable relations with the United States that the war is engendering. There has always been a certain amount of hostility and prejudice between us, close neighbors though we have been. Americans have been inclined to regard Canada as insignificant; Canadians have suspected and to some extent disliked the United States. Since the war these feelings have been undergoing changes. From the first our American neighbors have offered sincere admiration for the gallantry and fortitude of our Canadian troops. Since their own entry into the war they have looked toward us with the regard of comrades-in-arms. Canada stands very high in the affection and regard of Americans to-day. Canadians on the other hand are beginning to lose the deep antipathy toward Americans which developed in the first two years of the war. It is not all gone; but it is going. Before the war is over it is certain that the bonds of mutual friendship will have been firmly cemented.

This will react after the war in closer and improved business connections. It unquestionably will stimulate the migra-

tion of Americans to the Canadian West. They will not feel that they are moving to a foreign country. Canada stands to benefit hugely by the trade alliance which inevitably will follow the alliance in arms.

ON THE whole, therefore, the best informed men are inclined to think that our outlook is bright. They anticipate that for a few months, perhaps, after peace comes there will be a certain degree of flatness; but following close on the heels of this temporary lull, the pendulum of business will swing back again. This, of course, provided that the outcome of the war is favorable to us. Should peace be inconclusive, or a victory real or moral, for Germany, the outlook would be materially changed, or if the war be prolonged for five or ten years more. The fear of further wars would hang low on the horizon; and business would not react as spontaneously or as completely to the favorable conditions already noted.

AS FOR the present, all is going remarkably well. There are unfavorable circumstances, of course, or rather, circumstances which create difficulties. The amount of money needed for the carrying on of business to-day has been very hugely augmented. The manufacturer has to pay perhaps double for his raw material and he needs more capital to operate on. The same necessity is passed on to the wholesaler and the retailer. The result is that the banks are hard pressed to meet all the demands of their legitimate customers, the business men of the country. Capital expenditures as a result are perforce being curbed and available funds are being concentrated on production. In this connection transportation difficulties are playing an important part. On the surface it is not easy to trace any direct connection between a shortage of cars and a shortage of money, but the *Financial Post* establishes the relation very convincingly as follows:

"The more rapidly that crops or manufactured goods reach their market the more quickly will the capital which they represent be raised for other undertakings. Canada must make delivery—at least to the seaboard—to get the benefit of her production. The more rapid the movement the greater the amount of business which can be facilitated with the country's available funds. It is of further importance that there should be no delays in these times, because the commodities being financed to market represent a larger amount of capital than during normal times, because they have a much higher value. It is important, therefore, that everything possible be done to increase all transportation facilities.

UNQUESTIONABLY the outlook for Canadian business is promising, but it must be borne in mind that our future depends upon our ability and our willingness to meet war problems promptly and courageously. At present Canadians are not doing this. Unconsciously, perhaps, they are refusing to accept certain truths, to look unpleasant facts squarely in the face. They are unduly optimistic, unwisely wedded to old ideas and too rigid in adherence to political considerations. National organization is being hampered as a result.

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The Investment Situation

This is the idea of investment that MacLean's Magazine desires to present: That men and women should save carefully, putting their money in the bank; should carry endowment and life insurance; should make a will, naming some good trust company as executor. When these matters have been taken care of, the surplus income should be invested in good Government and municipal bonds. To these might be added good real estate mortgages, but the average man or woman who is not in close touch with values would be unwise to put money into mortgages at the present time, except indirectly through investment in some of the good loan companies' shares. Men and women, and particularly young men, whose incomes are above the average, who are not dependent upon a sure income from their investments and who are willing to take risks to secure a larger return on their money, may buy shares in financial and industrial companies. MacLean's Magazine does not care to advise readers on any particular securities, but with the aid of the editor of THE FINANCIAL POST, will gladly give regular subscribers opinions on new flotations.—The Editors.

FOR men and women with money in the bank this is a most favorable period. It is an extremely important period for saving every cent possible, for turning everything into cash, for working overtime to increase incomes, for cutting out every possible waste and for putting by and keeping money in the savings bank.

By turning everything into cash is not meant to sell securities, but to dispose of all commodities that are now unnecessary in the home, on the farm, the office, or the factory. Turn them into cash. About every place in Canada there are bits of metal, large and small, old machinery, old clothing. Now is the time to make a thorough clean up. Prices are high. They may go higher; probably will, but there is a good sale to-day. Unused furniture, and supplies of all kinds can be sold to-day. Turn everything of this sort into cash. Put the cash in your bank and hold it there for investment. You will be doing something to help at this time when every cent is needed; and from a purely selfish standpoint as well you will be doing a wise thing.

The investment market at the present time is particularly favorable for the investors. Gilt-edged securities can be bought at prices so low that they would have seemed almost incredible five or six years ago. The result is that government and municipal bonds have begun to give large yields. It is not difficult now to get 6% on first class securities; while 5½%, once a high yield, has become a commonplace. This is due, of course, to the tremendous demands for money. The Government's needs for war purposes have been so heavy that, coupled with the very greatly increased demands for the carrying on of the business of the country due to increased prices, there has been more or less of a scramble for money. The scarcity is bound to continue and it may be that the sale of securities in the near future will have to be on terms even more favorable to the investor than at present. Some security houses predict that such will be the case; others, however, feel that the topmost point in yields has now been reached.

THE investor should bear one point in mind at the present time. The first investment to be considered is the war loan. A man or woman with money to place should put as much as possible at the service of the Government. This is not only a patriotic duty, it is shrewd business as well, for the Government bonds are the safest investment on the market and they offer a splendid yield. There is an additional reason now to the fore. These Government bonds are exempt from federal income tax—the only form of security exempted in fact. As income tax is coming soon this factor is an important one for the investor to bear in mind. That it is a potent reason cannot be doubted in view of a recent occurrence in Toronto. The rumor got around that not only was income tax coming, but it was coming this year. Orders for the war loan started to come on the market briskly, the price jumped up half a point in two days and a firm tone generally was noticed. Some dealers asserted positively that this sudden access of buying could be traced to the income tax rumor.

There is this also to be said in connection with the patriotic side of the war loan as an investment. The last loan was not as successful as had been hoped in this respect, that the price has since gone down, depressing the market as a result. The reason for this was a more or less technical one. The public was prepared to assimilate the loan and the money was readily available. A speculative element crept into the handling of the loan, however. The previous issue had been oversubscribed 100 per cent., and most subscribers had, therefore, received only half of the amount they had gone down for. It was expected that a similar condition would prevail on the last loan and many big amounts were placed in the expectation that only about half would be allotted. The loan was over-subscribed, but hardly to the extent of the previous one, and subscribers received 70 per cent. This left a number with more than they could handle and they dumped their surplus on the market. The natural effect was to shove it down and, although issued at 96¼, it touched as low as 93¾. At that stage it became so valuable an investment that demand stiffened and the price started upward again. At time of writing it stands 94½ and is a remarkably fine buy at that figure.

The result of the depression, however, was to create some doubt as to the advisability of floating another war loan this fall. It is now clear that another loan is necessary and it has become important that the market should be strengthened. This supplies another reason for investing in war loans at present, apart from the splendid value that war bonds represent at their present figure.

It will be in the interests of the country if the next loan is absorbed in smaller lots. The Liberty Loan, floated in the United States, was taken up by four million investors; so that the large bulk of it was distributed in small amounts. The small investor buys as an investment and it is seldom that bonds placed in this way come back on the market. The result is that a more minute assimilation climinates the speculative element to a very great extent and tends to a strong market. This again is a strong reason why the average man or woman, with money

to be placed, should look first to war bonds.

THE market in other securities at present is dull, owing to the season partly, and partly to the scarcity of money. As stated at the outset the present, however, is an extremely favorable time for the investor. The market prices may recede still further, thus increasing the yield; and in anticipation of still more favorable figures, some investors are holding off.

INSURING THE INCREASED STOCK

THE heavy increase in the amount of capital tied up in practically every business in the country, certainly every retail business, has created many problems. The outstanding problem that the business man faces is, of course, that of getting the necessary capital. An almost equally important problem, however, is that of insurance.

The problem arises from the increased value of all goods. Consider the case of a hardware merchant who before the war carried a stock of, say, $15,000. With exactly the same bulk of goods on hand to-day this merchant would have perhaps $25,000 tied up in his stock. Many of the lines he has to carry have more than doubled in price and so, to carry the same assortment that he has found necessary to satisfy his customers, he must sink almost twice as much money into the stock. It will readily be seen that it has become incumbent on this merchant to increase his insurance. In case of fire he would stand to sustain very heavy losses unless he had covered the increase in the value of his stock. This is especially the case with merchants who are operating under the co-insurance clause which binds them to keep their insurance up to 80% of the total value of stock.

The same applies to other lines of business in addition to retailers and wholesalers. The manufacturer to-day is carrying a more valuable stock than ever before, particularly if he deals in metals, which have gone up very materially in price. Publishers are in the same class, inasmuch as they use metal and paper which again has soared in price, perhaps even more markedly than any other commodity. Importers, who carry stocks, are hard hit because they have to pay largely increased prices on all goods brought in from foreign countries. And so it goes pretty well all along the line. The cost of doing business has gone up in every particular and every line of enterprise has been more or less affected.

This is a point which the business man must watch very closely. It is not a matter which can be lost sight of at any time. To neglect to bring insurance arrangements up to the point where a fire loss would be adequately covered is a fatal mistake; for fires have the unhappy faculty of occurring at the wrong time. There are cases of recent record where merchants have had serious fire losses a few days after receiving heavy consignments of goods—a few days before they had planned to increase the insurance carried to cover the large addition to stock! Insurance should be adjusted



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THE POST believes that this special on agricultural conditions as presented to the readers of THE POST will prove a very valuable guide to the manufacturers and business men, as well as to the investing public as to the developments of the crop in relation to general business and financial affairs.

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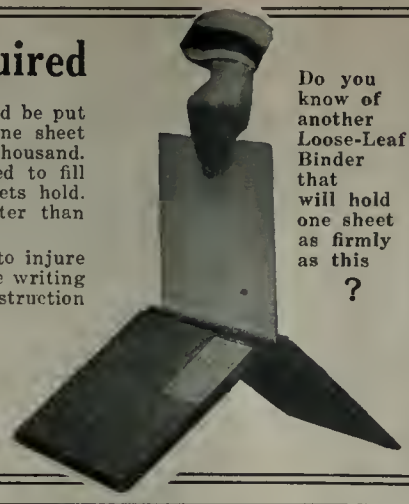
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carefully to cover the steady upward trend in the value of stocks. This means a very close study of the situation. The tendency to place so much insurance and then let it go at that for a time, is not the policy that any sane business man can pursue at the present time.

INVESTMENT AND ADVICE

7.—Toronto, March 26.—"I am a widow with an income which I desire to augment. Such money as I have was invested by my husband and since his death I have not had occasion to consider this matter. Two thousand placed by my husband in a mortgage has now been paid off and I have been advised by a family friend to put it into a war stock that he is interested in and which has netted him a nice sum. I am anxious to get the larger return, but hesitate to take up anything that looks like speculation."

Answer.—Such statistics as are available show that about 75 per cent. of widows left with money to invest lose it all within seven years. This, should, in itself be sufficient answer to any question that arises of speculating with your money. Never speculate with money that you cannot afford to lose. Furthermore, it is not wise to rely upon the advice of friends. No matter how well-intentioned and scrupulously honest they may be, they seldom have any real knowledge of money matters, and their advice is not apt to be sound. Most of the widows referred to above have acted on the advice of friends. It is better to rely on the advice of a reliable investment house, or to refer to your family solicitor. So far as your invesement goes it would be better to put your money right back into bonds. The Canadian war loan provides a spleadid solution of your difficulty. The yield will be good. Of course it will not provide you with as large a return as a lucky investmeat in, say, some war stock. But suppose your investmeat proved unlucky?

The Future of China

WRITING in *Hearsts' Magazine*, Frank Johnson Goodnow handles the relation of China to the other nations with a degree of sympathy for the sleeping Empire that is not usually found. He clearly defines China as the unoffending prey of the aggressive Western powers and of Westernized Japan. With reference to the future, he says:

Only recently China has broken off diplomatic relations with Germany. She is reported as having consulted her resident constitutional and general advisers regarding the international situation, and as having been advised by them that it is to her best interest to enter the war on the side of the Entente Allies. China seems now to be ready to risk any move which will strike from her the shackles of foreign domination. If she enters the present war she will do so because among other things she sees therein some possible chance of getting back those privileges now owned by the nations who would then be her allies. She may, in a fashion, look with distrust at Japan's occupying German territory, even though Japan has promised after the war to return to China what Germany owned. But she is obliged to take the chance that she will obtain after the war is over fairer treatment than she has up to the present secured.

The Eastern Question, as it relates to China, has thus to do only with this matter of foreign encroachment. As far as the United States is concerned, I can see her playing only a very small part in China, owing to the general attitude of the American people as reflected in the action of their Government, which within the last few weeks has again refused to sanction the participation of American bankers in the Six-Power loan which China is attempting to negotiate. The only hope, therefore, of the United States, as regards her economic relations with China, is in the maintenance of the Hay Doctrine, or the "Open-Door" policy, which claims for Ameica

equal commercial advantages with other nations.

Granting, therefore, that the future of China will be marked by the conquest of Western ideas, we may ask, as has been so often asked before, what should be the policy of an Asiatic country which still retains its political independence, but at whose door the foreigner is even now knocking with the vigor and insistence which have characterized the European attitude toward Asiatic peoples during the past two or more hundred years? The question is answered only in one way: China must prepare herself to meet the new demands. Heretofore, she has had to fear all nations that have come to her shores. But now that the other great nations are locked in a life-and-death struggle, and have thus lost almost all power to make their influence felt in the East, China's one all-engrossing interest is to be found in the policy of Japan.

It is true, Japan looks with jealousy on any new naval power gaining a concession of a naval base, where such base might become a menace to her position. That is why she refused to allow the grant to the United States of a station on the Chinese coast. She is equally as jealous of the encroachment of Russia and of England. We speak of the "Yellow Peril." But in Japan there is equal fear of the "White Peril." For Japan cannot forget that she is the only Asiatic nation which has maintained complete political independence of the European. One cannot quite blame her for this attitude, even if one may not regard her apparent policy with complacency.

Japan seems to be the Germany of the East. She is adopting German military methods. The twenty-one demands which she made upon China in 1915 with so little diplomatic ceremony and under the threat of immediate hostilities in case they were not granted are an illustration of that policy over which the Entente Allies are fighting Germany. In other words, Japan assumed a menacing attitude toward China, these demands being an attempt to legitimatize what she had been doing in Manchuria, and to legalize her claim to German rights in China. In more subtle ways, also, these twenty-one demands tried to secure her interests in other directions. For example, they assured to Japanese missionaries the same privilege accorded to Christian missionaries. This action has been viewed in two ways. Some have thought that by making this demand Japan was trying in the name of missionary work to escape from the "treaty ports," and to worm her way into the interior of China for the sake of commercial exploitation. And others have thought that she was safeguarding herself against conflict with Christian influence by assuring a free outlet for the teaching of Buddhism, which doctrine has recently had a marked revival. Japan's insistence on stamping whatever work she does with her own trade mark is another indication of how well she has absorbed German ideas. Foreign missionaries have entered Japan and Korea in order to do educational work, but they have had to subject themselves to the educational system of Japan, and they may not work independently.

Notwithstanding the apparent conflict between Japanese and Chinese interests, there is said to be a pro-Japanese party in China, which seems to feel that history will repeat itself. In her past history, China has absorbed any nation which has obtained political control over her. The Mongols and Manchus came over her border. But where are the Mangols and Manchus to-day? These pro-Japanese-Chinese say: "Let our neighbor come; in time we will absorb her." There are nevertheless students of the Eastern question who think that some day there will be a clash between Japan and China in which Japan may conquer, unless China establishes a strong government and, through a change in policy, develops to its full strength her army and her navy.

The fate of China. the role which in the future she will play in world politics, depends thus upon her ability to adjust herself to the conditions by which she is confronted, upon the attitude which foreign nations will assume toward her, and particularly upon the extent to which the recent official policy of Japan represents the real will and feeling of the Japanese people.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Volume XXX AUGUST, 1917 Number 10

The Dangers Ahead

By John Bayne MacLean

JUST as they are about closing the August issue the General Manager and the Managing Editor of MacLean's Magazine have come to me with a request that I write one or perhaps a series of articles on the war and the political situation.

This invitation is something of a triumph for me. It is an indication that the real truth is at last being absorbed by these young men. Several times, since the war began, I have offered to write such a series. I wanted Canadians to know the real facts, that they might see the serious possibilities. I was not encouraged. They said, and they were very sincere, that they could not afford to lose subscribers and make the magazine generally unpopular. As I am the owner of MacLean's Magazine, all this may sound very funny. It is, however, perfectly true. There are no more brilliant men in the Canadian publishing world. They were responsible for the Magazine—its success or failure. I have great respect for their opinion, and I bowed, with regret and misgivings. True, they had experiences to back them up. In October, 1914, I wrote an article for *The Financial Post*, urging greater preparations, the authorization of a 250,000 instead of a 25,000 fighting force. This article said the war would likely last for five or six years, unless the British Navy were defeated before we could wear the enemy down. It indicated an appalling increase in our national debt. It demanded that Canada have a voice in war management and Imperial affairs, etc. They referred to the storm this article raised in the press, at Ottawa and among many subscribers, who looked for a short and merry war with a glorious victory by Christmas. But it was not all discouraging. Many business men believed us and made their plans accordingly. It was for their guidance I wrote.

However, I did not let up in *The Post*, because I knew what I was writing about. We foretold Russian withdrawal, advocated kicking out the Asquith-Churchill-Grey crowd; pleaded for the bringing in of Lloyd-George; for the filling of big jobs with big men, not party hacks. These were of vital importance to financiers and business men; who had such tremendous interests at stake. We printed information and advocated policies that gave much offence to many readers; because they were so contrary to life-long beliefs. But we have been making history so rapidly these times, that our whole course has already been vindicated. Sir Herbert Holt, one of the ablest and sanest financiers in Canada, visited Europe with Sir Robert Borden. He came back and the Montreal *Gazette* printed what he thought of things. He confirmed in every particular what we had been saying. Within the past two months, letters or verbal communications have been received from two Bank Presidents; from a senator who is President of a large Industrial Corporation; from the biggest business man in Canada; from a former Cabinet Minister, who is on the directorate of several important financial institutions; from one of the ablest lawyers in Canada. All came unsolicited. All conveyed appreciation of the information given, and they endorsed the stand taken, in publishing the actual facts; in making common-sense deductions from them, and in advocating unconventional policies as an absolute necessity of the hour.

I think the General Manager and Managing Editor had been reading my talks to financiers and big business men, and had become convinced themselves. But they are not fully converted. It outlined to them some things I might tell—some facts that ought to be known but are not essential at the moment. They demurred. They doubted. Our readers would not believe. In fact they did not themselves. However, some of these facts I am embodying in the article which follows; the rest I may tell later.

In the meantime I want to make it clear that there is no political motive in what I write, or in what I have been writing, in *The Financial Post*. The General Manager is a Conservative and I would perhaps be described as a Tory myself, —Hon. Mr. Lemieux, the Liberal ex-P.M.G., speaking in the House of Commons on June 19 last said I was "a good Tory, a financial authority, but with a conscience"—while on the other hand I believe the Managing Editor is a Liberal, with a tendency toward radical views. The one object in presenting this material in MacLean's is to let the general public know facts about the seriousness of the war situation, which the metroplitan daily newspapers do not know, or do not give. Let me emphasize that point. The newspapers endeavor to give an optimistic view on everything that occurs and the public, believing them, is blinded to the menace that faces us.

THE facts I have had in mind to tell would shatter some reputations and throw interesting sidelights on international jealousies, plottings and the criminal incompetence of our Imperial Statesmen. Some well-informed men in England go further and assert openly that men occupying, or indirectly associated with high official positions, have been, and still are, under German control, having placed themselves in compromising situations. These can be left until another time. They will make mighty interesting reading.

Developments of the past three years have taught some of us two important lessons. One that we inherit or accept as beyond discussion, many more things than our religion and our politics. The other, a realization that the world is governed with very little wisdom.

When we add to this the fact that the British Censorship has forbidden the publication of the real story of events; suppressed the frightful blunders of incompetence; bluffed the public into the impression that things were going well, when Cabinet Ministers knew they were going very badly, it is easy to understand why the great majority of the people of Canada fail to grasp the seriousness of the situation at the present time

I came up against these things very hard the week war began—or rather I should say the week war was declared—for Britain and Germany were facing each other the week before; but that is another story which may not be told just yet. Perhaps the Censor will let me go as far as to say that some one

in England was far sighted enough, energetic enough to rush our heavy Artillery Brigade———

* * * * *

[I am leaving out some sentences here as I have no desire to strain the friendly relations that have existed between Major Chambers, the Chief Censor, since the days, a quarter of a century ago, when he generously asked me to pass over his head to the command of his regiment.]

On August 1, 1914, I passed through the German Army as it was moving into Belgium. Two hours later we saw the British Artillery coming up to Liege. They gave the Germans the greatest surprise of the war and undoubtedly saved France and the British from prompt defeat. The staff-officer responsible for this deserves a Dukedom, but his name, whoever he is, has been carefully suppressed. A Cabinet Minister answering an enquiry in the House said the Government had no official knowledge of such an event. To personally claim the credit, the Minister of War had not the effrontery of Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, who for many months acknowledged the popular applause for quickly mobilizing the Navy, when as a matter of fact, he was entitled to no credit whatever. It has since transpired that the person responsible was Prince Louis of Battenburg, and he acted to some extent in opposition to Churchill who had gone away the day before to spend a week in the country.

It was my practice for many years to visit the leading centres of Europe and America and spend a couple of months among the financiers and business men that we might more intelligently deal with the bigger business and financial problems as they affected the readers in Canada of our various papers, and particularly *The Financial Post*. In time one forms a large circle of fairly intimate acquaintances, nearly all of them interested in and anxious to know all about the underlying conditions in Canada, as we are to know what is coming in Europe.

In these circumstances, one must be very stupid indeed if he fails to learn and understand—but I must confess I learned many things years ago that I did not understand then.

I did learn many facts in London, Paris, Berlin and Austria and understood them too—too many perhaps for my own comfort. When trying to get to the bottom of things in 1912 I learned that as far as Russia and France were concerned there would be no war before 1915. Colonel Denison warned me, just as I was sailing in 1914 that I would not be safe anywhere in Europe, I replied there was no danger for another year. He was right. I landed in Cuxhaven, July 25, and saw the German mine layers moving out, and my position was very unsafe for the next two months.

I was in Berlin when the war began—I learned a great deal. My sources of information were of the best—with one exception, our own Embassy. Had I followed their advice I would now, if alive, be a prisoner in Austria, or most assuredly in Germany. A chance friendly call at the U. S. Embassy—the former Minister and many of the attaches of which I had known intimately, warned and saved me. This was not my first lesson of the incompetence of our diplomatic service and the superiority of the American. Years of experience had taught me that as a rule, if I wanted an intellectual treat at a five o'clock tea the British diplomat or Consul has no superior. If I wanted to get out of trouble, or have some business attended to, I have generally gone to the U.S. Embassy or Consulate. Of course, there are some notable exceptions among the British.

My best, and final source of information, was one of the greatest of German bankers—one of the ablest business men on the Continent. I spent nearly an hour with him. He explained things I had not understood until then. He spoke most freely and with perfect frankness, gave me some news, from, and about Canada, that surprised me. He speculated on the progress of the war and its effect on the future of business and finance. He sincerely believed war was forced upon Germany. They hoped for a short, but were prepared for a long, war. Within the next month I added to my general information very full details from three other sources, two of them being intimate acquaintances, a former Turkish Cabinet Minister, a distinguished American Naval Officer, very highly thought of in Germany—familiar with German Naval plans and aspirations; and the last a Swedish diplomatic attache who knew and hated Russia and seemed to be unusually well informed on the German-Russian campaign—so well that things happened just as he said they would.

In England, after the first excitement passed over, there was not only a feeling of absolute confidence in an early victory, but a belief that the war was going to be a tremendous source of profit to the nation, particularly as the cry "Business as Usual" had received official endorsement It became a national motto. Russia was expected to do the trick. Its armies were to be in Berlin in two or at the most three months. Asquith confidently announced in November, 1914, that the war would be over sooner than most people expected; and most people expected, less than three months. My Turkish friend, who was also a soldier of fortune, and had taken part in many campaigns, and seemed very familiar with the Russo-German frontier, told me that, under the most favorable circumstances, Russian armies could not make Berlin in six months, and the Asquith government was so informed. My Swedish acquaintance said the Germans were not worrying about Russia. **"All the Russian army commanders were in German pay. They would advance victoriously to certain fixed points, when suddenly and without apparent reason they would retreat."**

In September, 1914, my American Naval friend told me that the gossip in the higher German command was that they would win the war with their submarines and unless the British wakened up, he thought that is what would happen. Early this year he told me that Germany had realized the failure of Zeppelins and was preparing to raid England with sea-planes. He used the word "sea," not "aero."

THE above is only a brief outline of much of the information I had gathered. Summed up, it meant that Germany was fully prepared, Russia and France were a year late in their plans, Britain indifferent, overconfident and in the hands of two men—Asquith, a brilliant orator, lazy, incompetent, easily led, in the hands of the slick, unscrupulous, conceited, Churchill. Lloyd-George and Northcliffe were two wise voices, crying in a wilderness of ignorance and prejudice. Kitchener had said the war would last three years but, in official circles in London, I was told this was regarded as the usual exaggeration of a military mind. By comparisons and deductions from the information I had, it was impossible for anyone with common sense, and ordinary business experience, to arrive at any other conclusion than that the outlook was very serious; that we could win the war, only if we could stave off defeat long enough to make tremendous preparations. To do this it would be necessary to place our national affairs in the hands of the ablest men in the Empire—war is just a complicated business on a big scale. Therefore the men to handle it are not the orators, like Asquith, Balfour, Grey, but the great executives who have shown a capacity to do things and get things done. Our Imperial and Dominion affairs should be placed in their hands that they might arrange the whole empire into one vast fighting machine. Since the war broke out, week after week, in *The Financial Post* we have presented facts, and suggested and urged remedies. Lloyd-George has done splendidly; but in spite of his efforts he has had to accept in many cases, politicians instead of capable executives. In co-operation with Kitchener, Robertson and Haig he has reorganized the army, until to-day it is the most wonderfully efficient business machine in all the world's history. It is really marvellous. This is no exaggeration. The thoroughness of preparation, the accuracy, resourcefulness and effectiveness in execution, of the general military campaign that has been under way since last December, surpasses anything the greatest and most capable business executive ever dreamed of. Haig has had the great advantage over big business executives in civilian life, in that he was able to enforce perfect discipline. Then he has had splendid enthusiasm in all ranks.

The Navy is equally well manned; is fully capable of doing equally good work; but is still suffering from the disorganization at the top produced by Churchill's incompetence, ignorance and vanity. It failed fearfully in the Dardanelles because Asquith and Churchill ordered it to do things which the higher naval authorities said were inadvisable, impossible and against all experiences. Military experts like Kitchener, Robertson and Haig have been given a free hand to organize and plan campaigns, but naval experts have been constantly subject to political interference which prevented a well defined general

Continued on page 66.

Harp of a Thousand Strings

An Article, in Story Form, on the Work of the Circus Advance Agent

By L. B. Yates

Author of "Majah Miles," "The Singin' Kid," etc.

Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff

EDITOR'S NOTE—*L. B. Yates is the well-known writer of circus and race-horse stories and the creator of those inimitable and lovable characters, Majah Miles, Paragon Pete and The Singin' Kid. He is a Canadian, having been born in Hamilton, Ontario. It was inevitable, therefore, that he would ultimately join the all-star Canadian list in* MACLEAN'S. *Here he is for the first time; and probably will be found in future issues.*



"I'm goin' to leave that gal thinkin' about the things I did not say."

HAPPY HAINES, of the circus, and I met on the common ground of "dog." By that it is meant that a mutual appreciation of their good points, augmented by Mr. Haines' uncanny knowledge concerning them, forged the first link in the chain of our acquaintance.

I have always had a weakness for dogs. Hunting dogs and horses afflicted with more or less speed, have been the chief besetting sin of our family for generations. What's bred in the bone, etc., etc.; I make this confession reluctantly because when it came time for me to turn to serious endeavor, I felt I was needed in the world of journalism. Modern editors should be above the trifling things of life.

Happy Haines came into my office one sultry day in July with a bundle of newspaper cuts under one arm, and several quarto folios of press matter protruding timidly from his right hand pocket. He was a tall, slim young fellow with a smile that would have beguiled a pawnbroker. Before he opened his mouth I knew his mission; he was a press agent. Now I have a professional antipathy to all the honorable representatives of departments of exploitation and publicity.

For years I have held that the daily papers devote too much space to the world of amusements. I have brought the matter up at meetings of the Publishers' Association time and time again. Invariably, we agreed to cut down free readers to the minimum and hew to the line; and did, until some perambulating human hypnotizer like Haines came around and made a press agent's playground out of one or other of our great metropolitan dailies.

But I have always prided myself that none of these predatory itinerants made me the victim of misplaced confidence. I knew how to turn the journalistic hose on these gentlemen. So, according my visitor the merest glance and a salutation mainly noticeable for its brevity, I continued to busy myself with the proofs before me.

The stranger coughed apologetically once or twice, but, as I pursued my labors apparently oblivious of his presence, he, after a discreet pause, took up his parable.

"Sorry to interrupt you," he commenced diffidently, "sorry to interrupt you. I know you're a busy man. My name is Haines. Most folks call me Happy Haines. I'm with th' press department of th' Great International Consolidated Shows. Goin' to leave town at five o'clock. Say, she's a hum-dinger this year. You'll like her. I have a few special articles that might interest you — good kid stuff, an' th' illustrations are by Gregg. First time I sprung 'em this season. All exclusive an' th' real gimick for th' Sunday supplement. Just pick out what you want. Here's a layout that's a peach, an'——"

He would apparently have rattled on interminably, but I resolved to cut him off short.

"You might as well try to solve the fourth dimension as to get a five column lay-out in this paper, Mr. Haines," I retorted, with something akin to warmth, as I swept aside the manuscript he was laying on my desk. "*The Record* has a rule absolute regarding shows of all kinds. I never break it. Our policy for years has been to give a brief notice the day before the circus arrives, and a criticism the day following. That's all. Anything else you want must be paid for and come through the—"

I WAS about to refer to our business department when the sound as of someone snapping their fingers behind my back caused me to wheel about. As I did so, my setter dog, Guess Gladstone, who had been lying under the desk, arose, stretched himself, and, walking quietly over to the circus man, laid his head against his knee. Moreover, with feathered tail moving gently from side to side, the dog in his dumb way extended to this disciple of the wandering foot, words of welcome and encouragement.

Now be it said in this place that Guess is not a dog who enthuses over every chance acquaintance. He picks his friends, and I confess in many cases I respect his acumen. As he came forward, Haines' countenance expanded and beamed with the honest joy of appreciation.

"Well, well," he soliloquized, apparently unconscious of his surroundings, "what do you know about findin' a dog of your class tangled up with printer's ink I'll

gamble you're a real race-horse. Why, great king, you have depth enough through th' heart to run all day, an' ribbed up like a battleship. I've seen 'em all an' I never in th' course of variegated experience saw such legs and feet. Bone enough to pull a wagon, an' paws like a cat."

By this time Haines was kneeling on the floor, and posing Guess after the manner of experts in the dog-shows. He paid no more attention to me than if I'd been in Timbuctoo, being apparently lost to everything but the brilliant qualities of the dog before him. I was commencing to feel flattered, I confess.

"Yes, yes," he continued, "I know you, you an' all your kind. Coupled up like a cantilever bridge, strong enough over the loins to carry a house, with a neck like a swan, and as clean-cut under th' jowls as a *débutante*. Lots of length from th' hip to th' hock, an' a head that reminds me of old champion Count Gladstone, th' daddy of 'em all. You're a dandy, that's just what you are. Why—"

"He's a grandson of the old count," I interrupted proudly, because never before had I met a man so thoroughly appreciative of Guess's good points. "Yes, sir, a son of Champion Count Gladstone the fourth, and his dam is by Champion Antonio out of Lady Lucifer."

"Valuable blood," replied Happy Haines, wagging his head solemnly, "valuable blood, brother. Worth his weight in gold. Why, this dog can take the blue ribbon anywheres on the bench from Madison Square to Sandy Mann's Corners, an' if you ever put him in trainin' for th' field trials, them as has got to follow him will need wings."

BUT, then, wherefore all this excessive display of language? Because any lover of dogs will readily understand how Happy Haines of the Great International Consolidated Shows and I joined out in song and did not cease our fanning-fest until he looked at his watch and intimated that it was time for him to leave.

"By th' Great Horn Spoon!" he ejaculated. "Here it is four forty-five, which gives me just ten minutes to get to th' hotel, check my stuff, an' make th' depot. Whenever I get talkin' about dogs, I go clean locoed an' forget everything else. Some day I suppose they'll fire me. But I can't help it."

He rose and was gathering up his cuts and press matter, never having again alluded to them. And I want to say this for him, that he never even asked me to publish a single line of free matter for him. But I'm human, even if I'm an editor. I could afford to make an exception in the case of a man who was the only human being, outside of myself, cognizant of the wondrous quality and consequence of a setter hunting dog called Guess Gladstone.

"Better leave those cuts and stories, Mr. Haines," said I. "I think we can find space for something every day before your show gets here."

Happy Haines left them.

IT IS my custom to stop at Martin Garrity's place for a little inspiration every evening on my way home. It is a quiet resort, mostly affected by the literary fraternity of our town, and is just around the corner from the office of *The Record*. Garrity knows the members of the staff and the policy of the paper as well as we do ourselves. Moreover, being directly in the trend of the traffic, he is frequently the medium through which filter important tips on events worth chronicling.

"Circus feller in here to-day. Did he call on you?" inquired Garrity, as he placed the glasses in symmetrical lines behind the bar.

"Tall, slim fellow?" I interrogated.

"That's him," said Garrity. "Laughs all th' time, huh? I'll bet, though, he's some smart gink. He comes in here early this mornin', just as I was openin' up, an' ast me more questions about th' town in a minute than th' Chamber of Commerce could answer in a week. I guess he must be th' press agent, 'cause he inquired in special about th' papers."

"What did you tell him?" I inquired nonchalantly.

"Told him that when it come to free stuff, you wuz tough enough to start a raw-hide factory," replied Garrity affably.

"Ha, Ha! Rather flustered him, eh?"

"No, sir, he didn't appear to pay no attention to that. Just ast what your name was, an' then, sez he, 'what's his bug?' sez he. 'Or ain't he got no bug? He's human, ain't he?'"

"'What do you mean by bug?' sez I.

"'Look-a-here, bo,' sez he, 'ev'ry pusillanimous editor on th' face of th' globe is th' custodian of one of five bugs—wine, woman, religion, politics or sport. Which pew does this pilgrim occupy?'

"'Why,' sez I, 'he's strong for dogs. Dogs and horses, if that's what you mean. One of his dogs follers him to th' office ev'ry day.'

"'What kind of a dog?' he inquired, appearing mightily interested. 'What breed is he?'

"'He's a huntin' dog,' sez I.

"'Pointer or setter?'

"'One of them long-haired, silky-coated amigos.'

"'Um—um!' sez he, kinder thoughtful. 'How does he call him?'

"'His name,' sez I, 'is Guess Gladstone.'

"'Sure about th' Gladstone end of it?'

"'Sure as that men get married', sez I. 'I knowed that dog since he wuz a puppy herdin' his tail.'

"He studied a moment, half smilin' to hisself, an' ordered another drink, after which he declared he must be on his way. 'So long,' sez he, 'I guess I'll amble around to that high-brow raw-hide factory, an' play on it like as if it was a harp of a thousand strings.'"

II.

I DO NOT believe I am an over-sensitive man, but I must confess that for the moment I felt that I had been made the victim of misplaced confidence. Still, for all that, when I came to think the matter over in a cooler moment, I cannot say that I bore Happy Haines any ill-will.

You see, he certainly knew a good dog, when he saw one. He had given me an absolute demonstration of that, and it is not every day one meets up with a man so gifted that he can separate quality and consequence from baser material.

I heard nothing more of Mr. Haines until another year had rolled around, and then one day, as I was going to my office, I was attracted by a crowd which had gathered on the main street, so numerous indeed, that all traffic was obstructed and at a standstill.

Of course as behooved a man in my profession, I investigated. I discovered that the disturbance was occasioned by a crowd of street-urchins who were rolling barrels out of an alley-way, and trundling them in all directions. There were barrels everywhere—on the sidewalks, under the wheels of the street-cars, barrels rolling between the logs of teamsters' horses, and almost scaring them, sensitive as they were, to death. Maiden ladies were taking flight from sidewalks to open street, endeavoring to evade them as they trundled along in their mad course down toward the avenue.

The crowd was so dense that it was with difficulty I pushed my way through. Amidst laughter and cheers, these menaces to public safety kept rolling in a solid phalanx from the alley, each impelled vigorously by the boys who had undertaken the responsibility of piloting them.

As I say, it was with some physical effort that I reached the spot, from which this unforeseen happening was disturbing the peace and quiet of an otherwise God-fearing town, and would you believe it, there stood Happy Haines, with his hat tilted back from his forehead, a cigar between his lips, and a bunch of circus-tickets in his trusty right hand.

Upon further investigation, I learned that Mr. Haines had published an advertisement in my own paper of the previous evening's issue, requesting all boys who wished to procure a circus-ticket free, to bring a barrel to a certain designated spot in the alley-way.

As each juvenile arrived, Mr. Haines' assistants tacked quarter sheets, announcing the arrival of the Great International Consolidated Shows, on each end of the barrel, handed the custodian thereof an admission ticket, and enjoined him to take the barrel carefully back to the place from which he had brought it.

I think it is unnecessary to record the fact that with scarcely a single exception, the youngsters merely rolled the barrels to the entrance of the alley-way, gave them a parting kick and left the result to the kindly dispensations of Providence.

I shall never forget that scene. I think in a salient way, it disturbed the dignity of our town more than any other event I can call to mind, and wild confusion reigned until a thoughtful citizen sent in a hurry-up call for the police reserves.

I waited until I saw Mr. Haines escorted to the patrol wagon and then left hurriedly, because, candidly speaking, I did not feel called upon to renew our acquaintance, at least not there and then.

Judge my surprise, however, when about half an hour thereafter, I was called to the telephone, and was informed by the desk sergeant at police headquarters that Haines maintained that, if he could communicate with me, I would be sure to bail him out. He also begged that I should bring my dog, Guess Gladstone with me, because, as he asserted, the sight of the best dog in the state of Missouri would help to cheer him in his adversity.

THERE was really no earthly reason why I should have acceded to this untoward request, but somehow or other, the humor of it appealed to me, and al-

most before I realized what I was doing, Guess and I were on our way to effect the release of Happy Haines from durance vile.

Later along in the afternoon, Happy, having pre-empted the most comfortable chair in my office, was entertaining me with an endless chain of interesting narratives regarding the life with the big tents, intermingled with sage counsel anent the craftsmanship of upland shooting, and the lure of the damp places where the feathered streak of lightning abides.

Still later, we continued our discussion in the little back-room of Garrity's saloon; continued it until, I regret to say, the place was closed for the night, and Mr. Haines accompanied me to my home in a hack.

I have always flattered myself that I am master in my own house, but I am free to admit that I had some forebodings regarding the manner in which we would be received by my wife. Of course, I came armed with the conventional excuse, to which the lady in question listened without comment. I really felt that I was treading upon dangerous ground, until Happy Haines commenced to talk.

And then, somehow or other, the clouds dispersed and the sun came out! Why, that woman hustled to the pantry and in a jiffy set before us a midnight collation that was a veritable banquet. No use talking, Happy Haines had a way with him.

I CANNOT recall just how much free publicity we donated to the mighty International Consolidated Shows upon this occasion. I know only that a three-column cut was the least medium through which we apprised our clientele of the exact day and date on which they were due to arrive. The real fact of the matter is ,at a subsequent meeting of our Publishers' Association, I was somewhat severely dealt with by one of the brethren, Editor Josephus Ward, of the Morning Call, who went so far as to declare that never again would a free circus notice be published in his paper.

Editor Ward and I have never been on terms of the closest friendship. His pet assumption is that a morning paper covers all the field, and that an evening publication, such as I edited, is a superfluous luxury so far as news is concerned. Furthermore, he has a habit of relegating to himself all the credit for anything in the way of public-spirited enterprise or upward-and-onward movement in our city.

The new City Hall, for instance, is exploited in his paper as if the building of it was a private enterprise, financed and fathered by Editor Ward. He assumed the dictatorship over it on the day the foundation stone was laid, and as Custodian Emeritus has guarded his prerogative jealously.

Among other things it was he who conceived the idea of having a huge electric sign displayed over its portals, which was used to welcome visiting societies or conventions. Through its scintillating letters our community had since extended the official right-hand of hospitality and fellowship.

I took occasion to inform Happy Haines of Editor Ward's attitude. He listened to all I had to say with a smile lurking in the shadows of his ingenuous countenance.

"Watch me get his goat before I leave town," he grinned. "Just watch me, an' don't say a word until I whip it over."

"I don't see how you are going to accomplish anything," I protested. "Because if any man in his employ published a notice for you, it would simply mean instantaneous dismissal."

I did not have very long to wait for the fulfilment of Happy Haines' prophecy. That very night, when the majority of our citizens were sleeping the

Continued on page 90.



"Valuable blood," replied Happy Haines wagging his head solemnly. "Valuable blood."

Mam'selle Butterfly

By Arthur Beverly Baxter

Who Wrote "The Man Who Scoffed," etc.

Illustrated by Ben Ward



"I won't work," she said "You can't make me!"

IN AN exquisite boudoir in an unusually lovely home, an exquisite and unusually lovely young lady sat before a mirror and with deft fingers added the last touch of powder and the last faint pencilling of the eyelashes before she ventured out for another evening of conquest.

She was pretty, everyone admitted that, including herself. She had a light, graceful step — so light, so lithe, that one wondered if the law of gravitation did not make an exception in the case of Miss Winnifred Middleton. She had eloquent shoulders, melting violet eyes, and a voice that undulated like a gurgling stream. When the fair Winnifred laughed, she rippled up and down the scale like Tettrazini in a coloratura role. Young women whose pulchritudinous charms were less flawless than hers, had on more than one occasion hinted that her laugh was not always spontaneous—in fact that she rehearsed it frequently in private. The sunflower is always envious of the wild rose.

On this particular evening Miss Middleton was conscious of the need for all the charm she could command. Hubert Melton had practically proposed the evening before and had sent her flowers that morning, and he would be at the door any moment now in his lovely Rolls-Royce. She wondered if he would propose at once or wait until later in the evening; she hoped the latter. They were going to the Christie's dance and Fred Greenslade would be there and she could make Hubert jealous of Fred and besides—*ad infinitum, ad feminitum.* Miss Winnie Middleton was not thinking for publication; few young ladies of 19 do. One of the charms of the butterfly is its utter inability to think. Miss Winnifred Middleton felt that if a butterfly acquired intellectuality it became a dragon fly—neither beautiful nor useful. She was supremely satisfied with her own beauty. And wasn't it Mr. Browning who said, "Would you have a rose sing?"

AT THE moment that she was adding these last touches of the pencil and puff, her father sat in his library in the front of the house, an unopened book in his lap, an after-dinner cigar in his mouth. It was obvious that Mr. E. Spencer Middleton was worried. He smoked more vigorously than was his wont and appeared ill at ease, shifting his position at frequent intervals and frowning at nothing. A superficial observer would have said that Mr. Middleton was planning another of his colossal business enterprises and that it promised more than usual difficulties.

A bell sounded at the rear of the house and a maid admitted Mr. Hubert Melton, ushering him into the music room. Some fifteen minutes later a vision of satins, laces and loveliness emerged from her room and with dainty steps, syncopated towards the stairway.

"Winnie."

The vision paused.

"Yes, daddy dear?" Her voice was meltingly affectionate and in her girlish forgetfulness she seemed to send it as much toward the music room as the library.

"I would like to speak to you, Winnie."

Miss Middleton pouted and then entered the library precincts.

"Can you spare me ten minutes, my dear?"

She glanced at the clock on the mantle. "I'm awful late, daddy, and Hubert's down stairs."

Mr. Middleton removed his spectacles and slowly cleaned them with a handkerchief.

"I am sorry to ask for so much of my daughter's time," he said, slowly, "but—please sit down Winnifred. The young man below can wait. What I have to say I want to say now."

SOMETHING in his manner stopped the pert reply on her lips and silently she nestled into a great arm chair and fixed a puzzled look on her parent. Mr. Middleton breathed on his glasses, then carefully wiped them with his handkerchief again.

"I have not had experience enough," he said quietly, "to approach a subject like this tactfully. I have been accustomed for years to go straight to the point. So, my dear, excuse my bluntness if I tell you that, as a daughter and as a woman, you are a very great disappointment to me."

Winnifred's eyes widened and her pomegranate lips parted in mute amazement.

"Had your mother lived," went on her father, holding his glasses towards the light to test their cleanliness, "she would have seen to your bringing up. As it happened, I have had to leave it to governesses who couldn't govern and ladies' colleges that apparently produce neither ladies nor collegians."

His daughter suddenly recovered from her original shock and rose to her feet—a vibrating five-foot-two of rosebud indignation.

"I simply won't listen," she said and started for the door. In some mysterious way her father reached there first.

"I am not through yet," he said.

"Let me go at once!"

"Not until I finish."

"MISTER MIDDLETON!" she spluttered and then, seeing a smile creep into his eyes, she blushed with mortification and, turning, threw herself into the arm chair again, hiding her face from him.

"Go on," she said, "but I won't listen."

MR. MIDDLETON shrugged his shoulders, adjusted his glasses, reached for a match and then relit his cigar—all of which was very trying on the morale of Miss Winnifred.

"If it is any consolation," he said, resuming his seat, "I might say that these remarks apply equally to almost every girl of your set—not only to you. On the verge of womanhood, approaching the time when you will have a home of your own, you have so wasted your time and opportunities that, mentally, you are as undeveloped as a child. You do not read, you cannot converse, you have no accomplishments of any sort, and though you dance incessantly there is hardly one of you who can play the simplest one-step without maltreating it beyond recognition."

Her figure remained as inanimate as a doll.

"Last winter," resumed her father,

calmly, "I made you take a course in shorthand and typewriting, thinking the mental discipline would do you good. It is now my intention to make use of that education. For the next six months I want you to go down town to business."

An indignant doll came to life.

"ME—WORK?" and then she laughed from middle G to high C and back to middle A.

"I won't work," she said, "you can't make me. Do you think I'm going in a poky office with a lot of skinny typewriters—ugh!" (She probably meant stenographers but was always a little vague as to which were machines and which were humans—an error she shared in common with a great many employers of female labor.)

"Why not, Winnie?"

"I'll marry Hubert."

"My dear, a man with pink socks is worse than a man with a past. If that young fellow downstairs ever had any brains they have become dislocated long ago by his endless dancing."

AGAIN she started for the door and rather to her surprise he allowed her to reach there, unmolested. That rankled her still further and she paused irresolute. She was beginning to understand for the first time the powerful grip exerted by her millionaire father.

"You're a grouchy old bear," she pouted, coming back towards the centre of the room. "I've just heaps and heaps of friends and they all like me and you are my father and say all sorts of horrid things—you never say anything nice to me any time. You're an old bear and I don't care." She would have cried at this moment but remembered the pencilling of her eyelashes and refrained.

"What do you want me to be?" she turned on him angrily. "A Joan of Bernhardt?"

She felt that she had failed somewhere in the remark but fixed her progenitor with a furious glare. A look of humorous compassion crossed his face.

"I expect neither a Joan d'Arc nor a Sarah Bernhardt," he began.

"I'll go nursing," she thrust at him vehemently.

"——nor a Sarah Gamp," went on Mr. Middleton with just the suspicion of a smile, "but, remember, little one," the smile left his eyes and a far-away tenderness crept into them instead, "when you were born we both lost what was dearest to us—you a mother, I, a wife. She was a lady, Winnie, cultured, gentle, beautiful—the kind of woman every man dreams of as a wife. Sometimes I sit here alone—I am much alone these days—and see her at the piano . . . making our evenings rich with beauty, singing some little song and playing old melodies of the masters . . . real music, not rag-time. She used to knit while I read to her—Tennyson and Hugo and Keats and Dickens . .



"What does this mean!" said Hardy, fiereely.



Mr. Hardy dictated to her for an hour a day — dictated very slowly and very distinctly.

that is why I come to the library so often. I can forget in here the weary years that have passed without her."

He rose to his feet and slowly paced the floor.

"Then, Winnie, I can see her at a dinner party—charming everyone, bringing out what was best in every one . . . in her place I have memory . . . and you."

He paused and a wistful note crept into his voice.

"Think it over, dearie," he said. "To-night, when you girls are smoking your cigarettes and giggling and Hubert is chattering in your ear, ask yourself if I am not right. That you must make some kind of a change at once. I know that down in your heart you're a little thoroughbred and I want you to go downtown and prove it. After six months you can do what you like."

She felt for her powderpuff and applied it to her nose.

"If I refuse, I suppose you'll cut me off with no money."

"I am threatening nothing. Good-night now. You had better be going."

Without a word she left the room and Mr. Middleton sank wearily into his chair. He opened the book but gazed unseeingly at the lines of print. Men are illogical creatures at best . . . slaves to the two tyrants, Reason and Emotion. He was yearning for the caress which his daughter had not proffered him and for which he could not ask—yearning until his heart ached with a dull heavy pain. . . . Yearning like a million other parents in a million other homes.

THE following morning Winnifred surprised the entire household by appearing at breakfast—very pretty, very quiet, very determined.

"Good morning, Winsome," said her father from behind a newspaper. It was rarely he used the pet name—she had not heard it for ten months.

"Good morning." Her tone was colorless and non-committal.

She took a seat at the table and he put away the paper. An awkward silence ensued while a servant adjusted the electric toaster and poured a cup of coffee for the unexpected apparition of Milady at Breakfast.

"Did you enjoy the dance?" Mr. Middleton looked over the rim of his glasses at his daughter.

"No. How could I after what you said to me!" Her tone was lightly resentful but not vindictive. Even if her role was a somewhat unenviable one, she was holding the centre of the stage and no woman, especially a pretty one, is entirely oblivious to the glory of down stage centre.

"I am sorry you did not enjoy the dance—yet in some ways I am glad, too." Mr. Middleton buttered a piece of toast as he spoke. She was just about to retort, "I should worry," when she changed her mind and turned on him vehemently.

"When do I start work?" she said.

"To-morrow, if you wish," replied Mr. Middleton, calmly.

"I shall go to-day," said Winnifred.

"This morning?"

"At once!"

"Delighted," said her father eating a piece of toast with evident relish. It was one of the secrets of his success that nothing ever surprised him. Winnifred frowned. It was annoying to find her climaxes treated as commonplaces. It offended her sense of the dramatic.

"I am going to show you," she said after a somewhat lengthy pause, "that I am not what you take me for. Just because a girl's pretty, every one says she's a doll, a great big, blue-eyed doll with pretty teeth and an empty head. I told them all last night what you said and Hubert said he would bet a dinner party for fifty at the country club that I'd make good, down town."

Mr. Middleton lit a cigar and suppressed a desire to smile.

"You will go to work where I say?"

"Yes."

"Good." He blew a wreath of contemplative smoke towards the electric dome.

"Have you heard of the Universal Leather Goods Co.?"

"No, but it sounds smelly."

"I had not intended you for the factory. The manager is a young man who is absolutely just and who treats his women employees with courtesy—plain business courtesy, that is all. He is about thirty years of age." His daughter's eyes lit up for a moment. "He can get more work out of a man, a machine or a woman than any man I know—that is why we pay him five thousand a year. If he had an imagination in keeping with his driving power he would earn fifty thousand a year. He is a slave to work and his hobby is business. In addition to these qualities he is especially satisfactory to us because he is utterly oblivious to the charms of women."

Winnifred tossed her head. "That is why he only earns five thousand a year," she said. Her father rose from his chair.

"I shall write him a note," he said, "and you can take it with you."

"Just a minute." She placed a piece of loaf sugar perpendicularly on her spoon and dipping it into her cup of coffee, held it there. "My name is Helen Holborne," she said gazing intently at the slowly dissolving sugar. Her father looked puzzled.

"I am going in with both feet," she said. "No millionaire's daughter stuff for me. Tell him I'm a foundling, tell him anything — say I'm a daughter of an old sweetheart of yours."

"And so you are, by Jove!" cried the father, completely entranced and advancing with outstretched arms.

"Don't . . . DON'T," she almost shrieked. "Can't you see?"

HE PAUSED and for the first time noticed the experiment with the sugar. Breathlessly she held it and in spite of himself the great leather magnate was held a ridiculous and motionless witness to the scene.

"Hurrah!" The sugar slowly fell towards her and, dropping the spoon, she clapped her hands with delight. "He loves me!"

"Thunder and lightning—who?" cried her astonished parent.

"Him, he—it! The woman-hater at your old leather business."

Mr. Middleton pressed a hasty kiss upon her brow and hurried from the room. Happy as a cricket, Miss Winnifred reached for the newspaper and turned to

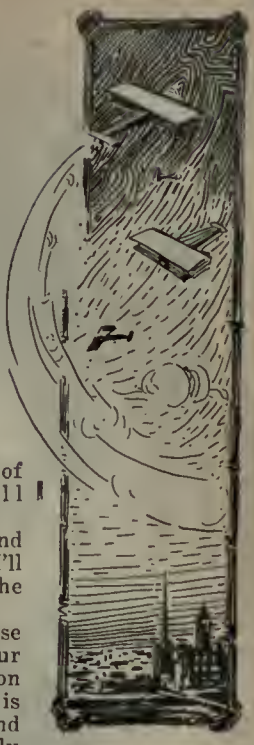
Continued on page 67.

Win the War in the Air

By Agnes C. Laut

Who wrote "Lords of the North," "The Canadian Commonwealth," etc.

Drawings by D. Howchin



BY THE time these words appear conscription will be passing through the same stage in Canada as it has just passed in the United States. For one year the welkin rang there with Pacifist arguments. "I did not bring my boy up to be a soldier," "Let people who don't want to drown keep off the seas," "Why should we mix ourselves up in European quarrels?" Do you realize when Governor Glynn of New York spoke at the National Democratic Convention only a year ago, he literally stampeded the Convention with the words, "He kept us out of the war?"

Then the President, who "kept us out of the war," declared that a State of War existed. Again the welkin rang with Pacifist argument. Congress was bombarded with telegrams protesting against war. As many as six plots of assassination were hatched against Wilson in Chicago in one week. The politicians threatened Wilson's party with political extinction if he passed conscription — "universal service" were the soft words used to veil brutal facts for sissy men and porcelain-carpet knights.

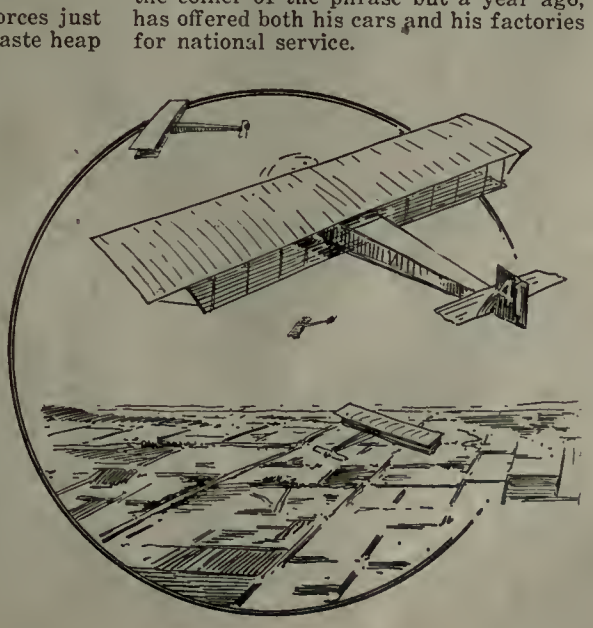
But conscription passed.

And when men were called to enrol for military service, over nine millions between the age of 20 and 30 eagerly offered themselves for service. To date, by actual count, there have been fewer than 30,000 "slackers," or men eligible, who did not enrol. Only three-tenths per cent. saw dust stuff in a nation of men—not a bad record if you actually count the known number of desertions and derelicts in former wars. I know when the issue comes to a show down in Canada, the results will materialize in the same way. The big drum makes the most noise because it is empty; and the loudest-voiced men playing for political power, do not represent the people.

A SWEEP of destiny's own forces just now is brushing into the waste heap all small men, small issues, and *poseurs*. At time of writing the American State registration of both men and women from age 16 to age 50 is being taken, and people are coming *en masse* to volunteer for whatever service they can perform—from free stenography and cooking to ambulance driving and munition work. I venture to predict that the State registrations of men and women for civilian as well as military service will total fifty millions for the entire county.

Nor did the sudden slacking of volunteer enlistments signify anything either in the United States or in Canada. When the men on the firing line know that 89% stand a poor chance of escaping death or injury, it is not surprising that those willing to volunteer should hang back till those not willing to volunteer should be compelled to do so. Gompers, the labor leader, has proved himself one of the biggest men in the country in this emergency. He it is, who has held American labor staunch to national service throughout this crisis, when enemy money was ready to bribe strikes and lock-outs. "Eight hours a day," declared Thomas, a British labor leader, addressing a representative assembly of American labor leaders, "it is *not* a question of eight hours a day with us in England! *It is whether we shall have any hours of the day left to ourselves if we do not win this war. It is whether we shall remain free men, or become slaves. It is whether labor becomes the serf with the chain on its neck and the ball on its ankle—as* it is to-day in Belgium—*or whether Labor shall continue to lead world progress.* And the question is the very same with you labor men of America. *If German arms break past our line, it is against you they will roll. It is from you they will collect the cost of the war; and they will collect it at the point of club, bayonet and gun,* not after deliberation in free assemblages. *It is not, shall we fight for an 8-hour day? It is how shall we arrange shifts that labor may serve* 24 *hours out of* 24 *till this war be won? Capital is yielding up* 80 *per cent. of profits. Labor must yield* 80 *per cent. of its time. Capital and labor are partners in the same team to win this war.*"

No, it was not Gompers, the American, who was speaking. It was Thomas, the British Labor leader; but it was Gompers who arranged that the British labor delegate should meet and tell American labor exactly what the war entailed. There has been no more talk of the war being "a war of munition makers." Ford, the coiner of the phrase but a year ago, has offered both his cars and his factories for national service.



"Do you think conscription will pass?" an anxious mother with an only son asked me.

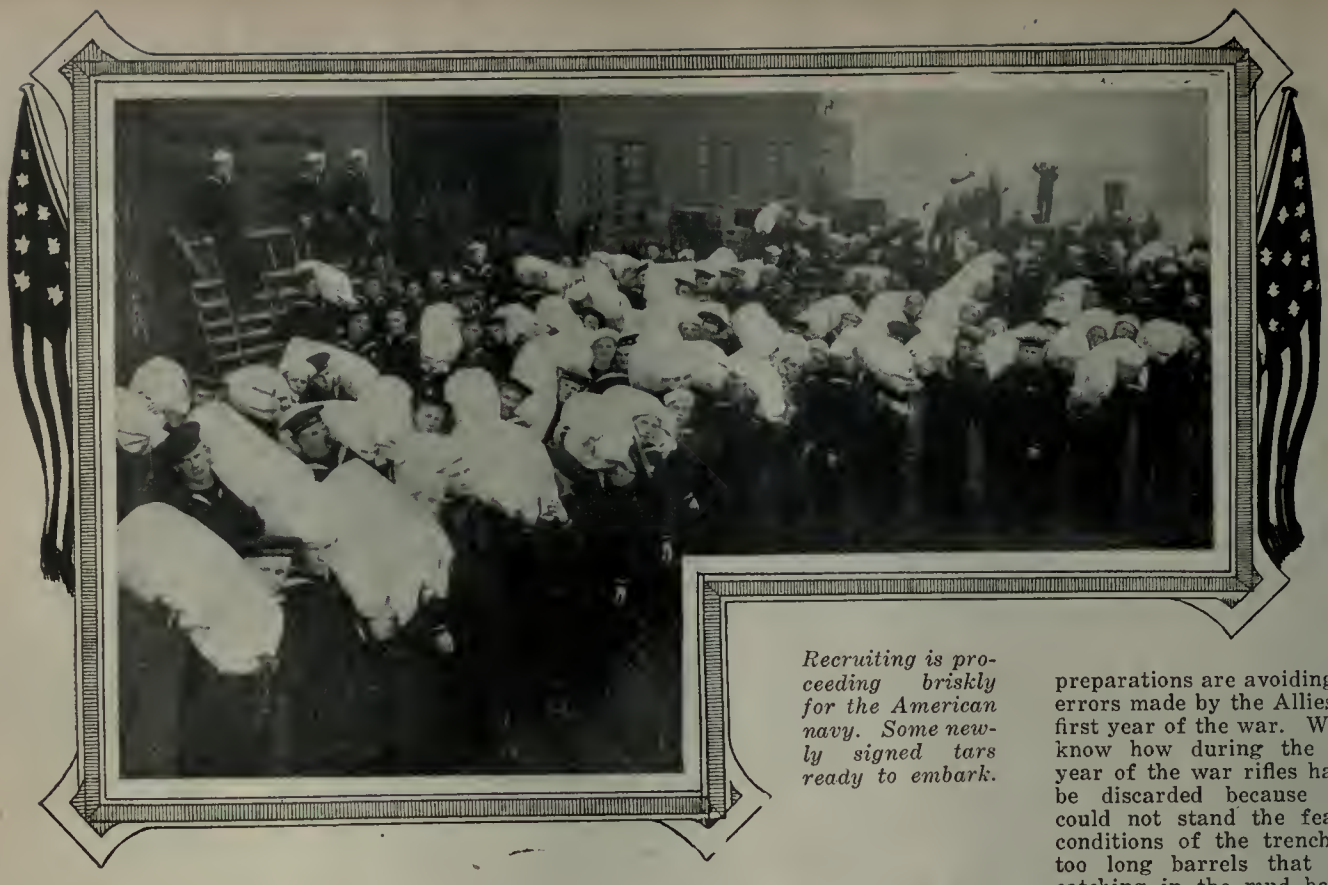
"I hope so," I answered, "or we and all the rest of civilization will pass."

"If it does and Jack is called, I'll turn the gas on," she declared.

"Then I advise you and all your kind to turn it on quick; for if Jack is fit to go out and doesn't go, it simply means that some other mother's Jack will go and fight to save your Jack," I answered.

BUT while there is a rush of city chaps to serve on farms—farm labor is exempt—of city chaps, who never before would deign to soil their hands with manual labor, I do not believe such cases are typical, or even proof, of cowardice. There are hosts of pretty porcelain fellows in the cities utterly unfit for military service. They haven't the nerves. They haven't the stamina. They haven't the eyesight. They are poor mural cave-dwellers unfitted for real life by a generation of unmanly, sissified occupations; and while they may volunteer for factory and farm work, I doubt if they can hold their own in these vocations any more than on the firing line. (I have tried them for farm work, and they would be laughable if they were not pathetic.) *They are part of the human waste that is going to be relegated to the scrap heap in this war. Along with the sissy men and the pretty porcelain parlor knights must go the idle parasite woman—the kidnapper of the kindergarten officer, who has pink cheeks and a tooth brush moustache.* Women are enrolling for real service, not sinecures. In this connection, an episode occured on Madison Avenue, New York, the other day that would have turned our great-grandmothers over in their graves a generation ago. A limousine rolled up to a certain service league. A footman in livery opened the door. The chauffeur jumped to the curb. A girl stepped out dressed in khaki—peak cap, flannel shirt, high boots. She dismissed her limousine and stood at attention. An older woman in similar costume, evidently a commanding officer, came out. "Lieutenant Blank," said the elder woman to the girl, who had dismissed her limousine, "your breath smells of cigarette smoke and your face is powdered. Go upstairs and rinse out your mouth and wash off the powder."

And the young officer, who had probably never before obeyed an order in all her life, or conformed to a regulation



Recruiting is proceeding briskly for the American navy. Some newly signed tars ready to embark.

in all her whims, ran upstairs and turned on the cleansing tap. Then she came down and stood guard at the door. A despatch was handed to her, and she was seen taking an ambulance to get somebody who had been injured in the Navy Yards. Later that day, she and her company were inoculated against typhus. Next morning, they were to be present in the operating room of a hospital so they would become inured to suffering and not lose their heads if they had to convey an ambulance to the firing line and bring bodies back in sections; so also they would learn to handle wounded bodies. Yet later in the day, they would take a practical course of instruction in greasing up a motor, taking a car apart and putting it together again. It is an even bet some of these girls never buttoned their own boots, or picked a garment off the floor when dressing before this war.

I give the incident as typical of what the war is doing—making changes that are miracles; and the leaven has barely begun to work Americans hardly know yet that they are at war.

PERSHING has gone across and is on the field. His troops are on the sea; and 500,000 men will follow them soon after September. Part of the American Navy has joined the Allies, and the rest of the Navy is training recruits to man the merchant fleets building in every harbor; where a shipyard can be located. Men and women are busy, mobilizing universally for farm, factory and firing line.

One of the difficult questions is who is to train the new army of a million and a half. Dividing the army into units of 100, it would require 15,000 officers; and while Plattsburg will have 5,000 more or less trained by the autumn, these will be needed for the firing line. It is telling Canada no secret to declare that more men and yet more men must be sent to the Allies by September. A lot of suggestions have been made for the training of the new American army in time to be of service on the front when most needed. Let Canadian officers come down and do the training. But can Canada spare men, who are competent; and ought men, who have been discarded because they were not competent, to be allowed to come? Then some of the French have urged that the new men, fresh with courage and strength, be put on the line with strong lines of seasoned troops before and behind them. "Put them in front of us older boys," a foreign officer said to me, "and we'll *kick* them up if they show signs of weakening." But that is taking dangerous chances. Kitchener said at the first of the war, when the fighting was mild compared to what it is to-day and will be to-morrow, that an unseasoned man was useless in this war. As a matter of fact, no former experience on the part of an officer has been good in this war. It is a new form of warfare—trench, high power explosives, long range guns, aeroplanes, and submarines. What officer in former wars had any experience to guide him in this? Keep to the regulation manual, yes, as to size and numbers in each regiment, as to equipment of the regiment and the placing of it; so that any officer knowing what regiment is where, will also know just how many men are in that company and what guns and field guns each unit will have. All the Allied officers agree on that; but apart from that, the technique of former wars may be "junked." So it seems to me the only wise suggestion for the training of these new American regiments is to utilize the offer of wounded and maimed French and British officers, who can no longer go on the firing line but have spent two years there and know what mistakes in action and equipment to avoid.

It is a mistake that is almost tragedy that the censorship is not permitting the public to know whether American preparations are avoiding the errors made by the Allies the first year of the war. We all know how during the first year of the war rifles had to be discarded because they could not stand the fearful conditions of the trenches—too long barrels that kept catching in the mud banks; how tenting had to be junked because it rotted in the continual rains; how transport wagons went to pieces under the strain; how boots were discarded in hundreds of thousands because the man's foot was more valuable than the price of a boot that would not serve in trench slime. And yet we do not know that similar mistakes are not being repeated in much American equipment.

A democracy can only succeed in war inasmuch as it is backed by money and men; and the backing will not be given blindly. A democracy demands to be taken into the confidence of its leaders, or it will not follow them. This censorship business explains much of the lack of enthusiasm in the Liberty Loan; and if mistakes are repeated in the equipment, it will be largely owing to the fact that all preparations are going forward in blind secrecy. I do not refer to secrecy needed as to movements of forces. I refer to secrecy as to boots, rifles, rounds of ammunition, progress in the building of battleships, progress in manning the new merchant marine, types of transport wagons, quality and prices as to rations. These things any enemy spy can ascertain. Why should the American public be kept in the dark and representatives be called traitors for demanding enlightenment?

TWO tendencies are worth noting—to build submarine chasers by the scores and hundreds, to build aeroplanes, not in squads, but in armies of hundreds of thousands. To the practical American mind, untrained in strategical lore, the price of advances against withering blasts of enemy fire across No Man's Land may be too high. A victory that leaves the victor 80 per cent. dead on the field does not appeal to the practical American mind. Army aeroplanes cost only from $6,000 for the small to $30,000 for the large, compared to the battleship's



Inspection of recruits to ensure that they conform to certain stringent tests.

ten millions, the submarine's $600,000 to $800,000; and they travel at 75 to 145 miles an hour; and they can ascend beyond the range or angle of the big guns. Frank Munsey first voiced this sentiment in a full page demand for an army of 100,000 aeroplanes; and aeroplanes can be built at the rate of 1,000 a week. Since Munsey's demand the Federal Government has announced a special air squad to train 3,500 officers for aeroplane work; and other plans are in progress to deliver to the Allies 1,000 aeroplanes a week.

The aeroplane made a record in the Mexican fiasco, which would have been heralded to the ends of the earth, if attention had not been focused on the great European war. There was great trouble getting transport trains forward to Pershing. The railroad beds had been torn up. It took a train two days to get in to Pershing's headquarters. An aeroplane was sent in with half a ton of provisions. It reached Pershing and was back in two hours. The use of the aeroplane for Red Cross work and provisioning the firing line is only beginning to be realized.

As I write these words, the National Council of Defence recognizes the paramount importance of air squadrons and together with General Squier, the head of the Air Board, calls for $600,000,000 to equip an air army of 20,000 men and machines. Better risk 20,000 men in air than 500,000 in "No Man's Land." Squier and Perry both declare the war may yet be won by air squadrons. The Germans have recently perfected a new device in their air planes.

Formerly it was necessary to jockey for a position in which a bomb could be hurled at the enemy, as the aeroplane rose and got under way. The air-bird would circle and encircle and double and loop as she mounted; so when two foes mounted simultaneously, victory was sure to go to the air man who could jockey his place about the other first, or get in line for a shot; but the Germans have recently perfected a device by which the rising "bird" no longer circles and jockeys. She goes straight up as an arrow with the zipp of a vertical shot. To the layman, this means nothing. To the air man, it means that he must have half a dozen ships to get in position to bring the new foe down. When a foe is shooting up vertically, a circling pursuer is left behind at the mercy of a foe who may drop bombs sheer from the clouds; but if half a dozen planes go after the vertifical flyer, they are going to get in position for "the drop" before he can do them damage; or if he does succeed in putting one out of commission, the others will surely get him. But this new device necessitates more and yet more Allied aeroplanes. It also emphasizes and makes self-evident the fact that the way to dislodge enemies from trenches without the fearful mortality of withering blasts of gun fire across "No Man's Land" is by not a squadron, but an army of aeroplanes. No trench artillery yet invented could survive the rain of bombs from 100,000 aeroplanes.

And America is in a peculiarly advantageous position to supply such an army of air fighters. She has the man-power. Men over twenty-five are not wanted. Men too young to know either caution or nerves make the best bird men. The draft has shown that America has easily two million men of this age.

In the next place, America is the home of the aeroplane. The United States now has "air cars" that can go 120 miles and back in two hours and can carry half a ton. Railroad tracks may be jammed, or bridges may be blown up, or commissariat delayed till an army is wobbly at the knees from vacancy at the belt; but no foe can bridge, or blow up, or blockade the air. The possibilities of the aeroplane to carry food to the army, or do ambulance work are beyond laymen's grasp. In Mexico aeroplanes were sent to Pershing's troops and back again in two hours. The train conveying food over the same route took two days.

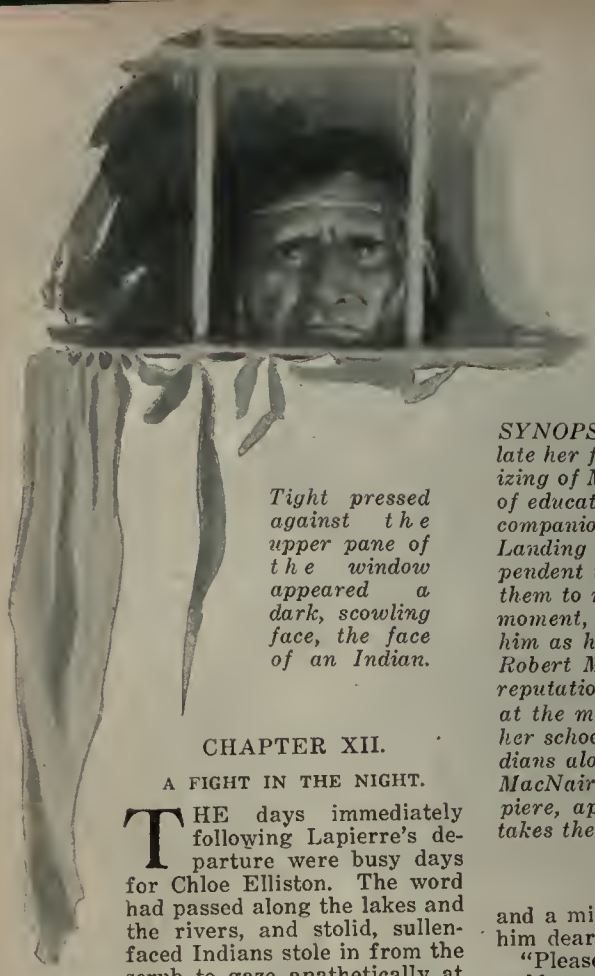
PEOPLE in the States do not blame Russia as in other countries of the Allied cause. There are too many Russians in this country for any blame. Russians here know why Russian soldiers fled. When the Russians began their terrible retreat, there was not one rifle to five men; and when Russia finished her retreat, there was not one pitchfork to five men. Russia will come back. Meanwhile, she is off the map till she replenishes her fighting gear; and Russia's place must be taken by the United States.

"If the United States should suffer a preliminary disaster owing to raw troops and hurried preparations, what would be the effect on American sentiment?" an imperial officer asked me.

I knew what I thought, but I asked a number of typical Americans and their answer was all to the same effect—"We are a nation of cubs playing at war now; but when the first big losses come home, we will be a nation of tigers; and I think our blood still has enough red in it to give Germany a dose of her own. We don't want indemnity, land, or graft, but by hickety, we'll want a good explanation from Germany for all she has done, and we'll want it at the end of a bayonet without any pacifist handcuffs round our wrists when we are taking the explanation down in shorthand."

I wouldn't bet on the blood of the pioneers not reasserting its red strain about that time.

In an early issue will appear a complete novelette by Harold McGrath, "The Pigeon-blood Rubies of Perak," a remarkable story of mystery and adventure; one of the best of the many good stories by this famous author.



Tight pressed against the upper pane of the window appeared a dark, scowling face, the face of an Indian.

The Gun Brand

A Story of the North

By James B. Hendryx

Author of "Marquard the Silent," "The Promise," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

SYNOPSIS.—Chloe Elliston, inheriting the love of adventure and ambitious to emulate her famous grandfather, "Tiger" Elliston, who had played a big part in the civilizing of Malaysia, sets out for the Far North to establish a school and bring the light of education to the Indians and breeds of the Athabasca country. Accompanied by a companion, Harriet Penny, and a Swedish maid, Big Lena, she arrives at Athabasca Landing and engages transportation on one of the scows of Pierre Lapierre, an independent trader. Vermilion, the boss scowman, decides to kidnap the party and hold them to ransom; but Lapierre, getting wind of his plans, interrupts them at a vital moment, kills Vermilion, and rescues the girl. Predisposed in his favor, she accepts him as her mentor in the wilderness, believing all he tells her, especially about one Robert MacNair, another free-trader who Lapierre saddles with a most villainous reputation and the epithet of "Brute." On Lapierre's advice Chloe establishes herself at the mouth of the Yellow Knife River on Great Slave Lake, and starts to building her school, et cetera. Then Brute MacNair turns up and warns her to leave his Indians alone She defies him, and later starts to his post on Snare Lake. Meeting MacNair just before she gets there, they have an interview, which ends when Lapiere, appearing suddenly, shoots MacNair. Chloe, in spite of Lapierre's protest, takes the wounded man to her place and nurses him.

CHAPTER XII.

A FIGHT IN THE NIGHT.

THE days immediately following Lapierre's departure were busy days for Chloe Elliston. The word had passed along the lakes and the rivers, and stolid, sullen-faced Indians stole in from the scrub to gaze apathetically at the buildings on the banks of the Yellow Knife. Chloe with painstaking repetition, through Lefroy as interpreter, explained to each the object of her school; with the result that a goodly number remained and lost no time in installing themselves in the commodious barracks.

On the evening of the second day Chloe tiptoed into the sick-room and, bending over MacNair, was startled to encounter the steady gaze of the steel-gray eyes. "I thought you never would come to," she smiled. "You see, I don't know much about surgery, and I was afraid perhaps—"

"Perhaps Lapierre had done his work well?" Chloe started at the weak, almost gentle tones of the gruff voice she had learned to associate with this man of the north. She flushed as she met the steady, disconcerting stare of the gray eyes. "He shot on the spur of the moment. He thought you were going to shoot him."

"And he shot from—far to the southward?"

"Oh! You do not think—you do not believe that I deliberately lied to you! That I knew Lapierre was on Snare Lake!" The words fell from her lips with an intense eagerness that carried the ring of sincerity. The hard look faded from the man's eyes, and the bearded lips suggested just the shadow of a smile.

"No," he answered weakly; "I do not think that. But tell me, how long have I been this way? And what has happened? For I remember nothing—after the world turned black. I am surprised that Lapierre missed me. He has the reputation for killing—at his own range."

"But he didn't miss you!" cried the girl in surprise. "It was his bullet that —that made the world turn black."

"Aye; but it was a miss, just the same, and a miss, I am thinking, that will cost him dear. He should have killed me."

"Please do not talk," said the girl in sudden alarm, and taking the medicine from the table, held the spoon to the man's lips. He swallowed its contents, and was about to speak when Chloe interrupted him. "Please do not talk," she begged, "and I'll tell you what happened. There is not much to tell: after we bound up your wounds we brought you here, where I could give you proper care. It took three days to do this, and two days have passed since we arrived."

"I knew I was in your—"

Chloe flushed deeply. "Yes, in my room," she hastened to interrupt him; "but you must not talk. It was the only place I knew where you could be quiet and—and safe."

"But, Lapierre—why did he allow it?"

Chloe flushed. "Allow it! I do not take orders from Mr. Lapierre, nor from you, nor from anybody else. This is my school; this cottage is mine; I'll do as I please with it, and I'll bring who I please into it without asking permission from any one."

WHILE she was speaking the man's glance strayed from her flashing eyes to the face of a tarnished, smoke-blackened portrait that showed indistinct in the dull lamplight of the little room. Chloe's glance followed MacNair's, and as the little clock ticked sharply both stared in silence into the lean, lined features of Tiger Elliston.

"Your eyes," murmured the man — "sometimes they are like that." Suddenly the man's voice strengthened. He continued to gaze at the face in the dull gold frame. With an effort he withdrew an arm from beneath the cover and pointed with a finger that trembled weakly. "I should like to have known him," he said. "By God, yon is the face of a *man!*"

"My grandfather," muttered the girl.

"You'll love the north — when you know it," said MacNair. "Tell me, did Lapierre advise you to bring me here?"

"No," answered Chloe, "he did not. He—he said to leave you; that your Indians would care for you."

"And my Indians—did they not follow you?" Chloe shook her head. Once more MacNair bent a searching glance upon the girl's face. "Where is Lapierre?" he asked.

"He is gone," Chloe answered. "Two days ago he left for the——" She hesitated as there flashed through her brain the moment on Snare Lake when, once before, she had answered MacNair's question in almost the same words. "*He said* he was going to the southward," she corrected.

MacNair smiled. "I think, this time, he has gone. But why he left without killing me I cannot understand. Lapierre has made a mistake."

"You do him an injustice! Mr. Lapierre does not want to kill you. He is sorry he was forced to shoot; but, as he said, it was your life or his. And now please do be quiet, or I must leave you to yourself."

MacNair closed his eyes, and, seating herself by the table, Chloe stared silently into the face of the portrait until the man's deep, regular breathing told her that he slept.

Slowly the moments passed, and the girl's gaze roved from the face of the portrait along the walls of the little room. Suddenly her eyes dilated in horror; for there, tight pressed against the upper pane of the window, whose lower sash was daintily curtained with chintz, appeared a dark, scowling face—the face of an Indian, which she instantly recognized as one of the two who had accompanied MacNair upon his first visit to her clearing.

Even as she looked the face vanished, leaving the girl staring wide-eyed at the black square of the window. Curbing her

impulse to awake MacNair, she stole softly from the room and, unlocking the outer door, sped swiftly through the darkness toward the little square of light that glowed from the window of the store.

THE distance was not great from the door of the cottage to the soft square of radiance that showed distinctly in the darkness. But even as Chloe ran the light was suddenly extinguished, and the outlines of the big storehouse loomed vague and huge and indistinct against the black background of the encircling scrub. The girl stopped abruptly and stared uncertainly into the darkness. Her heart beat wildly. A strange sense of terror came over her as she stood alone, surrounded by the blackness of the clearing. Why had Lefroy extinguished his light? And why was the night so still?

She strained to catch the familiar sounds of the wilderness—the little night sounds to which she had grown accustomed: the bellowing of frogs in the sedges, the chirp of tree-toads, and the harsh squawk of startled night-fowls. Even the air seemed unnaturally still, and the ceaseless drone of the mosquitoes served but to intensify the unnatural silence. The mosquitoes broke the spell of the nameless terror, and she slapped viciously at her face and neck.

"I'm a fool," she muttered; "a perfect fool! Lefroy puts out his light every night and — and what if there are no sounds? I'm just listening for something to be afraid of?"

She glanced backward toward her own cottage, where the light still glowed from the window. It was reassuring, that little square of yellow lamplight that shone softly from the window of her room. She was not afraid now. She would return to the cottage and lock the door. She shuddered at the thought. Before her rose the vision of that dark, shadowy face, tight-pressed against the glass. Instinctively she knew that Indian was not alone. There were others, and—once more her eyes swept the blackness.

Suddenly the question flashed through her brain: Why should these Indians seek to avenge MacNair—the man who held the power of life and death over them—who had practically forced them into servitude? Then, swift as the question, flashed the answer: It was not to avenge MacNair they came, but, knowing that he was helpless, to strike the blow that would free themselves from the yoke. Had Lapierre known this? Would he have left him then, knowing that the man's own Indians would finish the work his bullet had only half completed? No! Lapierre would not have done that. Did he not say: "I am glad I did not kill him"? He was thinking only of her safety.

"We'll be safe enough till morning," she muttered. "Surely I have read somewhere that Indians never attack in the night. To-morrow we must hide MacNair where they cannot find him. They will murder him, now that he is wounded. How they must hate him! Must hate the man who has oppressed and debauched, and cheated them!"

THE girl had nearly reached the door of the cottage when once more she halted, rooted in her tracks. Out of the unnatural silence of the night, close upon the edge of the clearing, boomed the cry of the great horned owl. It was a sound she had often heard here in the northern night—this hooting of an owl; but, somehow, this sound was different. Once more her heart thumped wildly against her ribs. Her fists clenched, and she peered tensely toward the wall of the scrub timber that showed silent and black and impenetrable in the little light of the stars. Again the portentous silence, and then—was it fancy, or were there shapes, stealthy, elusive, shadowy, moving along the wall of the intense blackness?

A light suddenly flashed from the window of the storehouse. It disappeared. The great door banged sharply, and out of the blackness sounded a rush of moccasined feet, padding the earth as they ran.

From the edge of the timber—from the direction of the shadowy shapes—came a long, thin spurt of flame, and the silence was broken by the roar of a smooth-bore rifle. The next instant the roar was increased tenfold, and from the loopholes high on the walls of the storehouse flashed other thin red spurts of flame.

Terror-stricken, Chloe dashed for the cottage. Along the entire length of the timber-line spikes of flame belched forth, and the crash and roar of rifles drowned the rush of moccasin feet. A form dashed past her in the darkness, and then another, forcing Chloe from the path. The terrified girl realized that these forms were speeding straight for the door of the cottage. Her first thought was for MacNair. He would be murdered as he slept.

She redoubled her efforts, feeling blindly in the darkness for the path that led toward the square of light. In her ears sounded the sharp jangle of smashing glass. Her foot caught in a vine, and she crashed heavily forward almost at the door. All about her guns roared; from the edge of the scrub, from the riverbank, and from the corners of the long log dormitories. Bullets whined above her like angry mosquitoes, and thudded dully against the logs of the cottage.

Again sounded the sharp jangle of glass. She struggled to her knees, and was hurled backward as the huge form of an Indian tripped over her and sprawled, cursing at her side. The door of the cottage burst suddenly open, and in the long quadrangle of light the forms of the two Indians who had passed her stood out distinctly. The girl gave a quick, short sob of relief. They were Lefroy's Indians! At the sound the man on the ground thrust his face close to hers and with a quick grunt of surprise scrambled to his feet. Chloe felt her arm seized, and realized that she was being dragged toward the door of the cottage, through which the other two Indians had disappeared. She was jerked roughly across the threshold, and lay huddled up on the floor. The Indian released his hold on her arm and, stepping across her body, reached for the door.

Outside, the roar of the guns was incessant. Suddenly, close at hand, Chloe heard a quick, wicked spat, and the Indian reeled from the doorway, whirled as on a pivot, and crashed, face downward across the table. There was a loud rattle of porcelain dishes, a rifle rang sharply upon the floor boards, and Chloe gazed in horrid fascination as the limp form of the Indian slipped slowly from the table. Its momentum increased, and the back of the man's head struck the floor with a sickening thump. The face turned toward her—a face wet and dripping with the rich red blood that oozed thickly from the irregular hole in the forehead where the soft, round ball from a smooth bore had torn into the brain. The wide eyes stared stonily into her own. The jaws sagged open, and the nearly severed tongue protruded from between the fang-like yellow teeth.

Some one blew out the lamp. The door slammed shut. Chloe felt strong hands beneath her shoulders; the voice of Big Lena sounded in her ears, and she was being guided through the pitch blackness to the door of her own room. The lamp by the bedside had also been extinguished, and the girl glanced toward the window, which showed in the feeble starlight a pattern of jagged panes. One of the Indians who had preceded her into the cottage thrust the barrel of a rifle through the aperture and fired rapidly at the flashes of flame in the clearing.

IN THE other room some one was shrieking, and Chloe recognized the voice of Harriet Penny. Big Lena left her side, and a moment later the shrieking ceased, or, rather, quieted to a series of terrified, choking grunts and muffled cries, as though something soft and thick had been forcibly applied as a gag. Chloe groped her way blindly toward the bed, where she had left the wounded man. Her feet stumbled awkwardly through the confusion of débris that was the wreck of the overturned medicine table.

"Are you hurt?" she gasped as she sank feebly upon the edge of the bed. Close beside her sounded the sharp snap of metal as the Indian jammed fresh cartridges into his magazine.

"No!" said a voice in her ear. "I'm not hurt. Are you?" Chloe shook her head, forgetting that in the intense blackness she had returned no answer. There was a movement upon the bed; a huge hand closed roughly about her arm. The Indian was firing again.

"Tell me, are you hurt?" rasped a voice in her ear. And her arm was shaken almost fiercely.

"No!" she managed to gasp, struggling to free herself. "But, oh, it's all too, too horrible, too awful! There is a dead man in the other room. He is one of Lefroy's Indians. One of *my* Indians, and they shot him!"

"I'm damned glad of it!" growled MacNair thickly, and Chloe leaped from the bed. The coarse brutality of the man was inconceivable.



Pierre Lapierre.

In her mingled emotion of rage and loathing, she hated this man with a fierce, savage hatred that could kill. She knew now why men called him Brute MacNair. The name fitted! These Indians had rushed from the security of the fort-like storehouse upon the first intimation of danger to protect the defenceless quartet in the cottage—the three women and the wounded, helpless man. In the very doorway of the cottage one had been killed—killed facing the enemy — the savage bloodthirsty horde who, having learned of the plight of their oppressor, had taken the warpath to avenge their wrongs. Surely MacNair must know that this man had died as much in the defense of him as of the women. And yet, when he learned of the death of this man, he had said: "I am damned glad of it!"

How long Chloe stood there speechless, trembling, with her heart fairly bursting with rage, she did not know. Time ceased to be. Suddenly she realized that the room was no longer in intense darkness. Objects appeared dim and indistinct; the bed with the wounded man, the contents of the table strewn in confusion upon the floor, and the Indian shooting from the window. Then the flare of flames met her eyes. The walls of the storehouse stood out distinctly from its black background of timber. Savage forms appeared in the clearing, gliding stealthily from stump to stump.

The light grew brighter. She could hear now, mingled with the sharp crack of the rifles, the dull roar of flames. The dormitories were burning! This added to her consuming rage. Her eyes seemed fairly to glow as she fixed them upon the pale face of MacNair, who had struggled to a sitting posture. She took a step toward the bed. A dull red spot showed on either cheek. A bullet ripped through the window and splintered the dull gold frame of Tiger Elliston's portrait, but the girl had lost all sense of fear. She shook her clenched fist in the bearded face of the man, and her voice quavered high and thin.

"You—you—*damn you!*" she cried. "I wish I'd left you back there to the mercy of your savages! You're a brute—a fiend! It would serve you right if I should give you up to them! He—the man who was killed—was trying to save you from the righteous wrath of those you have ground down and oppressed!"

MACNAIR ignored her words, and as his eyes met hers squarely, they betrayed not the slightest emotion. The pallid features showed tense and drawn in the growing firelight. His gaze projected past her to the lean face of Tiger Elliston.

"You are a fighter at heart," he said slowly, addressing the girl. "You are his flesh and blood—and he was a fighter. He won to victory over the bodies of his enemies. In his eyes I can see it."

"He was no coward!" flashed the girl. "He never won to victory over the bodies of his friends!" With an effort the man reached for his clothing, which hung from a peg near the head of the bed.

"Where are you going?" cried the girl sharply.

"I am going," MacNair answered gravely, looking straight into her eyes, "to take my Indians back to Snare Lake."

"They will kill you!" she cried impulsively.

"They will not!" MacNair smiled; "but, if they do, you will be glad. Did you not say——"

The girl faced swiftly away, and at the same moment the Indian at the window staggered backward, dropping his rifle and cursing horribly in the only English he knew, as he clutched frantically at his shoulder. Chloe turned. MacNair was lacing his boots. He raised weakly to his feet, swaying uncertainly, with his hand pressed against his chest, and laughed harshly into the pain-twisted features of the Indian.

"When the last of yon dogs gets his bullet I can leave this place in safety."

"What do you mean?" cried the girl, her eyes blazing.

"I mean," rasped the man, "that you are a fool! You have listened to Lapierre and you have easily become his dupe. There is no Indian in his employ who would not kill me. They have had their orders. Have you stopped to reflect that the brave Lapierre did not himself remain to stem this attack? To protect me from my Indians?"

The sneer in MacNair's voice was not lost upon the girl, who drew herself up haughtily.

"Mr. Lapierre," she answered, "could hardly be charged with anticipating this attack, nor could he be blamed for not altering his plans to fight *your* battles."

MacNair laughed. "The idea of Lapierre fighting *my* battles is, indeed, unique. And you may be sure that Lapierre will not fight his own battles—as long as he can find others to fight them for him. Miss Elliston, this attack *was* anticipated. Lapierre knew to a certainty that when my Indians read the signs, and learned what had happened there on the shore of Snare Lake, their vengeance would not be delayed." He looked straight into the eyes of the girl. "Did you arm your Indians?"

"I did not!" answered Chloe. "I brought no guns."

"Then where did your Indians get their rifles?"

"Well, really, Mr. MacNair, I cannot tell you. Possibly at the same place your Indians got theirs. The Indians who have come to me here are hunters and trappers. Is it so extraordinary that men who are hunters should own guns?"

"Your ignorance would be amusing, if it were not tragic!" retorted MacNair. And picking up the gun which the wounded Indian had dropped, held it before the eyes of the girl. "The hunters of the north, Miss Elliston, do not equip themselves with Mausers."

"With Mausers!" cried the girl. "You mean——"

"I mean just this," broke in MacNair, "that your Indians were armed to kill men, not animals. With, or without, your knowledge or sanction, your Indians have been supplied with the best rifles obtainable. Your school is Lapierre's fort!"

THRUSTING the rifle into the hands of the girl, he brushed past her and with difficulty made his way through the intervening room to the outer door, which he threw open.

Chloe followed. Outside the firing continued with undiminished intensity, but the girl was conscious of no sense of fear. Her eyes swept the room, flooded now by the glare of the flaring flames. Beside the stove stood Big Lena, an ax gripped tightly in her strong hands. The remaining Indian lay upon the floor, firing slowly through a loophole punched in the chinking. At the doorway MacNair turned, and in the strong light Chloe noticed that his face was haggard and drawn with pain.

"I thank you," he said, touching his bandaged chest, "for your nursing. It has probably saved my life."

"Come back! They will kill you!" MacNair ignored her warning. "You have one redeeming feature," cried the girl. "At least, you are as brutal toward yourself as toward others."

MacNair laughed harshly. "I thank you," he said and staggered out into the fire-lit clearing. Dully Chloe noticed that the Indian who had been firing from the floor slipped stealthily through the doorway and, dropping to his knee, raised his rifle. The next instant the girl's eyes widened in horror. The gun was pointed squarely at MacNair's back. She tried to cry out, but no sound came. It seemed minutes that the Indian sighted as he knelt there in the clearing. And then—he pulled the trigger. There was a sharp, metallic click, followed by a muttered imprecation. The man jerked down the rifle and reaching into his pocket, produced long yellow cartridges, which he jammed into the magazine.

The horror of it! The diabolical deliberation of the man spurred the girl to a fury she had never known. In that moment her one thought was to kill—to kill with her hands—to tear—and to maim! For the first time she realized that the thing in her hand was a gun.

Again the Indian was raising his rifle. The girl twisted and jerked at the bolt of her own gun. It was locked. The next instant, with a loud, animal-like cry, she leaped for the doorway, trampling, as she passed, with a wild, fierce joy upon the upturned staring face of the dead Indian.

Out in the clearing the flames roared and crackled. Rifles spat. And before her the Indian was again lining his sights. Grasping the heavy rifle by the barrel, Chloe whirled it high above her and brought it down with a crash upon the head of the kneeling savage. The man crumpled as dead men crumple—in an ugly, twisted heap. Fierce, swift exultation shot through the girl's brain as she stood beside the formless thing on the ground. She looked up—squarely into the eyes of MacNair, who had turned at the sound of her outcry.

"I said you would fight!" called the man. "I have seen it in your eyes. They are the eyes of the man on the wall."

Then, abruptly, he turned and disappeared in the direction of the river.

CHAPTER XIII.

LAPIERRE RETURNS FROM THE SOUTH.

WHEN Pierre Lapierre left Chloe Elliston's school after the completion of the buildings, he proceeded at once to his own rendezvous on Lac du Mort.

This shrewdly chosen stronghold was situated on a high, jutting point that rose abruptly from the waters of the inland lake, which surrounded it upon three sides. The land side was protected by an enormous black spruce swamp. This headland terminated in a small, rock-rimmed plateau, perhaps three acres in

extent, and was so situated as to be practically impregnable against the attack of an ordinary force; the rim-rocks forming a natural barricade which reduced the necessity for artificial fortification to a minimum. Across the neck of the tiny peninsula Lapierre had thrown a strong stockade of logs, and from the lake access was had only by means of a narrow, one-man trail that slanted and twisted among the rocks of the precipitous cliff side.

The plateau itself was sparsely covered with a growth of stunted spruce and banskian, which served as a screen both for the stockade and the long, low, fort-like building of logs, which was Lapierre's main cache for the storing of fur, goods of barter and contraband whisky. The fort was provisioned to withstand a siege, and it was there that the crafty quarter-breed had succeeded in storing two hundred Mauser rifles and many cases of ammunition. Among Lapierre's followers it was known as the "Bastile du Mort." A safe haven of refuge for the hard-pressed, and, in event of necessity, the one place in all the north where they might hope indefinitely to defy their own enemies.

The secret of this fort had been well guarded, and outside of Lapierre's organized band, but one man knew its location — and few even guessed its existence. There were vague rumors about the Hudson Bay posts, and in the barracks of the Mounted, that Lapierre maintained such a fort, but its location was accredited to one of the numerous islands of the extreme western arm of Great Slave Lake.

Bob MacNair knew of the fort. and the rifles, and the whisky. He knew, also, that Lapierre did not know that he knew, and therein, at the proper time, would lie his advantage. The Hudson Bay Company had no vital interest in verifying the rumor, nor had the men of the Mounted, for as yet Lapierre had succeeded in avoiding suspicion except in the minds of a very few. And these few, realizing that if Lapierre was an outlaw, he was by far the shrewdest and most dangerous outlaw with whom they had ever been called upon to deal, were very careful to keep their suspicions to themselves, until such time as they could catch him with the goods—after that would come the business of tracking him to his lair. And they knew to a certainty that the men would not be wanting who could do this—no matter how shrewdly that lair was concealed.

UPON arriving at Lac du Mort, Lapierre ordered the canoemen to load the fur, proceed at once to the mouth of the Slave River, transfer it to the scows, and immediately start upon the track-line journey to Athabasca Landing. His own canoe he loaded with rifles and ammunition, and returned to the Yellow Knife. It was then he learned that Chloe had gone to Snare Lake, and while he little relished the incursion into MacNair's domain, he secreted the rifles in the storehouse and set out forthwith to overtake her. Despite the fact that he knew the girl to be strongly prejudiced against MacNair, Lapierre had no wish for her to see his colony in its normal condition of peace and properity. And so, pushing his canoemen to the limit of their endurance, he overtook her as she talked with MacNair by the side of his mother's grave.

Creeping noiselessly through the scrub to the very edge of the tiny clearing, Lapierre satisfied himself that MacNair was unattended by his Indians. The man's back was turned toward him, and the quarter-breed noticed that, as he talked, he leaned upon his rifle. It was a chance in a thousand. Never before had he caught MacNair unprepared — and the man's blood would be upon his own head. Drawing the revolver from its holster, he timed his movements to the fraction of a second; and deliberately snapped a twig. MacNair whirled like a flash, and Lapierre fired. His bullet went an inch too high, and when Chloe insisted upon carrying the wounded man to the school, Lapierre could but feebly protest.

The journey down the Yellow Knife was a nightmare for the quarter-breed, who momentarily expected an attack from MacNair's Indians. Upon their safe arrival, however, his black eyes glittered wickedly—at last MacNair was *his*. Fate had played directly into his hands. He knew the attack was inevitable, and during the excitement—well, Lefroy could be trusted to attend to MacNair. With the rifles in the storehouse, MacNair's Indians would be beaten back, and in the event of an investigation by the Mounted, the responsibility would be laid at MacNair's door. But of that MacNair would never know, for MacNair would have passed beyond.

Knowing that the vengeance of MacNair's Indians would not be long delayed, Lapierre determined to be well away from the Yellow Knife when the attack came. However, he had no wish to leave without first assuring himself that the shooting of MacNair stood justified in the eyes of the girl, and to that end he had called upon her in her cottage.

Then it was that chance seemed to offer a safe and certain means of putting MacNair away, and he dropped the poisonous antiseptic tablets into the medicine, only to have his plan frustrated by the unexpected presence of Big Lena. He was not sure that the woman had seen his action. But he took no chances, and with an apparent awkward movement of his hat, destroyed the evidence, sought out Lefroy, who had already been warned of the impending attack, and ordered him to place three or four of his most dependable Indians in the cottage, with instructions not only to protect Chloe, but to kill MacNair.

Then he hastened southward to overtake his scowmen, who were toiling at the track-lines somewhere among the turbulent rapids of the Slave. And indeed there was need of haste. The summer was well advanced. Six hundred miles of track-line and portage lay between Great Slave Lake and Athabasca Landing. And if he was to return with the many scow-loads of supplies for Chloe Elliston's store before the water-ways became ice-locked, he had not a day not an hour to lose.

At Point Brulee he overtook the fur-laden scows, and at Smith Landing an Indian runner reported the result of the fight, and the escape of MacNair. Lapierre smothered his rage, and with twenty men at the track-line of each scow, bored his way southward.



The man crumpled up in an ugly twisted heap. The girl looked up.

A MONTH later the gaunt, hard-bitten outfit tied up at the landing. Lapierre disposed of his fur, purchased the supplies, and within a week the outfit was again upon the river.

At the mouth of La Biche a half-dozen burlapped pieces were removed from a cache in a thicket of balsam and added to the outfit. And at Fort Chippewayan the scows with their contents were examined by two officers of the Mounted, and allowed to proceed on their way.

On the Yellow Knife Chloe Elliston anxiously awaited Lapierre's return. Under Lefroy's supervision the dormitories had been rebuilt, and a few sorry-looking, one-room cabins erected, which families of Indians occupied.

Through the long days of the late summer and early fall, Indians had passed and repassed upon the river, and always, in answer to the girl's questioning, they spoke of the brutality of MacNair. Of how men were made to work from daylight to dark in his mines. Of the fact that no matter how hard they worked, they were always in his debt. They told how he plied them with whisky, and the hunger and misery of the women and children. All this the girl learned through her interpreter, Lefroy; and not a few of these Indians remained to take up their abode in dormitories or cabins, until the little settle-

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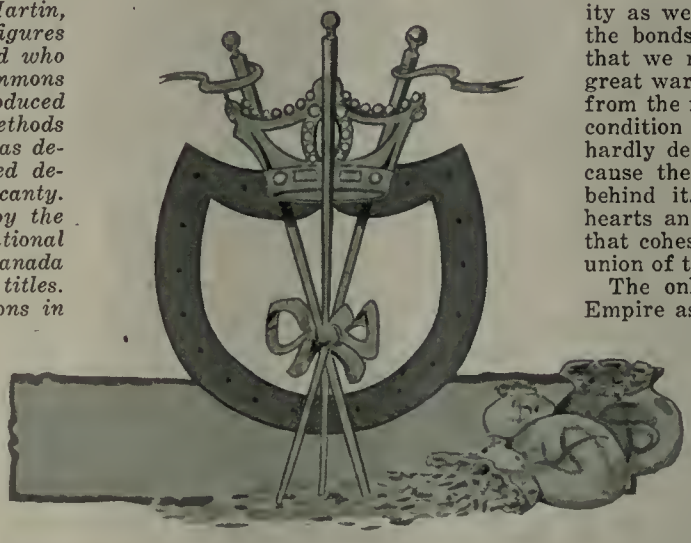
The Menace of Canadian Titles

With a Brief Discussion of Imperialism

By Joseph Martin

Ex-Premier of British Columbia and Member of the British House.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Recently Mr. Martin, who is one of the most picturesque figures that Canadian politics evolved and who now sits in the British House of Commons for the district of St. Pancras, introduced a motion of protest against the methods of creating titles in Canada. It was debated in the House, but the cabled despatches covering the matter were scanty. It was suggested to Mr. Martin by the editor that he make use of the national magazine to tell the people of Canada why he objects to the granting of titles. He has complied, stating his reasons in the accompanying article.*



THE recent appointment of three Canadians to the House of Lords marks a new departure in the relations between the British Government and Canada. The rebellion of 1837, Lord Durham's mission to Canada and his famous report and the constitutional changes which took place in consequence of that report put an end to the Government of Canada from Downing Street forever as has been often said. But let us not be too sure of that.

An agitation has been carried on for many years by a small group of political agitators both in Canada and in the United Kingdom. The object of this agitation has been to establish a great Imperial Government with its centre at London, and for such a purpose it would be absolutely necessary to altogether destroy or seriously impair the complete self government which Canada and the other Dominions now enjoy.

The present British Empire has grown up naturally without the intervention of any directing power. As from time to time conditions became bad in various parts of the United Kingdom the more adventurous of her population went forth and formed British settlements in almost every part of the globe. These sturdy Colonists carried with them across the seas, British ideas of freedom and liberty as a part of the heritage derived from their ancestors. The policy of the home Government towards these Colonial settlements however was one long history of blunders—or worse. Australia was ruined for generations by making it a penal settlement. The administration of Canada was a blot on the British nation. In every case, apparently, the supposed interests of the British Isles in connection with its Colonies always had the first place. This policy culminated in the revolt of some of the North American Colonies.

SINCE that time a new and enlightened policy of Colonial Government has gradually made its way until when the present war broke out on August 4th, 1914, there were in existence the great Dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Newfoundland, each enjoying as large a measure of self government as the United Kingdom. The people in these Dominions were happy and contented and their conduct in connection with the war showed how thoroughly loyal they were to the British Crown. They were under no Imperial rule. No laws existed which entitled the Mother Country to call upon any of them either for money or for men with which to fight the war.

The policy of giving to each Dominion complete autonomy was thus put to a supreme test, with the wonderful results shown. But now the advocates of Imperial Federation come forward and boldly assert that the logical result of what has occurred is that the whole system should be destroyed, and that the British Empire must become an Empire in reality as well as in name. We must draw the bonds of union closer, they say, so that we may be prepared for the next great war and so that we may live apart from the rest of the world. Our present condition is a union of a loose kind. It hardly deserves the name of Empire because there is no power of compulsion behind it. It is, however, a union of hearts and the present crisis has shown that cohesion and strength lies behind a union of that kind.



Joseph Martin, M.P.

The only logical outcome of such an Empire as these agitators desire to foist upon us is an Imperial Parliament, Representative of all these Dominions and of the United Kingdom, and according to the latest theories of India also.

In such a parliament the Canadian people would be in a hopeless minority, at any rate until a long time after the death of all living Canadians. It is idle to suppose that this Imperial Parliament would be different from other Parliaments, the majority would necessarily rule. A question primarily affecting Canada would have to be discussed and decided from the standpoint of the whole Empire. The protests of the Canadian representatives would avail nothing, except so far as they might be used in a log-rolling way to perpetrate some iniquity on some other part of the Empire.

IN this state of affairs the creation of Canadian Peers is a momentous episode, and is an indication of the kind of influence that would be brought to bear upon the representatives of the different Dominions in the Imperial Parliament.

What satisfaction would it be to the Canadian people should it happen that some measure were passed by the Imperial Parliament unfavorable to the best interests of Canada to find their representatives in this parliament who had supported the measure, comfortably seated later on in the Gilt Chamber?

A pamphlet circulated among members of the House of Commons here contained a reprint of a large number of articles from Canadian newspapers, criticising the appointment of these Canadian peers. It is rather unfortunate that a great many of these articles treated the matter as more or less of a joke. A meeting of grain growers in Toronto attended by 400 delegates passed a resolution declaring that in their opinion every man who reached the age of 30 without having been convicted of chicken stealing should *ipso facto* become a Peer.

IMPORTANT as this new stage in our constitutional relations may be, it is difficult to know who is responsible. Were the three gentlemen in question appointed on the recommendation of Sir Robert Borden and his cabinet, or did the recommendation come from the Governor Gen-

eral apart from the advice of his Ministers, or was the appointment made in London without reference to Canada, and if so on what basis were the noble Peers selected? What were the qualifications which Sir Max Aitkin, for instance, possessed? Was his appointment intended as an honor to the Canadian people? If so on what ground? Or was it intended as an honor to him personally, because he had succeeded in amassing a huge fortune.

No doubt sooner or later there will be a general election in Canada and when that event occurs it is to be hoped that both the great parties will be forced to declare their position on this important matter.

A SHORT time ago General Smuts made a great speech in London, in the course of which he protested against the use of the word "Empire" as a designation of our great country. He pointed out that in no sense did that term indicate the nature of our government. Would it not be well to discard the use of the term British Empire and substitute in its place, the British Alliance, the British Sovereignty, the British Dominions or the British Dominion or something similar?

In future issues will appear other articles on Imperial topics from well-known men, treating the broadest subjects from various angles. Canadians are beginning to give thought to Inter-Imperial problems, and the articles in MacLean's *will be of the greatest interest.—The Editor.*

A Canadian Who Speaks Out

By Beatrice Redpath

"THE entire assembly went wild over the impassioned oratory of the Rev. Chas. A. Eaton, of the Madison Ave. Baptist Church, who took the bull of Peace-at-any-price Neutrality by the horns and branded him with red hot irons."

In the days before Uncle Sam lined himself up with the Allied cause, it was customary to find phrases such as the above in New York papers; for Dr. Eaton, Canadian-born and fiery in his denunciation of Teutonic tendencies, was one of the most outspoken men in the domain of the Eagle. Always a well-known figure in New York through the power of his pulpit oratory, Dr. Eaton's advocacy of war made him a marked figure. He lived in a storm centre of debate.

Dr. Eaton was born in Nova Scotia. The old Eaton homestead is in Massachusetts and there have been Eatons living there as far back as 1640, but the father of Dr. Eaton came from Massachusetts to take possession of the land of the expelled Acadians. His boyhood was not by any means one which was simply given over to pleasure. His father having lost a great deal of money he commenced his struggle with life at an early age. At fourteen he was driving a dray, later he even shovelled gravel on a railroad; in fact he did any and every kind of work that he could obtain.

He prepared for college in the Academy at Amherst. At that time he intended to be a lawyer, so he entered the office of the Attorney-General for Canada, but changed his mind and decided to enter the ministry instead.



Dr. Charles A Eaton, who preached the Allied cause from the pulpit of a great New York church.

WHILE at college, through which he worked his way, and during his freshman year he was asked to preach at a little church close to the college which promised him the munificent sum of two dollars and a half a sermon. In his first sermon Dr. Eaton felt that he had so much to say and he became so eloquent that he pronounced all of his views, all of his opinions; and the following Sunday he found himself without an idea to express when he ascended the pulpit. Consequently the church members sent down to the college to complain that he couldn't preach and would they send someone else to take his place?

"So," laughs Dr. Eaton in relating this story, "so I lost my first appointment."

When he was twenty-seven he became pastor of the Bloor Street Baptist Church, Toronto, where he had quite a remarkable pastorate. At this time he also became associated with the Toronto *Globe*, working on the editorial staff. At one time he went abroad as a special correspondent for the *Globe*. Dr. Eaton was often urged to enter politics, being famed as an eloquent speaker, but he never hesitated in following the way that he had chosen.

Later he went to Cleveland where he was pastor of the church that John D. Rockefeller has attended since a boy of fourteen. He had an enormous and wealthy congregation here and was known throughout Cleveland especially as the newsboys' pastor. Dr. Eaton will tell how the newsboys would conflict among themselves to be the one to supply him with papers, refusing to be paid.

From Cleveland he went to New York where he has become a public favorite and more prominent perhaps than any other preacher of the gospel.

ABOUT a year ago Dr. Eaton felt under obligation to make some contribution to the spiritual awakening that had grown out of the war and some discussion arose in the church concerning his opinions on this subject. He promptly resigned, but the church immediately called a meeting and voted out of office all those who objected to his public activities, refusing to accept his resignation and giving him absolute freedom to express his ideas.

Dr. Eaton is intensely radical and democratic and broadly declares that there is no aristocracy save that of brain and character. For fifteen years he has been associated with perhaps the richest and most influential men in the world and he is noted for never having hesitated to express his views.

As President of the Canadian Society he has accomplished much in the way of interpreting Canada to the United States. Dr. Eaton believes that the future of the Empire and the United States is one and that their destiny lies together. Canada he thinks will be the bond of reconciliation between the Empire and the Republic.



Nee-sho-tah stared at the blackened remains for a moment and then burst into a torrent of Ojibway.

Twilight Loans His Eyes

An Unusual and Exciting Detective Story

By Kathrene and Robert E. Pinkerton

Mr. Pinkerton wrote "The Print of the French Heel" and "The Frost Girl."

Illustrated by Dudley Ward

"BUT you're not even sure Camsell is dead," protested Twilight Jack.

"No," admitted Policeman Lochrie, "I can't prove it. Not yet. But I'm as certain of it, Jack, as I ever could be. And that's one reason I'm taking Leckie with me. When he's right there where the cabin burned, and where he and Camsell lived together since last fall, he'll step on his own toes or break down and confess. He's a weak sister and what he needs is the third degree."

"Yes, he is sort of weak," agreed the trapper. "That's one reason I feel sorry for him. And I don't know anything about degrees. But there's this much about it, Wallie. No man ever did anything in the bush without leaving a mark somewhere. It might be only one little thing you'd hardly notice, but it's always there, if you can find it."

"That's the reason I want you to go along," Lochrie hastened to say. "I don't care if you do feel sorry for the lad and side with him. You've got eyes, Jack, and you'll probably see that one little thing where I might miss it."

"All right. I'll go if you'll let the lad come in my canoe and you and Hogan take the other and keep far enough ahead so I can talk to him quiet like."

The Provincial Policeman glanced quickly at the woodsman, sudden suspicion in his eyes. But he turned immediately to the lake, angry because of his own lack of faith.

"Sure, Jack," he agreed. "Dave and I'll start on ahead."

AS they paddled down the lake on the shore of which the trapper lived, and the name of which he had been given so long before no one knew any other, Twilight lagged behind until Lochrie and Hogan were several hundred yards in the lead.

"It's the best time of the year in the bush, now, with no flies and these cold nights," said the trapper merely in an attempt to be sociable.

"There's no time when I like the bush!" exclaimed Leckie fiercely as he turned to Twilight. "I hate it, everything about it!"

"That's because you don't see it right, that's all," replied Twilight soothingly. "This business has turned you against it."

"It would anyone," retorted the young man, "accusing a fellow of something he never did."

He had stopped paddling and was looking at the man in the stern. Roy Leckie was not, at first glance, what Lochrie had called a "weak sister." A young man of twenty-four or twenty-five, of no pronounced characteristics of any sort, he was of the type that passes unnoticed in a group of five or six. It was only after a longer acquaintance that his willingness to agree to any statement, his lack of initiative and reliance, marked him for the youth who is easily led, easily influenced. The type is found everywhere. Viciousness is not natural to them. Rather they have a neutral attitude toward all things, embracing what is easiest or most opportune.

Perhaps it is this very absence of moral strength which sometimes appeals to the sympathies of stronger natures, though more often it arouses suspicion and contempt. That this last had been true in Leckie's case became evident from the story which Twilight proceeded to draw from him.

"I woke up in the night and the cabin was on fire," he said. "It must have been burning quite a while. Ben wasn't in the bunk with me. I always slept on the inside and I would have felt him when I got out. I went all over the cabin, call-

ing to him and feeling, and I'm sure he wasn't inside. Even with the smoke it was light enough to see with the fire going that way."

"Was Ben there when you went to bed?" asked Twilight.

"Yes. He always stayed up nights, sitting there smoking. He was that night, and I don't remember his coming to bed. It must have been after midnight when the cabin burned down because it wasn't such a long time before daylight."

"You and Ben didn't have any trouble?"

"No." And there was an obstinate tone in his voice.

Twilight ignored it and paddled steadily for a time.

"When did the cabin burn?" he asked after an interval.

"Ten days before the ice went out."

"Why didn't you come over to my place and stay?"

"That's the first thing I thought of, and I tried to. But the ice was gone in the narrows and I couldn't get across. I tried to get to Nee-sho-tah's wigwam, too, but I couldn't make it. The ice got rotten fast after that and I waited until it was all gone. I'd have starved if we hadn't had some moose meat hanging in the brush. When the ice was gone I paddled in to Abiwin as quick as I could and told them about the cabin burning and Ben being missing. I told Dave Hogan and he sent for the police."

He had been paddling as he spoke, but he turned suddenly toward the stern and demanded querulously:

"Why do they pick on me this way? I never hurt Ben. What would I want to kill him for It aint fair. I never had a chance. Ben hung around town and made everybody like him. He was that kind. I couldn't do it. And then when I came out without him and told the truth about the cabin burning they all said I killed him. You go out to the cabin and you'll see I'm telling the truth. There isn't a single thing they can prove on me. They can't hold me for it, can they, Twilight?"

"You and Ben been trapping together ever since you moved into Carley Boyle's old shack last fall, haven't you?" asked the woodsman without regard for the other's question.

"Yes, we've trapped all winter."

Again he looked quickly at Twilight, but the trapper was watching Lochrie and Hogan disembark at the portage.

WHEN they had crossed to the next lake Twilight skilfully turned Hogan aside and into his own canoe, leaving Leckie to the policeman. Again he lagged behind until out of earshot.

"What do you know about this, Dave?" he asked at last.

"Well, Twilight," the storekeeper began, "you know how it is. When a man dies in the bush it's some strange way. If a man comes out and leaves his partner and tells a story about his being drowned or burned up or shot accidental there's always a doubt about it. Ordinarily I wouldn't do anything, but this case was so different I wired the police at Port Arthur."

"How different?"

"Well, the last of the winter Camsell told me he and Leckie didn't get on well together. The last time they came out before break-up they weren't speaking to each other when they were in the store. Camsell told me he'd be glad when bear trapping was over so he could quit him. He said he'd quit then only he never went back on a partner yet."

"That's not anything, Dave. Lots of fellows get huffy after living alone together a long time."

"I know it, but that isn't all. Camsell was awful anxious to get a letter that last time he was in. Said he came in purpose for it and had me look through all the mail in the store to make sure it wasn't there. He said he'd be in the first day the ice was out because it was important. Now if he wanted that letter so bad, wouldn't you think it was funny if his partner showed up alone with a story about the shack burning down and Camsell disappearing, especially after



"They can't hold me for it, can they, Twilight?" he asked.

what he'd told me about having trouble with Leckie?"

"No one ever accused you of not doing the thing you thought was right, Dave," was the answer. "And you never forget anything you ever see or hear, either. I'll paddle a minute and you take out that pencil in your vest pocket and write down all the fur Camsell and Leckie sold you last winter."

Hogan did as he was told, reciting the items as he made notes of them.

"Now you put it in your pocket and keep it," said Twilight. "It may come in handy, and maybe it won't."

Hogan did not ask why because it was not his habit to ask questions. He had, also, an implicit faith in Twilight Jack and he resumed his paddling in silence.

ANOTHER hour and they drew in to a point on the east shore of the lake. Still far out, they saw the black square where the cabin had stood and near it the brush lean-to in which Leckie had lived while he waited for the ice to go out. The two canoes struck the sand together and all four men stepped out.

"Dave," commanded the policeman, "you stay here with Leckie while Twilight and I have a look first."

"I'm not thinking we'll find much, if anything," he whispered to the trapper as they stopped beside the ruins of the cabin. "He was here ten days, according to his story, and he had time to cover up his tracks pretty well. But we may find something, that one little thing you told about, and anywhow we can make him believe we did and he'll fess up or catch himself somehow."

"Seems to me you've got to prove Camsell is dead first," objected Twilight.

"May be we can, but I doubt it. If Leckie killed Camsell before break-up he put the body through the ice somewhere and fixed it so it wouldn't come up. I'm going to dig 'round in the cabin though, and make believe I found something."

TWILIGHT did not speak again but began to make circles about the place, each a little larger than the preceding one. At last one took him into the brush and he did not return for fifteen minutes. When at last he appeared at the edge of the clearing he called to Lochrie. The policeman joined him and Twilight led the way toward the base of a steep, high hill. There was no trail through the thick brush, no sign that anyone had been there. But the trapper climbed up and up, the policeman scrambling at his heels, until they were halted suddenly by a wall of rock that hung far out over their heads.

"What you found up here?" panted Lochrie as he looked along the ledge on which they were standing. "You can't go any farther."

Twilight had stopped before a deeper recess beneath the cliff and merely nodded his head toward it. Lochrie joined him to stare in perplexity at the dry mass of leaves and refuse gathered beneath the rock and out of the reach of rain and snow. Suddenly he went down on his knees and began to paw at the leaves.

"Wait!" exclaimed Twilight as he grasped the other's shoulder and pulled him back. "Go at it easy, Wallie. I saw someone had been here after the snow went off this south hillside. They came this far, and I saw that's where they stopped. But I didn't find out why they come. We'll go at this careful and may be we can see."

"They?" demanded Lochrie. "You mean both of them?"

"Ben Camsell was wearing a new pair of rubbers, rubbers with heels, when he was at my place about three weeks before break-up. There's his tracks in the dust. You can see the new creases in the bottoms of the rubbers plain. The lad is wearing an old pair of rubber stags that looks as though they had been lying out all winter. Probably something he picked up after the cabin burned down. Here's his tracks," and he pointed to another place in the dust beneath the rock.

When he had finished speaking Twilight began to lift the leaves carefully from the pile that lay at the back of the recess. He spent ten minutes at the task, picking up the leaves one at a time and making every effort not to disturb anything beneath.

"This is a place no one would ever come to, up on this steep hill under this rock," he said as he removed the last of the leaves and twigs. "But both those fellows was here. That looks to me like they had a reason for coming. It might help to find out what it was."

As he finished he settled back upon his heels and looked at the place he had cleared.

"Those leaves wasn't drifted in by the wind," he said as he examined the dust of dry vegetable matter, the accumulation of many years. "That's why I dug into them. It looked like something might have been hid there, and now I'm sure of it."

Lochrie, who had been bending eagerly over his shoulder, went down to his hands and knees beside the trapper.

"There was something cached here!" he exclaimed. "A box of some sort!"

"It looks to me," added Twilight after a close study, "like one of those tin boxes they use for keeping money and papers. Dave keeps his money in one at the store, only this was bigger."

"It was a cash box!" Lochrie corroborated with growing excitement. "A big one."

He jumped to his feet suddenly and grasped the trapper's shoulder.

"We've got it!" he cried. "We've got the reason, and we've got the thing that will bring Leckie to time. They had something hid up here, something valuable, and that's the reason Leckie killed Camsell, so he could get it all."

TWILIGHT refused to share the enthusiasm of the other. Instead he searched carefully the entire length of the ledge, turning over leaves, lifting them carefully.

"May be," he admitted at last, "only I can't find a place where one stepped on the other's trail. That might prove something, knowing which one came last."

"Never mind," was the jubilant answer. "When I spring that cash box on Leckie he'll tell us. He'll think we know a lot more. This is the one little thing, Twilight. I knew I needed your eyes on this job. How did you find it?"

"I was circling around and saw where someone started to climb the hill about the time the frost was out of the ground two or three inches and the mud slipped between the frozen part and the foot. That would have been about ten days before the ice went out, on a south hill side. I wondered what anyone would be coming up here for and came along to find out. But there's another thing I want to show you, Wallie."

He led the way down the hill nearly to the edge of the clearing and then turned off toward the east up a gentle rise that led away from the lake and into the thick growth. In a brush-filled open he stopped and pointed. Lochrie looked closely, both at the brush and at the ground. Then he laughed.

"Moose, Twilight," he said. "You're wrong this time. What would a man want to come through here for when there is a good trail a little farther south?"

"Yes, that's Charley Boyle's old trapping trail, running across to the narrows east of here. But look here again, Wallie."

The policeman studied the brush more carefully. Most evidently something had crashed through. But, as he had said, it looked more like a moose than anything else, though there were no tracks on the hard ground. Other signs of moose, most of them recent, had been abundant, and he was about to turn away when he started forward suddenly.

"I see!" he exclaimed. "You're worse than an Indian, Jack! A moose might have broken off that dry snag like that as well as a man, but he wouldn't have carried the piece he broke off ten feet and then dropped it. But which one went through here and where was he going?"

"I don't know but I'm going on and see if I can't find out," answered Twilight. "Some men have a habit of doing that when they're walking through the brush, breaking off branches and carrying them a few steps and then dropping them. May be this fellow did it again."

"You go on and I'll go back," said Lochrie. "I've been thinking, Jack, since we found out about that tin box they hid up there on the hill, that it's a certain case against Leckie, only I've been overlooking something. I figured at first he'd never burn the cabin to hide Camsell's body, but that he burned it only to hide any signs of a fight and to help out his own story. But now I'm going back there and dig around in those ashes."

TWILIGHT went on along the trail he had discovered on one of his widening circles about the burned cabin. It was a difficult trail to follow. Only occasionally was there a bit of broken brush or the soft top of a rotten windfall crumpled beneath a foot. Moose had been plentiful and had added to his difficulty, but finally he emerged on the shore of the lake around a long point from the cabin and at a place where a narrow stretch of water connected it with another lake farther east.

On the shore Twilight searched carefully for a time and then carried two cedar windfalls to the water, lashed them together with green brush and two cross pieces and, with the aid of the wind and a pole, crossed to the other side.

There his search was resumed and at last he started on eastward along the shore, directly away from the burned cabin. For two miles he made his way over ridges, through thick brush, across swamps and around a couple of small lakes, coming finally to the bank of the river. Up this he went for half a mile to stop at a little open space in the center of which was a birchbark wigwam.

Dogs had announced his coming and an old Indian was waiting in the door when the trapper appeared. Twilight

Continued on page 73.

Frenzied Fiction *for the* Dog Days

(Done by the Dipperful)

By Stephen Leacock

Author of "Further Foolishness," "Moonbeams of the Larger Lunacy," etc.

Illustrated by C. W. Jeffrys





THESE are the Dog Days. It is too hot to read. It is too hot even to write. It is almost too hot for the magazine staff to draw their pay. But not quite.

Yet at the same time there is a persistent, if artificial, demand for reading matter. The reading public is now betaking itself to the country, to the lakes and to the woods. It is out camping in Algonquin Park, it is summering in the Thousand Islands or simmering at Scarboro, wearing old clothes at Gohome Bay or new ones at the Royal Muskoka. And wherever it goes it insists on taking its magazines with it. It cannot do without them. How else could it light a fire at a picnic, paper the bedroom of a bungalow or stop the leaks in a canoe?

This demand then has got to be met. There is great need for summer fiction and yet nobody wants to be bothered with actually reading the magazines in this awful heat. I have, therefore, suggested to the *Editor* of MACLEAN'S that he should let me find a way out of this dilemma. With his consent I present herewith a *Magazine in Miniature* suitable for the Dog Days. It contains all the usual parts and items of the best magazines, or at least as much of them as any reasonable person would want to read in AWFUL AUGUST.

I don't mind admitting that most, if not all, of the stuff is stolen. In fact, I may as well indicate straight out in each case where it comes from.

Let us begin then with the first item, the Great Summer Serial. The scene of this has to be laid in Italy. So we will call it *The Vendetta of the Vendiglia.* This title gives the summer reader the chance to call out from his hammock, to his sister, "Say, Agnes, what the —— does vendetta mean?"

HOWEVER, here it is, or the few lines of it that are enough for the hot weather. The full original text can be found, any month, in the *Petropolitan*, or in *Somebody's*, or *Anybody's* or any other of the popular magazines.

THE VENDETTA OF THE VENDIGLIA.

Chapter LLLXXXXVVIII. Ring Two.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. Pasqualo Pasqualo, a condottiere, is in reality a noble scion of the house of Vermicelli, but is unaware of his own birth. He has fallen madly in love with Teresa della——

[There, that's all the synopsis of any story that anybody needs. *His* name is Pasqualo, and *hers* is Teresa. Now we begin.]

"Zitto!" exclaimed Teresa between her closed teeth. "Zitto! Hush!"

She took Pasqualo by the hand and led him down the dark passagio till their further progress was stopped by a barred door. "Harko!" she said. "Listen!"

The condottiere leaned forward in an attentive attitude, his head against the door, his ear intent, his eye bright, his body alert, his mind active, his whole being tense—and the rest of him on the *qui vive.*

THERE! He's on the *qui vive;* let us leave him there! That's enough, more than enough. Nobody could want to read more of a Summer Serial than that. Nobody ever does. What they do is to take the serial out to a hammock for a long afternoon's read and fall asleep over the first page. Or take it in a canoe to be read aloud in some sheltered place under the deep foliage that lines a river's bank. Such at least is the proposal by an idle man in flannels to a distracting girl. But not a line of it do they read; or at best the little scrap above will amply suffice. It will set them talking about the characters of Pasqualo and Teresa and from that they can drift off into talking of their own characters, hers and his; and the magazine has done its work and is needed no more.

But after all some people do read, more or less, seriously in the summer. On a wet day especially—let us say in a wooden house in Muskoka, or on the side verandah of a hotel, in a corner well out of the wind—there are always women reading. And they prefer best to read something about *men and women,* their one topic of interest. And they like it best if has a dash of spite in it against the men. Even they don't need very much as they are constantly interrupted and only too willing to quit if some one says "Bridge."

Here is our sample of what they need, taken almost verbally from the pages of the *Ladies Own Journal,* and *Woman's Some Companion* and such.

HOW I NEARLY LOST MY HUSBAND.

(Continued, apparently, from somewhere in the middle.)

Well, from that time on the miserable conviction began to dawn upon my mind that John was drinking. I don't mean to say that he was drunk, or that he was cruel to me. It was not that. It showed itself in small things. He would come up to breakfast looking fagged and heavy as if he had not slept well. I say "up" because by this time John, like any other well trained husband such as those, no doubt, of countless of my readers, slept in the cellar. But I would notice often as he brought up the coal to light the fire in my bedroom in the morning that his hand shook and the scuttle rattled. He endeavored to pass it off by saying that it was the cold in the cellar that made his hand shake; but I knew better. Especially as Fido had always slept in the

cellar, at any rate in the milder weather, till I had given him a little rug at the foot of my bed.

But I began to notice in John, as I say, especially in the morning while he was moving about the house getting my breakfast before going out to his work, signs of sullenness that I could only connect with drinking. At times he broke out into bursts of temper. Once when he accidentally burnt his finger at the electric stove in making my toast, he let the toast fall, in a fit of demoniacal rage —I can only call it so— and said: "Gee! I've burnt myself!" "John!" I said. "How can you! How dare you! How wicked of you to give way like that!" I think he saw by my sobs how deeply I was bruised and for a day or so things were better.

Then the old troubles began again. Often in the evenings instead of staying quietly in his own den he would wander into the house in a queer, restless way. I should say that I had fitted John up a den, out in the coal shed, so that he could have a place where he could smoke in the evenings. Once we heard him—by we, I mean my mother and I and two lady friends who were with us that evening—apparently moving about in the pantry. I should explain that we were in the upstairs sitting room playing cards.

"John!" I called down. "Is that you?"

"Yes, Emily," he answered — quietly enough, I admit.

"What are you doing there?" I asked.

"Looking for something to eat," he answered.

"John," I said, "you are forgetting what is due to *me* as your wife. You were fed at six. Go back to your den."

We heard him groan, but he went.

These little signs kept multiplying. What could be the cause?

Sometimes I felt as if John's love for me was dwindling. I asked myself, what is the matter? Is it that I am doing too much for him? Do I make myself too cheap? Perhaps I am letting my heart run away with my head!

I thought it all over, wearily enough, and went over to myself all the things that I had done, vainly as it seemed now, to hold John's love. I had kept him in at nights. I had stopped his playing cards. I had cut his smoking down to four cigarettes a week.

What more could there be? What else could I cut off? And if the only result was to be that John has started drinking——

ENOUGH! The reader has fallen asleep, but would admit before doing so that one page of this sort of thing is as good as fifty. Better.

That is quite as much pure fiction as the reader ever attempts to read. For the other stories nothing is needed except the title and one or two opening sentences. The reader looks at them, shudders, and passes on.

Thus, the inevitable French-Canadian story. Let us call it.

Every reader likes an article with a "punch" in it.



L'ANGE GARDIEN DU PETITE MARIE.

[Quite so, it ought to be "de la." But it isn't.]

It begins like this:

On the threshold of the fermerie, Mère Floquet—for every one in Le Petit Anse called her *mère* Floquet—kneeled idly scrubbing the steps like the *bonne ménagère* that she was. On the opposite side of the long *rue* that ran through the *village*, the *horloge* of the *presbytère* had just struck three o'clock.

"*Trois heures!*" murmured Mère Flo-

The Magazine has done its work



quet to herself, as she counted the chiming strokes.

[Well done, Mère Floquet. Lucky it wasn't eleven.]

BUT, as I say, no one needs more than that on a summer afternoon.

Next!

Let me see. After that we have to supply our readers with something a little more solid. Something with *facts* sticking out in it like plums in a cake. Facts and what has come to be called "punch." Every reader likes an article with a "punch" in it. Tell a thing to a modern reader in a quiet gentlemanly fashion and he is bored to death. What he likes is to have it "punched" into him. So we have to insert an article, at least one, dealing with some kind of facts, big ones, noisy ones—some subject such as, shall we say, the grain crop of Canada. Only it musn't be called that. It has to be labelled

JOHNNY CANUCK'S BREAD BASKET.

The article should, properly speaking, be written by Miss Ag—— but, no, let us not mention names. We'll have to write it ourselves. And in the summer time a very little of it will do. It has to run like this:

A million cars a month! Think of it. With thirty billion bushels of grain in them! Set them end to end and they reach from Toronto to Talahassee! Multiply them by a million and they will reach over the same distance a million times! Imagine it? You can't! Ha! Then imagine, if you dare, the whole of this boundless crop loaded in a single oil steamer, on a single afternoon!

[Ha! That beat you! Then quit reading.]

THERE is practically nothing needed now to complete the miniature magazine, except a few loose columns of "Hearth and Home" stuff, useful hints, that would be of inestimable benefit if one could remember them overnight. We will head up this column

HOME HINTS FOR THE SUMMER BUNGALOW

and will put in just one sample of what is needed.

HOW TO LIGHT A FIRE IN FIVE MINUTES.

Take an old newspaper. Select one that is thoroughly dry, such as—but it would be unfair to mention. Crumple the sheets well and sprinkle freely with kerosene. Lay the paper in the fireplace, or stove, with the kerosene spots turned towards the sun, or moon. Get a basketful of dry pine shavings—they may be had at any carpenter's—and heap them up on the paper. Wet the shavings with kerosene. Then get an armful of old dry pine shingles and, with a knife, split each one into four. Lay the shingles carefully on the shavings in layers, across and across. Sprinkle freely with gunpowder and lay two large sticks of dynamite across the top.

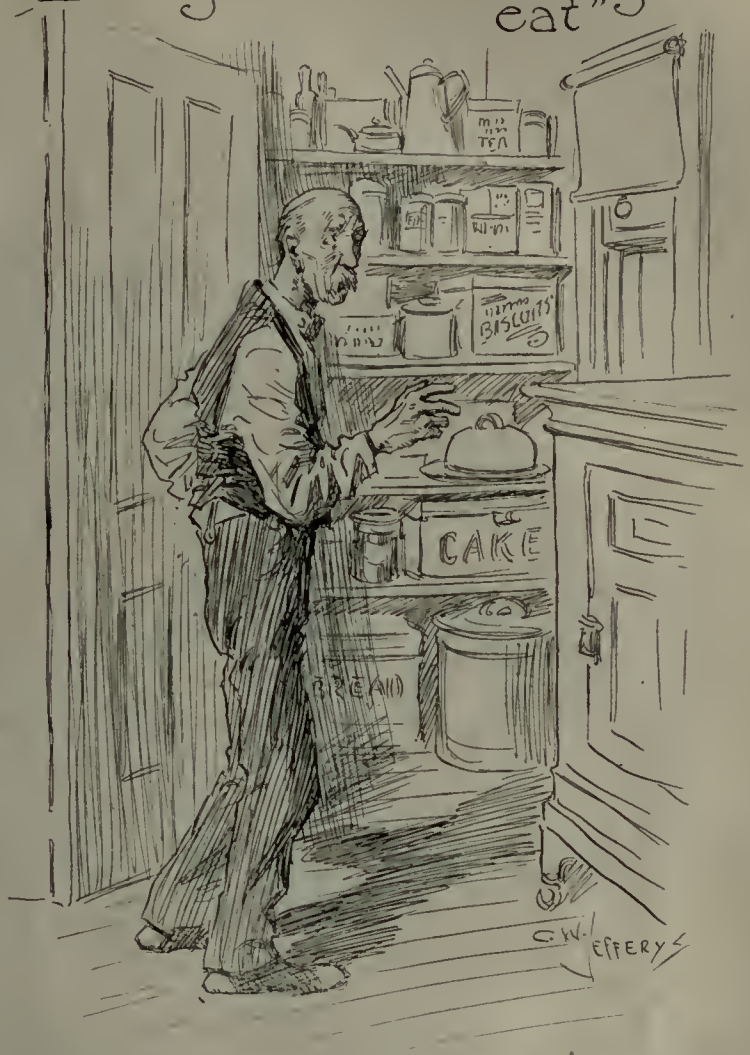
Then touch a match to the kerosened paper at the bottom.

That fire—so you would at least think—will light.

But if you think so it only shows that you have never been out camping, or summering, among the northern lakes of this, our beautiful country, after three days' rain. That fire will *not* light. Try it. The match will flare up feebly, the kerosene will flicker into a little flame and go out, the gunpowder will give a feeble sizzle and send out a little wet smoke, then a large drop of rain will fall through the roof of your tent or bungalow and the whole thing will go out with a biff.

Except perhaps the dynamite. That might explode all right. But try it, try it. The only way is to try it.

"Looking for something to eat"



EVEN in a summer magazine, it is just as well to end up with a few answers to correspondents. These are easily provided for. The Editor merely looks up something in an encyclopedia and then writes a letter to himself to find out about it. We might arrange it thus:

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

To the Editor.—I am most anxious to find out the relation of the earth's diameter to its circumference. Can you, or any of your readers, assist me in it?

Yours, etc.,

CAREWORN MOTHER.

Answer.—The earth's circumference is estimated to be three decimal one four one five nine of its diameter, a fixed relation indicated by the Greek letter *pi*. If you like we will tell you what *pi* is. Shall we?

Yours, etc.,

EDITOR.

On the other hand real questions sometimes come in to be answered, which prove embarrassing to the uninitiated. To a trained editor they give no trouble. Here is one that happened to be sent in while this very article was being prepared.

Editor, Queries and Answers,

Dear Sir.—Can you, will you, tell me what is the Sanjak of Novi Bazar?

Yours,

BRINK OF SUICIDE.

Answer.—The Sanjak of Novi Bazar is bounded on the north by its northern frontier, cold and cheerless, and covered during the winter with deep snow. The east of the Sanjak occupies a more easterly position. Here the sun rises—at first slowly, but gathering speed as it goes. After having traversed the entire width of the whole Sanjak, the magnificent orb, slowly and regretfully sinks into the west. On the south, where the soil is more fertile and where the land begins to be worth occupying, the Sanjak is, or will be, bounded by the British Empire.

The Captain of the Susan Drew

A Story of the Sea in Two Parts

By Jack London

Author of "Jerry," "Burning Daylight," "The Little Lady of the Great House," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

PART II

MRS GIFFORD and Patty heard the skipper's heavy tread on the companion ladder, and in trepidation awaited his appearance on deck. Instead of an explosion, all he was guilty of was a long stare across the sea, culminating in a woe-begone: "Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

"He would have been forty-eight years old, had he lived," Mrs. Gifford was telling Temple Harrison.

Most of the party of survivors were sitting on the lee of the poop, in the shady down-draught of the big mainsail.

"Who would?" Captain Decker demanded with his wonted rudeness, as he stood in the nerve-stabbing sunshine, sextant in hand, taking a meridian observation.

"My husband," Mrs. Gifford answered.

The skipper proceeded at once to dominate the conversation.

"How old d'ye think I am?"

Nobody displayed interest, though Willie, on hands and knees, scrubbing paintwork, favored his persecutor with a glare of hatred.

"I am eighteen years old, madam," the skipper continued. He struck his chest with emphasis. "I—me—this man you see before you, for a fact, has lived eighteen years."

"You must have been born mangrown," Sedley Brown observed.

"I was, and with whiskers, sir, and a moustache. I never had a father or mother. I was born, a man, in a ship's fo'c's'le."

"How did you get your name, then?"

"From the ship's papers. There it was, in black and white, Bill Decker—me. The first thing I did after I was born——"

"Was to wipe up the forecastle with the crew," Harrison interpolated.

"On the contrary, sir! The crew wiped up the fo'c's'le with me. I was the willingest fighter you ever saw; but I didn't know how. They licked me singly and by twos and threes; but they couldn't keep a good man down. I wouldn't stay licked. If a man batted an eye, I reached for him. Oh, they licked me! But I kept learnin' the curves while they were doing it; and before the voyage was over I was cock of the fo'c's'le. I licked every man jack, both bosuns, and the preventer carpenter. I licked the second mate for'ard of the 'midship house the last night before we made Liverpool. And when we got ashore an' paid off, I caught the first mate in an alley in sailor-town. They carted what was left of him to the hospital. He was never the same man again. A broken wreck, madam! His sea days was over, and he was shipped to 'Snug Harbor'."

Captain Decker detected a shudder on Mrs. Gifford's part.

"And proud of it, madam!" he thundered. "Proud of it!"

"But what is the joke, Captain Decker?" Patty asked.

"It ain't a joke. It's facts. I first opened my eyes in this world in the fo'c's'le of the *Ermyntrude*, eighteen years ago. That's how old I am—eighteen years. And I fought my way up. When I was one year old, I was bosun. Before I was two, I was second mate. By the time I was three, I was mate, an' a proper bucko at that——"

He broke off abruptly. His seaman's eye, mechanically roving the sea-rim had alighted upon something.

"Sail ho!" he cried. "Where's that lookout? Two points on the weather bow, there! I'll attend to this case. Flat Nose, you! Take the glasses up to the cross-trees and see what you can make of it."

VII.

AFTER dinner, the same day, the survivors of the *Mingalia* were not permitted to come on deck. They remained in the cabin through long, stifling hours, while they listened to boats coming alongside, to strange voices on deck, and to the varied noises that carried the tale of cargo being broken out and hoisted overside. The opium was being transhipped. Willie, who had been released from his paint-scrubbing and sent below, reported no less than four small schooners and sloops which he had seen bearing down on the *Susan Drew*.

No meal was served that evening, and the prisoners panted and went hungry in the narrow cabin. By eleven o'clock the transfer of the opium was completed, and they could hear the Captain roaring out his orders as he put sail on his vessel. Then he came below, poured himself a tumbler of Scotch, and drank it neat.

"It's all right now," he said. "You can go on deck if you want. The cook is making coffee, and the cabin-boy will set a cold snack of canned goods."

"Where are you taking us to now!" Mrs. Gifford demanded.

Captain Decker divided a pondering gaze between her and the bottle of Scotch; then, silently repeated his half-tumbler dose. Never was his voice more like a coffee-grinder.

"I don't know, madam. I'm runnin' westward across the Pacific, and I'll drop you somewhere. You see, there's too many of you to swear to any secret. You've got to stay with me, till all the opium is distributed and safe. I'm not stuck on your company. I run to blondes, as I told you before. But it's business. That cargo's got to be made safe. Now, if you was a blonde——"

He ceased speaking and stared at Mrs. Gifford steadily and long, to that lady's great discomfiture. His expression was trance-like, and he seemed dreaming far dreams. A curious light began to glow in his eyes; while a grin, unthinkably significant to them, curled across his mouth. Still seemingly in a trance, he reached forth his dirty hand and in playful fashion touched her on the shoulder.

"I got you," he said. "Tag! you're it."

He returned to himself with startling suddenness, and recoiled from her.

"Why, damn it all! You ain't a blonde, are you?" A step brought him to a chair, into which he sank burying his face in his hands and moaning: "Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

"Faugh!" Mrs. Gifford enunciated in disgust, not unmixed with trepidation.

"The brute is drunk," Temple Harrison explained to Patty.

VIII.

IN THE days that followed, while the *Susan Drew* ran before the Northeast Trades, Captain Decker's ways did not mend. His hands and nails were grimed with tar and paint, ground in by his inveterate pull and haul on sheet and halyard. He devoured prunes in the same magnificent manner, interrupted conversations, bullied Flat Nose, rope's-ended Willie, and drank his half-tumblers of Scotch. With each drink, the vastness and voluminousness of his huskiness increased. His trance-like gazes at Mrs. Gifford continued. His protestations of dislike for brunettes did not diminish. And often he would bury his face in his hands and moan: "Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

Worst of all was his persecution of Mrs. Gifford. He seemed drawn to her continually, and continually he recoiled from her. Patty was tearfully apprehensive. Temple Harrison consoled her. And Sedley Brown grew more than mildly jealous. They were in 18 deg. north and 166 deg. west, and Captain Decker was talking of running them to the south and west and landing them at some outlying trading station of New Britain or New Ireland, when occurred a strange incomprehensable happening that gave them all pause for thought.

It was at dinner. The conversation had been upon occult matters, and a general disbelief had been expressed concerning such phenomena as telepathy and clairvoyance.

"The content of consciousness is experience," Temple Harrison was saying. "There is no discussion about the existence of the sub-conscious mind. But it has never been demonstrated that the sub-conscious mind has known anything outside experience—outside the content of consciousness, I mean, which is experience. Therefore, it is impossible——"

HE CEASED, for he had lost the attention of his listeners. Captain Decker had begun to eat prunes, and they were watching him with the old, never-

failing fascination. He had received an unusually large serving, and was heroically emptying the saucer. His cheeks bulged more and more with the pouched pits, while his jaws chewed, and the spoon moved back and forth. Also, he was thinking; and, further, he desired to speak. His eyes were rolling, and his ears seemed trying to wiggle, so strong was his desire. At last came the supreme moment. He bowed his head over the saucer and spat out a mighty mouthful of prune-pits; and then he glared savagely at Temple Harrison.

"Talky-talky-talky-talky! That's all you know about it," were the skipper's opening words. "You don't know. But I do know. I can deliver the goods. I know things outside my experience—things I don't know; but I know 'em."

"A miracle is no miracle at second hand," Temple Harrison retorted patronizingly. "The drunkard's snakes are real only to the drunkard. We know they are not snakes. The dreamer's dream is real—to the dreamer, while he dreams."

"Talky-talky, talky-talky! Too much talky along you," Captain Decker went on explosively. "I know real things that I don't know, I tell you."

"An instance, please," said Sedley Brown.

"All right." The skipper turned his eyes on Mrs. Gifford. "Madam, I know things about you that I have no right to know—that I don't know. But I know 'em. Do you dast me to tell 'em?"

Mrs. Gifford's head was poised very high, as she replied: "I am sure you know nothing about me that I am ashamed to have told."

"Very well, madam." Captain Decker's gaze burned upon her until it seemed he must be looking right through her. "Under your left shoulder-blade, midway between it and the hip, is a mole—ha!"

HIS exclamation was of triumph, caused by Patty's instant cry of alarm, and by the tell-tale blood mounting in Mrs. Gifford's cheeks.

"Now, that mole's outside by experience," he continued. "I never saw it. I leave it to you. Yet I know it."

"Nevertheless, the existence of the mole is not proved," Sedley Brown observed dryly.

"Madam, have you that mole?" the skipper demanded.

Mrs. Gifford disdained reply.

"Very well, then. I'll tell you some more. You have a corn on the left little toe. Your arms—and I observed them when you came on board—show no scar of vaccination. Yet, you are vaccinated.

Continued on page 62

Conscription—Behind the Curtain

By H. F. Gadsby

Illustrated by Lou Skuce

EDITOR'S NOTE: — *This article was prepared before the vote on Conscription had been taken, and was designed to give a view of things happening "behind the curtain," to show how national questions are bed-eviled by party considerations. It has neither political motive nor animus, and is not intended as an argument for or against conscription. Certainly, however, it is an argument against partyism.*

WHEN Premier Borden, some six weeks ago, his chin up and his head bumping the stars, announced that Canada would do her whole duty by the men at the front and that there would be Selective Conscription for the Last Hundred Thousand, he launched a crisis which for high flight and sustained vigor has never been equalled in the annals of the Canadian Parliament. People said they had been expecting it, but when Premier Borden reached up to the blue sky, plucked the thunderbolt and hurled it, there was great surprise.

The thunderbolt had a long tail to it. Conscription was the word, but in its train were many feverish guesses. A coalition? Cabinet reconstruction? An extension? A khaki election with Quebec lined up against the rest of Canada? Who knew? The Ottawa correspondents were as lively as ants in a frying pan. To vary Scripture a little the morning and the evening (newspapers) were the first day, and likewise the second and the third and the fourth and the fifth and the sixth, not to mention the Saturday-night Sundays which were the most irresponsible of all. There was a new rumor for breakfast every morning, and another for dinner every night, and for lunch as many as one liked. It was a poor correspondent who couldn't make two cabinets a day—good ones at that.

The outstanding topic was, of course, Quebec. How would she take it? What would Sir Wilfrid Laurier say? What race and creed hatreds would the crisis engender or revive? Would Quebec become to Canada the thorn that Ireland is to Great Britain? Would it first split and afterwards kill the Liberal party? Was conscription a genuine impulse of Premier Borden's heart or a party man-



Never was such a witches' stew and from it each man bore away his reeking goblet of passion.

œuvre invented by the Hon. Robert Rogers? Was coalition a real offer or a ruse to swallow the Liberal party and digest it so thoroughly that nothing would be left of it after the war was over? Who were the Liberals behind the coalition talk? Did they love Canada more or Laurier less? What did the Toronto group aim at—to save the Empire or to loosen Laurier's clutch on the leadership? Who were the weak brothers of the Liberal party, inside the House or outside, who might be expected to enter a coalition cabinet? If personal ambition led them astray would they be Liberals any longer? These were the questions one heard asked everywhere.

Many jealousies were aroused, much distrust, dark suspicion. Never since Confederation was such a witches' stew and from it each man bore away his reeking goblet of passion or motive to waive under somebody's nose.



They were both weak speeches . . . very thin gruel indeed.

I HAVE seen many crises in my seventeen years in the Press Gallery at Ottawa, but never one in which the symptoms waxed and waned in such definite order. The crisis passed through four stages—consternation, agitation, manipulation and contemplation. Perhaps it would be better to say that manipulation and contemplation came together. A little bit of both and calm at that. The crisis in its last stage was not a crisis. It was a game of checkers.

The first stage was consternation. The consternation was confined to the Liberal party. It had its root in the fear that annihilation was what the Borden Government had in its mind for the Opposition. The party system is so inflexible at Ottawa that the Members of Parliament on both sides of the House are afraid of an honest difference of opinion in the party ranks. They are not accustomed to shades of opinion as they are in the Parliaments of the Old World where parties live by combination and governments survive by jumping from floe to floe like 'Liza crossing the river on the ice. Ottawa does not favor such hair-raising performances. The United front is everything, and when the united front disappears the party feels like a Senator who has just broken his pivot tooth—nothing to keep the rest of the set together. The truth this last crisis conceals is that a party will stretch a long way before it breaks.

Nevertheless, when conscription was first announced the Liberal party felt like a man who is going down for the third time. Even now it feels as if it had been rolled on a barrel. There is a certain soreness at the pit of its stomach—the temporary isolation of Quebec. However, it has ceased courting disasters and is shaking hands with hope. What if the Western Liberals do vote for conscription? The Western Liberals are real Liberals who hold themselves free, as they have always done, to vote according to their lights. Independence is no new thing with them. They are not the inheriters of the old feuds of Ontario and Quebec and are not to be bound by them. No matter what you do if your heart be true; and their hearts are true to the Liberal principles. Who is the greatest free trader in Canada? Dr. Michael Clark. And why shouldn't he vote and talk for conscription when he has three sons at the front?

The French Liberals of Quebec are opposed to conscription and will vote against it. But so will the French Conservatives of Quebec. It's a saw off. Who expected them to do anything else? Their affection for Great Britain is of the head, not of the heart. The heart goes farther than the head, but it's good to keep a head on one's shoulders notwithstanding.

The Maritime Province Liberals were not consternated, so to speak. They are a rock-ribbed tribe and it takes more than a conscription bill to shift them from Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The greatest fright was among the Ontario Liberals who started the coalition talk. They also set afoot the rumor that Sir Wilfrid Laurier might resign, there being one or two moments when some Liberals were disposed to regard Sir Wilfrid as a greater handicap to the party than he regarded himself. They also had a notion that a hint of abdication might scare the Old Man into meeting them more than half way. But Le Vieux Coq didn't turn a feather. The White Plume didn't even quiver.

Sir Wilfrid was not affected by the general consternation one whit. He has survived many such crises. At all events the Old Man sat tight. The purpose behind that lofty forehead did not budge. He would not go—as his faithful adherents put it—into a coalition that would assimilate the Liberal party and kill Laurier with Quebec and wash all the Borden Government's guilty stains away in one healing pool of both parties troubles. He had to withstand Liberals of high purpose who desired a coalition for the good of the country and Liberals of lower purpose who wanted a coalition to keep them in their seats for another year—extension being an admitted corollary of the proposition—but withstand them he did.

Moreover, he refused to speak or vote for conscription and thus deliver Quebec into the hands of Bourassa, who was waiting to pounce upon it and pass it over to the Conservative party. I am not making an argument one way or another. I am simply quoting the arguments of the Laurier adherents, who say that the psychology of Sir Wilfrid Laurier is based on a deep conviction that it is far more desirable for the unity of Canada that Quebec should love him than that it should love Bourassa. In Sir Wilfrid Laurier's mind two angels fight for Quebec — Ormuzd, the angel of light, and Ahriman, the dark angel. You have one guess as to which is which. Sir Wilfrid's position is that if conscription becomes law Quebec's duty is to obey the law. If

Jean Baptiste wields an axe handle by way of "domiciliary resistance" when the conscripters come to drag away his sons he does it against Sir Wilfrid's advice, which is to obey the law. But Sir Wilfrid will not do anything to make conscription the law.

All of which is to say that Sir Wilfrid's head was unbowed beneath the bludgeonings of his followers. They gathered in groups to rave and foam, but they jumped quick enough when he sent for them one by one to talk it out in his office. This is what Sir Wilfrid calls consulting the party—he makes up his mind first and consults afterwards. He binds up their wounds with kind words and a sunny smile or two. It is good medicine. It may not cure but it goes a long way to take the inflammation out.

OF COURSE, consternation among the Liberals had its antithetical mood among the Conservatives — jubilation. Cock-a- whoop? Yes — for almost two weeks. Here was the trump card, the ace of hearts, the big sentimental issue that would cover all the mistakes the Borden Government had committed under the old flag for the last three years and unsow all the seed of criticism the Liberals had sown during the same period. And how it would make Quebec roar so that her roaring would be duly heard and noted in the remotest parts of English-speaking Canada!

And how Quebec did roar! Bourassa, low and deep like a behemoth with the toothache; Armand Lavergne, high and shrill like an enraged peacock; and Tancred Marcil—well, like Tancred Marcil! And how many windows the Laval students broke! Yes, Quebec roared. In fact everybody roared according to schedule. This was the second stage of the crisis—agitation. Everybody agitated while the agitating was good. The roaring was quite up to expectations—and a little beyond.

Beyond — there was the rub! Other people joined in the roaring. Organized labor roared too—said that Premier Borden had broken a promise. The farmers roared too—not very loud—but audibly like Bottom, who, as you remember, roared like a sucking dove. This was more agitation than had been bargained for. Conscription was not, then, as popular as the cheers in caucus would indicate. Agitation was all right, but these labor fellows were overdoing it.

The agitation was almost too successful. Quebec's tail had been pinched and she roared as per schedule, but so had many others. One can have too much of a good thing.

It was natural that agitation should have its corresponding mood in the Conservative party, and this we might call hesitation. In course of time the party in power came to doubt whether conscription was as good an election cry as it seemed at first sight. It looked like a peach at the start, but when the pale, sickly cast of thought had got in its work on it, it looked more like a lemon. Many of the members took flying trips to their constituencies only to find there a divided opinion. This, as our good friend Mr. Shakespeare would say, gave them pause.

"I don't like the way their eyes behave," one member said. "They shift when I look at them. Specially the fellows who have a son or two that might be conscripted. They talk up real brave with their lips, but what'll they do to me with their little lead pencils on election day?"

IT WAS in this chastened frame of mind that the crisis entered its third stage — manipulation. Manipulation is the common ground on which both sides got together. That is to say, both sides began to play politics with it in the good old Ottawa way. What scaling-off is to a scarlet fever case manipulation is to a crisis in Parliament. The danger is past and the patient is well on the way to recovery. Scarlet fever, by the way, is a good metaphor for this particular crisis. What is the Great War but a universal scarlet fever? What is conscription but one of the acute symptoms?

When manipulation took hold of the case the second or agitation stage disappeared as if by magic. Bourassa and Lavergne ceased to roar. Quebec put a seal on her lips. Organized labor forebore to growl. It was as if Headquarters had issued a general order—peace, be still—and peace was and stillness also. The silence was such that the Hon. Arthur Meighen could almost be heard thinking and the Hon. Arthur runs very deep.

My own opinion is that the bill had a calming effect. As long as no one knew what the bill was going to be the agitation fed on its own alarms. But when Premier Borden brought down his Military Service Act and the House gave it the once-over, things began to settle down right away. Personally I think the bill is a fair one and the classifications just and reasonable, but critics speak of it as a stuffed club which may never be used, even on Quebec. In fact, if an election intervened, say, betwen now and next October, the Government in power — whether Conservative or Liberal—might forget all about it. Of course, it would be on the statute book, but only as a stimulus to recruiting. The Act is to be brought into force only on proclamation of the Governor-in-Council, which means just when the Government pleases. This may be right away or never—it is not exactly a promise and yet you can't call it a threat. You take your choice and vote the party-ticket as usual.

One observes, too, that the Military Service Act is slow to anger. The machinery of delay is so ample that the war may be over before the reluctant conscript has finished fighting his case in the appeal courts. Further, there are one million six hundred thousand men to choose from and when apprehension is spread over that many no one person can be in a great funk. At one time Quebec muttered something about "domiciliary resistance." Jean Baptiste might take his spare axe handle to the minion of the law who came to drag his sons away. But Quebec has forgotten all that now. Any resistance Quebec makes will be passive and constitutional. It has seen the bill and has discovered that its bark is worse than its bite.

THE Premier's speech and Sir Wilfrid's were such as to take any remaining fever out of the bite. They were both weak speeches—very thin gruel indeed. Premier Borden sought to godfather the Militia Act of 1868, with its principle of compulsion inwrought, on a French-Canadian, Sir George Etienne Cartier, which, of course, is a huge joke, because Cartier was no more responsible for it than any other Father of Confederation, and because, moreover, the compulsion clauses looked to an invasion from the United States, not to a war in Flanders. Sir Wilfrid replied in similar vapid strain that the Government had got its extension on false pretences and that a conscription bill was a breach of faith. This being the best the leaders saw fit to do in the way of controversy is it any wonder that their followers failed to strike fire?

Indeed, keeping the debate down was one of the best things manipulation did. There may have been persons who wanted to touch the powder off, but the fact remains that nobody did. Even the fellows who usually carry lighted matches for Quebec refused to use them, and as for the Quebec members their moderation and restraint in the case of a delicate situation was admirable to see and hear.

As soon as the House saw that there was little to fear either in the bill or the speeches the good players on both sides said: "Let us work the game for what's in it." Conscription by this time was not conscription, but a game of poker. The main object might be to win the war, but the immediate purpose was to win the next election. The good players on Parliament Hill never forget that.



What you thought was the deluge was only the bath-tub running over.

THE first bit of manipulation was Hon. George Graham's resolu-

tion to conscript wealth as well as men. As far as I can find out this resolution had three objects in view—to do what it said, to put the Borden Government in a hole, and to head off the ambitions of Mr. Rowell and his Toronto group who, so the Old Guard say, seek to loosen Sir Wilfrid Laurier's clutch on the Liberal leadership. I name the three objects in the reversed order of importance. The resolution did fairly well what it was intended to do. It beat Leader Rowell to a highly popular sentiment and it certainly gave the Borden Government a hot time in caucus. The caucus lasted three hours, only broken by moans of anguish whenever conscription of wealth was mentioned. When a vote was taken the moans had it.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's amendment was the next *bonne bouche* for the manipulators. Sir Wilfrid no doubt proposed a referendum in good faith, but that is no reason why the smart fellows shouldn't use it to play both ends for the middle. For example, there are many Liberal constituencies in Canada where opinion is about equally divided on conscription. It follows that the sitting member, if he wants to keep his hold on his seat, must vote so as to please everybody. To such as he Sir Wilfrid's referendum amendment is a godsend. Knowing that it will be defeated in the House he can vote for it with perfect confidence and thus please the anti-conscriptionists at home. Then, having done his duty toward that shade of feeling, he can turn round and vote for the conscription bill and thus please the other half. It's an ill wind that doesn't blow both ways. By the same token it's a stupid fellow that can't vote his way through this muddle.

Manipulation is like hope—it springs eternal in the human breast. Time was when timid souls looked on, saw one English-speaking Liberal after another deserting Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and thought it was a landslide. They saw in it the destruction of the Liberal party. That was in the first stage of the crisis —the consternation stage when everybody's fat was leaking into his boots. Not so in the manipulation stage. There everything is manipulation—even what appear to be cruel blows.

Does George Graham bid a fond, but wavering, farewell to Sir Wilfrid Laurier on the conscription question? Manipulation! Does Fred Pardee tear himself away with a heart-felt sob? Does Hugh Guthrie say *au revoir*, but not good-bye in a statesman-like manner? Manipulation! All manipulation! What you thought was the deluge was only the bath-tap running over. Manipulation! What are these clever fellows manipulating? Their own constituencies. They aim to be elected again. Far from being abandoned Sir Wilfrid is aiming at a fine strategic position. He holds Quebec solid. His followers keep Ontario where she is, or try to. Manipulation! I am rather fed up on manipulation. It seems to me that the manipulators overdo it. They give nobody credit for sincerity. Perhaps they are right.

IT IS conceivable that before this article sees print the Military Service Act will have seen a good deal more manipulation for party purposes, but at this writing the latest stroke is Barrette's. Barrette represents Berthier in the House of Commons and is a big man if you take Dr. Watt's system of measurement — the mind. Petit Barrette he is known as, and sometimes as Little Casino. And a neat little bit of manipulation was Petit Barrette's amendment to give the bill the six months' hoist. It shows that all the best manipulators, plain and fancy, are not on one side of the House. It was such clever manipulation — Barrette's amendment—that the House guessed that Blondin had suggested it or perhaps Bob Rogers.

How was it clever? *Pourquoi?* Because up to that time the Liberals had the French Nationalists in a hole. In order to vote against conscription, as they must if they would be true to Quebec, they must vote against the Borden Government for Sir Wilfrid Laurier's referendum. "Ha! ha!" chattered the wicked Grits. "It's a saw off. The English Liberals walk out on Sir Wilfrid and the French Conservatives walk out on Sir Robert. Horse and horse!"

The party could not stand for such mocking laughter. Hence Barrette's amendment which cheats Sir Wilfrid Laurier of his prey and lines the Nationalists up behind a resolution of their own—a resolution as hostile to conscription as Sir Wilfrid's and considerably more noncommittal. At least that is the comeback the French Liberals urge against the Barrette amendment. They say that Sir Wilfrid's amendment asks that the question be settled right away by a vote of the people, but that Petit Barrette's amendment staves it off. In other words, that Sir Wilfrid faces the issue while Mr. Barrette and his fellow Nationalists seek to dodge it.

As I write this article the manipulation stage of the crisis is gradually drifting into the contemplation stage. Contemplation is a frame of mind much praised by the poets and philosophers. It bespeaks dangers passed and storms outridden. Already Parliament is looking back over its shoulder and asking what all the row was about.

The Draft

The Story of a Canadian in the American Civil War

By A. C. Allenson

Who wrote "Junc Comes Back," "Danton of the Fleet," etc.

CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE

THAT spring morning, when I ran my boat ashore, Annie was in the field over yonder, that reaches down to the edge of the lake. She was ploughing with the pair of horses she owned. The neighbors were shocked she should do such work, but it made no difference to her. There was nothing ignoble about it. She had no money to pay for help. She was much too independent to accept charity, even in the form of labor, or let any man establish himself in the relation of creditor to her.

Well—to come back to the main road of my story—I wanted to find Annie, that spring morning, to give her some of my fish, for, as I have told you, I was in love with her like the rest. In a way, I guess, I was luckiest of all, for sometimes she'd kiss me, in the impulsive way she had, and that's what she did to none of the others, I don't think even Peter.

Often she would tell me her troubles, when she was especially downhearted, and she used to say I was the only comfort she had, and I would laugh at her, and she would laugh back and box my ears.

She didn't see me coming, for the bush at the edge of the field hid me till I got quite near. She had stopped at the turn of the furrow to rest the horses and herself, and she stood there, looking over the lake, seeming graver and more troubled than ever I had seen her. I guessed it was something about money, because I had heard at home that Dransfield was talking of trouble. And yet I thought she had never looked prettier. She seemed taller than ordinary. The pink hood she wore had been pushed back from her head that she might catch the breeze from the water.

When she saw me, the smile chased the gravity from her face, and when I gave her the fish, that I had wrapped carefully in grass and green leaves, she bent down and kissed me on the forehead.

"The best of little sweethearts!" she said.

"And the luckiest!" We both turned, and there stood grave, handsome Peter.

"You didn't bring me a dish of fish," she laughed.

"I'll go at once and get them," he said.

"You are too late, Mr. Grant, I have all I can use here," she replied, the fun sparkling in her eyes. "But you two idling folk must not keep me from my work." And she gave a chirrup and whistle to the dozing horses, and turned to the plough.

"No," said Peter. "I will finish the ploughing."

"Indeed, you won't," she flashed back. "I have no money for the hire of men."

"Then you must let me do it," he said, looking straight into her eyes, "as you let Charlie bring his present of fish—just for love."

The crimson flooded her face. Her eyes fell for a moment, then she looked at him.

"No, Peter, I had rather you would not," she said. "What would the people say?"

"What care we of the people's talk, so long as what is done is right?" he replied. "It is no woman's work, Annie. I will be hurt, sorely hurt, if you will not let me do this small service.

I CAN hear still the Scottish roll of the "r" in his speech. It sounded crisp, strong, decisive. I half expected some smart refusal from Annie, for she was wonderfully independent and high-spirited; but a tenderness was in her face, and she let him take the lines from her hands.

He stripped coat, collar, and vest, folded them in his neat way, laid his hat on them and then rolled up his sleeves, showing the mighty arms.

"I am grateful to you, Annie," he said in a low voice. Then he set the horses going.

"My, Annie! He's a grand ploughman!" I exclaimed, as we watched the deep, even furrow laid shiningly over, like unrolled ribbon.

"He's grand, Charlie boy, whatever he does," she answered in a soft, sweet voice. I looked up at her, and in that moment I knew that she would not wait for me till I had grown up, as she had sometimes jokingly said she would. I didn't hate Peter, either, as I would have hated any other man, I think, under like conditions.

THAT evening she came over the lake to see father, who was adviser to most of the folks in their difficulties. She told him that Dransfield had notified her that arrears and an instalment were about to come due, and must be paid at the end of June, or he would have to foreclose and sell the place.

"And sold by sheriff it will fetch little or nothing," she said. "It will just drop back into Mr. Dransfield's hands, for the amount of his claim. All father's labor and time, the money we have put into it, and his very life, all spent for nought!"

"Lacking a man there, Annie, you can never win clear," said father. "You will but sink deeper and deeper into the mire, and harass yourself until life will scarce be worth the living. It is your home, and you dearly love the place, I know, but you are a sensible girl, not afraid to look at facts straight."

"Lacking a man and lack the farm, or take the man and keep the farm! Faith, Mr. Bateman! It's in lacking the farm the gain will be I am thinking." And she laughed in her merry Irish way, despite her troubles.

"But I thought——," began father. "I've got pretty good eyes, Annie, and—well, Peter would succeed whatever he put his hand to."

"And would it be for me to lay my little troubles on his shoulders, and turn him aside from his work?" she asked. "If I did, I would feel, the rest of my days, that I had played Delilah to his Samson. If I can't help, I'll see that I don't hinder him. Many's the place where I can earn my living, only it takes a wee bit of courage to cut the old ties that father and mother and I have been weaving all these years. But there! Peter is going away soon, and the place will seem different anyway."

"I hadn't heard of that," father answered her.

"No, he suddenly made up his mind. There are openings for smart men in the big cities, and he would only rust here. Mr. Dransfield has been talking much to him these days, telling him, I guess, about the chances there, and so he is going. I am glad, for he will be a man among men in the big world, as he has been in the smaller one here."

It was a disappointment to everybody when the news became public that Peter was leaving. He was a clever teacher. The children had made wonderful progress the little time he had been with us, and we were, in an odd way, proud of him as scholar and gentleman. By the end of May he was away. Annie told us he was in New York City, and that she was getting letters from him, cheering, heartening messages, that strengthened her during the days of loneliness and trouble.

V.

JUNE was drawing to a close. Annie now had made up her mind to the seemingly inevitable, though the surrender was hard to make. To a woman, proud of her home and the independence it gave her, cherishing the memories that clustered about it, to be driven away seemed like being cast adrift on a shoreless sea.

It was late one afternoon that I saw her boat skimming over the lake, and a few minutes later she came flying into the house with her wonderful tidings.

"Oh, Mr. Bateman!" she cried. "The fortune has come! The fortune has come!" And she drew a letter from her bosom, and thrust it into father's hand.

"The fortune, Annie?" he said, puzzled for the moment. Then he recalled the stories, old as her father's time, of the money that would come to them one day, when the property in the old land was sold. The letter was from an Irish bank, enclosing a draft for fifteen hundred dollars, as per instructions from a named firm of lawyers, from whom—the letter said — she would hear, in due course. There was the draft, good as gold, and her name—Annie Harland—on the precious slip of paper.

"It is wonderful, Annie," said mother, embracing the happy girl. "The hand of the Lord is in it. In the very hour of your great necessity, deliverance has been wrought for you."

FATHER, mother, Annie and I went off to Quebec together in the finest spirits. The three of us could not have been half as delighted had the little fortune come to the Batemans. When we got back with the money, Dransfield was in the Settlement already, waiting to pounce, as soon as he could get the lawyers to work. He was very spiteful and bitter toward her because of her rejection of his advances. When he knew he was to be paid he seemed surprised and not over pleased, and was more than a little curious to learn whence it had come.

"The fortune;" he laughed in his sneering way when he was told. "Maybe the draft won't bring you the luck you fancy."

We put it down to his jealousy and disappointment, and were too happy over Annie's luck in getting rid of him to bother about what he thought or said. Father made a dicker with him over the remainder of the notes, and the end of it was he was paid off to the last cent. When everything was squared up, there was better than five hundred dollars to the good.

You may be sure she wrote Peter about the great news. It was only later we heard she had sent five hundred dollars with her letter, to help him along with his college plans. The money came back, however, with a letter telling her that, had he been in need, he would surely have accepted it from her, and that, if he should want it later, he would tell her; but he was doing well, and had all the money he required. She was disappointed at first, but the good news, and his promise to ask if he needed money, gave her great comfort. He bade her spend some of the money hiring help for the heavier work at ploughing and harvest times, and there was a lot more of tender, loving counsel and advice. She read little bits of it to mother, and was very happy about it.

AND ALL the time the news of the war over the line was growing worse and worse. In July of '63 came the terrible tidings of Gettysburg, where fifty thousand Americans died in that fearful three days' battle. You remember Lincoln's great speech, delivered on the battlefield in November of the same year. It comes to us to-day with a newer, fuller meaning as we recall our own losses in the present more terrible war, and our purpose to wage it to the end: "That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, the Wilderness, Spottsylvanie, Cold Harbor, Sheridan's devastation of the Shenandoah Valley, Sherman's terrible march through Georgia—these, and many other names and events filled the minds of all during those epochal days. There were periods when Peter's letters to Annie came along at long intervals, but communications were not good in those days, and gaps of weeks or months were not unusual. One day father had to go down to New York on business.

"You'll be sure to see Peter, Mr. Bateman," said Annie, giving him a letter and some little present she had made for her sweetheart.

"I certainly will," he answered. "Bring him back if I can, eh? I don't know if it is kindness to see him. It will only make his heart ache the more." She laughed and shook her head.

"He will come without any bringing, I'm thinking, when his task is done," she said. "You will tell him I am well, very happy, that the farm is doing finely, and that I shall hire harvest help, as he bade me."

"And nothing more?" father joked.

"Nothing more," she smiled. "All the rest he well knows."

VI.

FATHER was away much longer than we had anticipated. It was nearly a month before he got back. Late one evening he reached home, driving down from Sherbrooke. He was very tired and weary. The heat in New York that August of '64 had been very trying. I had lots of questions to ask him about the

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REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Ludendorff: The "Man Behind"

Hindenburg's Assistant is Said to be the Brains of the German Army.

HINDENBURG bulks largely in the eyes of the world. He is the ideal of the German people. But behind Hindenburg is Ludendorff and, according to reports which are now getting pretty general circulation, Ludendorff is the genius of the German war organization. This view is rather brilliantly presented by H. L. Mencken in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Mencken presents a sketch of the "man behind" that is full of color and that fills the imagination with the picture of another Napoleon. He shows Ludendorff to be the master mind in everything, a combination of Von Moltke and Bismarck, the supreme authority in everything. He says:

Ludendorff is worth six Bethmann-Hollwegs, or ten Kaisers, or forty Kaiser Karls. Once his mind is made up, he gets to business at once. Hindenburg is the idol of the populace, but Ludendorff has the brains. Hindenburg is an old man, and a professional soldier by nature, and a Junker to boot—he despises politics and diplomacy and all that sort of thing. All he asks for is an army and an enemy. But Ludendorff has what you may call a capacious mind. He has imagination. He grasps inner significances. He can see around corners. Moreover, he enjoys planning, plotting, figuring things out. Yet more, he is free of romance. Have you ever heard of him sobbing about the Fatherland? Or letting off pious platitudes, like Hindenburg? Of course you haven't. He plays the game for its own sake—and he plays it damnably well. Ludendorff is the neglected factor in this war—the forgotten great man. The world hears nothing about him, and yet he has the world by the ear.

The further one gets from the people and the nearer one approaches the inner circle of German opinion, the less one hears of Hindenburg and the more one hears of Ludendorff. Two yeads ago Hindenburg was given all the credit for the astounding feat of arms at Tannenberg—the most extraordinary victory, surely, of this war, and perhaps one of the greatest of all time. Legends began to spring up on the day following the news; they made the battle no more than the delayed performance of a play long rehearsed; Hindenburg was said to have planned it back in the nineties. But now one hears that Ludendorff, too, had a hand in it; that he knew the ground quite as well as his chief; that it was he who swung a whole corps—by motor-car, *à la* Gallieni—around the Russian right to Bischofsburg, and so cut off Samsonoff's retreat. One hears, again, that it was Ludendorff who planned the Battle in the Snow—another gigantic affair, seldom heard of outside Germany, but even more costly to the Russians than Tannenberg. One hears, yet again, that it was Ludendorff who devised the advance upon Lodz, which wiped out three whole Russian corps; and that it was Ludendorff who prepared the homeric blow at Gorlice, which freed Galicia and exposed Poland; and that it was Ludendorff who found a way to break the Polish quadrilateral, supposedly impregnable; and that it was Ludendorff who chose the moment for the devastating *Vormarsch* into Lithuania and Courland, which gave the Germans a territory in Russia almost half as large as the German Empire itself. Finally, one hears that it was Ludendorff, bent double over his maps, who planned the Roumanian campaign, an operation so swift and so appallingly successful that the tale of it seems almost fantastic. In brief, one hears of Ludendorff, Ludendorff, whenever German officers utter more than twenty words about the war; his portrait hangs in every mess room; he is the god of every young lieutenant; his favorable notice is worth more to a division or corps commander than the *ordre pour le mérite;* he is, as it were, the esoteric Ulysses of the war.

But this is not the whole story, by any means; for as he has thus gradually slipped into the shoes (or, at all events, into one of them) of Moltke, the *Erste Generalquartiermeister* has also tried on the coat of Bismarck, long hanging on its peg. That is to say, he has reached out for the wires of civil administration, and now he has a good many of them firmly in his hand and is delicately fingering a good many more. It was in Poland and Galicia, while still merely chief of staff in the East, that he first showed his talent in this department. The German plan, once an enemy territory is occupied, is to turn it over to a sort of mixed posse of retired officers and civilians. Hordes of frock-coated and bespatted *Beamten* pour in; an inextricable complex of bureaux is established; the blessings of *Kulture* are ladled out scientifically and by experts. Belgium has suffered from this plague of cocksure and warring officials, and also Northern France. But not so the East. Over there, despite the fact that the population is friendly and the further fact that the enemy does not menace, the *Beamte* has found no lodgement. The army is the source of all law, of all rights, of all privileges, even of all livelihood. And the army is Ludendorff.

Curious tales are told of his omnipresence, his omniscience. He devised and promulgated, it is said, the Polish customs tariff. He fixed railroad rates, routes, and even schedules. When it was proposed to set up branches of the great German banks in Warsaw, Lodz, and Wilna, he examined the plans and issued permissions. When Americans came in with relief schemes, he heard them, cross-examined them, and told them what they could and could not do. He made regulations for newspaper correspondents, prison-camp workers, refugees, *Dirnen*, Jews. He established a news-service for the army. He promulgated ordinances for the government of cities and towns, and appointed their officials. He proclaimed compulsory education, and ordered that under-officers be told off to teach school. In brief, he reorganized the whole government, from top to bottom, of a territory of more than 100,000 square miles,



—Cesare in New York *Evening Post.*
His House in Danger.

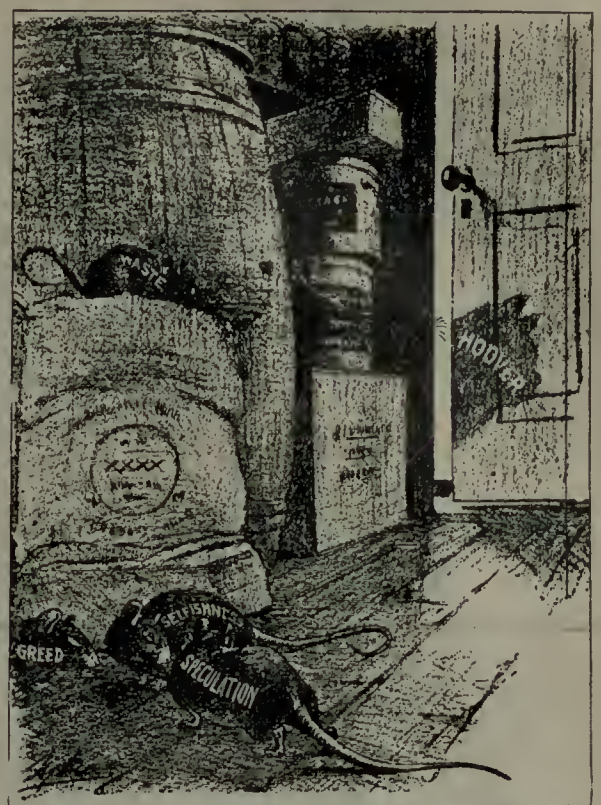
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—Carter in Philadelphia *Press.*

Bringing Up the Ammunition.



—Sykes in Philadelphia *Evening Ledger.*

Watchful Waiting.

The cat's away, the mice will play—
So runs the adage hoary.
But Hoover's eye doth watch nearby—
And that's another story.

with a population of at least 15,000,000, and kept a firm grip, either directly or through officers always under his eye, upon every detail of its administration. Hindenburg has no taste for such things. He was, and is, an officer of the old school, impatient of laws and taxes. So the business fell to Ludendorff, and he discharged it with zest.

All this was nearly two years ago. Last summer came Hindenburg's promotion to the supreme command, and with it a vast increase in opportunity for Ludendorff. Hitherto his power, and even his influence, had stopped at the German border; now his hand began to be felt in Berlin. His first task was to speed up the supply of munitions; the Allies on the West front had begun to show superiority here. The plans evolved by General von Falkenhayn, Hindenburg's predecessor, were thrown out as inadequate; entirely new plans were put into operation. When I left Germany, in February, results were beginning to reveal themselves. New munition factories were opening almost daily; the old ones were spouting smoke twenty-four hours a day. An American correspondent, taken to one of these plants, returned to Berlin almost breathless. He swore he had seen a store of shells so vast that the lanes through it were seventeen kilometres long. As for me, I stuck to *Hackerbrau* and beheld no such marvels; but this I do know; that all ordinary train-service to the West was suspended for days, while train after train of shells passed through Berlin. And the production of field-guns, it was whispered, had leaped to six hundred a month.

Gargantuan plans; but what of the labor-supply? Here was a difficulty, indeed, for the army could not spare men, and the number out of uniform was anything but large. Ludendorff, however, argued that enough could be found—that thousands were wasting their time in useless industries, that other thousands had leisure that could be utilized. Out of this theory came the *Zivildienstpflicht*, whereby every German, old or young, rich or poor, found himself conscripted for the service of the state. As yet the utilization of these new forces is but partially under way, but progress is being made, and by the end of the year it will be hard to find a German who is not doing his bit. The doctrine of Ludendorff is simple: the whole energy of the German people must be concentrated on the war. All other enterprises and ambitions must be put out of mind. All business that is not necessary to the one end must be abandoned.

Roosevelt's Idea of Terms

How the Militant Ex-President Would Settle the War.

THERE has been so much discussion about peace terms that there seems to be little more to be said in the matter. When a weary world lays down its arms the victor and the vanquished will discuss the peace terms. It is interesting, however, to see Theodore Roosevelt discussing the point in *The Metropolitan*. He speaks openly, unreservedly, defining terms which he thinks should be accepted by the United States as an objective peace point. His terms are as follows:

Belgium must be restored and amply indemnified—this should be the first item in the peace program. Luxemburg proved too weak to strike a blow in her own defense; she should be joined to France or Belgium. France must have back Alsace and Lorraine. That she should have Metz and French-speaking Lorraine needs no debate. Nor is it debatable that she should also have the mining districts of Lorraine—Germany has shown that such districts in her hands form a source of danger to her neighbors. The question of allowing the people of Alsace to decide for themselves where they will go has been mooted. Under any ordinary conditions this would certainly be the wise course; and as there is a natural mountainous military frontier in eastern Alsace, France might consider whether it would not be well to make this her boundary line if it becomes evident that the Alsatians as a whole wish to remain with Germany. But, in the first place, France should herself decide this matter; and, in the next place, it is certain that the Alsatians were originally most reluctant to be torn from France, and Germany has no moral right to claim any benefit from her own wrong-doing in dragooning and bullying the people of Alsace during the last forty years. The unspeakable infamies practised by the Germans on French soil since the outbreak of this war, and their avowed determination to remove France from the list of first-class powers, not merely warrants but necessitates her now doing whatever is necessary for her own defense against the Prussianized Germany which has surrendered not merely its body but its soul to the barbarous and tyrannous militarism of the Hohenzollerns. If France deems her frontier of 1870 essential to her salvation, her sufferings and her services since August, 1914, entitle her to our unflinching support in securing it for her.

Austria is not a nation. It is a tyranny

by two mutually distrustful races over a more-numerous group of other races. The Austrian Germans and the Magyars are fine people; I wish them well, and would not willingly see them oppressed by others; but neither ought they to oppress others—and their only bond of union, for they dislike one another cordially, is their still greater dislike of the peoples they oppress. Italy should have Italia Irredenta, including Trieste, but with full provision for Austria's full commercial access to the Mediterranean—an access which can be as wholly devoid of political implications as is the case with Canada's right to run trains through Maine or our right to run trains through Ontario. The Czech and his close kinsmen outside of Bohemia should form a new commonwealth, reviving the memories of Zisca and Huss. As far as it is possible to reconcile Orthodox and Catholic, the southern Slavs should be made into a greater Servia. (I hope this will be possible; yet it is well to remember that the attempt to force a union between Protestant Hollanders and Catholic Flemings broke down; and, even if two peoples ought to live well together, if they won't do so, it is generally unwise to try to force them.) The Rouman and Magyar elements are geographically intermingled in perplexing fashion; to disentangle them from one another and from the Slavs with entire justice will be most difficult; all we can say is that every effort should be made to leave the mass of the Magyars together, and the mass of the Roumans together. as independent nations.

As regards Russia, the troubles are immensely simplified by the democratic revolution, and, unless this movement rushes down hill into that type of sinister radicalism which invites and produces a still more sinister reaction, the problems can be solved in fairly satisfactory manner. A democratic and orderly Russia, scrupulously careful to do justice to all neighboring or allied nationalities, which has efficiently devoted its giant strength to securing the sweeping and complete triumph of the Allies, would be entitled to, and would not abuse the possession of Constantinople. A democratic Russia which puts Jew, Livonian Protestant, and Uniate Catholic on a footing of complete equality with the Orthodox Great Russian, could safely be trusted to stand as the head of an autonomous Finland, an autonomous Poland, an autonomous Armenia—and unless these commonwealths are given at least such freedom and control over their own destinies as is the case with the states of our own nation, lovers of liberty could not feel satisfied. Lithuania should also have her just claims considered. The exact form of such a huge federation cannot be profitably discussed until it has been accepted in principle; and unless there can be such a federation of autonomous and justly treated states, then justice could only be met by making Finland, Poland and Armenia independent. As I have said in a previous article, I would hope that while German East Prussia might have to be geographically separated from Germany proper by the northwestern projection of Poland to the Baltic, yet that she could retain her political connection with Germany and could arrange for commercial relations by rail with Germany on the principle adopted here (as already said) by the Canadian railroad which crosses Maine and the American railroad which crosses Ontario.

The Danes of North Schleswig should be given the right granted them under the treaty of 1864—a treaty afterward cynically repudiated by Germany—to vote whether or not they wish again to become part of Denmark. England and Japan must keep the colonies they have conquered.

This would leave Germany and German Austria substantially with their German populations, as free as their neighbors, and treated as the equals of their neighbors. For this I most earnestly hope that the United States will strive when the peace negotiations come. It is imperative to strike hard at the tyrannous militarism of Prussianized Germany and to provide effectually against its menace to peace and international right. But we have only regard for the German people and their past; we wish only to help revive the Germany of the Tugenbund; we wish to see it again a leader among nations which are freed from all necessity of regarding it with horror and hatred and dread.



—Darling in New York *Tribune*.

Non-union Labor. — Walking Delegate from U.S. War Department (to Col. Roosevelt): "Hold up here! You're not a member of the Life-savers' Union."

How American Magnates Behave "Under Fire"

The Present Attitude of the Financial Leaders Toward Publicity.

AMERICAN business men—the biggest men, that is—have come to recognize that publicity is a necessary part of "big business." They realize that they are handling the money of the public and that the public is entitled to the fullest information consistent with the carrying on of business. No longer do the magnates of money refuse to see reporters. Even the most reticent will see the newspaper men who call and give whatever information is available. Not all have reached this stage of complaisance, however. In *Every Week*, B. C. Forges tells how some of them act "under fire."

J. P. Morgan the Second inherited his father's contempt for the public and its representatives, the newspaper reporters. But he soon discovered that, while his father's brusqueness was tolerated, he could not indulge in similar tactics and retain his peace of mind. His more diplomatic associates whispered a few things in his ear, and he now submits to a bombardment of reportorial questioning every other afternoon. He does not like personal publicity, however. Indeed, he hates it. If he had his way, his name would never appear in print.

When he was summoned to give evidence before the Walsh Industrial Relations Committee, he made a sorry spectacle. His answers were not only superficial, but often supercilious — in contrast with the statesmanlike testimony of young John D. Rockefeller. Other financiers were angry with Morgan for giving such an exhibition. There was a reason: the explanation is that a moving-picture machine was placed within a few yards of Morgan's head, and kept "click, click, clicking" every time he moved an eyelash or uttered a word. He felt that he was being exploited to provide the public with a "show" —that Walsh was anxious to get front-page headlines for his Committee's play-acting.

James Stillman — who, with the original Morgan and Baker, formed the "Big Three" of the financial world for many a day—is quite as talkative as was J. P. Morgan or as Baker is to-day. But no more so. He has never in his life given an interview for publication. When I jockeyed another financier into introducing me, Stillman's smileless greeting without any handshake, was: "You are a man I have long dreaded having to meet." So modest is Stillman, so careful is he to keep out of the public eye, that he is sometimes several months in the country—he spends most of his time in Europe—before even his friends learn of his return. His excuse for not talking now is that he died. in a business sense, a decade ago, when he retired from the presidency of the National City Bank and installed Frank A. Vanderlip in his place. Mr. Stillman would rather run a mile than run into a reporter. Yet he is broad-minded enough to sanction a policy of the fullest publicity on the part of the City Bank.

Mr. Vanderlip is the antithesis of his predecessor, Mr. Stillman. Being an ex-reporter he still has a fellow feeling for the breed. He is the best friend the financial scribes have. Whenever they are stumped in running down a rumored big story, they turn to Vanderlip. If he can—and he usually can—he gladly helps them out, either by giving them the facts, or by telling them frankly there is nothing in it. Almost every afternoon a deputation of newspaper men wait on him and subject him to a quizzing bee. Often the questions fired at him are more impertinent than pertinent; yet he never loses his patience or his good humor.

"How many shares of International Mercantile Marine has the American International bought in the market?" a daily newspaper reporter asked him, when Wall Street was buzzing with the news that this ambitious Vanderlip enterprise was after control of the Shipping Trust.

"I wonder?" came the laughing reply.

After the reporters had gone, Mr. Vanderlip confided to the writer that only two men in the world had this information: and the number was not increased.

Did you notice how Jacob H. Schiff, head of the second largest international banking house in the United States and a noted philanthropist, slipped out of New York in order to dodge the many gatherings planned for the celebration of his seventieth birthday last January? That was typical of Mr. Schiff. He devotes more time to giving away money and to the doing of charitable work than any other banker in America. But he won't let anybody make a fuss over him or his benefactions. He never grants any interviews in New York for publication; but

sometimes he lets himself go when away from home. He also discusses matters very freely with three newspaper men whom he trusts implicitly, but never for quotation. I happened to drop in to see Mr. Schiff just before he disappeared mysteriously on the eve of his birthday, and he confessed that he was just about to decamp. I asked him why.

"There are any number of people," he replied, "who would like to do just as much as I have ever done, but who have not had it within their power. Because God has blessed me with the means to do something for others, that is no reason why I should set myself up to be praised or feted for doing it."

And he hurriedly cleaned up his desk, preparatory to vamoosing.

Otto H. Kahn, one of Mr. Schiff's partners, is a strong believer in publicity, and is one of the men whom newspaper reporters call upon very frequently, as he is a great railroad reorganizer and is influential in other fields. Like Mr. Schiff, Mr. Kahn very rarely allows his name to be mentioned; but he is not averse to disclosing anything he legitimately can. His views on financial and economic problems are often sought; for he does his own thinking. The only fault the busy newspaper scribes have to find with Kahn is that he invariably asks them to wait before he sees them.

Incidentally, all the time he is being interviewed, he keeps drawing mathematical figures on a pad, with a ferocity suggesting that his life depended upon the number of squares, angles, parallelograms, and circles he dashed off.

H. P. Davison, the star partner of J. P. Morgan & Company, knows how to treat the public. He never lies, or even prevaricates.

Perhaps the most sought after magnate in America to-day is Charles M. Schwab. Whenever the news spreads that he is in the city, all classes of people troop to his office and besiege him. The only reason he does not see them all is that there are only twenty-four hours in the day, and he needs most of these hours to keep his 60,000 employees supplied with work. An exclusive interview with Schwab is accounted a worthwhile newspaper "scoop," because Schwab can not talk without saying something interesting. In ten minutes the upbuilder of the American Krupps can rattle off enough to make a two-column front-page "beat." He invariably springs a few jokes.

Judge Gary, head of the billion-dollar Steel Corporation, was one of the earliest apostles of corporate publicity. He practises what he preaches. He often inconveniences himself to enable responsible writers to perform their legitimate duty. His manner is as genial as Schwab's.

The president of the largest trust company in the United States, Charles H. Sabin, adopted the same policy as his chum, Harry Davison; but, since he was so much criticized for having revealed that Germany was about to make a move for peace, he has been a little more reserved, although his information was correct.

New Ways of Catching Submarines

Some American inventions that may be tried out.

ONE of the most pressing problems at the present time is that of coping with the submarine menace. American inventors have turned to it with characteristic energy and many suggestions have been made, the best of which are summarized in the following article from *The Scientific American.*

All naval men are agreed that the best method of procedure against the submarine menace is to attack the U-boats at their bases; in other words, the ocean is expansive, and once a German submarine escapes to the open sea the area over which the hunt must be conducted is such that the chances of capturing or destroying it are few. Indeed, it is the old case of an ounce of prevention being worth a pound of cure; but in this particular instance the proportion is somewhat altered —the ounce of prevention is readily worth a ton of cure. However, just so long as the submarines are permitted to roam the high seas the submarine problem resolves itself into a matter of detecting and capturing or destroying the U-boats; all of which stands for the ton of cure.

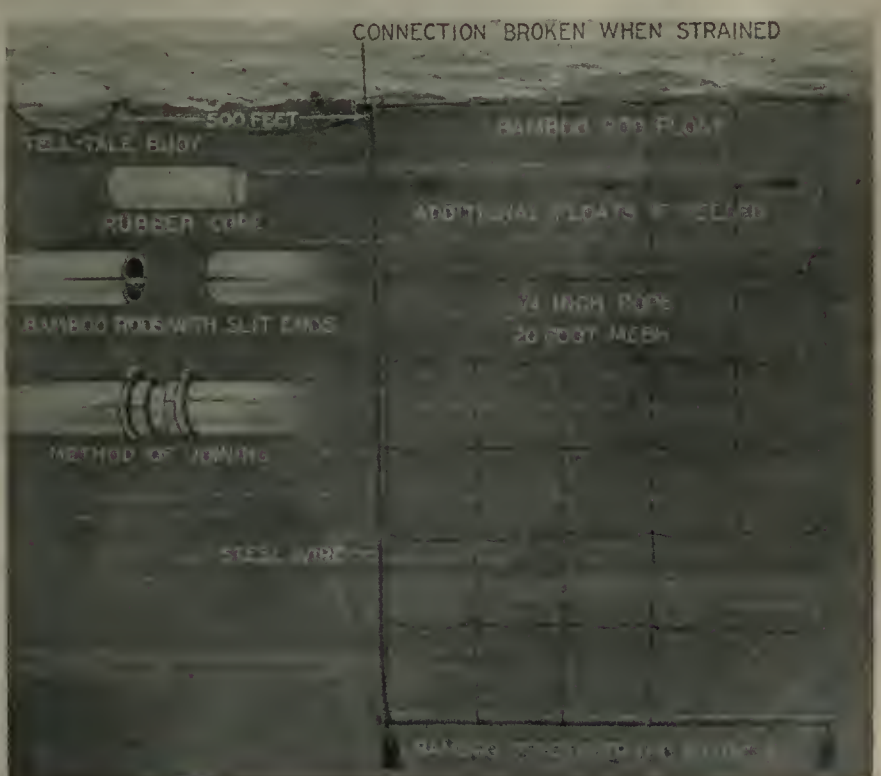
Of paramount importance is the detection of the German U-boats, for once their presence is known they are robbed of their initial and greatest advance—invisibility. Naval men have told us time and again that given the location of a U-boat, the task of capturing or destroying it becomes almost automatic, or at least simple and practically certain. So the subject of detection is an important one and should receive the immediate and best attention of all inventors working on the submarine problem. To this end there has been collected a number of suggestions and principles which, after careful study, have either been held as having special promise or as entirely misleading with regard to the detection of U-boats, and this collection forms the basis of the present article.

Prominent among the suggestions offered by inventors is that of using some form of optical instrument, such as an inverted periscope, for seeing under water. When it comes to seeing any appreciable distance, say even a few hundred feet, the inverted periscope and other similar devices are practically valueless. Mr. Harold A. C. Sintzenich, a cinematographer who has exposed thousands of feet of film at the bottom of the sea by means of the well-known Williamson tube, states that under the best conditions one cannot see more than 100 feet, and even then the objects are hazy masses devoid of detail. Beyond that distance—at a depth of 30 feet or more—everything blends into a dark green background. Now the point to bear in mind is that the Williamson apparatus permits a direct vision through a two-inch thickness of optically perfect glass, and there is a minimum of light absorption; and if 100 feet appears to be the extreme range of vision under ideal conditions, surely the distance would be considerably shorter when using any type of periscope. As the depth increases the vision rapidly decreases, for sunlight penetrates the water only in a very limited way. Even with the aid of powerful lights it is impossible to increase the range of vision, since there is no better illuminant than sunlight to begin with.

The use of submarine searchlights has been suggested for the purpose of detecting the U-boats, one plan being to employ a red beam of light which, according to the inventor, could be seen stretching out from the hull of the ship to a distance of several miles by an observer in the crow's nest. The red beam, it is claimed, would form a more striking contrast with the green water than a white one, hence it could be seen during daylight. By means of a remote electrical control the observer could play the projector around, watching all the while the thin pencil of light some two miles in length. Should a submarine be lurking in the vicinity of the ship, the beam of light would come in contact with it, and obviously the pencil of light would be interrupted at that point. The observer, noting that the pencil of light did not extend its normal distance, would immediately know that some object was interposed in the beam at that point. With the angles of the sighting instrument and the projector known, and working with a base line—the distance between the sighting instrument and the projector—of known length, the exact distance of the submarine from the ship could be accurately determined and communicated to the gun crew.

Unfortunately, however, it is quite impossible to penetrate water for any great distance with light of any kind, daylight included. It may be true that red light would serve to better advantage because of the contrast with the green mass of matter; still, the fact remains that its penetrative power would be less than that of white light. Experiments performed with a standard 30-inch projector indicate that 200 feet is the greatest distance that can be penetrated by a highly concentrated beam, and needless to say this distance is totally inadequate.

The electro-magnet has been the centre of much interest in connection with the submarine detecting problem, and numerous have been the suggestions to employ magnetism in some form or another. Generally, the scheme is to lower electro-magnets into the water and tow them along, with the object



Details of a suggested Type of tell-tale net which may be connected with other similar parts to form large nets.



Submarine Chaser following a Submarine which has become ensnarled in a tell-tale net, and sliding a contact bomb down the steel wire.

of having them attracted to the steel sides of any submarine they may encounter—a sort of magnetic fishing, as it were. Once the electro-magnets firmly hold on the submarine there are several procedures, depending upon the ideas of the individual inventor. Some advocate sliding a contact bomb down the wire cable connected to the electro-magnet, while others suggest lifting the submarine out of the water, capturing it intact and making its crew prisoners!

If persons interested in the electro-magnetic detector would spend a few minutes of their time experimenting with a permanent magnet, or, better still, an electro-magnet, they would soon learn the fallacy of this method. To begin with, magnetic lines of force are curved, starting at one pole of the magnet and terminating at the other. For this reason magnetic force is very localized; as an example of this, suppose an electro-magnet will lift ten pounds readily, it is bizarre indeed that the same magnet will not attract a small nail a few feet away. But such is the fact.

In consequence it becomes evident that fishing for submarines by means of electro-magnets is not a remunerative method, for the ocean is big and in order to detect the U-boat it is absolutely necessary to have the electro-magnet come into *actual contact* with the steel mass. As for the holding power of the magnet when once in contact with the steel plates of the underwater prey, there is no doubt, since windings of any desired strength can readily be used; but the suggestion on the whole is so typical of hunting a needle in a haystack that its application seems precluded from the very start.

If a magnet did possess the power of attracting large bodies at a distance, as most inventors evidently take for granted, this method would hold much promise. But unfortunately this is not the case, and we are unable to change the phenomenon of magnetism.

A variation of the electro-magnetic principle is the suggested use of a sensitive compass to detect the presence of a great mass of steel, such as a submarine. However, it must be taken for granted that the device is to be employed aboard a wooden ship, which eliminates it from consideration where a steel vessel is concerned, thereby limiting its application to wooden cargo boats and small craft. While it is true that a compass needle is quite sensitive, it is doubtful if it would prove of much value in detecting a submarine hull a short distance away, even under ideal conditions.

Water, especially salt water, is a pretty fair conductor of electricity. Taking advantage of this fact at least one inventor has suggested making use of electrodes arranged in the form of buoys or even using electrically-fired mines themselves, and measuring the resistance of the water between pairs by means of sensitive electrical instruments. Under normal conditions the resistance would not vary appreciably; but once a submarine passed between the electrodes its huge bulk, several times that of the electrodes, would materially affect the resistance of the circuit, allowing more current to flow through and indicating a greater deflection on the galvanometers or other measuring instruments. All of which sounds most promising on paper.

However, salt water is such an excellent conductor of electricity that electrical engineers scoff at the practicability of this idea. They point out that the drop in resistance brought about by the passage of a submarine would be very small, even when the electrodes or mines were placed close together; and if the electrical instruments were made delicate enough to detect this slight drop in resistance, the slightest irregularity in the positioning of the electrodes and the thinnest layer of oxide or dust on the switch contacts would give misleading indications. In other words, the drop in resistance which is depended upon to detect submarines is so slight that the apparatus is far too sensitive for practical use. It is strictly in the laboratory class, if at all feasible. Even if we were to admit its practicability, it is obvious that this suggestion is intended primarily for harbor defense works and is hardly applicable to hunting the U-boat on the high seas.

Probably borrowing a leaf from the method employed in France for discovering unexploded shells on erstwhile battlefields about to be plowed, the Hughes induction balance has been suggested as a means of locating submarines. This delicate electrical instrument, as is well known, detects the presence of metal bodies at a considerable distance—in the laboratory, but in connection with the submarine problem it is doubtful if it could be made sufficiently sensitive to detect U-boats at an appreciable distance. Indeed, the main difficulty with this and many other suggestions is that the U-commander very unobligingly keeps his craft at a distance far beyond that at which it may be detected. Still, the Hughes induction balance principle may not be altogether hopeless if developed on an ambitious scale.

Simple to make, inexpensive and evidently practical, the tell-tale net sugegsted by Mr. Lewis B. Shader, of Union Hill, N.J., presents an interesting example of what can be done in the way of mechanical contrivances. He proposes using a net of quarter-inch twine and 20-foot mesh, supported from a bamboo rod float and provided at the bottom with a bamboo stretcher, passes up along the side of the net, through a detachable ring at the end of the bamboo float, and then pays out several hundred feet until it reaches a tell-tale buoy. The net is made on the unit principle; that is to say, a number of them may be combined by means of a simple flexible connection. The twine or rope may be colored green, so as to be indiscernible at even a small distance away, and additional floats may be provided.

According to Mr. Shader these nets can be manufactured in very large quantities, because of their simplicity and low cost, and their weight and bulk is such that they can be carried in large numbers by torpedo-boat destroyers and submarine chasers. The nets can be scattered about promiscuously on the high seas, particularly where submarines are known to be active. The action of the tell-tale net is this: The submarine, running submerged, runs into the net and becomes ensnarled in it without the commanders being aware of the fact, for the reason that the twine is light and produces no sound, and in no way affects the motion of the U-boat. However, as the underwater craft proceeds with the net it trails behind it the surface buoy, which effectually tags it so that nearby surface craft can detect its presence and follow it. While this feature alone is sufficient to make the tell-tale net effective, Mr. Shader suggests using a trolley bomb which can be applied to the end of the steel wire or cable. For this purpose the surface craft speeds up to the buoy, which is picked up, and by pulling slightly on the cable causes the connection between it and the bamboo rod float to be broken. Thus the steel wire goes directly to the bamboo stretcher which, together with the net, is wrapped about the submarine, and when a contact bomb is placed on the wire it should be possible with some manœuvring to slide it down against the side of the U-boat with disastrous effects to the latter.

All in all, this suggestion has much to commend it, and might well be used as a model by others working on the submarine problem.

If the eyes are of little value under water the same is fortunately not true of the ears; for water is a most excellent conductor of sound and lends itself nicely to sound detecting systems. The fact that there are no so-called zones of silence in the water and that it is a homogeneous medium permits of the use of sound-detecting system with every advantage at the outset.

It is understood that much is being done in the way of employing megaphones for the detection of submarines, and some of these systems have already reached a remarkable state of development, permitting not only the presence of a U-boat to be detected, but also its exact position so that the range can be given to a gun crew. It is well to add here that the original microphone system employed by the Entente Powers some time ago operated quite satisfactorily, according to reports, until the Germans saw fit to mount their motors on sound-absorbing bases, thus making their submarines practically silent and foiling the megaphone ears of the British and French land stations. However, the latest system of microphonic detection do not rely upon the submarine's hum, hence it is of no consequence whether the German craft are noiseless or noisy, running at top speed or resting on the bottom.

Germany Can't Be Starved

So Declares Writer on Food Problem of the Central Empires.

CAN Germany be starved? Writing in *The Forum*, Edward Lyell Fox says not. He believes that the German people, trained as they now are to short rations, can continue to get along on such food supplies as are available. He says, in dealing with the effect on the individual:

Out of the War comes a new science in living. Germany has been "starved" into condition. The proverbial, rotund, beer-drinking, hearty-eating subject of the Kaiser has undergone a metamorphosis. To-day he is a slim, trim, upstanding man, sinewy and strong. He had been eating too much. Germany has demonstrated that starvation diet is the best diet for soldiers, scientists, civilians. "Fletcherism" in its broadest sense has prevailed; and, strange to say, Horace Fletcher has gone to Germany to witness the result.

The German people, since hostilities began, have lopped off over a billion pounds of fat. . The great Spas to which Germany made its semi-annual pilgrimage before the War—Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden—the Meccas of an auto-intoxicated population, may be reserved after the War for American pilgrims. By the enforced diet list, the physical debilities of a nation have been swept away. Influenza, appendicitis, gout, rheumatism and allied curses of a fat

and stomach-filled civilization have disappeared.

In place of foods rich in protein, like meat, have come the carbo-hydrates, vegetables and cheese. Aside from these fundamentals, including bread and potatoes, Germany is living on a substitution diet. Before the War, struggles to educate the people in the science of substitution were fruitless. But to-day, acorns, white thorn berries and chicory, mixed with a pinch of coffee, give the people a palatable "coffee." Tea drinkers have been given a substitute a brew from the leaves of blackberries, strawberries and raspberries makes German tea a beverage not to be scorned. Saccharine has replaced sugar. Milk, except for the use of babies, is rarely sold in any but condensed form. Jam, made from turnips, carrots, plums, damsons and apples—does the duty of butter; mushrooms and other forest fungi answer for meat. Ten slices of bread (twenty per cent. potato flour) per day, a half pound of meat a week, an egg and a fifth of a pound of butter, complete the "war cure" for each person.

Horace Fletcher told me that the blockade is a providential blessing for Germany—that it has given the German people a chance to take stock of themselves, to apply scientific living to their bodies as they have applied the science of chemistry to the products of nature. I have been surveying the German food situation at close range. Can they hold out in their substitution diet? Are the substituted supplies adequate? Will the new diet debilitate the fighting and working efficiency of the people, or will Germany come through the "war cure" revitalized?

For the moment we must deal with the scientific. The world has been used to living on the Konig standard of nutrition. That was evolved fifty years ago by Carl Voight in Munich. It was to establish a standard for the daily nourishment of the human body. It is based upon this formula:

5 grams of protein (protein repairing the cell tissues of the body. Protein is found in large quantities in meat, eggs, milk and other expensive foods).
3 grams of fat (fat from butter and fatty foods).
1 gram of carbohydrate (the starch of starchy foods). .....

That is what was accepted fifty years ago. Now, heat and energy for the body are figured by the unit "calorie." Hence to live according to the Konig standard—as the world has been doing for fifty years—our daily food intake is in this proportion:

5 grams protein=20.5 calories.
3 grams fat=27.9 calories.
1 gram carbohydrate=4.1 calories.

That is a total of 53.1 calories. That means that out of every 100 calories supplied the human body, over 38 per cent. must be protein. But since that Konig formula was accepted by science, the experiments of Horace Fletcher, Dr. Hindhede, Irving Fischer, of Yale University, Graham Lusk of Cornell, Gebhart of the Sage Foundation, and Chittenden, of Yale, have proven beyond all doubt that the human body needs only 10 per cent. of its calories to come from protein. But the white race is used to living under the fifty years' old Konig standard. And that is the fundamental reason why the white race does not understand why Germany is holding out on food. For the white race is used to taking from 30 to 38 per cent. of its daily nourishment in the form of meat, eggs, milk. The world knows that Germany has not an abundance of these things. Therefore, the world wonders how Germany lives. But Germany is living to-day under the scientifically proven standards of that band of food revolutionaries, Fletcher, Hindhede and their colleagues.

Germany, with its loss of over a billion pounds of fat from human beings, shows an amazing decrease in disease. Another benefit is that food, such as cereals, which contain only 10 per cent. protein—the percentage the human body needs out of every hundred calories taken in—costs seven times less than meats and gives all the nourishment that science has established as being necessary. To quote Dr. Hindhede: *"It costs about twenty times as much to live on meat as to live on cereals."* He proved this on a test which lasted eight weeks, during which his food cost him 7c a day—the exact pro rata price it is costing to-day to feed the Belgians.

The German food allowance is three thousand calories a day. Germany has plenty of non-protein foods, the lowest of which contain ten per cent. of protein. The meat allowances of the German food cards are merely to make conceasions to the human appetite. Meat is not needed to sustain life. Also, by cutting rich protein food (meat, eggs, etc.) from the nation's diet, an enormous saving is made possible. The Germans are driving that home to their people more than ever. Privy Councilor Boas is now lecturing over the empire: "How one can live on almost nothing." He implores the Germans to "throw to the winds" their idolatrous regard for certain foods which they falsely regard as rich in albumen. He scientifically proves that they can get their necessary daily nourishment in 2,917 grams of potatoes or in thirty-five eggs or in 2,857 grams of beef. And he points out that the price of the potatoes is 9 cents; the eggs, $2.87, and the beef, $4.00.

It is significant to note that since food prices have risen in England, since the newspapers—for example, the Daily Chronicle in its issue of October 12th, have been carrying on a food propaganda with headlines "Food for two on fifteen shillings a week." "Meatless day for all,"—it is significant *that since England has begun to carry on a food propaganda that London's death rate has dropped to twelve in a thousand, lower even than New York's.*

In viewing the German food situation, the kicks that leak out, the sensational reports from Scandinavian capitals, facts such as one egg a week, a half pound of meat, one-fifth of a pound of butter, coffee from acorns, jams from turnipa, letters saying "Food, food is the only topic," these things are unimportant. The only important thing is that the human body needs for sedentary occupation 18 to 2,400 calories of food a day, only ten per cent. of which need be protein. Germany to-day is getting 3,000 calories per person—more than she needs—and her sources for the kind of food that makes up these 3,000 calories are illimitable.

To starve out Germany, considering the testimony of men like Fletcher, Dr. Hindhede, Waller of England, and in view of the results of the Belgium Relief Commission, would seem to be a scientific impossibilty.

An Unique Railroad President

The New Methods of "Mat." Brush, Head of the Boston Elevated.

MATTHEWS C. BRUSH, president of the Boston Elevated Railroad and only 39 years of age, is a remarkably successful executive, to hear Alfred Grimberg tell about him in *The American*. It is impossible to quote all that is told of this brisk young railroad president but it will be sufficient to reprint what is said about his methods of handling his new "job."

Matthew Brush is direct in everything he does. He talks directly. He acts directly. One thing that he hates with all the positiveness of his Middle Western soul is to have a mass of papers piled up on the desk in front of him. To avoid this customary accumulation of documents he has devised an extraordinarily successful system of council meetings.

Twice a week, Tuesdays and Thursdays, a score of men gather around Brush's oblong table. Each man talks in turn, holding a small memorandum in his hand. The head of the traffic division may say that he needs a new crane car or more passenger cars on a certain line. At once the other men are shooting questions at him. When the discussion is over they all turn to Matthew Brush. He makes a decision, and the next matter is taken up. Thus, in fifteen minutes a problem is settled which under the old system would have taken six weeks. Letters used to be written by the heads of the departments to the vice presidents—to be referred by them to the president. The time taken by stenographers, messengers and other employees connected with the laborious unwinding of red tape represented an investment of hundreds of dollars.

When Brush was made president he sent out word that he wanted to talk to a number of the old men with whom he had worked. They trooped in, a little puzzled and uncertain. How would Matt Brush be, now that he was the big boss? The new president greeted them with all his old cordiality.

"This is what I wanted to talk with you boys about," he began, "I'm going to try to improve your entire system. No man can work with handcuffs on. Every man in this organization is responsible for the work he does. I'm going to give you full freedom either to make good or hang yourselves. As soon as I take the lid off, remove the covers, and have everything out in the open, a man can do only one of two things: he has got to make good or get out.

"Now, I've been made president of this road; but I don't know everything there is to know about it. Not by a long shot! I want every man to give me his opinion of the road freely. I'll either act on his suggestion or prove to him where he is wrong.

"When I was working with you men I heard you curse the system, the methods, and everything else about the road. You used to say, 'If I were president I would do this or that or the other thing!' . . . Well, you've got your chance now, every last mother's son of you. You're the president of this road. Now, what are you going to do about it?"

Germany Will Not Attack

A Theory Based on the Attitude of the Enemy This Year.

THAT the war will not continue for more than another year is the view expressed by A. Shadwell in the course of an article in *The Nineteenth Century*. In developing this opinion, he outlines what he conceives to be the German military policy this year with a clearness that carries a certain degree of conviction. It is, in brief, that Germany is depending entirely on her U-boat campaign and is prepared to stand upon the defensive on land; nay, is compelled to do so. The absence of any move, against the badly disorganized Russians would seem to lend weight to this view. However, let Mr. Shadwell develop the theory himself.

Events have moved so fast of late that though the future is still uncertain it is less obscure than it was a few months ago. The veil is thinner and some things can be seen through it. One is that the war will not last very much longer, by which I mean that it will not drag on indefinitely or even for two or three years. It cannot; the pace is too hot and the strain too great. It might have been otherwise. If the pace had slackened and a

lull had occurred giving time for rest and recuperation, the war might have been drawn out longer. That is what used to happen in the old wars, which lasted for decades. Troops used to go regularly into winter quarters and there were long periods of inactivity with armistices and occasional spells of peace. Warfare was not continuous. Nor when it went on did it involve efforts comparable with those demanded by this war, in which the whole strength of the belligerent nations is thrown into the struggle. This unprecedented strain we owe to the German military policy which set the pace in the scale of armies and development of weapons in preparation and, finally, of operations in action. The result is to make a long-drawn war impossible; the strain cannot be borne. And by a just decree of fate the consequences of Germany's own policy are recoiling on her own head.

The German invitation to discuss peace in December was intended to secure a respite from the strain, an interval for rest and recuperation at least, if nothing else. It was not the first attempt, but it was the most definite and significant; it marked a stage in the course, which can be clearly traced as we look back. The scale of military action prepared for many years was planned with a view to a short war. The elaborate calculations on which it was based did not take into account the possibility of a long one, which in itself proves that the object was military aggression. For had it been truly defensive the possibility of indefinite duration must have entered into the calculations and have counselled the husbanding of resources. A few sudden and irresistible blows were contemplated and all the preparations were adjusted to that strategy. A war of years on such a scale of effort must produce a state of exhaustion which would be too heavy a price to pay, whatever the military result. That is the Nemesis which has been slowly overtaking Germany, as the war has extended itself from year to year. Her rulers have seen it coming nearer step by step. They have refused to admit it to their deluded people or even to themselves. They have put the vision aside and buoyed themselves up with hopes; they have discovered reassuring signs and invented new dispositions; driven from one ground of confidence they have found another. They are at it still with Hindenburg lines and U-boats. But steadily the shadow at their heels has drawn nearer and grown more menacing, as the war has extended and the pace has increased. Last winter they became acutely conscious of it and of the need to escape. So we had the overtures for negotiation, which would have secured at least a slackening of the pace and a breathing time, if they had been accepted. The move had other objects, but this was the military one. It failed and the pace has continued to increase.

That seems to me the vital fact in the present stage of the war and the reason why it cannot drag on indefinitely. It is the pace that kills. It has produced the great Hindenburg strategy, which I venture to think is plain enough. Perhaps it is presumptuous to say so about a matter surrounded by so much mystification and so many conflicting expert opinions; but I have been hardened into presumption. Once too diffident to form any opinion on these high matters and content to drink in with humble ear the wisdom of expert commentators, I have gradually undergone a complete change through their really astonishing display of incapacity and my own luck in venturing on some interpretations and predictions. I now regard most of them as sign-posts to the wrong road and use my own judgment, such as it is. I fancy most people do the same. After all the German dictator has been very frank about his strategy; and, as I have observed before, commentators on the war would make fewer blunders if they took German official utterances more literally and were less concerned to discover some recondite meaning or to twist them into ridicule. I may add for the benefit of the German papers which will probably quote this remark that it applies equally to their comments on utterances here. Of course, public men occupying important postions do not say all they think and they sometimes "talk wild"; but there is generally some substance in what they say and upon occasion they actually say what they mean. It is more profitable to study these utterances soberly with an eye to the solid matter than to take it for granted that they are all nonsense and fit for nothing but ridicule or that they conceal some deep and different meaning. We can see the foolishness of this treatment plainly enough in enemy comments on the statements of our own public men, and that should be a lesson to avoid it on our side.

Briefly stated, the Hindenburg strategy is to hold fast the land front with the least expenditure of strength and to transfer the offensive to the sea. It is the reply to our own strategy, which is to hold fast by sea and strike with full strength by land. This is a most remarkable and surprising development of the war, which no one could have anticipated. The great land power and the great sea power—described by an ill-fitting metaphor as the elephant and the whale—have changed places. Each sets its hopes of victory on success in the other's sphere, while its own most cherished and powerful weapon is relatively passive. But there is a difference. Our land offensive is full, fair and open fighting, man to man, gun to gun, machine to machine; the German sea offensive is not fighting at all. At least it is not, so far; though that may come and very likely will. But even if proper sea-fighting comes, that is not what the Germans are relying on. They are relying on the destruction of merchant shipping. It is as though the Allies, instead of meeting the enemy in battle, were to burrow their way into Germany and set to work from subterranean holes destroying crops, warehouses and stores together with such civilians as happen to get in the way. Such is the German sea offensive, which constitutes the active part of the Hindenburg strategy. It is even less like proper fighting because it is directed against neutrals as well as against the enemy, which entails the disadvantage of turning them into enemies.

This strategy has a double purpose. One is to slacken the pace where Germany has need of rest; the other is to accelerate it where we are most vulnerable, so that we shall be exhausted first. I submit that this is the real strategical position and that the Germans have no present intention of a military offensive on any front. Their plan is to sit tight and let us "bite on granite," while they starve us out at sea. If it succeeds they have no use for a land offensive; there will be time enough for that when it fails, and by then they will be rested and better prepared. Marshal von Hindenburg has himself explained the idea on sundry occasions, and most recently in the interview published in a Barcelona paper only a few weeks ago. The large strategical reserve he has formed is intended primarily to make his fronts doubly secure. It is, he said, "ready for defence or attack at any point we may choose." That is to say, he will be guided in his use of it by circumstances; and circumstances—which means our offensive—dictate a defensive use. He evidently expected it after the Somme experience, and he puts defence first. It is a measure of prudence. He could not be sure with what determination, strength and speed we should press the Western attack, and it might be that the fortified lines could not sustain it without a strong backing thrown wherever necessary at the right moment. The Somme proved that once more the weapon has beaten the shield, and just as forts yielded to big guns at the beginning of the war, so entrenchments and the new defensive system have yielded to the new gunnery backed by air observation, which pave the way for infantry supported by tanks.

This, then, is the central situation, apart from subsidiary operations and issues. And the pace has become so furious that it cannot possibly last long, by which I do not mean that the end will come within two or three months, though that is possible. Anything is possible and no precise prediction can be more than a guess. There are too many uncertain and incalculable elements. What I mean is that the effort has now grown to such magnitude and intensity, both on the active side of operations and on the passive side of endurance, that the forces of man and the resources of nature cannot sustain it for more than a limited time—say another twelve months at the most. Of course it may slacken, but of that there is no sign. A great deal will depend on the coming harvest, if no decisive change occurs before then. Another bad harvest would hasten the end by exhaustion, and this is a very queer season; an even worse harvest than the last is quite on the cards. The American authorities are said to be preparing for a "long war," and they must be better informed about the enemy's capacity for resistance than most of us are here. But we are not told what is their idea of a long war. If it means several years then I believe they are mistaken.

A Spy in the Vatican

An Amazing Story of German Intrigue.

THE following remarkable story of intrigue, demonstrating the vast ramifications of the German spy system, appeared in the New York *Sun*:

One day last April such of the people of Rome as read anything but the war news in their papers may have noticed a brief item from Vienna, which reported a burglary in a house adjoining the German Embassy in that city. A safe, a very unusual and burglar-defying safe, had been cut open like a cheese, and a large sum of money extracted. So at least said the newspapers. If anything except money had been taken they forbore to mention it.

A month or two earlier two very famous, deft and skilful Italian cracksmen had escaped from jail. That matter had not been widely celebrated. If now one or two of those reflective souls found in every town, who love to clip and collate criminal items, trace up fanciful clues and write to the newspapers about them, did so in Rome nobody paid any attention to them.

Seemingly one person only in all Rome took any lively interest in the Vienna burglary, and he was immured in the inner vastness of the Vatican; a sequestered and ecclesiastical retreat into which echoes of the intrigue and crime of the profane world seemed hardly likely to penetrate. But to Monsignor von Gerlach, papal chamberlain and master of the papal wardrobe, the news of the burglary conveyed so startling a message that within a few hours he had fled not only the Vatican, but Italian territory. When the police, scarce two hours after his flight, broke into his rooms they found them littered with incriminating documents which he had no time to destroy or take away and which revealed the papal chamberlain as head of the German spy system in Italy.

Let us go back further. We know that experts in intrigue like E. Phillips Oppenheim would have begun this narrative in different form and prolonged the suspense. But in a lightly amateur way we shall merely try to state the facts.

Know then that the Italian police had long been trying to explain a train of mysterious happenings, including the loss of two Italian battleships, the *Benedetto Brin* and the *Leonardo da Vinci*. In some way they learned that documents revealing all were in a safe in a private house next the German Embassy in Vienna. But that safe! Here enters romance. Not only did it have every burglar-foiling device known to safe makers; not only was it electrically connected with every police station in Vienna, but it was so constructed that if roughly opened it would pour forth a cloud of that asphyxiating gas so dreaded in the trenches, which would stretch the safe breakers lifeless before the open evidence of their guilt. (Romance writers please copy.)

But the Italian detectives were not thus to be foiled. They were not of the easy New York type. Privily they secured the release from prison—under cover of an escape—of Italy's most skilled and admired cracksmen. Provided with gas masks and promised $10,000

and immunity for past offences, these scientists operated on the safe with complete success.

The documents secured showed Von Gerlach, formerly an officer in the Bavarian army and—as spies must be—a person of most pleasing personality, to be the head of the German spy system in Italy. He had imposed himself on the household force in the Vatican, and from that coign of vantage had carried on his propaganda, organized his system of espionage and even conducted his correspondence with Germany under cover of the Vatican pouch, which was, of course, free from search or censorship.

As a result of the revelations made by the safe and the papers in Von Gerlach's chambers the Italian courts have been busy for weeks. Nearly 300 persons were accused. Sentences ranging through various terms of imprisonment to death have been imposed on scores of those convicted.

The debonair Monsignor von Gerlach drew a life sentence, but as he has vanished from sight and writs of extradition no longer run in Germany his prosecutors will probably have to be content with the sentence without its execution.

An amazing story of intrigue and detective skill throughout, and so true that no novelist would ever have dared to invent it.

The Greatest Insurance Man

How a New York Solicitor Makes Over $100,000 a Year.

THE greatest insurance solicitor in the world makes over $100,000 a year in commissions. He must be a wonderful salesman indeed. Darwin P. Kingsley tells about this wizard of insurance in the course of an article in *The American* on "The kind of men who are worth $5,000 a year." He says:

Do you know that the biggest income made by a New York Life man in 1916 was earned by an agent who came from German Poland to America in the steerage of an ocean liner—who arrived here friendless, penniless, and without a working knowledge of the English language?

"Last year this man made $107,000 in commissions alone, an amount $32,000 greater than the salary of the President of the United States. When you consider that many life insurance agents make less than $1,000 a year, you will see what this immigrant's achievement signifies."

Mr. Kingsley leaned forward and his voice grew more and more earnest as he went on.

"What is most interesting to me about this man is the fact that he is not one of those 'natural born geniuses' who begin to challenge attention as soon as they step out of the cradle. When he entered our employ thirteen years ago he stated on his application blank that he hoped to write 'about $5,000 worth of insurance a month.' This is an amount so modest that any agent who expects to hold his job ought to reach it, at least.

"Soon after he entered our employ, a change, a development, came into this man's life. New possibilities opened before him, new ambitions within him. In a few years he was breaking all records. In 1916 he wrote over $10,000 of paid insurance for every working day in the year.

"There is nothing surprising to me in this. Almost every man has undreamed-of possibilities. If something hits him in the right spot, if his ambitions and energies are unloosed, he will quickly discover these possibilities. Otherwise he may pass through life in an easy rut, never tapping the great reserves within him.

"Men who pay whole-hearted attention to business, who train themselves, who develop every power to the full, are favored by the ill-training of the average man. Despite our boasted institutions of learning, most men are not only half-educated, have no clear purpose in life or little real ambition, and are not honest in the highest meaning of the word. The only wonder is that well-trained, honest, ambitious, creative men do not forge to the front more rapidly."

"Tell me some more about this $107,000-a-year agent," I said. "How does he work?"

"For one thing he has developed a dynamic, driving personality," replied Mr. Kingsley. "He will say 'Good morning' in a way that will make you sit up straighter in your chair—you feel that he means that greeting with his whole soul. Talk with him for five minutes and you will find yourself almost dazed by the flow of his nervous force.

"He believes in this company and its policies with a fierce intensity. Selling life insurance is the greatest thing in his life. It is his vocation, his avocation and his gospel. I have known him to reserve a hotel table for New Year's Eve and then give up the party at the last minute to talk insurance to some prospect.

"He has an absolute confidence that he can sell any amount of insurance he sets his heart on. And confidence in one's self and one's cause is half the battle.

"Four years ago, in a discussion of the fact that the one-time immigrant was doing more business than the other forty-odd agents in the same office, someone suggested that the explanation lay in the large size of the policies he wrote. Straightway he challenged the two score men in combination to beat him single handed in the number of policies written in a half-month. He won handily with a total of 107 applications written and examined in fifteen days—the total amount of the policies running to nearly three quarters of a million dollars.

"On my first anniversary as president of this company he wrote a good-sized policy as an anniversary present. The next year he wrote two policies on that day. Every year since he has gone out and got a number of policies equal to the number of years I have been president—without holding over a single policy to make his task easier. Last year he brought in nine policies on June 17; this year I expect ten.

"Three or four years ago physicians told him that he was driving himself to death—that he had only three or four weeks to live unless he stopped work and went to Carlsbad for treatment. He went to Carlsbad—but he did not stop work. Instead, he wrote policies for the man who sold him his transatlantic ticket, the captain and the first officer of the liner, the physician who treated him and the attendant who waited on him at Carlsbad. . . . What are you going to do with a man like that!"

The Wizard of the Kitchen

A Sketch of a Famous French Chef.

ROMANCE is to be found everywhere—in the office, in the workshop, in the kitchen. If you doubt the latter read what Marie Mattingly Meloney writes in *Everybody's* about Panchard. Panchard is a great French chef who has reduced the feeding of multitudes to an actual science. Recently he offered to serve the American army, which is made the reason for the following story of his career:

Napoleon said: "An army marches on its belly." Cæsar said it. Grant admitted it. Every military leader who has seen war knows it. General Wood knows it. Panchard knows it.

Who is Panchard? You would call him a cook. You might call him a Frenchman. General Wood would call him an American. Panchard? He is an American citizen, born in Paris of French blood—but born a potential American.

This man who knows how to feed an army, this chef with a French name who offers his services to America—"my country"—is the son of a man of wealth and power. He is a student of chemistry and medicine, a former officer in the reserve army of France. He has lectured at Columbia University. He is the directing chef of one of the biggest hotels in the United States. His salary at the McAlpin is eighteen thousand dollars a year. And he volunteers as an army cook, a job that pays thirty dollars a month.

Panchard stands ready and equipped. General Wood is going to use Panchard. There are army cooks to be trained. This man knows to a bean how much it takes to feed a regiment; how to buy and store and provision.

From his eighteenth year when he was a medical student in Paris, until now, when he directs three hundred servants and feeds an average of fifteen thousand people a day, Edouard Panchard has shaped his life with a definite purpose. That purpose has been to teach—first to France and later to America—the importance of food.

In his medical studies at the Hopital de la Pitie, he took up stomach and intestinal diseases. The young student's whole mind was filled with causes and effects. He began to study food. He looked at the people he met in restaurants, in public places, and in his home. He measured them in scientific terms—terms of stomach and intestines.

"Mankind has a weak stomach," he concluded. "Why?" was his question. And then he did an amazing thing—this son of a major-domo, the directing chief and counselor to Prince Lobanov-Rostovski, Russian nobleman and Minister of Foreign Affairs. He took a job as night helper in the kitchen of a famous Paris restaurant.

When he had learned the weak spots in that organization, and found that he could not put it on a scientific, sanitary basis, he left and entered another department of cooking in a large hotel. He worked at night and studied in the daytime. And all the while he was going from one big kitchen to another, observing every department of cooking from soup to nuts.

The second year found him employed in a big pastry-shop. There conditions were so bad that after mastering his job he went to the proprietor and protested.

Panchard spoke with authority, conviction, and a patriotic purpose. *Monsieur le patissier*, who boasted the most exclusive trade in Paris, flew into a rage. An apprentice dared to criticize his establishment! There were hot words, threats, and insults, and young Panchard, "born an American in Paris," used the great American weapon—ungloved. Without waiting to count him out, the apprentice left his employer and walked into the streets of Paris, still thinking about the weak stomach of the human family.

It was then he said: "A nation is no stronger than its stomach." And added what Kipling might have written: "The morals of a nation can not be healthy unless its gut is clean."

Thus a prophet and a teacher was born.

The mayors of all the towns in France were to meet in Paris. A great banquet at the Tuileries. Twenty two thousand guests were to celebrate the event. Here was something which appealed to the imagination of Panchard. He hunted up the directing chefs, Potel and Chabot, and begged to be allowed to help. He studied how the food was bought, stored, then portioned out and prepared. He kept close to the directing chef, and watched everything. He made himself useful and attracted the attention of the director.

Guests were divided into groups of five hundred with an experienced chef in charge of each group. Telephone connections ran from the directors' headquarters to each field kitchen. Every detail was worked out by the clock. At the appointed hour the director lifted the receiver and proudly gave the order:

"*En avant de bouillon!*" (On with the soup.)

Comic opera? Yes. But to Panchard it was

a revelation, an achievement—a victory for efficiency. Twenty-two thousand people had been fed at one meal. Everything went through without a hitch, on time and in order.

It had all been figured out on paper—in pounds and quarts, tons and barrels. Panchard had learned a lesson in quantity. And the director had discovered Panchard.

Came the time for his military service. Panchard went to the colonel in charge of the student assignments. He told his story, and with the ardor of an enthusiast painted his vision. Two things stood out in the colonel's mind:

"A nation is as strong as its stomach," and "An army fights on its stomach."

The French people were considered the best-fed race on earth. And this boy said France had a weak stomach. But he told other truths which the colonel admitted, so Panchard was put in the reserve officers' school—a small group of university men with marked talents, useful to the army in special services.

When he came out of the army with his commission, he went to Monte Carlo as chef of the Grand Hotel. He was only twenty-one years old then, so he grew an imperial and a mustache to make him look older. His success at Monte Carlo brought a position at the Ritz-Carlton in Paris. Later he worked and studied in other big establishments. Offers began to come from American hotels. When he was twenty-three years old he had the income of a banker. Then his family said: "It is time for Edouard to marry. When a man is young and making plenty of money, he must marry if you would keep him a good boy." And so they looked about for a suitable wife.

But Panchard, born independent of soil and a lover of freedom, declared that he would choose for himself. In fact, he had already made his choice.

"*Mon Dieu*, the boy must think he is an American," said the Panchard family.

"An American!" It was the second time the unconscious prophecy had been made. The first was when Edouard was attending an Austrian school in Vienna where his father was living with Prince Lobassov-Rostovski. A teacher had attempted to beat him. And he who was born freedom-loving, and whose very blood was opposed to Prussian rule, dared oppose Austrian authority; even fought with all his young body—hands and feet—for he was small and frail and the professor was a man, and strong. In the fracas the boy's agile limbs got tangled up with the professor's eye-glasses and broke them in his face.

It was a serious matter, that, and Edouard Panchard was asked to explain and apologize. The boy's explanation—satisfactory to him alone—was: "I had my own opinion about something—and he should not have struck me."

It was then the professor exclaimed: "The boy must think he is in America!"

Panchard had already begun to think about the United States before his family confronted him with the tradition of his country—a marriage arrangement.

The St. Regis, then the newest and one of the finest hotels in America, was about to be opened. The position of chef was offered to Panchard, and he accepted it.

Panchard found in New York many opportunities to put his ideas into effect. But his dream did not come true until he met L. M. Boomer, a hotelman with a vision and plenty of money behind him. And so Panchard took charge of the McAlpin kitchens before they were built, and modeled them as a standard.

"Food Engineer" would probably be a more accurate title for Panchard than "chef." He conducts the four big restaurants which are under his direction much as the head of a great corporation manages his affairs.

"Sanitary" is the watchword of Panchard's army of workers. Clean, wholesome food has been the ruling passion of his life. His men know that he will stand for tardiness, for breakage of china or glassware, for impudence, for almost anything except uncleanness or carelessness in the handling of food.

The house pays out more than two thousand dollars a month for broken crockery. Men are not fined for this carelessness. But let one kitchen worker put his hand to his face or handle salads, bread, butter and such uncooked foods, and there is a fine to be paid.

When the Board of Health in New York started its investigation of public eating-places, last year, Panchard's kitchens were given the first "white card," which meant the highest prize for sanitary standards.

Labor and Capital---and Lloyd George

What Stand Will the British Premier Take After the War?

AT present time Lloyd George has the support of the British Conservatives, but what about after the war? Will the Labor David who in the past so successfully challenged the Goliath of privilege return to his radical propaganda that the war interrupted? In such a contingency will the Conservatives who now call him the new Pitt go back to their old hatred of him and again fight the "little Welsh Attorney?" Writing in the New York *Sun*, Judson C. Welliver asserts his belief that Lloyd George will enter on the period of post-war reconstruction with as keen an enthusiasm for reform as ever before, but with a broadened viewpoint. He says:

As long ago as March 6 the Premier in receiving a deputation of representatives of the Labor party made a speech in private setting forth his ideas about reconstruction after the war. At the time this speech was not given out for publication, though it was understood to have been a remarkable utterance. So much discussion about it ensued and so many differing constructions were placed upon it that more than two months after its deliverance the Premier gave his consent that it be published in full.

Mr. Lloyd George very plainly told the deputation that the world was going to be made over after this war and that if he were appointed as adviser to the working classes he would recommend them to adopt a programme of audacities. He begged them to break away from all thought of returning to pre-war conditions, urged that they give their best thought to devising new means of accomplishing ends in the conditions which will prevail after peace returns.

Mr. Lloyd George is not generally counted a great master of the art of generalization. He deals best with various specific propositions in a specific way. But in this instance he did venture to generalize, with the result that the labor union people believe he is going to favor a programme of industrial reorganization which will be highly satisfactory to their most radical elements; while on the other hand the Conservatives think they can find in the speech the grounds for hope that Mr. Lloyd George is pretty well disaffected with the present methods of organized labor, and prepared to undertake sweeping and very difficult reforms in the relations between labor and capital.

As a matter of fact people with the best opportunities for understanding the Premier's mind believe that both the Laborites and the Conservatives are correct. The Premier has in mind that he is going to reform both. The ideal of industrial democracy almost always comes early into the conversations of those men who are credited with most influencing the Premier and most accurately understanding what is going on in his very active brain.

While he was Minister of Munitions Mr. Lloyd George learned a lot of things about the narrowness, the unreasonableness and the bigotry of trade unionism as it is organized to-day. It is a common observation that the two most illiberal forces in England are the Tory capitalists and the extreme labor elements. Yet if England is to be restored to its industrial and commercial predominance the restoration must be accomplished through an intelligent and mutual advantageous co-operation of these two forces.

Mr. Lloyd George, while at the Ministry of Munitions indicated rapidly that he had become imbued with a perception of exactly this situation. He is as anxious as any man that the condition of the working classes should be improved. He has no more sympathy for the Tory capitalists than he had when as the "little Welsh lawyer" he prepared, introduced, staked his political career upon and fought to victorious acceptance his now famous budget. Likewise he has no less sympathy for the men who work with their hands and brains, and when occasion demands likewise fight with their hands and brains, to maintain British leadership in the world. But he has become convinced, seemingly, that neither of these classes has all the right on its side; that neither of them is capable of organizing a programme of reconstruction for the long future must be to a considerable extent forced upon both these groups of irreconcilables.

The best analysis of the Premier's speech of March 6, which has recently been made public, is that which assumes that the Premier is warning all elements of the need for mutual concessions and for a very liberal disposition. He wants them all to realize that the national interest is superior even in peace times to the interest of any class; just as everybody has recognized it to be in war times. The Premier seems to have in mind a good deal of readjustment that is going to shock Radicals and Tories about equally. He believes that it is going to be good for both.

This speech of March 6 has a ring in it that is reminiscent of the Lloyd George of budget times, defying all critics, insisting upon his own experiment, demanding a fair chance to try new things even though these may not entirely satisfy any particular faction.

Mr. Lloyd George does not intend to turn the country over to the capitalists, nor to put its enterprises too far under the control of the Laborites. Just as in America the interest of the public has come to be regarded as superior to that of either the "producer" or the "consumer," so Mr. Lloyd George has been formulating a theory that in England the interest of the nation and the empire must have precedence over that of either capital or labor. His scheme of reorganization after the war, which he frankly characterizes as an "audacity," is likely to be regarded as audacious from the standpoint of either of the elements he is trying to reconcile.

Here is what Mr. Lloyd George has permitted to be published as the text of his address to the labor deputation:

"There is no doubt at all that the present war—some of us may think it is a good war and some of us may think it is a very iniquitous one, but for better or for worse I think we are all agreed that it presents an opportunity for the reconstruction of the industrial and economic conditions of this country such as has never been presented in the life of probably the world.

"The whole state of society is more or less molten, and you can stamp upon that molten mass almost anything, so long as you do so with firmness and determination. It is, therefore, very important that the imprint which is left is a clear one, and one which we shall be able to read in the future with some measure of pleasure and inspiration. That is why you are doing wisely if I may say so, as representatives of the party which has very largely in its custody the future of this land, in taking thought months—certainly months—beforehand for what the future of the country ought to be when the war is over.

"There is no time to lose. I am not here to prophesy when the war will be over. I saw that very competent persons yesterday in the House of Commons indicated the improbability of the war coming to an end this year. I do not challenge their judgment. But whether it comes to an end this year or even if it does not come to an end this year, every minute of the time will be spent well which is devoted to thinking out the conditions under which the millions of lives which will survive

the war are to be spent in this land for generations to come. For I firmly believe that what is known as the after the war settlement is the settlement that will direct the destinies of all clases for some generations to come.

"The country will be prepared for bigger things immediately after the war than it will be when it begins to resume the normal sort of clash of selfish interests which always comes with the ordinary workaday business affairs and concerns of the world. I believe the country will be in a more enthusiastic mood, in a more exalted mood, for the time being—in a greater mood for doing big things; and unless the opportunity is seized immediately after the war I believe it will pass away, I will not say forever, but it will pass away far beyond either your ken or mine, and perhaps beyond our children's. Therefore, you are doing well in giving your time and thought to considering, and considering deeply, and considering on a bold scale, on a daring scale, what you are going to do after the war.

"I am not afraid of the audacity of these proposals. I believe the settlement after the war will succeed in proportion to its audacity. The readier we are to cut away from the past, the better are we likely to succeed—and I recommend this even to Mr. Hutchinson. I hope that every class will not be hankering back to pre-war conditions. I just drop that as a hint, and I hope the working class will not be the class that will set such an example, because if every class insists on getting back to pre-war conditions, then God help this country! I say so in all solemnity.

"Therefore what I should be looking forward to, I am certain, if I could have presumed to have been the adviser of the working classes, would be this: I should say to them audacity is the thing for you. Think out new ways; think out new methods: think out even new ways of dealing with old problems. Don't always be thinking of getting back to where you were before the war; get a really new world."

The Chivalry of Von Spee

An Incident in the Career of Dead German Admiral.

THERE have been some chivalrous passages during the war, instances where equal gallantry and fairness have been equal gallantry and fairness have been ple was the work of Admiral Von Spee who commanded the German Pacific fleet and won the battle off Coronel, afterwards perishing with his whole squadron in the battle off the Falklands. Von Spee was a courteous as well as a gallant gentleman and was always on the friendliest terms with his English rivals. Bennet Copplestone writes in *The Cornhill* as follows:

During the years 1912 and 1913 the Captain of the British cruiser *Monmouth*, the senior English Naval Officer on the China Station, and Admiral Count von Spee, commanding the German Far-Eastern Squadron, were close and intimate friends.

The intimacy of the chiefs extended to the officers and men of the two squadrons. The English and Germans discussed with one another the chances of war between their nations, and wished one another the best of luck when the scrap came. The German Squadron, which has since been destroyed, was like no other in the Kaiser's Navy. It was commanded by professional officers and manned by long-service ratings. It had taken for its model the English Navy, and it had absorbed much of the English naval spirit. Count von Spee, though a Prussian Junker, was a gentleman, and with Captain von Muller, who afterwards made the name of the *Emden* immortal, was worthy to serve under



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the White Ensign. Let us always be just to those of our foes who, though they fight with us terribly, yet remain our chivalrous friends. I will tell a pretty story which will illustrate the spirit of comradeship which existed between the English and German squadrons during those two years before the war.

In December 1912 the *Monmouth* was cruising in the Gulf of Pechili, which resembles a long flask with a narrow bottle neck. Admiral von Spee, who was lying with his powerful squadron off Chifu, in the neck of the bottle, received word from a correspondent that the second Balkan War had brought England and Germany within a short distance of 'Der Tag.' Von Spee and his officers did not clink glasses to 'The Day'; they were professionals who knew the English Navy and its incomparable power; they left silly boastings to civilians and to their colleagues of Kiel who had not eaten of English salt. Count von Spee thought first of his English friend who, in his elderly cruiser, was away up in the Gulf at the mercy of the German Squadron, which was as a cork in its neck. He at once despatched a destroyer to find the *Monmouth's* captain and to warn him that though there might be nothing in the news it were better for him to get clear of the Gulf. 'There may be nothing in the yarn,' he wrote, 'I have had many scares before. But it would be well if you got out of the Gulf. I should be most sorry to have to sink you.' When the destroyer came up with the *Monmouth* she had returned to Wei-hai-wei, and the message was delivered. Her skipper laughed, and sent an answer somewhat as follows: 'My dear von Spee, thank you very much. I am here. J'y suis, J'y reste. I shall expect you and your guns at breakfast to-morrow morning.' War did not come then; when von Spee did meet and sink the *Monmouth* she had another captain in command, but the story remains as evidence of the chivalrous naval spirit of the gallant and skilful von Spee.

Northcliffe, the New Warwick

What the famous publisher has accomplished in the war

A PICTURE of Lord Northcliffe is given by Allan Dawson in the American *Review of Reviews*. It does not tell anything of the wonderful journalistic career of the present British Envoy in the United States nor of the methods by which he controls his vast interests. It deals, however, with the public side of his career and depicts him accurately as one of the two greatest men in Britain in the present crisis. The sketch reads:

On June 12, "somewhere in the United States," a big steamer had scarcely fastened to her pier when a stocky, smooth-faced Englishman projected himself down the gangplank with more speed than is associated with distinguished English visitors. His footwork was excellent as he raced for a motor, with a queue of vainly interrogating reporters in his wake. His habiliments gave no clue, save possibly a red-checked tie, to character. A man of fifty-two years, he looked ten years younger, despite a neckstoop—head thrust forward, to use a phrase of Will Irwin, as if hurrying on his body. Eyes were restless and eager, the glance suggesting general curiosity and irritability at everyone's slowness.

It was Northcliffe, variously described as savior and pest of Great Britain, but allowed to be, for the present, one of the two most influential men in the British Empire. He had arrived to head the British War Mission in this country. He was not to displace the British Ambassador, but would look after shipments of supplies and the like. Nor was he envoy extraordinary to the American

people, for he declared he would be too busy to accept social or speaking engagements.

Northcliffe, a title name, for he was born Harmsworth in a suburb of Dublin, has created much stir in the thirty years of his crowded adult life—starting without help at seventeen years, a rich newspaper proprietor at thirty, and an international figure at forty. In old days Warwicks were masters of a hundred baronies. This one's power is lodged in the ownership of about 250 publications. He has harvested them in bunches since the day when, a young man of twenty-three years, he picked up his first, whose circulation he pushed in. ways shocking to staid British journalism. Because of the multiplicity of his proprietorships and the way he plays Ishmael, he has been likened to a well-known American who similarly combines a passion for controlling printers' ink and for destructive criticism when his advice is not taken. Salisbury, who assumed that a newspaper should be a docile party organ, once remarked of the London *Mail*, the favorite ewe lamb of the Northcliffe flock, that it was "edited by office-boys for office-boys." Now he is the "Ha-penny Field Marshall," but his consequence has been admitted since he annexed that part of the British constitution that is known as the *Times*—floating about aimlessly because its seventy-nine owners could not agree how it should be run.

Since the war he has scalped Churchill, Grey, and Asquith, and his hold on the forelock of Kitchener was loosened only by Kitchener's tragic death. As it was, Northcliffe, after the solemn interment at Westminster Abbey, dug up the Earl's remains and gibbeted them because the Gallipoli expedition did not turn out well. England would not be England if everywhere in it this profaner of sanctities had respect, but everywhere he is able to inspire fear. With notches on his machine gun of publicity, showing two ministries toppled, it is almost necessary to amend the old formula of King, Lords, and Commons into King, Lords, Commons and Northcliffe.

In ante-bellum days Northcliffe was the chief screamer for the Boer war, a fanatical opponent of Irish Home Rule, combated the idea that Great Britain could trust France if a channel tunnel were dug (how she wishes now she had it!), was a predicter of the war with Germany and a demander of preparation and more preparation, an unsparing critic of any understanding with Russia, and an advocate of the Chamberlain proposal that the British Empire should become a tight affair, buying, except for a few items, only from itself. He attacked the social program of Lloyd George, his war against poverty and the privileges of the House of Peers, with extreme intensity. Those were the days when Lloyd George was mobbed in Birmingham, Chamberlain's home. A member of Parliament, meeting Chamberlain, said to him: "So your people almost managed to kill Lloyd George the other night." "What is everybody's business is nobody's business," responded Brummagem Joe. Then there was the man who jumped from the pier at Brighton to rescue a drowning person, and the gallant rescuer, describing his experience, said: "I got hold of his collar just as he was going down. Having turned him over to see it wasn't Lloyd George, I then easily floated him to the pier."

The ante-bellum political features of Northcliffe were thus those of an imperialistic Tory of the rough-riding Cecil Rhodes type. As a practical man, not for him were dreams of improving the race, no gleaming visions of a perfected world, relieved of its ills and its sons dwelling in harmonious prosperity. He has been not averse to painting on the map of the world as large a part as possible with the colors of a flaming British red. Early in the war, complaining of the insufficiency of the German blockade, he urged searchings of our vessels that would not have contributed to our entry into the war as an ally to Great Britain. While our public was being educated into the belief that the British blockade was violating neutral rights, he held they were too meticulously respected.

But Northcliffe, although wrong about a

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score of points of policy and strategy, was right about Germany, about conscription, about the need of shells and more shells, about the necessity of centralizing power, about waking up England and shaking her out of the complacent faith that the British Empire was immortal and would be taken care of without the need of Englishmen individually worrying. Nevertheless, in view of the well-known stiff preference of America for Liberal rather than for Tory England, for Chatham and Gladstone, rather than for North and Disraeli, it is surprising some distinguished Liberal was not chosen to interpret England to America. Somewhere must be a willingness to transfer Northcliffe's energy overseas or a belief that his practical abilities are very great. His disparagers whisper that three thousand miles of water is a fairly good barrier against the business of directing the war from a Fleet Street editorial office.

Whether the bed-fellowship will persist is the subject of interested speculation in Great Britain. The Welsh Prime Minister is believed, if a correct picture of the man has been projected, to be a passionate, deep-feeling, aspiring democratic idealist. He is for this war for the same set of reasons that he opposed the Boer war. Elements of obvious incongruity are thus present when he is yoked with Chamberlain's most conspicuous fugelman. It is improbable Lloyd George has changed. Northcliffe may have changed through the educative effects of the war, as have many others, but seldom do men alter essentially when past the half-century mark in years. The basis of the partnership is perhaps Northcliffe's passion to get things done, his patriotism, and his admiration for the volcanic energy of Lloyd George, coupled with his belief that a dictatorship is necessary and that no man except Lloyd George, with his radical record, would have been accepted by the British masses.

That Northcliffe will be a personal success in this country may be taken for granted. His qualities are of the compelling kind. He is frank and informal, has a downright explicitness and a fury to achieve results without flummery and red tape that we like to flatter ourselves is American. If he had happened to be born on this side he doubtless would have been a captain of industry able to get along with the unions. Restless, peripatetic (this is his seventeenth visit to our shores), he goes at his tasks in his shirt-sleeves—reaches a conclusion and then thinks up reasons afterwards. He has gone far in his tempestuous way and may go further. With what is behind him and with what may be before him he piques curiosity. Free and easy in demeanor, of big heart in all that relates to private life, he will be a welcome guest.

Northcliffe's great executive abilities will be of service not only to his country, but to ours, as he occupies himself with buying $40,000,000 to $50,000,000 worth of supplies a month. No man, if he gives opportunity, will be more consulted by our department heads as they struggle with strange tasks. He knows what Great Britain's mistakes were, and no false national pride restrains him from naming them. Both as official representative of Great Britain and as non-official counsellor to our Government, it may be that Northcliffe's fame as owner of newspapers will be eclipsed by that of organizer of victory.

Inside Stories of the Revolution

Dissensions in the Russian Royal Family Before the Blow Fell.

SOME inside stories of events in Russia preceding the Revolution, happenings within the Royal family of Russia itself, are given by E. H. Wilcox in the course of an article in the *Fortnightly Review*. He tells of the influence of Rasputin, the mesmeric and infamous priest, and the influence that he wielded at the Imperial court. The country began to cry out and matters came to a head with the brave action of a lady of the court. On this point the story reads:

Thus it was with the letter of Princess Vasilchikova, which is sure to find a place in all histories of the Revolution, though little has been heard of it outside Russia up to the present time. The incident was much talked about in Petrograd society during the last few weeks of 1916, and the full story of it has since been told by the heroine's husband, Prince B. A. Vacilchikoff, formerly a member of the Imperial Council.

The Vasilchikoffs lived at Tsarskoe Selo, where they belonged to the court set. Like many another Russian woman of high station to low, the Princess had long brooded over the state into which the country was sinking. She shared her anxieties with no one, and they preyed on her mind till she could not sleep. At last, after a series of wakeful nights, she resolved on a bold step. She would address an appeal to the Empress as from woman to woman and not as from subject to sovereign. Without giving her resolution time to cool, she sat down at her *secretaire* and hastily poured out her thoughts in the form of a letter on to the sheets of a block-note. As soon as she had finished, she sealed the sheets in an envelope, addressed it to the Empress, and flung it into the nearest letter box. Only then did she tell those nearest to her what she had dared to do.

The Princess's letter was in respectful terms, but it entirely ignored all the flowery phrases and humble forms which are usual in correspondence with the wearers af crowns. As the writer herself said, it was an appeal from one woman's heart to another. The dominating idea of the letter was regret that the Empress, deserting her natural mission, which was "to serve the cause of charity and minister to the needs of the wounded," should "continually intervene in political affairs and attempt to concentrate in her own hands all the power of government." The Tsaritsa was warned against placing full trust in those who surrounded her, and implored not to look at Russia through the eyes of the servile courtiers who falsely assured her that she was thoroughly acquainted with the state of the country and the needs of its people. It was, indeed, continued the letter, only too clear that the Empress knew nothing of the feelings with which the Russian people regarded the intrigues in Court circles. If she did, she would renounce her political designs, cleanse her *entourage* of hypocritical courtiers, and devote herself to the activity to which her position destined her, and which was not calculated to benefit Russia and earn her the love of the nation. The letter contained no reference to the part played by Rasputin at Court. No copy was taken of it, but the above is the vision of its contents given by Prince Vasilchikoff.

On receiving this appeal the Empress flew into a passion, and exclaimed: "That is not the first letter of the kind I have received. This sort of thing must be put a stop to, and we must take the severest measures." Just at that time the Tsar returned to Tsarskoe from Headquarters, and the matter was considered at a family council, at which the Minister of the Household was present. Report current in Court society at Petrograd credited Count Fredericks with a dignified and courageous part in this discussion. According to this story, the Tsar's first judgment was that both the Vasilchikoffs should be banished to Siberia, but the Count entered a vigorous protest and thus secured a reduction of the sentence. It was even said that, after pointing out that Prince Vasilchikoff, at any rate, could not be charged with any offence, he offered himself as an expiatory sacrifice, in case the Tsar should insist on venting his wrath on an innocent victim. However that may be, three days after the letter had been sent the Prince was called to the Ministry of the Imperial Household, and told that his wife must consider herself in disgrace, and retire to her country estate till her indiscretion had been forgotten. Count Fredericks, who "was obviously embarrassed and ill at ease said: "You must understand that, as Minister of the Court, I could not overlook the form of yur wife's communication to the Empress, which was absolutely incompatible with etiquette and therefore insulting."

The Vasilchikoff letter had an interesting sequel. Knowledge of the affair soon got about, and the Prince and Princess were inundated with messages of congratulation and sympathy. A large company assembled at the Tsarskoe Station to bid them farewell—the Prince at once decided to share his wife's exile and resigned his seat on the Imperial Council—and before the train left those present pledged themselves to memorialize the Empress in the sense of the offending letter. A petition expressing the Princess's ideas was, accordingly, circulated in society, where it received numerous signatures, but before it could be presented the death of Rasputin flung the Court camarilla into that final delirium in which it lost sight of all considerations of reason and prudence.

That was one case in which the lesson of the times was forced upon the attention of Count Fredericks and disregarded. There was, however, another in which the writing on the wall was even plainer and more peremptory. It was in connection with the events which followed the killing of Gregory Rasputin. The inner story of that tragedy has yet to be told, for the actors in it were mutually pledged to secrecy, and they have not yet relieved one another of the oath. But much we already know on very sound evidence. The plot was hatched on board the hospital train of Vladimir Puriskevitch, the Conservative deputy who was the first to denounce Rasputin by name from the tribune of the Duma, and among the conspirators was the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovitch, the favorite first cousin of the Tsar. The witness to this is his father, the Grand Duke Pavl Alexandrovitch. On the same authority we have it that Dmitri Pavlovitch denied on oath to both father and mother that his hands "are stained with the blood of the contemptible Rasputin." Nevertheless, Dmitri Pavlovitch was one of the victims chosen by the Court to expiate Rasputin's death.

Pavl Alexandrovitch only heard of the death of Rasputin two days after the event. He was then at the Headquarters Staff at Homel, and hurried back to Petrograd. When he arrived he found that his son was already under domiciliary arrest in his palace on the Nevski Prospekt. He at once waited upon the Tsar and asked him: "Why has my Dmitri been arrested?" The Tsar answered in a dry and indifferent tone: "For the murder of Rasputin." Irritated at the manner of this reply, the Grand Duke said: "He must be liberated from arrest at once." To this the Tsar replied: "Good. It cannot be done at once, but I will write to-morrow. For the present, good-bye." On the following day the Grand Duke received the following letter:

"Dear friend Pavl

"To my regret, I cannot revoke the domiciliary arrest of Dmitri till the preliminary investigation is finished. I have ordered that this shall be hurried on, and also that Dmitri shall be treated with consideration. All this is painful and disagreeable, but who is to blame except himself if he has been so incautious as to get mixed up in such a business? I pray to God that Dmitri may come out of it in honor and unstained. — Thy Nicolai."

On December 23rd (old style) Dmitri Pavlovitch telephoned to his father that General Maximovitch had just brought him an order to leave at once for the army in Persia. Pavl Alexandrovitch, as he himself narrates, seized his foraging cap and overcoat and hurried on foot to the Alexandrovski Palace where he demanded an audience of the Tsar. A lackey brought back the message: "Tell him that I have no time. He must wait." The same evening Dmitri Pavlovitch was dispatched to Persia. Among those who accompanied him to the station was his half-sister, Madame Derfelden. On the following night, returning home from a Christmas Eve gathering at her mother's she found the house in possession of gendarmerie, under General Popoff, with a search warrant signed by the Minister of the Interior, Protopopoff, and the whole place was

ransaked for compromising document, even the floors being taken up. It afterwards appeared that the search had been suggested by the shade of Rasputin at a spiritualistic seance held in the house of the Minister of Justice, Dobrovolski.

The Grand Duke Pavl Alexandrovitch heard of this on the Russian Christmas Day, and again went to the Imperial Palace. Once more the Tsar was unapproachable, but he obtained an interview with the Tsaritsa, from whom, however, he got little satisfaction. An hour after he rejoined his family a messenger brought a packet. It was a gift of an ikon with a note of Christmas congratulation from the Empress. The packet was opened by his daughter, Maria Pavlovna, who immediately sent back the following answer:

"Dear Aunt,—It is necessary to be polite and congratulate even us on the festival, which we spent very sadly. Papa is deeply shaken by your shocking behavior to him. We cannot call your action anything but cruel.—Maria."

Madame Derfelden had been under domiciliary arrest since the visit of General Popoff, but two days after Christmas her relatives induced Protopopoff to receive her. We have only hints as to the character of their interview. The Minister of the Interior made a significant remark. He said: "You must have seen a sphinx, the eyes of which gaze into the distance. You look at it and it hypnotizes you. Such a sphinx was the 'staretz' Rasputin." For the rest, he seems to have mixed menace with cajolery. Madame Derfelden telephoned to her mother that she "hated the flatterer." Protopopoff told the Tsar: "A pretty woman came to see me with the charge to kill me, but I made such an impression upon her that we parted friends. And who do you think it was? Derfelden." The Tsar congratulated Protopopoff on his lucky escape, and crossing him several times, said: "May God spare your precious life that you may be of further benefit to the country."

These details, so trivial and yet so significant, are hardly credible, but they are vouched for by the Grand Duke Pavl Alexandrovitch himself.

All the efforts of the nearest relatives of Dmitri Pavlovitch having proved unavailing to save him from banishment, the assistance of other members of the Imperial family was sought. Pavl Alexandrovitch composed a letter in which the Tsar was begged to have pity on the exile's shaken health; his daughter Maria took it to Petrograd to obtain the signature of the Grand Dukes. On the 29th of the Russian December the letter was considered at a gathering in the palace of the late Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch. Nearly all the Grand Dukes at that time in the capital were present. The text of the letter was carefully considered, and several of the company expressed the opinion that its terms were not sufficiently firm and vigorous. In the end, however, the moderate party won the day. Those present wrote their signatures in the order of their ages, and the letter was then sent round to the male members of the family whom circumstances had prevented from attending. Eventually all the Grand Dukes then in Petrograd, seventeen in number, put their names to the document. The text had been supplied by the Grand Duke Nikolai Michailovitch, and is as follows:

"Your Majesty.—We, whose signatures you will read at the foot of this letter earnestly and urgently beg you to modify your severe decision with regard to the fate of Dmitri Pavlovitch. We know that he is physically ill and mentally deeply shaken and depressed. You, his guardian and chief benefactor, know how deep was the love to you and our country which always filled his heart. We entreat your Majesty, in view of the youth of the Grand Duke and the real weakness of his health, to allow him to remain either at Ousoff (Dmitri Pavlovitch's country seat) or at Vilensk.

"It must be known to your Majesty in what difficult circumstances our troops in Persia are placed, in view of the lack of quarters, the prevalence of epidemics, and so on. Residence there will be for the Grand Duke the equivalent of complete ruin, and your Majesty's heart will feel regret for the youth whom you loved, who from childhood had the happiness to be much in your presence, and to whom you have always been as a kind father.

"May God inspire your Majesty to alter your decision and to let mercy take the place of anger."

The answer to this appeal came on the following day. It was as follows:

"No one has the right to concern himself for murderers. I know that the consciences of many are troubling them, as Dmitri Pavlovitch was not the only one in this affair. I am surprised that you appeal to me.—Nikolai."

In the meanwhile the Grand Duke Nikolai Michailovitch—the same who, in November last, protested in the most outspoken and vigorous manner, in a letter which he read to the Tsar against the way in which Russia was being ruled and the pernicious influence of the Tsaritsa on the Government policy—had also been banished, though only to his estate. It was clear that words would effect nothing unless they were backed up by deeds, and the Grand Dukes decided to give emphasis to their remonstrances by absenting themselves from the great New Year Court which was always held on January 1st at the Tsar's palace. This decision was taken on the last day of the Russian year. The same day Count Fredericks came up from Tsarskoe Selo and implored the Grand Dukes to abandon the idea of demonstrating before the entire Court the acute dissension which had broken out in the Imperial family. According to statements in the Russian Press, he pleaded his cause very frankly, admitting that the proposed demonstration would only hasten a catastrophe which had been rendered inevitable by the "situation created by Rasputin and his clique." In the end his pleas prevailed, and the Grand Dukes appeared as usual at the New Year Court.

Count Fredericks is reported to have said that even then the final crash was inevitable. In one sense, no doubt, that is true. There was, however, still a chance of saving the throne by prompt and generous concessions, but instead of attempting to conciliate the nation, the Tsar's advisers heaped one provocation on another till the actual *denouement* became inevitable indeed.

Negroes Moving North

Scarcity of Help in Northern States Leads to Migration.

THE scarcity of help in the Northern States has led to the migration of colored help from the South. This movement has created several unusual conditions which Ray Stannard Baker deals with in *Worlds Work*. He says in part:

The earlier manifestations of the movement, which began to be widely noticed in the spring of 1916, were more or less sporadic and feverish, and due largely to the activities of Northern labor agents, especially those representing railroad companies. Trains were backed into several Southern cities and hundreds of Negroes were gathered up in a day, loaded into the cars, and whirled away to the North. I was told of instances in which Negro teamsters left their horses standing in the streets, or deserted their jobs and went to the trains without notifying their employers or even going home. But this spring the movement has become more or less organized, and, while not so spectacular, is probably more widespread. Large manufacturing and railroad corporations in the North now have regular agents to direct the importations of Negro laborers; and members of Negro colonies already established, chiefly in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and southern New England, are drawing strongly from among their friends in the South. One or



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The Price of Advertised Goods

WHAT is the truth about the prices of advertised goods? Are they going up, or are they remaining stationary? The fact is that the prices of many well-advertised lines have not been advanced to the consumer, despite the almost universal tendency of all other merchandise to advance. Recently 142 manufacturers of nationally advertised goods were written to to find out if they had increased their prices to the consumer. The returns showed that the prices of 89 well-known advertised articles have *not* been advanced to the consumer; and 53 have been advanced, but not unreasonably. Some of the lines you know and perhaps use that have not advanced in price to you are:

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Pears' Soap
Eastman Kodaks
Bon-Ami
President Suspenders
Mennen's Talcum Powder
Duggett & Ramsdell's Goods
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Old Dutch Cleanser
Cox's Gelatine
Walter Baker's Chocolate and Cocoa
Liquid Veneer
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Nugget Polishes
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Advertising has done wonderful things in the direction of lowering and stabilizing prices. It equalizes distribution — preventing gluts and shortages which are factors of price-disturbance. The increased amount of business which advertising produces lowers manufacturing costs. Advertising reduces rather than increases the prices of trade-marked articles when consistently applied. The fact is that the big and common increases in the prices of commodities have been in connection with unbranded and unadvertised lines. Go over the list of your own purchases day by day; and it is safe to say that you will find it thrifty to

Buy Advertised Goods

two live Negro associations, notably the National League on Urban Conditions Among Negroes, have become clearing houses and stimulating centres for the movement. Probably the earlier estimates of the volume of migration were much exaggerated, but no one can doubt, now, that the movement is one of widespread importance, or that it is rapidly increasing. In certain parts of southern Georgia and Alabama, especially where the larger tenant farming is still practised, whole neighborhoods have been depleted of their men of the best working ages, and often whole families have moved. Upon a conservative estimate it is probable that nearly 400,000 Negroes have already gone North. Between 75,000 and 100,000 have settled in Pennsylvania alone, a large number being employed by the Pennsylvania and Erie railroads, and still larger numbers in the steel mills, the munition plants, and other manufacturing establishments. Except in the tobacco districts of the Connecticut Valley, few have gone to work on the land.

The underlying cause of the movement, of course, is economic. I met a Negro at Savannah who had just come back to get his family and take them North.

"The best wages I could make here," he said, "was $1.25 or $1.50 a day. I went to work at a dye house at Newark, N.J., at $2.75 a day, with a rent-free room to live in. I had to do my own cooking. The company paid my fare North."

Here lies the rock-bottom basis of the movement. Vast activity and prosperity in Northern industrial and munition plants, a sudden stoppage of the usual supply of unskilled immigrant labor from Europe caused by the war, and, more recently, the enlistment of men in the army, have all tended to produce a dearth of labor in the North which has drawn irresistibly upon the only cheap supply that anywhere remained in the country—the Southern Negro. I found Negro farm hands in South Carolina working at sixty cents a day, and long hours at that, and the average farm wage in many of the rural districts is not more than seventy-five cents. To such labor the wages offered in the North—from two dollars a day upward—seems wealth indeed.

It is a curious thing how, invariably, the first instinctive reaction of a community when confronted by a powerful economic movement is to try to deal with it by petty legal restrictions and regulations, or by force. So it was in the South when the migration began to be alarming. An attempt was made in Georgia and other states to place a prohibitive fee upon labor agents, and the police in several cities endeavored to prevent Negroes from taking the trains going North. In some instances arrests were made upon petty charges to intimidate and terrorize the Negroes, but they might as well have tried to stop by ordinance the migration of the boll-weevil.

The next step was also familiar—force and legal restriction gave place to moral suasion. The Negro was told by Southern newspapers and Southern leaders that he was best off in the South, an assertion in which there is much truth, that the Southern white man was his friend, and that conditions in the North were far more difficult than in the South. The weather was cold, the work was hard and heavy, and if wages were high, rents and cost of living were still higher.

In all this there was more than a modicum of truth—and yet it had not the slightest influence upon the volume of migration. Indeed, I believe it tended to increase it, for it brought all the Negro leaders and Negro newspapers and publications at once into the opposition. We are likely to forget how articulate and self-conscious the American Negro has become in the last few years. He has more than five hundred newspapers and periodicals owned and edited by his own people.

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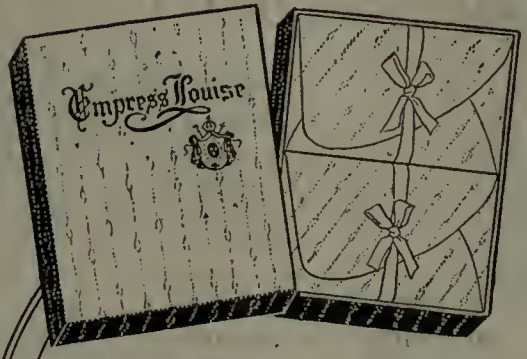
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The Shiftless Mexican Peon

How Labor is Secured Among the Lower Classes.

A VERY interesting account of labor problems and conditions is given by W. A. Joubert in the course of an article in *Harper's* on "The Problem of the Mexican Peon." Apparently the peon is hopelessly sunk in apathy, unambitious, unreliable, but in some ways, honest. The story of the peon is pretty well summed up in this anecdote, told by Mr. Joubert:

But to return to our six thousand acres on the banks of the Grijalvo or Ucamacinta. To clear and plant this land we require one hundred men, and we now come in contact with the peonage system. We cannot advertise in the papers "one hundred men wanted" for no laborers will respond. It will be necessary for us personally to seek our hands, and so we wait for a *fiesta* in some not distant village.

Every Mexican community has a patron saint, and the week of his or her nativity is given over to celebration. Like the fast day of New England, this religious feast has fallen on evil days, and the religious observances are very much in the background, and the *fiesta* is more akin to a combination of old-home week and the fakers' lane of a country fair. The main street of the village will be flanked with booths, temptingly displaying all manner of vendible wares, with refreshments for the hungry and thirsty. To this *fiesta* will come the people of the surrounding country, and especially all those who by birth or other connection bear a personal relationship to the place. No matter how much money the mozo or peon has on Saturday night, you may be certain that he will not have a cent on Monday morning; they never save, and so they arrive, some of them from a distance of one hundred miles on foot, with their clothes on their backs and rations for three or four days. Being at a *fiesta* with no money to spend would not be a *fiesta*, and so the first care of the mozo is to seek funds. We now appear on the scene with several bogs of small change, and let it be known that we are in search of laborers. We shall soon be surrounded by eager mozos looking for work.

Pedro introduces himself and asks for employment. We ask him the very unnecessary question if he has an "account" (for they all have "accounts"), and he brings forth a much crumpled piece of paper showing that he is in debt to Don Carlos, a distant neighbor, to the extent of one hundred and fifty pesos. The man is a likely looking laborer, and, besides, the "account" is very small and one we are glad to obtain. So we seek out Don Carlos, pay him the amount, get a receipt, and return to Pedro and announce that we have bought his "account" from Don Carlos, and that he is to work for us, all of which is eminently satisfactory to all concerned. Now Pedro will plant himself in such a position that one cannot escape, and will stand there, shifting from one foot to the other and twirling his hat, without saying a word until you ask the next foolish question, "What more do you want?" He will reply, "*Un adelante, senor,*" which translated means "an advance." You will say, "How much?" He will probably name some impossible amount that he knows he will not get, and will depart with the ten, fifteen or twenty-five pesos that you may give him. In the afternoon he is back for more, and every day thereafter during the remainder of the *fiesta* he is after you morning, noon, and night for *mas dinero* (more money), even arousing you at midnight at your lodgings. And if you have one hundred of these men advanced, I promise that you will understand the meaning of the word "pest." I have found it necessary to saddle my horse, ride out into the woods, and stay there all day fighting mosquitoes to rid myself of these mosquitoes in town.

One may have noticed that few of these men have inquired where they are going to work, what kind of work they will be called upon to perform, or how much they are to receive in wages. These insignificant details can be learned later. They do not know how much money they are taking, nor realize how it is being spent, and how it is ever to be repaid doesn't even enter into their calculations at all.

Saturday morning comes and the end of the *fiesta*, and each one of these hundred men has been advanced from three hundred to five hundred pesos. I call the men before me and tell them there is no more *fiesta* and no more money; I am going to return to my *fiesta*, and I want them there Monday morning. Not many will report Monday morning, but before that week is out every one of those hundred men will have arrived on the plantation. I never lost one cent from a runaway mozo. It is their system. There is no other way of getting agricultural labor except through this method. It is their game, and they play it according to the rules laid down. It may be said here that the peonage system applies principally to agricultural laborers, the skilled laborers being as independent as American mechanics, and in some respects more independent, for their lesser needs render them less dependent on their labor for existence. Carpenters, for instance, never asked me for more in advance than would represent a small part of their prospective earnings on the job, thus leaving a substantial balance when the work was completed. Incidentally, the Mexican carpenter is an "all-round" man who will not only build you a house but do the most excellent cabinet work, making your furniture also.

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Short stories by the author of "The Dark Tower." With one or two exceptions they have grim and tragic plot-ideas, but the author has a sense of humor and her art is of the finest.

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The Captain of the Susan Drew

Continued from page 37

Oh, and I can tell you other things! For instance——"

"No! No!—don't!" Mrs. Gifford cried out, while her cheeks flamed confirmatory shame.

Sedley Brown stared at her, mildly suspicious and mildly jealous.

"Well, I guess I know what I don't know," Captain Decker bragged. "Things outside my experience. I've delivered the goods, ain't I?"

"You have no right——" Patty began indignantly and brokenly. "Besides you don't know. You can't know."

"And as for you, young lady, there are things I know that would make you blush worse than your mother. Shall I tell them a certain mark——"

"No! No! No!" Patty entreated.

"Huh!" Captain Decker shrugged his shoulders, shifting his gaze from one mortified woman to the other. "I guess I'm some psychologist. I know lots of things outside my experience."

"Why don't you tell me something about myself?" Temple Harrison challenged, out of pity for Patty and her mother.

"I don't know anything about you," was the answer. "Maybe, I'm not interested."

Afterwards, in a secluded corner on deck, Harrison told Patty that the whole thing was impossible.

"But mother had the mole," she replied.

"I am firmly convinced of telepathy," was Mrs. Gifford's judgment. "But, oh, that terrible man! I shall not dare think any thought in his presence. He is able to read my mind like a book."

"I don't know what to believe," said Sedley Brown. "It is all very strange, I am sure, and I should like to see it cleared up."

HIS WISH was destined to be quickly gratified. That afternoon Captain Decker caught Willie smoking a cigarette in the sail locker and promptly rope'sended him. Then he sent him aloft in a bosun's chair to tar down the main rigging. By this time the skipper was in a nasty temper. He scared the two maids to the verge of hysteria, bullied Peyton into a semi-comatose condition of yammering apology for existing, cursed the cabin-boy, went for'ard to the galley and thrashed the cook among his pots and pans and, returning to the poop, flew into a proper sea-rage with Flat-Nose Russ. The cowed mariner muttered and mumbled excuses, and cowered away each time the skipper, pacing the deck like a wild animal, passed him.

The survivors of the *Mingalia* were compelled to listen to this tirade. There was no escaping it by going below, for the skippers voice penetrated everywhere. Besides, they had tried that in previous outbursts, and by so doing, had only succeeded in arousing greater ire in Captain Decker. Sedley Brown stood in a passively protecting attitude beside Mrs. Gifford, who was seated in a canvas deck chair. Patty and Temple Harrison had drawn close together, and he was holding her hand. And still Captain Decker raged and roared up and down.

It was Harrison who saw the whole extent of what happened. Chancing to glance aloft at Willie swaying airily in his bosun's chair, Harrison was amazed at the ferocious hatred that contorted that mild youth's face.

From the bosun's chair was suspended a tar pot. As Harrison watched, Willie wrapped his legs about the shrouds and, both hands free, proceeded to untie the tar pot. Holding it in his hand, he waited. Captain Decker was pacing to and fro beneath him. Harrison saw the youth poise the tar pot, time the Captain's stride, and let go.

WITHOUT turning over, bottom downward, the pot struck Captain Decker's head. He immediately sat down on the deck. None of the tar fell on him. The pot struck his head so squarely that

it bounced off and spilled on the deck. Mrs. Gifford, a vision of violent death for her youngest son strong upon her, screamed and fainted. Patty likewise screamed, and was caught about the waist by Harrison. No one moved or spoke. All gazed upon Captain Decker.

HE STILL sat on the deck, stupidly looking at his hands. On his face was painted a curious disgust. He did not like his hands. He tried to get away from them, to fling them from him. Failing this, as in a dream, he contemplated them. He rubbed them together, and into his eyes sprang astonishment, in that sensation told him that they belonged to him. He stared at his clothes, and about him at those who looked on.

"What'll I do with the boy, sir?" asked Flat-Nose Russ, hovering solicitously near.

Captain Decker looked at his mate and shrank away.

He strove to speak, and seemed to fail to manipulate his voice.

"What boy? What?" he managed to articulate at last in tones of modulated huskiness unlike anything they had ever heard from his lips. He gazed at the mate long and wonderingly. "Who are you? Please go away. Will you call the police. Something terrible has happened to me."

Aloft, terror-stricken Willie Gifford peered down. The big mate, perplexed, could only stare and sway to the roll of the schooner. All stared—even the man at the wheel, whose expressionless face was belied by the eager curiosity in his eyes.

"Something terrible has happened," Captain Decker repeated, his voice huskily plaintive.

He started to get to his feet, and shrank away from the mate who helped him. He staggered to the rail and held on to the shrouds, looking in bewilderment at the trade-wind sea.

At this juncture, Mrs. Gifford arose from her chair, supported by Sedley Brown's arm around her waist. The skipper looked at him and started.

"Why, Sedley," he said. "It is you. But what has happened? You look so old. Have you been sick?" His eyes passed on to Mrs. Gifford. "Amelia!" he cried. The arm around her waist seemed to excite him. "Sedley, are you aware of what you are doing? That is my wife. Kindly remove your arm. Amelia, I—I am surprised."

He stepped toward her; but she cowered away.

"Oh, that terrible man!" she sobbed, and hid her face against Sedley Brown's shoulder.

"Amelia!—what is the matter?" the skipper pleaded warmly. "Sedley, please remove your arm from my wife. You will make me very angry."

Patty was the first to divine the situation.

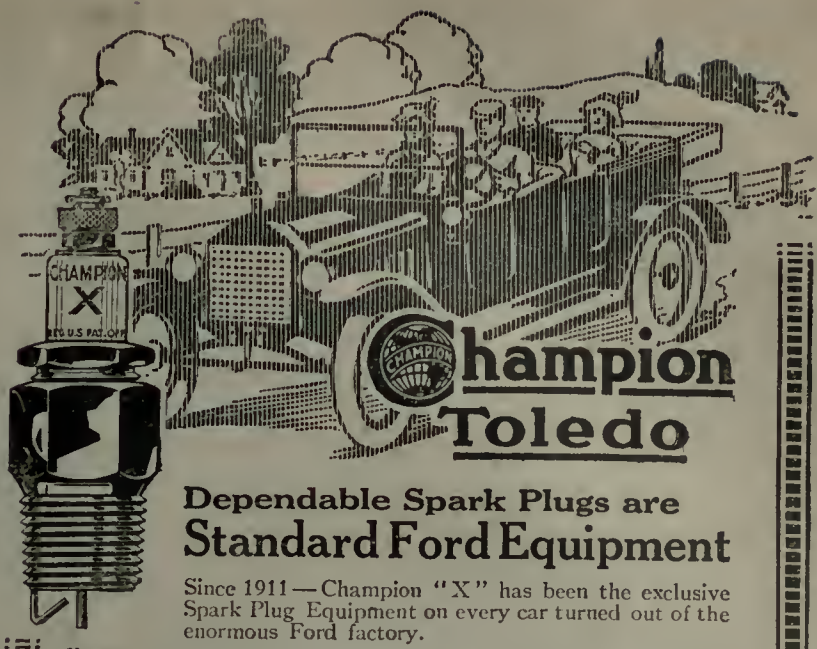
"Father!" she exclaimed. "Oh, father! And we all thought you were dead!"

"Dead? Fiddlesticks! I don't know you. Go away. I am not your father, young woman. I wish to know——"

BUT HERE the skipper again caught sight of his hands and tried to fling them from him.

"Mother — don't you understand?" Patty was now by Mrs. Gifford's side. "It's father? Look at him! Speak to him!"

Mrs. Gifford stole a shuddering look.



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Captain Decker was running the tips of his fingers over his face.

"Seth — is it you?" she murmured, faintly.

"What silliness!" the skipper retorted. "Of course, it is I. But my face, my beard . . . what has happened. I am smooth shaven. . . . Amelia, tell me. Who is this young woman? Sedley, for the third time I ask you to remove your arm."

"Seth! Bless me, it is Seth." Sedley Brown advanced to shake hands. Then he staggered away to the cabin wall, against which he leaned.

"But why are we out sailing?" Mr. Gifford complained. He looked about, and his eyes lighted on Flat-Nose Russ. "If you are the captain, sir, it will be best for you to put your vessel about at once and return to San Francisco. Oh, I know! I am beginning to remember. It was an outrage. The police must investigate at once. Last night . . . I was set upon. I was clubbed on the head repeatedly. It's a mercy my skull wasn't broken." He gingerly felt his head until he encountered the welt raised by the tar pot. "There! It is badly swollen. It was at half past eleven, last night. . . ."

"Listen," Patty pleaded. "It was not last night. It was eighteen years ago. I am your little Patty. Don't you remember her? I am grown up, of course. Mother, why don't you kiss him? Father, kiss her!"

Mrs. Gifford recoiled; nor did Seth Gifford take advantage of the invitation. Again he tried to fling his unrecognizable hands from him.

"I . . . I need a bath," he muttered, then tottered to the edge of the cabin and sat down. "Oh, dear, oh, dear!" he moaned and burst into tears.

IX.

"REALLY, you know he's the same Seth—not changed a particle in all that time," Mrs. Gifford announced.

She had just come on deck and joined the others in the morning cool.

"But he makes me feel so elderly," she went on. "He has stood still. He is all those years younger."

"I feel as though I had witnessed a murder," said Temple Harrison.

"I don't see why," Patty objected.

"I do. What has become of Captain Decker? He is dead, isn't he?"

"There is no corpse," she said. "Captain Bill Decker has merely gone into the silence that father occupied for eighteen years."

"And I hope, I most fervently hope, that Captain Bill Decker stays there," was Sedley Brown's contribution.

"It is very strange," said Patty.

"A miracle," Mrs. Gifford added.

"Me—I did it—with my little tar pot," said Willie, brazenly puffing a cigarette to windward of his mother.

All turned to regard the miracle, who was standing by the lee rigging, gazing seaward and unconsciously striving to fling overboard his dirt-grimed hands.

The Draft

Continued from page 41.

big city, and the war, but he was not his usual cheery, chatty self.

"You saw Peter Grant?" asked mother as we sat at table.

"No, I did not see him," he replied. "He was not in New York. I went to his address, and found it was the home of a distant relative of his. There I learned that Peter had joined the Union Army, and was with General Grant in the advance on Richmond. He did not wish Annie to know he was a soldier, and his letters were just forwarded from New York."

The news was startling, stunning. I thought what a grand soldier Peter would make, and pictured him in the blue uniform.

"He is safe and well?" asked mother, fearing, because of what she read in father's face.

"The last heard of him was that he had been in the Wilderness battles in May," he answered. "A month later his regiment was cut to pieces in an attack on Lee's entrenchments at Cold Harbor. The Union troops were repulsed, losing eight thousand men in twenty minutes. It is feared he perished in that fearful slaughter."

"Poor, poor, dear Annie!" sobbed mother, the tears falling fast.

WE ROSE sadly in the morning to face the day's heavy task. While we were at breakfast we saw her boat coming swiftly across, as it had come daily for the week past, to see if father were back. She knew something was wrong as soon as she saw him. She leaned back against the wall, the color fading from her face, her hand on her breast.

"Tell me! Tell me!" she whispered. "You have ill news for me—of Peter?"

Mother folded her arms about the girl, trying to comfort her, while father told the evil tidings.

"Why? Why?" she cried. "He was not an American."

"There are many Canadians with the North, dear," said father very gently.

She stared at him for some moments, without speaking, then the truth came swiftly to her, in all its fulness of terrible detail. She gently put mother aside.

"The money! That awful fortune! The draft!" she moaned. "It was not the fortune that came. It was the price of my man's life. He sold himself—to death—for me—for me!" A strange icy calm had come over her, more terrible than the wildest passion. "Tell me!" she said. "Tell me everything."

"He was paid fifteen hundred dollars to take a drafted man's place. The man was Dransfield," said father.

"Dransfield! A man like my Peter to die for such as he," she moaned in agony of soul.

WE TRIED to keep her but she would not stay. I could not bear the thought of her all alone in that quiet house of memories—the place that had cost her father's life, and now that of her lover. So I followed her over, after a little time. She was sitting in the parlor, at the little round table, her head on her arms. I was afraid to go in, now that I had come, thinking she might wish to be alone, but she had heard me, and looked up.

"I came to see if I could help you in any way, Annie," I said. Then as I looked at the hopeless face, I felt that I must comfort her in some way.

"I don't believe Peter's dead," I declared with a confidence I did not feel.

"You don't believe——," she said, then paused.

"No, I don't, and I won't," I asserted. "I believe if he was dead, you would have known it. He loved you so dear, Annie, that his spirit would have come to comfort you in your lone sorrow."

"Loved me dear!" she cried. "So dear, as to go down to death that I might be saved from sorrow and unhappiness, as he thought. Oh!" She rose to her feet. "I hate the house, and the farm, and most of all I hate myself. If I hadn't been so wilful, so selfish, wanting to keep the place! And now I have the place, bought with blood, the blood of my best and dearest: But you don't think he's dead, Charlie? God bless you for the tiny ray of hope you bring me." And for the first time since the ill news came she began to weep.

AND THE weeks and months went by. She seemed like a tall, fair lily. Folks wondered that she wore no black, and was so silent over her grief. Sometimes she would whisper to me when we were alone:

"I haven't seen his spirit yet, Charlie!" And it gave her hope. Winter fell, a hard, bitter season. Most days I walked over the ice to see her, and often she came to the house. One day, just after the turn of the year, she seemed brighter, happier.

"I haven't seen his spirit yet," she said to me, "but last night I heard him call. It was plain as plain could be. I was sitting in the parlor, and so clear was the voice that I ran to the door, and looked out into the white, frosty moonlight, and called back, but he did not come. I know he's alive, somewhere."

She was so confident that mother was the more anxious about her, fearing the girl's mind was giving way under the load. She begged Annie to stay a few days with us, but she would not. He might be out there, in the frosty night, calling her again, and she must be there to answer."

And spring came again, bringing the news of the fall of Richmond, and Lee's surrender at Appomattox. The war was over. Peace had come.

A FEW days later I went over to the Harland place. The house was locked up. A lad from a neighbor's farm was in the stable, and he told me Annie had taken a long journey and had hired him to care for the stock while she was away. There was a note for father, and one for me left with the lad. They told us she had gone to New York. She had heard him call again, and he needed her. He was hurt and weak and helpless and longed for her so much, so she must go. First she would seek New York, where his relatives were, and, if unsuccessful there, she would go elsewhere, searching until she found him. We were terribly anxious, and father wrote to Peter's friends, and found that she had reached them, and had gone South on her search.

Spring drew on to summer, and one evening we were sitting on the verandah

CANADA'S MAGAZINES

Do you appreciate what they mean to you---and to Canada

IN the upbuilding of Canada as a nation—

In unifying the thought, interests, sympathies, desires and ideals of its scattered population, and in stimulating progress, particularly in our social and commercial life—

Do you realize the importance of Canada's magazines?

They provide the one medium of communication with a purely national appeal—they are the one means of education, inspiration, entertainment, welcomed equally in the homes of the proudest millionaire and the humblest workingman or farmer. In hundreds of thousands of Canada's homes in city, town, village and on isolated farms they find a welcome with every member of the family, providing education in its most attractive form, stimulating thought, broadening the outlook, making leisure hours more enjoyable, telling about the things said or done or made in other parts of Canada, bringing from far and near the ideas that improve the mind, the home and the person.

They are bound to be the factor which more than anything else will serve to knit Canada together and nationalize the interests and desires of her people.

It is to magazines that people look to bring them in touch with the world outside their local circles.

No longer does the "country cousin" feel out of place in the city. He knows what's going on, reads the same, wears the same, eats the same—because he keeps in touch **through the magazines.**

Magazines prove a most important factor, too, in nationalizing much of the country's commerce. They make the goods of the manufacturer here known to consumers everywhere, with the greatest economy of time and expense. The acquaintance with the country's best products thus cultivated widens the market in which consumers buy, just as it nationalizes the market in which the maker can sell. They are truly the shop-window of the nation.

What hours and days of work and worry have been saved the housewife by the appliances, foods, methods which have been made known to her through magazine advertising

The styles she wears, the foods, appliances, furnishings, apparel she buys—are not her preferences largely dictated by the acquaintances she has made through the magazines?

Look in any store window anywhere. The goods most commonly displayed—because they are most in demand—are the brands which have become known to that merchant's customers *through magazine advertising.* These facts are worth remembering.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

CANADIAN COURIER
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD
CANADIAN FASHION QUARTERLIES

of the old house, just where we are sitting now, when we heard a team rattle into the yard. We went round to see who it might be, and there was Annie, helping down a tall, thin, very weak man, across whose face was a wide slash, just healed. As he walked, leaning heavily on her strong young arm, his left leg dragged pitifully. It was not easy at first glance, to recognize the stalwart, handsome Highlander in the lame-scarred wreck that had come back.

But the roses had returned to Annie's cheeks, there were smiles again on her lips, her eyes were softer, deeper than before. And she told of her search, and the finding of Peter at last in a sweltering Southern prison hospital, too weak to take the liberty that had come.

"Annie Harland, you wonderful girl!" cried mother.

"Annie Grant, Mrs. Bateman, please," she answered with a smiling bow.

We wanted them to stay, but they longed for their own home, the dearly purchased house on the lakeside. Mine was the honor of rowing them across. I can see them now, walking in an evening light, such as this, over the trim little grass plot, his arm about her, and her's round him, and the poor, crippled leg, dragging as he went.

ATER they sold the place and went away. Annie never cared for it again, knowing the awful price it had cost. Peter was ordained, and called to a Church in the west. Five years ago he brought Annie back. She lies yonder on the hillside, in the maple-fringed cemetery. And when he brought her, he stayed here. There were always just the two of them. They never had any children. His errand to-night was to her graveside. Summer or winter, rain or shine, he goes. He will stay here waiting, until the day dawns when Annie comes seeking him again, to guide him home.

The Dangers Ahead

Continued from page 14

plan of campaign. This has given the Germans time to prepare. In the early months of the war we controlled the sea and the Germans the land. To-day the positions are reversed. On water, the initiative rests with the Germans, all because of our incompetent politicians. That we have not been defeated, we have to thank the splendid tactics of the fighting units, not the strategy of the political chiefs at the admiralty. If the fighting units break, the British Empire is doomed. New enemies will arise. In Canada, we will be attacked on both coasts, Eastern Canada will become a German colony and Canada and the United States will be taxed, for generations to come, to pay the war costs. This is not a sensational story. It is in the realm of practical politics to-day.

IF WE do not want these things to happen, it is absolutely necessary that we exert ourselves to the limit of our capacity. The outcome may depend upon the last reinforcement of men or cargo of grain, we are able to place in Europe.

Two things we must do. Reorganize our Governments—Imperial and Colonial—filling the important cabinet places with the ablest of our tried executives, regardless of politics. For the present and future of Canada, we must now have the biggest men we can get at the head in our departments of Agriculture, Trade, Labor and Immigration and, in conjunction with these and the other Ministers, the country must be thoroughly organized on the lines now being worked out in the United States. The first step President Wilson took, was to organize the country on a business basis. He called in the big leaders in finance, business, labor, agriculture, transportation. To-day hundreds of these men are giving all their time, free of charge, to public affairs. With some few exceptions, our Imperial affairs are in the hands of the idle rich and professional politicians, who are utterly incompetent to deal with the big problems. Not only that, but a powerful and unfortunate influence has been exerted by a little group of women in London. Appalling loss of lives and money is directly traceable to this state of affairs.

In Canada we still have a cabinet, made up of most charming, high-principled politicians, but most of them utterly unfitted for the positions they fll. Their incompetence has been a drag on progress. It is said that Sir Robert Borden lacks initiative and energy; but no great business or military leader can do things, when he is compelled to leave his most important work in the hands of helpless incompetents. Our political system compels him to accept as his heads of departments some men who are simply orators, wire pullers, petty politicians. They fill business jobs, but they know nothing of practical business. The Premier is not allowed to select the best men in the country, as is the President of the United States.

Sir George Foster is one of the most delightful speakers on the Continent—and long may he live to represent Toronto in the House—but in practical business, he is a child. Yet he is our Minister of Trade. That is, he has to promote the sale of Canadian products. He is the Sales Manager of Canada. As an orator, working for a Lecture Bureau, he could be a brilliant success and command $20,000 a year. As a salesman, he could not develop the sales of a corner candy store or earn $10 a week as a retail salesman.

One of the most charming men in Parliament is the Minister of Agriculture. He is a gentleman farmer. An English college-bred man, and a most delightful companion. Increasing our farm production is more important than increasing our army in France—and maintain our army we must. The need of greater production has been dinned into Mr. Burrell's ears for nearly three years. The Prime Minister has impressed him with the necessities of the situation. He conscientiously tried to do his duty, but his training and disposition render him helpless in a great emergency. He is worse, because the country depended upon him, and he has failed. The cry was for wheat, and more wheat, yet the 1917 crop, according to figures recently published, is 1,446,750 acres less, than in 1916. We are told that Mr. Burrell made speeches and issued bulletins to the farmers; and what more could a Cabinet Minister do! *The Financial Post* has been telling him, since the Autumn of 1914, what to do, and how to do it. Let us see what has been done by capable men under similar circumstances. When Lloyd George came into power last December, he found things bad enough, but not as bad, in England, as they are in Canada. Their 1917 crop was 250,000 acres short. Lloyd George had stronger national support, than we are giving Sir Robert Borden, and he kicked out the Burrells of the Imperial Agricultural Department. He put in good executives. By tremendous efforts, such as ploughing at night, they succeeded in making up the loss, and getting an increase of 1,000,000 acres. And this with a shortage of labor. But the new Minister did not stop there, as did Mr. Burrell, when, under the Premier's spur, he increased the 1915 acreage. Mr. Prothero at once made plans for the 1918 crop, which will provide an increase of 3,000,000 acres, which Lloyd-George tells us will make Britain self-supporting. Duncan Marshall, Minister of Agriculture for Alberta, says it is quite possible, yet, for us to increase the Western Canada wheat by 5,000,000 acres in 1918.

Viewing these happenings in England from a purely selfish Canadian standpoint, our political system is mighty bad business for the country. Through no fault of his, a quiet, retiring, little gentleman of unblemished character, with no business experience aptitude, or inclination is compelled to assume the duties of a great business executive. This system has produced a man who has failed. Our system says, a Cabinet Minister must be one who can get the votes from his district for his party, or he must belong to a particular church, or be a noisy labor agitator. We do not produce the wheat. We subject our armies to the danger of starvation. We compel our best customer, Britain, to look for supplies elsewhere. She does fool things in the Dardanelles, to bring wheat from our greatest competitor, Russia. We force our best customer to produce for herself, and in future she will not need Canadian wheat. Our system thus cuts off one of the most important sources of our national development and wealth.

Our system actually discourages good men. N. W. Rowell is leader of the Ontario Liberals. He is a lawyer and his advice and assistance have been sought by the big corporations. Corporations do not employ any but the best brains and ability. They are hunting for them all the time. Therefore, Mr. Rowell must be "a man worth while"; just the kind of man needed, at this time, in public life. Some of the Liberals thought so and his name was suggested. Instantly the cry, all along the party ranks, "He won't do. He has worked for corporations. He will prejudice the party among the voters." It is the party, the system, not the best interests of the country all the time.

I trust, that, in this hurriedly written article, I have been able to make clear that everything is not going well; that things cannot go well, until we reorganize our National Government. Pin-headed demagogues are talking of conscripting wealth; as if that would settle our troubles. Wealth conscription, for this, and for the next, generation is here now. It is unavoidable. It is conscription of brains—the sane, brainy men and women of the country, we need, and must have, if we would win this war, and save something from the debris.

Mam'selle Butterfly

Continued from page 20.

read the names on society's roll of honor.

A clock in the hallway chimed eight. . . . Which is an unimportant fact except that it was the first morning for eighteen months that Winnifred had heard it.

THREE hours later, within the precincts of his private office, Mr. Richardy Hardy reached for the 'phone in response to a ring.

"Yes?" he snapped. "Tell her I'm very busy. . . . What? A letter from the President? That is different. Send her in at once."

"That will do Miss McAdam," he said, replacing the receiver on the hook and nodding to an alert spinster who sat opposite his desk, note book and pencil in hand. "Get your enclosures for Smith Bros. from Henderson and see that my figures for Westinghouse are checked by Mr. Burns before you write them."

Miss McAdam placed the pencil in her severely arranged coiffure and closed the note book. The vision of her white shirtwaist and black skirt had been gone less than half a minute when Miss Winnifred Middleton entered upon the scene, all blushes and demure daintiness. The contrast was startling.

"Have a chair, Miss——" Mr. Hardy rose as he spoke.

"Holborne, Helen Holborne," said Winnifred, taking the chair but a minute before occupied by Miss McAdam. "Would you read this letter, please?" She handed him her father's note.

HE TOOK it and quickly read its contents—not so quickly, though, that Winnifred did not take in the strong, intelligent face and the dark hair that actually struggled into curls in a couple of places. She was just debating whether or not she would pronounce him handsome when he reached for a rubber stamp, pressed it on the letter and tossed the epistle into a basket.

"The hours here are from nine to five-thirty," he said. "An hour and a quarter off for lunch. How is your spelling?"

"Nothing to write home about," she answered, slangily nervous.

"Mr. Middleton says you can do shorthand and typewriting."

"Y-es, in a sort of a way."

"I see. No previous experience?"

"N-no—that is, not business experience," she added in a burst of candor. A suggestion of a smile played about his lips, then left as quickly as it had come.

"In that case your salary will be small to start," he said. "We pay here what people are worth and would rather pay big salaries than small ones."

Miss Middleton made an almost imperceptible toss of her head.

"I should wor—oh, please, pay me a nice salary, won't you?"

He frowned slightly.

"If you care to come on at seven dollars a week you can begin at once," he said. She clapped her hands for the second time that day.

"Oh, goodee!" she cried, "that is so nice of you."

For one brief moment the young man whose face seemed never to change looked genuinely puzzled. Then he frowned.

"It is against our policy to employ un-



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trained stenographers," he said, reaching for the 'phone. "However, Mr. Middleton wishes it in your case. . . Hello. Send Miss McAdam here right away, please." He put the 'phone aside and, reaching for a file of papers, intently studied their contents. The silence was becoming oppressive when the sharp-eyed spinster entered the office.

"Miss McAdam," said Hardy, looking up, "this is Miss Holborne." Winnifred smiled with frank friendliness and Miss McAdam who, beneath a colorless, angular exterior possessed a pleasant enough nature, nodded approvingly, being completely and instantaneously thawed by the witchery of the two violet eyes.

Mr. Hardy sucked at a pencil.

"Take charge of Miss Holborne," he said, "and show her what is expected. She is to be used as an inexperienced stenographer. Let me know from time to time how she gets on."

"But won't I see *you* any more?" Winnifred's eyes opened to their widest. When a man looked into the full depth of Winnifred's eyes, he was playing fast and loose with his peace of mind.

"That will do for this morning," he said grimly, but not discourteously and turned his attention once more to his papers. Winnifred rose and stood beside him.

"That will do for this morning," said Hardy for the second time, a faint blush mantling his cheeks. Reluctantly, Winnifred turned and slowly left the office. Miss McAdam was about to follow when Hardy stopped her.

"For Heaven's sake!" he said earnestly. "Tell her—teach her—that is—show her." He paused, utterly beaten.

"I know," said Miss McAdam knowingly. "But, goodness gracious, Mr. Hardy, isn't she the sweetest little thing you ever laid eyes on? She won't be here long, I tell you that."

"So much the better," said Hardy. And for the first time the General Manager and Miss McAdam had discussed something which had absolutely nothing to do with leather.

FROM the head of the social column to the foot of a pay roll is rather a startling transformation. Nevertheless, Miss Winnifred Middleton made it and survived. From the inane routine of the younger smart set she was planted in the midst of a grim, unimaginative leather goods office. She felt somewhat like the man from Mars who came to Earth.

According to the laws of the best sellers she should at once have changed and by swift leaps and bounds mounted to the top of the commercial ladder and there ruled as Czarina of all the leathers. She did nothing of the sort, however. She came to the office, incompetent and she remained, for a long while, incompetent. Her spelling became no worse for the very good reason that it was as bad as it could be when she started. Her writing was huge and unwieldy—her typewriting would have been better if the fraction "¼" had not been next to the letter "p." The office boy once rescued an envelope addressed to

Mr. ¼eter Sim¼son,
¼eterborough, Ont.

Nevertheles she remained absolutely confident in her sex charm and she dressed for the office staff as though their daily grind were a daily reception. The fact that she was almost useless and that

her work necessitated such corrections from her fellow stenographers that it would have been less labor for them to have done the work from the beginning, did not discompose her in the least. She realized that the freckled office boy knew more than she did; she must have known that her position was kept for her only by the patience of the other women who hid her deficiencies from Mr. Hardy, but it did not stir in her the least desire for efficiency. Many a time, without so much as a "good night," she left Miss McAdam seated at the typewriter, re-writing, with tired wrinkled fingers, the few letters entrusted to Miss Helen Holborne.

Yet—selfish, incompetent and unambitious as she was—Winnifred Middleton was but a fair example of the system that takes a girl from school at sixteen and turns her loose in society until she is twenty-three or five when she marries—most of her vivacity gone, her early learning forgotten, her talents undeveloped—*sans wit, sans charm, sans everything.*

The problem of the poor must always be first, because the poor are the more important, but, second only to them in importance are the rich, the impossible *nouveau riche.* Some day our educational philanthropists must master their natural repugnance and invade the music rooms where music is never heard and gorgeous libraries where books are never opened and give the children of the idle rich an equal chance with the children of the slums.

THREE months passed and it must be confessed that Miss Helen Holborne's work improved slightly. She became absolutely accurate in separating "¼" from the letter "p," and was firmly entrencehd in the knowledge that leather was not spelled "lether." Whilst her salary had remained at $7 a week she had received a small promotion inasmuch as Mr. Hardy dictated to her for an hour every day—explaining that Mr. Middleton had requested him to keep her in sight—dictated very slowly and very distinctly. She managed to get it down in her book by a weird combination of shorthand, longhand and mysterious signs of her own that seemed to bridge in a bound the gulf between Isaac Pitman and the stone age.

During these interviews Mr. Hardy was courteously impersonal and, although she had never known her low-cut, lace-trimmed blue blouse, with the daintiest of lockets against the loveliest of throats, to cause so little havoc, he remained as impervious to blue as to mauve, and was as indifferent to the lustre of her eyes as he was to the shining surface of his mahogany desk. With the aid of Miss McAdam the letters were written—Winnifred receiving the assistance as her natural rights, Miss McAdam yielding to her beauty all the homage and admiration that homeliness always pays to perfection. She never spoke of the office to her father and he never questioned her on the subject.

TO her, as to all his employees, Hardy remained a Sphinx. In vain did Winnifred use every artifice of voice and gesture to melt his immobile nature. The Sphinx retained his secret, and, in exact proportion to his inaccessibility, her admiration for him and her desire to conquer him, increased. He had an impersonal charm that was most alluring to her after the effervescent superfluities



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of Hubert Melton, but, though she favored him with glances that would have unnerved an iceberg, he either sought refuge in a file of papers or thrust the subject of leather between them as a first line of defence.

Once, she thought, his armor had been pierced. Following a very late party at the Golf Club she had pleaded indisposition and remained in bed the next day. When she returned to the office the succeeding morning, Miss McAdam took her to one side with almost incoherent exuberance.

"What do you think, dearie?" she said. "Mr. Hardy asked for you *three* times yesterday. It's my opinion he's got a crush on you. Three times in one day!"

"Nonsense," laughed the fair Miss Holborne—but her laugh only went up to G and then rippled down again. She was thinking too seriously to achieve a really coloratura effect.

A moment later Mr. Hardy sent for her, and she went to him with the gentle demure air of a martyred fairy—it was a triumph of stage effects.

Mr. Hardy looked up.

"Good morning," he said, "you sent the wrong enclosures to Robinson of Hamilton last Tuesday. You must try and avoid these mistakes. Just take a short note of explanation to them."

She bit her lip and, suppressing a desire to hurl the notebook at his head, she took the short note of explanation—such is the spell of discipline. Forty minutes later she rose and started for the door.

"Are you quite well again, Miss Holborne?"

Her heart thumped painfully but she turned defiantly on him.

"Quite well, I thank you, Mr. Hardy," she answered. "And it was so good of you to inquire three times yesterday after me."

He scratched his head and a whimsical look came over his countenance.

"Ye-es," he said. "You see . . we're expecting a busy month. I want all hands on deck."

With her head erect she left the office and he subsided in his chair. "I wonder," he muttered. But at that particular moment his 'phone rang and he became absorbed in the great passion of his life—leather.

ONE evening in the early spring Hardy had left the office at six o'clock. As he passed through the general offices he noticed that Miss Helen Holborne was working at a typewriter (it was the fourth attempt to write one of his letters—Miss McAdam having gone home with an attack of nerves). A couple of clerks were carrying huge ledgers into the vault and, with the exception of these and his secretary, Mr. Burns, who was writing at his desk, the office was deserted. The elevator man had gone and Hardy walked down the two flights of stairs and into the street.

He had gone about three blocks when a puff of wind caught him in the face, leaving his cheek moist. He paused and looked at the darkening sky that, of a sudden, left the street as dark as night. He stood irresolute for a moment while the traffic eddied about him. Then, feeling some fresh drops of rain on his face, he retraced his steps to get his rain coat.

As he entered the building the sound of a smothered scream came from the offices above. He heard the suppressed voice of his secretary, Burns, and the struggling voice of a woman—then another muffled scream. With an oath Hardy raced up the stairs three steps at a time. For a second he paused on the landing, then burst through the door into the general offices. Miss Holborne was struggling furiously in the arms of his secretary.

At Hardy's entrance the young man released her hurriedly.

"What does this mean?" said Hardy, fiercely.

Burns shrugged his shoulders. "I've merely broken the eleventh commandment," he said, impudently. "I've been found out."

Hardy made an angry gesture. "You mean that I must have detectives to watch my staff? That I dare not leave a woman here alone? What is the matter, Burns, have you lost your manhood all of a sudden?"

The younger man adjusted his collar. "I couldn't help it," he said.

"What do you mean?"

The secretary thrust his hands in his pockets. "Believe me or not—but I didn't plan this. I didn't even know the girl was here until she came over to my desk to ask about an address and she laid her hand on my arm and fumbled with my coat lapels and—and let her hair brush against my face. Oh, hell! Ask her."

Hardy ran his fingers through his hair and a far-away look crept into his eyes.

"Burns," he said, slowly. "You were alone with her ten minutes and couldn't keep your self-control. *What about me who am alone with her for hours at a time?*"

He paused as though aghast at his own admission. The girl looked up quickly, then lowered her eyes and a dull, dark red flush crept into her cheeks and remained there. Burns shook himself together.

"I suppose I'm fired," he said, sullenly.

Hardy stepped back. "You may go," he said. "I think you've learned your lesson. And because I don't think it was entirely your fault you may return in the morning if you wish. As far as I am concerned the incident is closed."

Without a word Burns reached for his hat and left the office. There was a strange, awesome stillness about the empty chairs and neglected desks. The office clock ticked wearily on and the rain poured past the windows in great drenching torrents. Winnifred slowly raised her eyes until they rested on Hardy's face. Hardy met her gaze with a steady, impersonal look that defied analysis. She slowly came towards him.

"Mr. Hardy," she said softly, "you believe——" She could not finish, but her hand rested timidly on his arm while her tear-dimmed eyes pleaded with his.

"It is raining hard." His voice sounded strangely monotonous in the empty stillness of the office. "I shall go down stairs and get a taxi for you." Her fingers on his arm tightened.

He slowly drew his arm away. "I wish you would get out of the habit of pawing every man you talk to," he said.

THAT night, in the solemn darkness of her boudoir, Winnifred Middleton with tears that fell upon her pillow, took stock of herself and, like the little thoroughbred that she really was, did not spare herself when arraigned before the bar of conscience. She admitted that she had done everything in her power to gain the admiration of Hardy. Why? She scarcely knew except that it had become instinctive in her to sway every man she met with the power of her beauty. She scarcely knew which hurt the more—the memory of Burn's impulsiveness or Hardy's coldness. The fact became slowly impressed upon her mind that both men had placed the same valuation on her, only one was a gentleman.

The first grey light of dawn found her pale and weeping. The little Butterfly's wings had drooped.

She rose early in the morning to find a night lettergram from her father stating that he was leaving for England that day from New York on some business of the utmost importance. She wrote a short note of resignation to Mr. Hardy and sent some flowers to Miss McAdam. And, having thus shuffled off the coil of Miss Helen Holborne, she turned her full attention to the further and immediate development of Miss Winnifred Middleton. She left the house that morning, a determined little figure encased in a handsome waterproof—the rain was still falling—and hurried through the city streets. Her steps took her down a quiet, old fashioned avenue, near the end of which she paused at a house that bore the sign:

"Maestro Carlotti,"
Music.

He was her old music master who had once striven to teach her something of his art and who had sent her home with the statement that he might as well try to fill a soap-bubble with wine.

She stood before him now in his studio—a touching, pathetic, little figure. The old man looked at her with a querulous kindliness.

"You have come back, yes," he said with an odd accent. "For more lessons in moosic—yes? Ah, my dear leetle girl, moosic is not for every one." He slowly shook his head and gently pushed back the long, white hair from his massive brow.

"Please, dear old Maestro." She took his hand in both hers. "I have come back to you—the kindest and sweetest teacher I have had. I have come back not only for music, but—please Maestro—please make me a *lady*." And against the old man's breast the little butterfly poured out her tearful story while the Maestro stroked her hair and murmured gentle encouragements in a quaint mixture of English and Italian.

SOME months later Mr. Richard Hardy gazed at a note from Mr. E. Spencer Middleton, who had just returned from Europe:

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E. Spencer Middleton."

"If there is anything I dislike more than another," muttered Hardy, "it's going out to dinner." Nevertheless he went.

Mr. Middleton rose from his chair to meet him when Hardy entered. "Good evening, Hardy," he said. "Glad you came. By the by, you know my daughter, don't you? Just twenty to-day." Hardy turned and saw a girl approaching, dressed in a superb gown that, with its train and adornment of jewels, made her look like the queen of some fairy kingdom.

"Congratulations," he said, taking the hand she had proffered.

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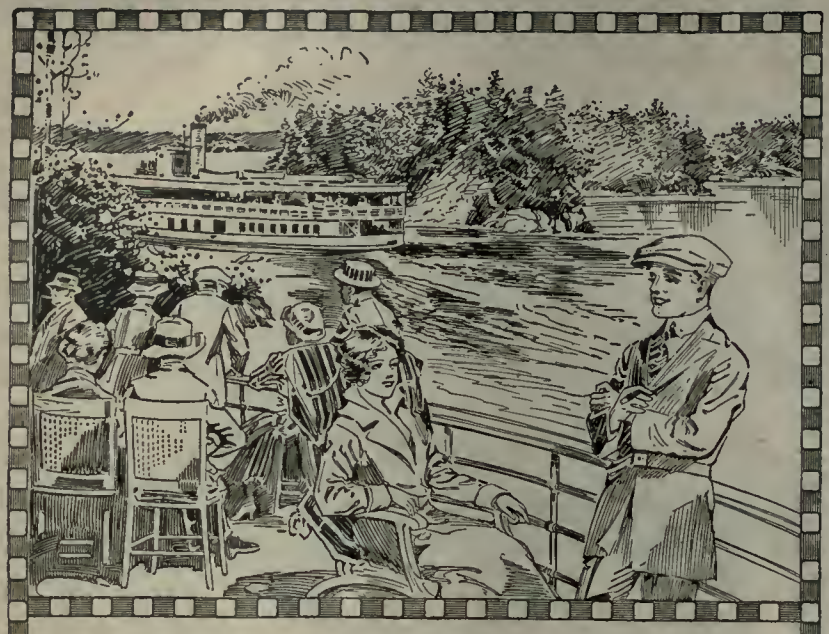
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Continued from page 70.

"I am so glad to meet Mr. Hardy, of whom I have heard so much," she answered. Hardy glanced up quickly.

"Great Sc——!" he ejaculated.

"Excuse me," said his hostess, " I must speak to my old Maestro."

Hardy watched her go with a dazed expression on his face.

"I suppose I'm wrong," he said vacantly, "but I could have sworn——"

"Never swear." Mr. Middleton emitted a distinct chuckle. "Come in and have a cocktail."

AT DINNER Hardy was dimly conscious that soup and entrées had been set before him and duly taken away. He had a dim remembrance of indignation when the servant removed some frog legs untouched. He was also vaguely aware that he had asked and answered several questions of his nearest neighbor, but his finite conscious mind was centered upon one face, one personality—the queen of beauty at the head of the table. He heard her lovely voice that seemed more cultured and soft than the voice he thought he remembered. He glanced at his host, to find that worthy capitalist as fascinated as he was. The older man was living his past memories over again as he watched with proud eyes the little creature that held the threads of the past and present in the witchery of her beauty. Only once towards the end of the meal she turned her face directly towards Hardy.

"Mr. Hardy," she said, "do you agree with Mr. Walford here who says that one uses the word 'charming' about a woman when he can't say anything else about—"

To the astonishment of the entire party Mr. Hardy rose to his feet and smote the table such a blow with his fist that the dishes danced and clattered.

"Great Scott," he cried. "It *is* she!"

Whereupon Mr. Middleton burst into a laugh at the very moment that he was about to drink a glas of port—all of which caused Hubert Melton, who had been lost all evening between two dowagers, to remark afterwards that "the Middleton's dinner party was a most deucedly vulgar thing—rotten form, in fact."

After dinner Winnifred sat down at the piano and, after glacing timorously at Maestro Carlotti, who beamed encouragement with his whole symphonic countenance, she played and sang a little song of Schubert that sent the blood tingling through all the bachelor arteries of Richard Hardy, woman-hater.

"Goot!" cried the old music master. "Vara goot!"

"Not bad," said Mr. E. Spencer Middleton.

"Not bad?" Hardy turned upon him impatiently. "Not bad? Man alive, it's heavenly!"

THREE hours later Hardy was making his adieu—he had managed to outstay all the other guests. Winnifred had wandered out upon the verandah with him and the moon had looked down for a moment on them and then glided behind a cloud to have its smile to itself.

"This has been a wonderful evening," he said, softly, although his voice trembled slightly. "I feel as if life—that is, I've never enjoyed. . . . No, that isn't the word."

"Do you want me to take this down in shorthand?"

Hardy did not reply directly. "When

may I come again?" he asked, finally.

She placed her hand on his. "Come when you wish" she said.

"To-morrow night?" He literally hung on her answer.

"To-morrow night," she assented so softly that her words could scarcely be heard. With sudden impulsiveness he stooped and kissed her fingers, then strode away into the darkness.

Twilight Loans His Eyes

Continued from page 32.

spoke to him in Ojibway for a few minutes and at last the old man went down to the river and set his canoe into the water. Twilight took the bow and they started down stream. Ten minutes of paddling and they dashed into a lake. In half an hour they were passing through the narrows Twilight had crossed on his raft and half an hour later they drew up at the beach beside the other canoes.

"Where have you been, Jack?" demanded Lochrie with no attempt to hide his irritation. "We've been waiting three hours for you so we could start back."

TWILIGHT did not speak and Lochrie, his vexation short-lived in the face of a very evident though repressed excitement, whispered in the trapper's ear:

"I've got him! I've found Camsell's bones in the ashes!"

Twilight looked at the policeman with frank unbelief.

"But I did!" protested Lochrie. "They were in the corner where Leckie says the bunk was. And it's a clear case of murder, Jack. No accidental death here. The skull is split open with an ax."

"Skull split open!" repeated Twilight in amazement.

He turned quickly and looked at the old Indian who had come with him. He was about to speak, but turned slowly back to Lochrie.

"You told Leckie that yet?" he asked.

"No. I've waited for you. Before I started digging I had Dave take him down the shore there. Neither one of them knows. Come on and I'll show you."

He led the way to the spot where the cabin had stood and pointed in triumph to the bare ground in front of what had been the door.

Laid out as nearly like the human form as the pieces would permit, a cleft skull at the top, were twenty or thirty bones and pieces of bones, blackened, half burned, but unmistakably human.

Twilight looked at them a moment and then asked:

"What are you going to do now?"

"Bring Leckie up here. He doesn't know, and if that won't break him down I don't know what will. And he'll get what he deserves, the limit."

Lochrie turned and called to Hogan, who had been sitting on a windfall with the prisoner, and in a few moments the two hurried up.

LECKIE hung back, but when Hogan saw the blackened evidence of a tragedy he stopped short and the young

Continued on page 75.

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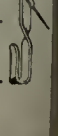
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Continued from page 73.

man walked past him and almost stepped upon the skeleton.

For a moment he only stared. Then he looked quickly, perplexedly, almost pleadingly, at Lochrie and Twilight. Panic quickly followed and he rushed to the trapper, the only man who had spoken kindly to him in four days.

"Honest, Jack, I never knew he was in the cabin!" he cried in a frenzy. "I hunted for him until the heat drove me out. I was sure he wasn't in there."

"That will do to tell," broke in Lochrie harshly. "Only this man was killed before he was burned. Look at that skull, Leckie, where you split it open with an ax when he lay there asleep. You'll hang for this. We've got you now."

"But I didn't! I never saw Ben after I went to sleep and he sat there by the table smoking. He wasn't in the cabin when it burned."

"Look here!" exclaimed Lochrie angrily. "Don't tell us that again. There's what's left of Camsell. His head was split open with an ax and his body was burned. You two were here alone, shut in by the ice going out. You burned the cabin down to cover it up so you could get away with that box you had hid on the hill."

Leckie whirled as if he had been struck and looked at the policeman. For the first time a real fear showed in his eyes and he stared dumbly. He began to tremble, his jaw sagged, his entire body seemed to shrink.

"That got you!" sneered the policeman. "We know the whole thing, Leckie. I don't care whether you fess up now or not. I've got all I need to hang you, and hang you will."

FOR a full minute Leckie did not speak. His eyes wandered from the policeman to Twilight and back again. At last, after several efforts in which his lips moved but no sound come, he rushed to the trapper.

"Don't let him fasten this on me, Jack!" he cried hysterically. "I never killed Ben. I never saw him after I went to sleep. I didn't know he was in the cabin."

"I know he wasn't, lad," answered Twilight. "Only, if I prove he wasn't there, will you answer my questions?"

"What's this?" demanded Lochrie angrily.

"Come on to the shore where we can sit down and talk it over," was the quiet response. "There's a lot of things to be straightened out, Wallie, so keep your shirt on till we get through.'

"Look here, Jack," said Lochrie as he stepped in front of the trapper, and his tone was as quiet as the other's. "I'm not going to stand for any funny business. I've got the goods on this fellow and you keep your hands off."

"You asked me to come along and use my eyes, and I've done it, and I've found out a thing or two and now I'm going to tell them. If you didn't want me in this you oughtn't have asked me. But now I'm in I'm going to stay."

TWILIGHT turned and went down to the lake, where the old Indian still sat beside his canoe. Lochrie, still muttering, followed with the others, Leckie close at the trapper's heels.

When they reached the shore Lochrie had regained his control and, walking up determinedly, he grasped Leckie's arm.

"Come on, young fellow," he commanded. "You get back to town with me. I've got this case where I want it."

Twilight stepped in front of the policeman and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Sit down on that windfall, Wallie," he said gently. "I'm doing this as much for you as for any one."

He looked steadily into the other's eyes until Lochrie reluctantly obeyed. Twilight motioned to Hogan and Leckie and they also sat down.

"Now, Dave," began the trapper, "did that letter from Camsell ever come, that one he was so anxious for?"

"Now that I think of it, it didn't!" exclaimed Hogan in sudden wonder. "He never got a letter, or even a paper, since he came here."

Twilight spoke in Ojibway and the old Indian joined them.

"Nee-sho-tah," asked the trapper in the old man's language, "who did you sell your fur to last winter?"

The Indian nodded his head toward the spot where the cabin had stood.

"All of it?"

"Kay-get."

"Wallie, you and Dave understand Ojibway a little. Now, Nee-sho-tah, tell all you sold to Camsell and Leckie."

Slowly the Indian repeated the list—so many fisher, so many lynx, so many minx, so many weasel, so many fox. As he began Twilight motioned to Lochrie to make a note of the items, and the policeman did so. Before Nee-sho-tah had finished, Dave Hogan, who had been staring with increasing wonder, pulled out the list he had made for Twilight.

"Now read yours," commanded the trapper.

They coincided exactly. Lochrie, clearly perplexed, was about to speak, but Twilight, using the Indian's langauge, asked him how much he had received for his fur.

Again the old man drew upon that memory that is so faithful to detail and so characteristic of his people. When he had finished Twilight loked at Hogan inquiringly.

"It runs a little higher than I paid them for it," offered the storekeeper.

AGAIN Lochrie was about to speak, but Twilight was already talking.

"I followed that track I showed you, Wallie, straight through the bush to the narrows over east of here. There I found where some one had made a raft out of a couple of dead cedars, chopping off dry cedar for cross pieces. You could see they were fresh cut.

"Now, here's what we know. Camsell never had any letter coming. That was a blind. He set fire to the cabin and went through the bush where I followed and crossed the narrows on a raft. He took nails along to build rafts if he had to because I found a cross piece on the other side of the narrows that he'd split the nails out of. But he figured on twenty miles of good going on Big Clearwater, as he would have got then, and from there he knew he could get to the C.P.R. by land if the ice was getting rotten. And that's what Camsell did."

Lochrie snorted, half in amusement, half in disgust.

"That's a fine theory, Twilight," he said, "only Camsell's bones are up there."

"That's right, I forgot all about those



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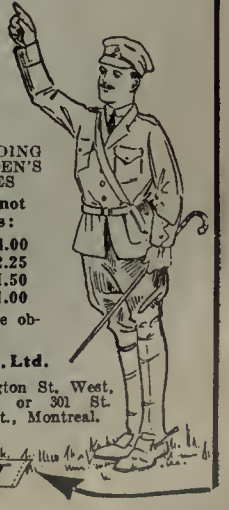
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bones," confessed the trapper as he arose. "Nee-sho-tah, come here."

HE LED the way to where Lochrie had laid out the skeleton, the Indian at his heels, the others following. Nee-sho-tah stared at the blackened remains for a moment and then burst into a torrent of Ojibway. He shook his fists in the faces of the white men, danced about in his wrath and pointed repeatedly at the skeleton.

"What's he mean, Jack?" asked Lochrie when Nee-sho-tah at last calmed down so the others could be heard.

"He says," translated Twilight, "that those are the bones of his brother who was killed four years ago by a drunken half-breed at a pow-wow. He says the breed split his brother's head open with an ax and he was buried, like the Indians bury, on top of the ground. This spring he says he went by the grave and found the bones gone and that these are the bones."

No one spoke for a minute. Lochrie, angry, completely at a loss, was trying to assimilate the strange assortment of facts that had been presented.

"How did you learn all this?" he finally demanded.

"Nee-sho-tah being a pretty good friend of mine, he told me all about how he sold his fur. I guess I sort of got it out of him because I noticed he didn't take any to town when he went by my place this winter. As for the bones, I knew this was an old cabin and the logs dry, but I knew they were small logs and weren't enough to bake all the meat off a man. And I knew, too, how Nee-sho-tah's brother had been killed and that his grave was near here.

"All these queer things, like Leckie and Camsell pretending they were trapping, and Camsell making a fuss over a letter that was never coming, and going out of his way to tell how he had trouble with his partner, all of them made me know something funny was up and that Camsell was at the bottom of it. You can see for yourself how it all fitted in with the story he knew Leckie would tell and how he did it intending that Leckie would get caught. He left at a time when no one believed he could get out. He set fire to the cabin in the night, which would make people think Leckie did it, and if they did and hunted around they would find that skeleton and think he was dead.

"They're all funny things for a man to do, but they all lead up to what we found up there under the rock, Wallie, and that cash box is the answer."

SUDDENLY Leckie found all three looking questioningly at him.

"You said you'd answer my questions, lad, if I got you out of this killing business," said the trapper gently. "Now, what was in that box?"

Still Leckie did not answer. Instead he stood looking from one to the other, his face white with terror.

"I don't think you need be afraid of him any more," urged Twilight. "He wanted people to think he was dead and he won't come back."

"I know he won't!" exclaimed the prisoner. "I know he won't come back. But he'll be waiting, and he'll get me."

"There's one way he can't," suggested Twilight significantly.

"I know it. I've been thinking of that a long time. He knew I was, and that's

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the reason he planned all this and did it this way. He was afraid I would tell, and he did this so I would be caught and sent up for killing him. And he knew if I told about him and me they'd say that was the reason I killed him, so I would get it all."

"All there was in the box, you mean?" asked the trapper.

Leckie looked steadily at Twilight for a moment. And from that kindly, understanding face he seemed suddenly to obtain courage and strength. The terror left him. The latent manhood in him flashed for a moment to the fore. He turned suddenly to Lochrie and said calmly:

"Take this down, Mr. Policeman. It's a bigger thing than you thought you were working on. Only I turn State's evidence, or whatever you call it in this country. I'll tell you all if I get free. These two will witness to that."

He stopped for a moment and then began quickly:

"Ben Camsell was Dan Crandall. He engineered that big jewelry store robbery in Toronto."

"Dan Crandall!" exclaimed Lochrie, "And that, up there, that box——?"

"It had the whole thing, the diamonds and all, $40,000 worth. Fifteen thousand was mine and the rest his. I was down and out. I couldn't get a job in Chicago and I met up with Dan. He planned this thing and I did the work. I didn't think it was so big at first or I never would have done it. But he kept at me and I did it.

"We never stood a chance to get caught. That's why I went through with it. Dan was too smooth. He planned everything, even to coming up here for a year to let it blow over.

"Up here's where I began to weaken. He saw it. He could read everything I thought. I hated being hunted and hiding and I didn't like to think I was a thief. I made up my mind that when spring came I'd tell all about it. He knew I would, and that's why he planned all this."

"You know where he went?" demanded Lochrie, the man hunter more keen than ever on this new and greater scent.

"I think I know where he would go," and Leckie gave the address of a saloon on the west side of Chicago.

It was twenty-four hours between trains in Abiwin and before Lochrie left for Port Arthur with Leckie he had received word that his suggestion had been acted upon and that Crandall had been captured by the Chicago police.

There was more joy for Leckie in the news than for the others. As the train pulled out he grasped Twilight's hand, but the words did not come.

"That's all right, lad," said the trapper. "You go down to Toronto and get this off your chest and then come up here with me for a month or so for a fresh start. The bush is a mighty nice place for a man when he's got a clear conscience."

A number of New Features will appear in the September Issue. Four Short Stories, a New Serial, and several interesting articles by well known men are included.

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91-C



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Little Miss Corby.

The doctors said she had stomach trouble, and that her chances were small, yet Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured her. They have been worth their weight in gold to us, for we were just giving up hope of saving our little daughter. I don't think there is any other medicine for children like Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I may say my wife has taken them for nerves, and they have built her up splendidly. Publish this letter if you like; it may help others as the Tablets helped us."

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The Gun Brand

Continued from page 27.

ment boasted some thirty or forty colonists. It was hard, discouraging work, this striving to implant the rudiments of education in the minds of the sullen, apathetic savages, whose chief ambition was to gorge themselves into stupidity with food from the storehouse. With the adults the case seemed hopeless. And, indeed, the girl attempted little beyond instruction in the simplest principles of personal and domestic cleanliness and order. Even this met with no response, until she established a daily inspection, and it became known that the filthy should also go hungry.

With the children, Chloe made some slight headway, but only at the expense of unceasing, monotonous repetition, and even she was forced to admit that the results were far from encouraging. The little savages had no slightest conception of any pride or interest in their daily tasks, but followed unvaryingly the line of least resistance as delineated by a simple system of rewards and punishments.

The men had shown no aptitude for work of any kind, and now when the ice skimmed thinly the edges of the lake and rivers, they collected their traps and disappeared into the timber, cheerfully leaving the women and children to be fed and cared for at the school. As the days shortened and the nights grew longer, the girl realized, with bitterness in her heart, that almost the only thing she had accomplished along educational lines was the imperfect smattering of the Indian tongues that she herself had acquired.

BUT her chiefest anxiety was a more material one, and Lapierre's appearance with the supplies became a matter of the gravest importance, for upon their departure the trappers had drawn heavily upon the slender remaining stores, with a result that the little colony on the Yellow Knife was already reduced to half rations, and was entirely dependent upon the scows for the winter's supply of provisions.

Not since the night of the battle had Chloe heard directly from MacNair. He had not visited the school, nor had he expressed a word of regret, or apology for the outrage. He ignored her existence completely, and the girl guessed that many of the Indians who refused her invitation to camp in the clearing, as they passed and repassed upon the river, did so in obedience to MacNair's command.

In spite of her abhorrence for the man, she resented his total disregard of her existence. Indeed, she would have welcomed a visit from him, if for no other reason than because he was a white man. She spent many hours in framing bitter denunciations to be used in event of his appearance. But he did not appear, and resentment added to the anger in her heart, until in her mind he became the embodiment of all that was despicable, and brutish, and evil.

More than once she was upon the point of attempting another visit to Snare Lake, and in all probability she would have done so had not Big Lena flatly refused to accompany her under any circumstances whatever. And this attitude the huge Swedish woman stubbornly maintained, preserving a haughty indifference alike to Chloe's taunts of coward-

ice, promise of reward, and threats of dismissal. Whereupon Chloe broached the subject to Harriet Penny, and that valiant soul promptly flew into hysteria, so that for three days Chloe did double duty in the school. After that she nursed her wrath in silence and brooded upon the wrongs of MacNair's Indians.

The continued brooding was not without its effect upon the girl, and slowly but surely destroyed her sense of proportion. No longer was the education and civilization of the Indians the uppermost thought in her mind. With Lapierre, she came to regard the crushing of MacNair's power as the most important and altogether desirable undertaking that could possibly be consummated.

While in this frame of mind, just at sunset of a keen October day, the cry of *"la brigade! la brigade!"* reached her ears as she sat alone in her room in the cottage, and rushing to the river bank she joined the Indians who swarmed to the water's edge to welcome the huge freight canoe that had rounded the point below the clearing. Chloe clapped her hands in sheer joy and relief, for there, proud and erect, in the bow of the canoe stood Lapierre, and behind him from bank to bank the Yellow Knife fairly swarmed with other full-freighted canoes. The supplies had arrived!

EVEN as the bow of his canoe scraped the bank, Lapierre was at her side. Chloe felt her hand pressed between his —felt the grip of his strong fingers, and flushed deeply as she realized that not alone because of the supplies was she glad that he had come. And then, his voice was in her ears, and she was listening as he told her how good it was to stand once more at her side, and look into the face whose image had spurred him to almost superhuman effort, throughout the days and the nights of the long river trail.

Lightly she answered him, and Lapierre's heart bounded at the warmth of her welcome. He turned with a word to his canoemen, and Chloe noted with admiration, how one and all they sprang to do his bidding. She marveled at his authority. Why did these men leap to obey his slightest command, when Lefroy, to obtain even the half-hearted obedience she required of her Indians, was forced to brow-beat and bully them? Her heart warmed to the man as she thought of the slovenly progress of her school. Here was one who could help her. One who could point with the finger of a master of men to the weak spots in her system.

Suddenly her brow clouded. For, as she looked upon Lapierre, the words of MacNair flashed through her mind, as he stood weak from his wounds, in the dimness of her fire-lit room. Her eyes hardened, and unconsciously her chin thrust outward, as she realized that before she could ask this man's aid, there were things he must explain.

DARKNESS settled, and at a word from Lapierre, fires flared out on the beach and in the clearing, and by their light the long line of canoemen conveyed the pieces upon their heads into the wide door of the storehouse. It was a weird, fantastic scene. The long line of pack-laden men, toiling up the bank between the rows of flaring fires, to disappear in the storehouse; and the long line returning empty-handed to toil again, to the storehouse. After a time Lapierre called

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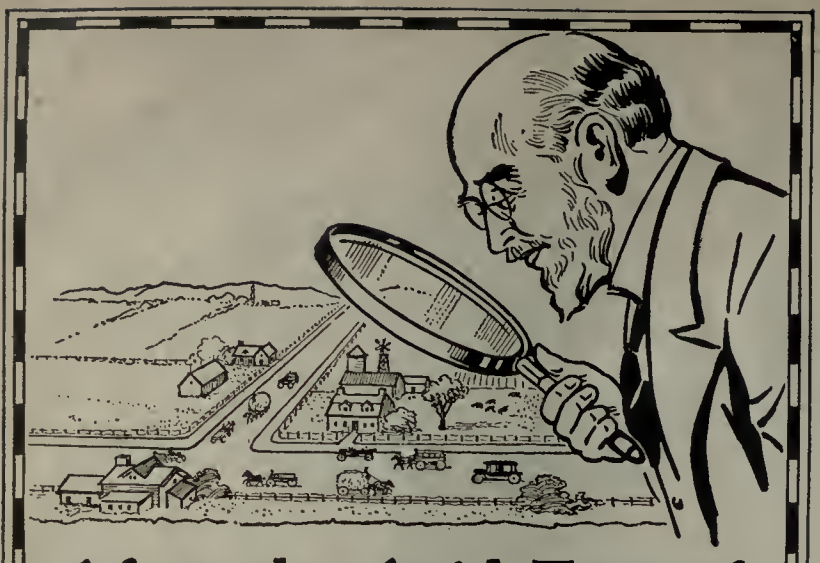
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Lefroy to his side and uttered a few terse commands. The man nodded, and took Lapierre's place at the head of the steep slope to the river. The quarter-breed turned to the girl.

"Come," he said, smiling, "Lefroy can handle them now. May we not go to your cottage? I would hear of your progress—the progress of your school. And also," he bowed, "is it not possible that the great, what do you call her, Lena, has prepared supper? I've eaten nothing since morning."

"Forgive me!" cried the girl. "I had completely forgotten supper. But, the men? Have they not eaten since morning?"

Lapierre smiled. "They will eat," he answered, "when their work is done."

Supper over, the two seated themselves upon the little veranda. Along the beach the fires still flared, and still the men, like a huge, slow-moving endless chain, carried the supplies to the storehouse. Lapierre waved his hand toward the scene.

"You see now," he smiled, "why I built the storehouse so large?"

Chloe nodded, and regarded him intently. "Yes, I see that," she answered gravely, "but there are things I do not see. Of course you have heard of the attack by MacNair's Indians?"

Lapierre assented. "At Smith Landing I heard it," he answered, and waited for her to proceed.

"Had you expected this attack?"

Lapierre glanced at her in well-feigned surprise.

"Had I expected it, Miss Elliston, do you think I would have gone to the southward? Would I have left you to the mercy of those brutes? When I thought you were in danger on Snare Lake, did I—"

The girl interrupted him with a gesture. "No! No! I do not think you anticipated the attack, but—"

Lapierre finished her sentence. "But, MacNair told you I did, and that I had timed accurately my trip to the southward? What else did he tell you?"

"He told me," answered Chloe, "that had you not anticipated the attack you would not have armed my Indians with Mausers. He said that my Indians were armed to kill *men*, not animals." She paused and looked directly into his eyes. "Mr. Lapierre, where did those rifles come from?"

Lapierre answered without a moment's hesitation. "From my—cache to the westward." He leaned closer. "I told you once before," he said, "that I could place a hundred guns in the hands of your Indians, and you forbade me. While I could remain in the north, I bowed to your wishes. I know the north and its people, and I knew you would be safer with the rifles than without them. In event of an emergency, the fact that your Indians were armed with guns that would shoot farther, and harder, and faster, than the guns of your enemies, would offset, in a great measure, their advantage in numbers. It seems that my judgment was vindicated. I disobeyed you flatly. But, surely, you will not blame me! Oh! If you knew—"

Chloe interrupted him.

"Don't!" she cried sharply. "Please—not that! I—I think I understand. But there are still things I do not understand. Why did one of my own Indians attempt to murder MacNair? And how

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did MacNair know that he would attempt to murder him? He said you had ordered it so. And the man was one of your Indians—one of those you left with Lefroy."

Lapierre nodded. "Do you not see, Miss Elliston, that MacNair is trying by every means in his power to discredit me in your eyes? Apatawa, the Indian you —" Chloe shuddered as he paused, and he hastened on—"The Indian who attempted to shoot MacNair, was originally one of MacNair's own Indians—one of the few who dared to desert him. And, for the wrongs he had suffered, he had sworn to kill MacNair."

"But, knowing that, why did Lefroy send him to the cottage?"

"That," answered Lapierre gravely, "is something I do not know. I must first question Lefroy, and if I find that he thus treacherously endangered the life of a wounded man, even though that man was MacNair, who is his enemy, and likewise my enemy, I will teach him a lesson he will not soon forget."

Chloe heaved a sigh of relief. "I am glad," she breathed softly, "that you feel that way."

"Could you doubt it?" asked the man.

Chloe hesitated. "Yes," she answered, "I *did* doubt it. How could I help but doubt, when he warned me what would happen, and it all came about as he said? I—I could not help but believe him. And now, one thing more. Can you tell me why MacNair's Indians are willing to fight to the death to save him from harm? If the things you tell me are true, and I know that they are true, because during the summer I have questioned many of MacNair's Indians, and they all tell the same story; why do they fight for him?"

Lapierre considered. "That is one of those things," he answered, "that men cannot explain. It is because of his hold upon them. Great generals have had it—this power to sway men—to command them to certain death, even though those men cursed the very ground their commanders stood upon. MacNair is a powerful personality. In all the north there is not his equal. I can not explain it. It is a psychological problem none can explain. For, although his Indians hate him, they make no attempt to free themselves from his yoke, and they will fight to the death in defence of him."

"It is hard to believe," answered Chloe, "hard to understand. And yet, I think I do understand. He said of my grandfather, as he looked into the eyes of his portrait: 'He was a fighter. He won to victory over the bodies of his enemies.' That is MacNair's idea of greatness."

Lapierre nodded, and when he looked into the face of the girl he noted that her eyes flashed with purpose.

"Tell me," she continued almost sharply, "you are not afraid of MacNair?"

For just an instant Lapierre hesitated. "No!" he answered. "I am not afraid."

CHLOE leaned toward him eagerly and placed a hand upon his arm, while her eyes seemed to search his very thoughts. "Then you will go with me to Snare Lake—to carry our war into the heart of the enemies' country?"

"To Snare Lake!" gasped the man.

"Yes, to Snare Lake. I shall never rest now until MacNair's power over these poor savages is broken forever. Un-



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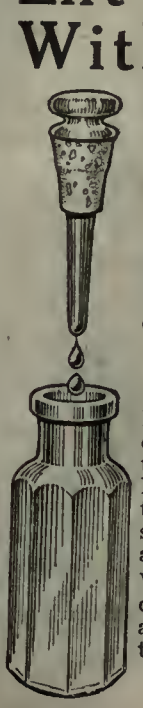


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til they are free from the yoke of oppression."

"But it would be suicide!" objected Lapierre. "No possible good can come of it! To kill a lion, one does not thrust his head into the lion's mouth in an effort to choke him to death. There are other ways."

Chloe laughed. "He will not harm us," she answered: "I am not going to kill him as one would kill a lion. There has been blood enough spilled already. As you say, there are other ways. We are going to Snare Lake for the purpose of procuring evidence that will convict this man in the courts."

"The courts!" cried Lapierre. "Where are the courts north of sixty?"

"North of sixty, or south of sixty, what matters it? There are courts, and there are prisons awaiting such as he. Will you go with me, or must I go alone?"

Lapierre glanced toward the flaring fires, where the endless line of canoemen still toiled from the river to the storehouse. Slowly he arose from his chair and extended his hand.

"I will go with you," he answered simply, "and now I will say good night."

CHAPTER XIV

THE WHISKY RUNNERS

WHEN Lapierre left Chloe Elliston's cottage, after promising to accompany her to Snare Lake, he immediately sought out Lefroy, who was superintending the distribution of the last of the supplies in the storehouse.

The two proceeded to Lefroy's room, and at the end of an hour sought the camp of the canoemen. Ten minutes later, two lean-bodied scouts took the trail for the northward, with orders to report immediately the whereabouts of MacNair. If luck favored him, Lapierre knew that MacNair, accompanied by the pick of his hunters, would be far from Snare Lake, upon his semi-annual pilgrimage to intercept the fall migration of the caribou herd, along the northernmost reaches of the barren grounds.

If MacNair had not yet started upon the fall hunt, the journey to Snare Lake must be delayed. For the crafty Lapierre had no intention whatever of risking a meeting with MacNair in the heart of his own domain. Neither had he any intention of journeying to Snare Lake for the purpose of securing evidence against MacNair to be used in a court of law. His plans for crushing MacNair's power included no aid from constituted authority.

He noted with keen satisfaction that the girl's hatred for MacNair had been greatly intensified, not so much by the attack upon her school, as by the stories she heard from the lips of Indians who passed back and forth upon the river. The posting of those Indians had been a happy bit of forethought on the part of Lapierre; and their stories had lost nothing in Lefroy's interpretation.

LAPIERRE contrived to make the succeeding days busy ones. By arrangement with Chloe, a system of credits had been established, and from daylight to dark he was busy about the storehouse, paying off and outfitting his canoemen, who were to fare north upon the traplines until the breaking up of the ice in the spring would call them once more to

the lakes and the rivers, to move Lapierre's freight, handle his furs, and deliver his contraband whisky.

Each evening Lapierre repaired to the cottage, and Lefroy in his post in the storehouse nodded sagely to himself as the notes of the girl's rich contralto floated loud and clear above the twang of the accompanying guitar.

Always the quarter-breed spoke eagerly to Chloe of the proposed trip to Snare Lake, and bitterly he regretted the enforced delay incident to outfitting the trappers. And always, with the skill and finesse of the born intriguer, by a smile, a suggestion, or an adroitly worded question, he managed to foster and to intensify her hatred for Brute MacNair.

On the sixth day after their departure the scouts returned from the northward and reported that MacNair had traveled for many days across the barrens, in search of the caribou herds. Followed, then, another conference with Lefroy. The remaining canoemen were outfitted with surprising celerity. And at midnight a big freight canoe, loaded to the gunwale with an assortment of cheap knives and hatchets, bolts of gay-colored cloth, and cheaper whisky, broke through the ever thickening skim of shore ice, and headed northward under the personal direction of that master of all whisky runners, Louis Lefroy.

The next day Lapierre, with a great show of eagerness, informed Chloe that he was ready to undertake the journey to Snare Lake. Enthusiastically the girl set about her preparation, and the following morning, accompanied by Big Lena and Lapierre, took her place in a canoe manned by four lean-shouldered paddlers.

JUST below "the narrows," on the northeastern shore of Snare Lake, and almost upon the site of Old Fort Enterprise, erected and occupied by Lieutenant, later Sir John, Franklin during the second winter of his first Arctic expedition, Bob MacNair had built his fort. The fort itself differed in no important particular from many of the log trading forts of the Hudson Bay Company. Grouped about the long, low building, within the enclosure of the log stockade, were the cabins of Indians who had forsaken the vicissitudes of the lean, barren grounds and attached themselves permanently to MacNair's colony.

Under his tutelage they learned to convert the work of their hands into something more nearly approaching the comforts of existence than anything they had ever known. Where, as trappers of fur, they had succeeded, by dint of untold hardship and privation and suffering, in obtaining the barest necessities of life from the great fur company, they now found themselves housed in warm, comfortable cabins, eating good food, and clothing their bodies, and the bodies of their wives and children, in thick, warm clothing that defied the rigors of the Arctic winters.

While to the credit of each man, upon MacNair's books, stood an amount in tokens of "made beaver," which to any trapper in all northland would have spelled wealth beyond his wildest dreams. And so they came to respect this stern, rugged man who dealt with them fairly—to love him, and also to fear him. And upon Snare Lake his word became the law, from which there was no appeal.



Why I Lunch On Puffed Wheat

A man on a train, a few weeks ago, told a friend why he lunched on Puffed Wheat. And we think that thousands of men will endorse his view.

He said: "It saves me a dull hour or two. The brain doesn't work well when the stomach is taxed.

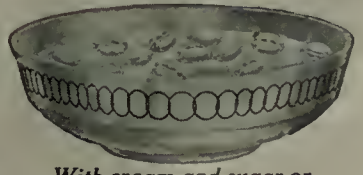
"Here is whole-grain food, steam exploded. Every food cell is blasted. I know Prof. Anderson, the man who invented it. And he tells me that no other process makes whole-grain so easy to digest.

"Then it makes a great dish. Note these bubble-like grains, thin and toasted. They taste like puffed nuts. And a dish makes a meal, because they are clear nutrition."

For the same reason—though he did not say it—they make an ideal night dish for a child.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

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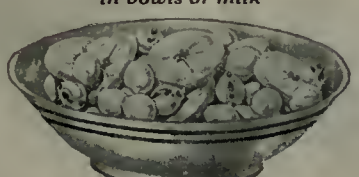


With cream and sugar or in bowls of milk

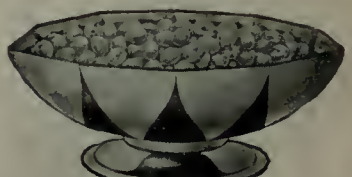
These are the premier breakfast delights—puffed to eight times normal size. Serve with cream and sugar or mixed with fruit.

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New Prospectus from Miss Stuart

Tender as a woman in sickness, counting no cost of hardship too dear in the rendering of assistance to the needy, he was at the same time hard and unbending toward wilful offenders, and a very real terror to the enemies of his people.

He had killed men for selling whisky to his Indians. And those of his own people who drank the whisky he had flogged with dog-whips—floggings that had been administered in no half-hearted or uncertain manner, and that had ceased only upon the tiring of his arm. And many there were among his Indians who could testify that the arm was slow to tire.

TO this little colony, upon the fourth day after its departure from Chloe Elliston's school on the Yellow Knife, came Lefroy with his freighted canoe. And because it was not his first trip among them, all knew his mission.

It so happened that at the time of MacNair's departure for the barren grounds, Sotenah, the leader of the young men, the orator who had lauded MacNair to the skies and counseled a summary wiping out of Chloe Elliston's school, chanced to be laid up with an injury to his foot. And, as he could not accompany the hunters, MacNair placed him in charge of the fort during his absence. Upon his back Sotenah carried scars of many floggings. And the memory of these remained with him long after the deadly effects of the cheap whisky that begot them had passed away. And now, as he stood upon the shore of the lake surrounded by the old men, and the boys who were not yet permitted to take the caribou trail, his face was sullen and black as he greeted Lefroy. For the bite of the gut-lash was strong upon him.

"*B'jo! B'jo! Nitchi!*" greeted Lafroy, smiling into the scowling face.

"*B'jo!*" grunted the younger man with evident lack of enthusiasm.

"*Kah* MacNair?"

The Indian returned a noncommittal shrug. Again Lefroy repeated his question, at the same time taking from his pocket a cheap clasp-knife which he extended toward the Indian. The other regarded the knife in silence; then, reaching out his hand, he took it from Lefroy and examined it gravely.

"How much?" he asked. Lefroy laughed.

"You ke'p," he said, and stepping to the canoe, threw back the blanket, exposing to the covetous eyes of the assembled Indians the huge pile of similar knives, and the hatchets, and the bolts of gay-colored goods.

A few moments of adroit questioning sufficed to acquaint Lefroy with MacNair's prices for similar goods; and the barter began.

Where MacNair and the Hudson Bay Company charged ten "skins," or "made beaver," for an article, Lefroy charged five, or four, or even three, until the crowding Indians became half-crazed with the excitement of barter. And while this excitement was at its height, with scarcely half of his goods disposed of, Lefroy suddenly declared he would sell no more, and stepping into the canoe, pushed out from the bank.

HE turned a deaf ear to the frantic clamorings of those who had been unable to secure the wonderful bargains, and ordering his canoemen to paddle

down the lake some two or three hundred yards, deliberately prepared to camp. Hardly had his canoe touched the shore before he was again surrounded by the clamoring mob. Whereupon he faced them and, striking an attitude, harangued them in their own tongue.

He had come, he said, hoping to find MacNair and to plead with him to deal fairly with his people. It is true that MacNair pays more for the labor of their hands than the company does for their furs, and in doing so he has proved himself a friend of the Indians. But he can well afford to pay more. Is not the *pil chickimin*—the gold—worth more even than the finest of skins?

He reached beneath the blankets and, drawing forth one of the cheap knives, held it aloft. For years, he told them, the great fur company has been robbing the Indians. Has been charging them two, three, four, and even ten times the real value of the goods they offer in barter. But the Indians have not known this. Even he, Lefroy, did not know it until the *kloshe kloochman*—the good white woman—came into the north and built a school at the mouth of the Yellow Knife. She is the real friend of the Indians. For she brought goods, even more goods than are found in the largest of the Hudson Bay posts, and she sells them at prices unheard of—at their real value in the land of the white man.

"See now!" he cried, holding the knife aloft, "in the store of MacNair, for this knife you will pay eight skins. Who will buy it for two?"

A dozen Indians crowded forward, and the knife passed into the hands of an old squaw. Other knives and hatchets changed hands, and yards of bolt goods were sold at prices that caused the black eyes of the purchasers to glitter with greed.

"Why do you stay here?" cried Lefroy suddenly. "Oh! my people, why do you remain to toil all your lives in the mines—to be robbed of the work of your hands? Come to the Yellow Knife and join those who are already enjoying the fruits of their labors! Where all have plenty, and none are asked to toil and dig in the dirt of the mines. Where all that is required is to sit in the school and learn from books, and become wise in the ways of the white man."

The half-breed paused, swaying his body to and fro as he gazed intently into the eyes of the greed-crazed horde. Suddenly his voice arose almost to a shriek. "You are free men—dwellers in a free land! Who is MacNair, that he should hold you in servitude? Why should you toil to enrich him? Why should you bow down beneath his tyranny? Who is *he* to make laws that you shall obey?" He shifted his gaze up to the upturned face of Sotenah. "Who is he to say: 'You shall drink no firewater'? And who is he to flog you when you break that law? I tell you in the great storehouse on the Yellow Knife is firewater for all! The white man's drink! The drink that makes men stronger — and happy — and wise as gods!"

He called wildly. Two of his canoemen rolled a cask to his feet, and, upending it, broached in the head. Seizing a tin cup, LeFroy plunged it into the cask and drank with a great smacking of lips. Then, refilling the cup, he passed it to Sotenah.

"See!" he cried, "it is a present from



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Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, March 12, 1917.

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the *kloshe kloochman* to the people of MacNair! The people who are downtrodden and oppressed!" Under the spell of the man's words, all fear of the wrath of MacNair vanished, and Sotenah greedily seized the cup and drank, while about him crowded the others rendering the night hideous with their frenzied cries of exultation.

THE cask was quickly emptied, and another broached. Old men, women and children, all drank — and fighting, and leaping, and dancing, and yelling, returned to drink again. For, never within the memory of the oldest, had any Indian drunk the white men's whiskey for which he had not paid.

Darkness fell. Fires were lighted upon the beach, and the wild orgy continued. Other casks were opened, and the drink-crazed Indians yelled and fought and sang in a perfect frenzy of delirium. Firebrands were hurled high into the air, to fall whirling among the cabins. And it was these whirling brands that riveted the attention of the occupants of the big canoe that approached swiftly along the shore from the direction of the Yellow Knife. LeFroy had timed his work well. In the bow, Lapierre, with a grim smile upon his thin lips, watched the arcs of the whirling brands, while from their position amidships, Chloe and Big Lena stared fascinated upon the scene.

"What are they doing?" cried the girl in amazement. Lapierre turned and smiled into her eyes.

"We have come," he answered, "at a most opportune time. You are about to see MacNair's Indians at their worst. For they seem to be even more drunk than usual. It is MacNair's way — to make them drunk while he looks on and laughs."

"Do you mean," cried the girl in horror, "that—that they are drunk?"

Lapierre smiled. "Very drunk," he answered dryly. "It is the only way MacNair can hold them — by allowing them free license at frequent intervals. For well the Indians know that nowhere else in all the north would this thing be permitted. Therefore, they remain with MacNair."

The canoe had drawn close now, and the figures of the Indians were plainly discernible. Many were lying sprawled upon the ground, while others leaped and danced in the red flare of the flames. At frequent intervals, above the sound of the frenzied shouts and weird chants, arose the sharp rattle of shots, as the Indians fired recklessly into the air.

AT A signal from Lapierre the canoemen ceased paddling. Chloe's eyes flashed an inquiry, and Lapierre shook his head.

"We can venture no closer," he explained. "At such times their deviltry knows no bounds. They would make short shrift of any one who would venture among them this night."

Chloe nodded. "I have no wish to go farther!" she cried. "I have seen enough, and more than enough! When this night's work shall become known in Ottawa, its echo shall ring from Labrador to the Yukon until throughout all Canada the name of MacNair shall be hated and despised!"

At the words Lapierre glanced into her flushed face and, removing his hat, bowed reverently. "God grant that your pro-

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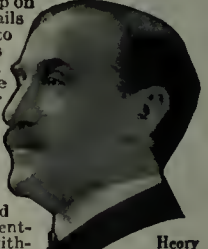
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phecy may be fulfilled. And I speak, not because of any hatred for MacNair, but from a heart overflowing with love and compassion for my people. For their welfare, it is my earnest prayer that this man's just punishment shall not long be delayed."

While he was yet speaking, from the midst of the turmoil red flames shot high into the air. The yelling increased tenfold, and the frenzied horde surged toward the walls of the stockade. The cabins of the Indians were burning! Wider and higher flared the fire, and louder and fiercer swelled the sounds of yelling and the firing of rifles. The walls of the stockade ignited. The fire was eating its way toward the long, log storehouse. Instantly through the girl's mind flashed the memory of that other night when the sky glowed red, and the crash of rifles mingled with the hoarse roar of flames. She gazed in fascination as the fire licked and curled above the roof of the storehouse. Upon the shore even the canoes were burning.

Suddenly a wild shriek was borne to her ears. The firing of guns ceased abruptly, and around the corner of the burning storehouse dashed a figure of terror, hatless and coatless, with long hair streaming wildly in the firelight. Tall, broad, and gaunt it appeared in the light of the flaring flames, and instantly Chloe recognized the form of MacNair. Lapierre also recognized it, and gasped audibly. For at that moment he knew MacNair should have been far across the barrens on the trail of the caribou herd.

"Look! Look!" cried the girl. "What is he doing?" And watched in horror as the big man charged among the Indians, smashing, driving, and kicking his way through the howling, rum-crazed horde. At every lashing blow of his fist, every kick of his high-laced boot, men went down. Others reeled drunkenly from his path, screaming aloud in their fright; while across the open space in the foreground four or five men could be seen dashing frantically for the protection of the timber. MacNair ripped the gun from the hand of a reeling Indian and, throwing it to his shoulder, fired. Of those who ran, one dropped, rose to his knees, and sank backward. MacNair fired again, and another crashed forward, and rolled over and over upon the ground.

Lapierre watched with breathless interest while the others gained the shelter of the timber. He wondered whether one of the two men who fell was LeFroy.

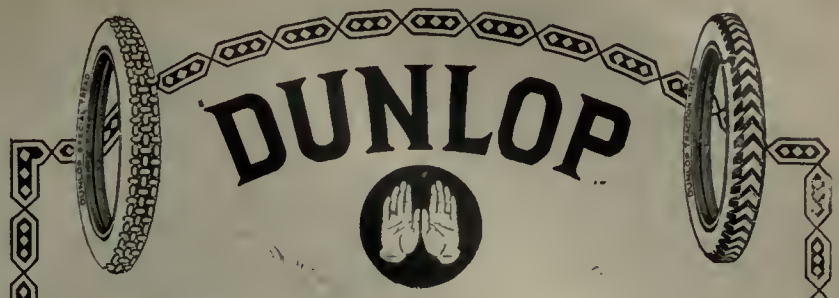
"Oh!" cried Chloe in horror. "He's killing them!"

Lapierre made a swift sign to his paddlers, and the canoe shot behind a low sand-point where, in response to a tense command, the canoemen turned its bow southward; and, for the second time, Chloe Elliston found herself being driven by willing hands southward upon Snare Lake.

"He pounded—and kicked—and beat them!" sobbed the girl hysterically. "And two of them he killed!"

Lapierre nodded. "Yes," he answered sadly, "and he will kill more of them. It seems that this time they got beyond even his control. For the destruction of his buildings and his goods, he will take his toll in lives and in the sufferings of his Indians."

While the canoe shot southward through the darkness, Chloe Elliston sat huddled upon her blankets. And as she



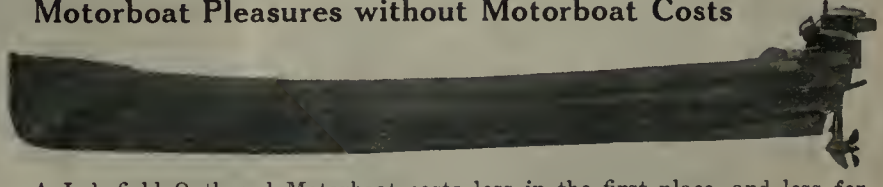
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watched the dull-red glow fade from the sky above MacNair's burning fort, her heart cried out for vengeance against this brute of the north.

One hour, two hours, the canoe plowed the black waters of the lake, and then, because men must rest, Lapierre reluctantly gave the order to camp, and the tired canoemen turned the bow shoreward.

Hardly had they taken a dozen strokes when the canoe ground sharply against the thin, shore ice. There was the sound of ripping bark, where the knifelike edge of the ice tore through the side of the frail craft. Water gushed in, and Lapierre, stifling a curse that rose to his lips, seized the paddle, and leaning over the bow began to chop frantically at the ice. Two of the canoemen with their paddles held her head on, while the other two, with the help of Chloe and Big Lena endeavored to stay the inrush of water with blankets and fragments of clothing.

Progress was slow. The ice thickened as they neared the shore, and Lapierre's paddle-blade, battered upon its point and edges to a soft, fibrous pulp, thudded softly upon the ice without breaking it. He threw the paddle overboard and seized another. A few more yards were won, but the shore loomed black and forbidding, and many yards away. Despite the utmost efforts of the women and the two canoemen, the water gained rapidly. Lapierre redoubled his exertion, chopping and stabbing at the ever thickening shore-ice. And then suddenly his paddle crashed through, and with a short cry of relief he rose to his feet, leaped into the black water, where he sank only to his middle. The canoemen followed. And the canoe, relieved of the bulk of its burden, floated more easily.

Slowly they pushed shoreward through the shallow water, the men breaking the ice before them. And a few minutes later, wet and chilled to the bone, they stepped onto the gravel.

Within the shelter of a small thicket a fire was built, and while the men returned to examine the damaged canoe, the two women wrung out their dripping garments and, returning them wet, huddled close to the tiny blaze. The men returned to the fire, where a meal was prepared and eaten in silence. As he ate, Chloe noticed that Lapierre seemed ill at ease.

"Did you repair the canoe?" she asked. The man shook his head.

"No. It is damaged beyond any thought of repair. We removed the food and such of its contents as are necessary, and, loading it with rocks, sank it in the lake."

"Sank it in the lake!" cried the girl in amazement.

"Yes," answered Lapierre. "For even if it were not damaged, it would be of no further use to us. To-night the lake will freeze."

"What are we going to do?" cried the girl.

"There is only one thing to do," answered Lapierre quickly. "Walk to the school. It is not such a long trail—a hundred miles or so. And you can take it easy. You have plenty of provisions."

"I!" cried the girl. "And what will you do?"

"It is necessary," answered the man, "that I should make a forced march."

"You are going to leave me?"

LAPIERRE smiled at the evident note of alarm in her voice. "I am going to take two of the canoemen and return in all haste to your school. Do you realize that MacNair, now that he has lost his winter provisions, will stop at nothing to obtain more?"

"He would not dare!" cried the girl, her eyes flashing.

Lapierre laughed. "You do not know MacNair. You, personally, he would not venture to molest. He will doubtless try to buy supplies from you or from the Hudson Bay Company. But, in the meantime, while he is upon this errand his Indians, with no one to hold them in check, and knowing that the supplies are in your storehouse, will swoop down upon it, and your own Indians, without a leader, will fall an easy prey to the hungry horde."

"But surely," cried the girl, "Lefroy is capable—"

"Possibly, if he were at the school," interrupted Lapierre. "But unfortunately the day before we ourselves departed, I sent Lefroy upon an important mission to the eastward. I think you will agree with me upon the importance of the mission when I tell you that, as I swung out of the mouth of Slave River at the head of the canoe brigade, I saw a fast canoe slipping stealthily along the shore to the westward. In that canoe, with the aid of my binoculars, I made out two men whom I have long suspected of being engaged in the nefarious and hellish business of peddling whisky among the Indians. I knew it was useless to try to overtake them with my heavily loaded canoe, and so upon my arrival at the school, as soon as we had concluded the outfitting of the trappers, I dispatched Lefroy to hunt these men down, to destroy any liquor found in their possession, to deal with them as he saw fit."

He paused and gazed steadily into the girl's face. "This may seem to you a lawless and high-handed proceeding, Miss Elliston," he went on; "but you have just witnessed one exhibition of the tragedy that whisky can work among my people. In my opinion, the end justifies the means."

The girl regarded him with shining eyes. "Indeed it does!" she cried. "Oh, there is nothing—no punishment—too severe for such brutes, such devils, as these! I—I hope Lefroy will catch them. I hope—almost—he will kill them."

Lapierre nodded. "Yes, Miss Elliston," he answered gravely, "one could sometimes almost wish so, but I have forbidden it. The taking of a human life is a serious matter; and in the north the exigencies of the moment all too frequently make this imperative. As a last resort only should we kill."

"You are right," echoed the girl. "Only after the scene we have just witnessed, it seemed that I myself could kill deliberately, and be glad I killed. Truly the north breeds savagery. For I, too, have killed on the spur of the moment!" The words fell rapidly from her lips, and she cried out in physical pain. "And to think that I killed in defense of *him!* Oh, if I had let the Indian shoot that night, all this"—she waved her hand to the northward—"would never have happened."

"Very true, Miss Elliston," answered Lapierre softly. "But do not blame yourself. Under the circumstances, you could not have done otherwise."

As he talked, two of the canoe men made up light packs from the outfit of the wrecked canoe. Seeing that they had concluded, Lapierre arose, and taking Chloe's hand in both of his, looked straight into her eyes.

"Good-by," he said simply. "These Indians will conduct you in safety to your school." And, without waiting for a reply, he turned and followed the two canoemen into the brush.

Chloe sat for a long time staring into the flames of the tiny fire before creeping between her damp blankets. Despite the utter body-weariness of her long canoe-trip, the girl slept but fitfully in her cold bed.

IN the early gray of the morning she started up nervously. Surely a sound had wakened her. She heard it distinctly now, the sound of approaching footsteps. She strained to locate the sound, and instantly she realized it was not the tread of moccasined feet. She threw off the frost-stiffened blankets and leaped to her feet, shivering in the keen air of the biting dawn.

The sounds of the footsteps grew louder, plainer, as though some one had turned suddenly from the shore and approached the thicket with long, heavy strides. With muscles tense and heart bounding wildly the girl waited. Then, scarce ten feet from her side, the thick scrub parted with a vicious swish, and a man, hatless, glaring, and white-faced, stood before her. The man was MacNair.

CHAPTER XV

"ARREST THAT MAN!"

SECONDS passed — tense, portentous seconds—as the two stood facing each other over the dead ashes of the little fire. Seconds in which the white, drawn features of the man engraved themselves indelibly upon Chloe Elliston's brain. She noted the knotted muscles of the clenched hands and the glare of the sunken eyes. Noted, also, the cringing, fear-stricken forms of the two Indians, who had awakened and lay cowering upon their blankets. And Big Lena, whose pale-blue, fishlike eyes stared first at one and then at the other from out a face absolutely devoid of expression.

Suddenly a fierce, consuming anger welled into the girl's heart, and words fell from her lips in a veritable hiss of scorn: "Have you come to kill me, too?"

"By God, it would be a good thing for the north if I should kill you!"

"A good thing for MacNair, you mean!" taunted the girl. "Yes, I think it would. Well, there is nothing to hinder you. Of course, you would have to kill these, also." She indicated Big Lena and the Indians. "But what are mere lives to you?"

"They are nothing to me when the fate of my people is at stake! And at this very moment their fate—their whole future—the future of their children and their children's children—is at stake, as it has never been at stake before. Many times in my life have I faced crises; but never such a crisis as this. And always I have won, regardless of cost—but the cost only *I* have ever known."

His eyes glared, and he seemed a madman in his berserk rage. He drove a huge fist into his upturned palm and fairly shouted his words: "I am MacNair! And if there is a God in heaven, I will

win! From this moment it is my life or Lapierre's! Since last night's outrage there can be no truce—no quibbling—no parleying—no half-way measures? My friends are my friends, and his friends are my enemies! The war is on—and it will be a fight to the finish. A fight that may well disrupt the north!" He shook his clenched fist before the face of the girl. "I have taken the man-trail! I am MacNair! And at the end of that trail will lie a dead man—myself or Pierre Lapierre!"

"And at the beginning of the trail lie *two* dead men," sneered Chloe. "Those who started for the timber—"

"And, by God, if necessary, the trail will be *paved with dead men!* For Lapierre, the day of reckoning is at hand."

Chloe took a step forward, and with blazing eyes stood trembling with anger before the man. "And how about *your own* day of reckoning? You have told me that I am a fool; but it is you who are the fool! You killer of helpless men! You debaucher of women and children! You trader in souls! As you say, the day of reckoning is at hand—not for Lapierre, but for *you!* Until this day you have not taken me seriously. I *have* been a fool—a blind, trusting fool. You have succeeded, in spite of what I have heard—in spite of my better judgment—in spite even of what I have seen, in making me believe that, possibly, you had been misunderstood; had been painted blacker than you really are. At times I almost *believed* in you; but I have since learned enough from the mouths of your own Indians to convince me of my folly. And after what I saw last night—" She paused in very horror of the thought, and MacNair glared into her outraged eyes.

"You saw that? You stood by and witnessed the ruination of my Indians? Deliberately watched them changed from sober, industrious, simple-hearted children of the wild into a howling, drink-crazed horde of beasts that thirsted for blood—tore at each other's throats—and, in the frenzy of their madness, burned their own homes, and their winter's supplies and provisions? You stood by and saw them glutted with the whisky from your storehouse—by your own paid creatures—"

"Whisky from my storehouse!" The girl's voice rose to a scream, and MacNair interrupted her savagely:

"Aye, whisky from your storehouse! Brought in by Lapierre, and by Lapierre cunningly and freely given out to my Indians."

"You are crazy! You are mad! You do not know what you are saying? But if you *do* know, you are the most consummate liar on the face of the earth! Of all things absurd! Is it possible that you hope by any such preposterous and flimsy fabrication to escape the punishment which will surely and swiftly be meted out to you? Will you tell that to the Mounted? And will you tell it to the judge and the jury? What will they say when I have told my story, and have had it corroborated by your own Indians—those Indians who have fled to my school to seek a haven of refuge from your tyranny? I have my manifest. My goods were inspected and passed by the Mounted—"

To be Continued.



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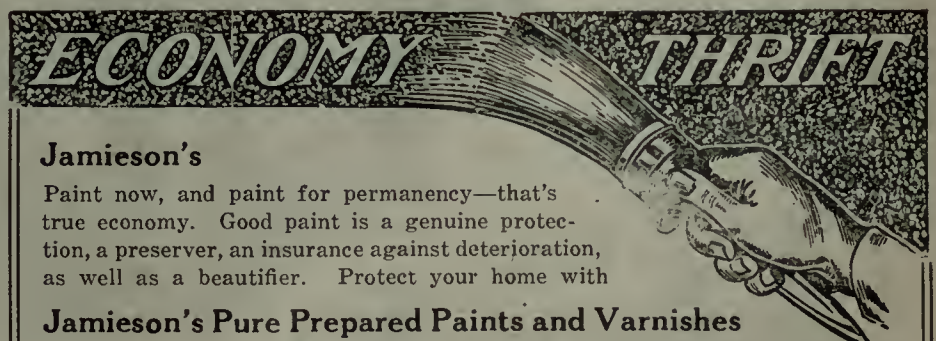
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Harp of a Thousand Strings

Continued from page 17.

sleep of the just, there blazoned forth upon the sacred sign embellishing our city hall, the following slogan:

WELCOME
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MAY 10TH
Admission 25c

The City Hall is located across the street from, and facing the office of the Morning Call. When Editor Ward had completed his labors and sallied forth, homeward bound, this masterpiece of Happy Haines' ingenuity stared him in the face.

The indignant editor left the earth and gyrated in the atmosphere. He raved and swore, and as Bill Scorrings said, "pawed up the ground for forty miles around," demanding that this exposition of *lese majesté* should be immediately removed. But the building was locked securely, and the custodian who was also official electrician, could not be found. The sign remained in position until the sun was high in the heavens on the following morning, when the recalcitrant janitor was discovered, curled up under the steps, sleeping off the effects of a previous evening's session with Happy Haines.

Everyone in town laughed, excepting Editor Ward, who at once investigated things, instigating a vigorous search for the chief offender. Happy, however, had taken the midnight train and was preaching the gospel of the "get joyous" idea in Kansas City, far, far away from the reach or wrath of the irate journalist.

I am a good Christian, but the incident went a long way toward forging the links binding our subsequent friendship.

III.

DURING the following summer, and at the express invitation of Happy Haines, I spent a portion of my vacation with the circus, as the guest of that gentleman. Here I learned the real story of the people of the restless foot. For the first time, I realized that they lived in a little world of their own, speaking strange tongues and believing unusual beliefs.

I discovered that they were a simple-minded, wholesome people, who came nearer to solving the real philosophy of life, and who found it easier to smooth the rough places, than any other class of humans I had met before.

There, too, I began to realize what the wonderful discipline of the circus meant and that what seemed merely haphazard achievement was really the natural result of carefully laid plans. The longer I remained with these dwellers in tents, the more I marvelled concerning their manners and methods.

Among other things, I acquired the story of Happy Haines' romance. He was madly in love with Carrie Burbank, the premier equestrienne. She was a pretty, dainty little thing, numbering many eligibles of the circus world as suitors for her hand.

From what I could gather, the courtship between the press agent and the little rider had been running its course for several seasons. The circus world differs little from the larger circle outside. The progress of Happy's suit was watched with exceeding interest. These circus folk are peculiar people; they gossip little and slander not at all. But for all that, Happy's encounters with Dan Cupid and the obvious infatuation for Carrie Burbank, not to mention their frequent quarrels and reconciliations, always formed fruitful subject for conversation among those by whom the lovers were surrounded.

At the close of my visit with the circus, I invited Happy to accompany me on a hunting trip just as soon as the season was over. He accepted the invitation joyously, and arrived in my home town on time with a varied assortment of gun-cases and as nice a brace of bird-dogs as were ever coupled together.

He greeted me cordially, but still underlying his usual stock of badinage, I thought I could detect a note that did not ring true.

Incidentally, I observed that, whenever conversation lagged, a certain air of melancholy seemed to take possession of him. Briefly speaking, this was not the same man who had drifted into my office one sultry July day and given such a manifestation of knowledge concerning the hunting dog.

I felt that the friendly relations between Happy and myself justified my touching upon the more nearly intimate and personal things, and therefore I inquired concerning the health and welfare of Miss Carrie Burbank.

Happy regarded me momentarily as if intensely surprised. "That gal?" he droned, with an ill-concealed attempt at nonchalance. "Shucks! That gal and I ain't been on speakin' terms since th' show was to St. Louis. What was th' matter? Oh, nothin' much! I just tired of totin' a gripsackful of gloom all th' time."

I murmured something to the effect that I was sorry for the break.

"Yep," resumed Happy, "I suppose I ought to go along an' tell you how th' curtain rung down to th' music of th' weddin' march, with me hitched for life to Miss Carrie Burbank, Empress of Equine Equitation. An' further, how th' efforts of my declinin' years was dedicated to boomin' her act. But th' cards didn't fall out of th' box that way, ay-tall, ay-tall. An' I just walked away, that's what I did!"

AFTER a meditative glance, he resumed, "Yes, yes, I know you newspaper guys want a handful of romance an' a bushel of local color added to atmosphere, th' whole crowned with a happy endin'. But all bets is off. Everything an' everybody, includin' yourself, seemed to think that me an' Carrie was goin' to hook up double, but believe me, I know when th' blow-off comes, an' it's a lady's privilege to switch her act as often as she wants to. All I gotta say is, I ain't wearin' no crepe on my arm. Carrie is a fine girl, an' she'll make any man that can handle her a first-class wife. But there's some things she does I couldn't stand for. She's got th' vaudeville bug now an' starts in on th' Rotary circuit with her two horses next Monday at Memphis. Get that, do you? Carrie with a hall show! I told her, sez I, listen—if you ain't got no respect for yourself, an' you feed me to th' fishes, listen, sez I—"

Happy was on his stride, and would have continued further, but the raucous voice of the bell-boy broke in upon him.

"Mr. Haines! Mr. Haines! Telegram for Mr. Haines!"

Happy took the envelope, tore it open and read the contents slowly. His countenance was entirely non-committal, as he passed it to me. "Read that," he said, "an' tell me what you think about it. Why, I wouldn't go across th' street to manage that girl's affairs, no siree—not if she owned th' whole circuit. Huh! The nerve some women have!"

I scanned the message hastily. It read as follows:

> "Am going to open Memphis Monday night. Need someone to manage act and look out for my interests. Won't you come?" Carrie.

"Yep," resumed Mr. Haines, oracularly, as I finished reading the telegram, "it's wonderful how far a woman thinks she can go with a man, an' get away with it. No, I ain't goin' to answer it. I'm goin' to leave that gal thinkin' about th' things I *didn't* say. You meet me at this hotel at seven o'clock to-night, an' we'll frame up that hunt, so as to turn out first thing in the mornin'. No, siree, any woman which thinks I am a reliable retriever or a first-class carrier pigeon is losin' th' best bet of her young life. Gee, but I'm dry!" he exclaimed breaking off suddenly. "Come on in to th' bar, an' let's open a large, cold bottle."

LATER in the evening, I returned to the hotel. As I swung through the vestibule, I saw the circus man standing in the centre of the rotunda, his back towards me. His overcoat was thrown carelessly over one shoulder, and at his feet reposed a small handbag. He was shaking an admonitory finger at the colored porter, and as I drew near, I could hear his voice raised in exhortation:

"Boy," he intoned, impressively, "listen to me, boy, an' get me right. If you don't, there's liable to be an earthquake around here, an' you're agoin' to learn somethin' about war. Yep! Battle, murder and sudden death. You get that cut-trunk an' personal baggage on th' Southern Express that leaves at eight-ten. Don' let your foot slip, boy, because that junk has to be in Memphis on Monday mornin'. Now get a move on, if you want to gather anything!"

He ceased speaking, and the colored man and brother, with protestations of zeal, started off on a run, while a new light commenced to dawn upon me. I leaned over and laid my hand on Happy's shoulder, saying, softly:

"Going South, Happy?"

He wheeled about quickly, his mouth agape, and regarded me with that same ingenuous child-like expression that had so appealed to me when first he had diagnosed the family tree and immediate forebears of Guess Gladstone.

"Yep, Bill," he returned solemnly, "*I'm goin' South*—I'm goin' South on th' first train that leaves th' Union Depot." It sounded like the pronouncement of a doxology. Happy's tones were those of exhortation and intense earnestness.

"I've been thinkin' a lot, Bill," he continued, "since I got that telegram, an' believe me, that rider ain't got nothin' on your Uncle Happy. We'll have to postpone th' huntin' trip for a while, because I just figgered out I'd slip down to Memphis an' let her know by word an' deed that there ain't no livin' breathin', exemplifications of flounces an' furbelows which can play on me like as if I was a harp of a thousand strings."

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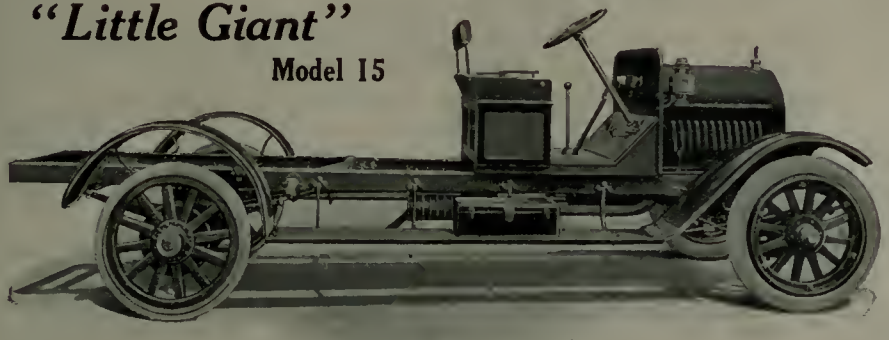
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Summer Care of Infants and Children

By Dr. George E. Smith

MUCH may be said of the proper handling of the babies and older children during the summer months. A few instructions are given below. The one point the writer wishes to emphasize above all others, however, is this—that the infants and children should be placed first, or at least given more consideration when the plans for the summer outings are being made. Too often the adults plan for themselves and leave to chance the fitting in of the children to the arrangements of the summer. Never was a greater mistake made. Children refuse to fit in to chance environments. *They* are the ones to plan for. Adults are accustomed to fitting in—not the children. The latter need freedom from restraint, places to exercise the body properly, an opportunity to use their lungs, proper food and hygienic surroundings, and greatest of all, a chance to romp and play with their parents, if they are to grow up strong, unhampered boys and girls. Take your children where you can have them to yourself. Avoid places where you have to expose them to the influences and unthoughtful kindness of strangers. Put your children first, consider their welfare, health and training, which are of more importance to you than the comfort of the stranger next door.

Aim to start them out in life with a sound mind in a sound body. The foundation is laid when they are young. The summer vacation often undermines that foundation unless you are careful and unselfish. Before deciding where you shall go, find out about the milk supply and as to whether fresh vegetables may be obtained. If you have to go to an hotel, choose the one that has a dining room for children and that tries in other ways, such as suitable playgrounds, playrooms, shallow beaches, etc., to meet the demands of their younger and more important visitors.

THE BABY.

BATHING.

Every baby should, of course, be given a bath in warm water every day throughout the year. In the hot summer months the skin is much more active, throwing off the waste products than in the cooler months, so that to keep the pores open and performing this function properly, a second bath should always be given in the evening. This not only freshens and invigorates the skin, but has a soothing effect on the infant tending to cause a restful sleep. Besides the excessive perspiration, the baby often suffers from prickly heat. For the latter try sponging two or three times daily with a cool solution of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda will do) in water, using one teaspoonful of soda to each pint of water.

CLOTHING

Remember that loose clothing keeps the child comfortable and allows proper growth. Do not hamper with an unnecessary weight. They should be warm, but not warm enough to cause perspiration. Let them be clean, light and suspended from the shoulders. A napkin, a muslin slip, a loosely knitted band are all that is required in very hot days.

AIRING.

Fresh air and sunshine are of as much importance as food. Have the baby sleep outside on a shaded verandah or under a tree. If in a room, have all the windows open. Use netting to keep off flies and mosquitoes, so that the child will not be disturbed. On the hot days, keep the child out of the direct glare of the sun. Use the shaded sides of the streets and keep in the parks when out, as much as possible. Let the baby develop its powers of initiative by playing alone outdoors or in large well-aired rooms.

FEEDING.

During the first fifteen months of life, the digestive apparatus is working under full speed. Just think, an infant in six months usually doubles its weight, and by the end of a year triples it. Such a rapid increase in growth occurs at no other time in life. In the summer months, the digestive system does not work as well as in the winter months. Less food is handled properly and there is less gain in weight. One must remember this and always give weaker milk mixtures in bottle-fed babies and a shorter nursing period in the breast-fed infants. A reduction of 15-25% is usually necessary. By reducing the food thus to the infant's working capacity, one does not run so much risk of having intestinal disorders. Later on, moreover, the gain in weight will be all that is desired. This must be thought of in the handling of difficult feeding cases, where the weight is stationary or gaining very slowly. Such babies usually do much better when the fall weather comes. The reduction in actual food is compensated for in a measure by an increased water intake. Frequent drinks of cooled boiled water should be given between meals. As long as there is a water-free interval one hour before and after feeding, any amount may be given in the remaining time.

MILK SUPPLY

Sometimes in the country, one is able to obtain a milk comparable to our certified milk, by making special arrangements with the farmer. This is done by supplying him with quart bottles into which the milk is strained (using absorbent cotton) as soon as the cow is milked, the bottles being then corked and placed in a pail of cracked ice. Previous to milking the udders are washed and wiped off with a cloth. The first jets of milk are allowed to escape by the milker, whose hands should be washed before beginning his work. Although one is not able to have this done in all cases, still it is possible to get good milk by expending a little time and money.

However, all reasonably clean milk is made perfectly safe by boiling for ten minutes. It is then cooled off as rapidly as possible, by placing the dish in another filled with cold or ice water, changing the latter a few times until the milk is cooled. The milk is then placed in a bottle, stoppered and put on ice. If no ice is obtainable, stand the milk bottle in a shallow dish containing about one inch of water. Place one end of a piece of cheescloth or old toweling in the water, wrapping the other about the bottle loosely. By capillary action the water spreads into the cheesecloth about the bottle. In the process of evaporation of the water, the heat is taken from the bottle, leaving the bottle cooler than it was before. By this continuous process, the bottle of milk may be kept sufficiently cool. This is the principle employed in the iceless refrigerators coming on the market at present.

VOMITING OR DIARRHEA

In a child previously normal, one must regard vomiting or frequent loose green stools as a danger signal. All food must be stopped, a dose of castor oil given, and nothing given but cooled boiled water for 20 hours, then if the condition is improving satisfactorily (*i.e*, the vomiting stopped and the stools becoming normal) the food may be started again, using only one-third to one-half strength, and in-

creasing very slowly. The foods should be boiled for 10 minutes. In cases of breast-fed infants, allow only 3-4 minutes nursing at first. If on the other hand the condition is not improving on the second day, call in a physician. Don't let the disturbance get ahead of you.

CONVULSIONS

When convulsions occur in the summer, the cause is usually traced to some improper feeding. The child is at once placed in a mustard bath. The temperature of the water should be about 105 deg., and the color a canary yellow (made by placing mustard in a cheesecloth bag and flipping through the water as one would prepare water for blueing clothes). Two are necessary to give a good bath, the one holding the head out of the water by one hand, with the other assisting the second helper to rub the child vigorously until the skin becomes reddened. This usually takes about 2-3 minutes. The infant is then wrapped in a warm blanket and put in bed. The next step is to clear the bowels of all foreign material. An injection is given at once, followed by a dose of castor oil as soon as the infant can swallow. Return to food should be gradual. If the convulsions continue or the child appears ill the next day call in a physician.

MOSQUITOES

When going to the country take mosquito netting to close in its cot and windows of the house, and also a bottle of carbolized glycerine water. The latter is good for sunburn and all kinds of irritating bites.

TRAINING.

Because the baby cries a little more than usual, probably because of the change, etc., mothers often begin to feed the infant oftener than they are accustomed to. This leads to further trouble. If the babe is restless at nights give it a warm sponge bath on retiring. On no account break away from the regular routine. Let the neighbors suffer, not the baby. Because of the fear of disturbing others, this rule is often broken. Go somewhere where you can treat your children as they are treated at home.

THE OLDER CHILDREN.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS

There is every probability that we will see more cases of this disease throughout Canada during the warm months. Do not let the appearance of a case in your neighborhood stampede you. Remember that there is far more chance of your child having measles or any other communicable disease than there is of it being afflicted with infantile paralysis. In all the epidemics there have been more deaths from the common contagious diseases than from this disease. Know how it comes on. Don't neglect the hygienic precaution given below. Call your doctor immediately on any appearance of acute illness. In this disease even more than in diphtheria, an early diagnosis is necessary to get the best results.

Infantile paralysis is a communicable disease. The organism causing it enters the system by way of the nose and throat. After gaining access to the blood, it localizes in the spinal cord and brain. The early symptoms of the disease are: high fever, vomiting and constipation, sore throat, drowsiness or extreme irritability.

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All the symptoms are not present in each case, usually there are two or three. All cases should be quarantined until a positive diagnosis is made. Use the same precaution as in other communicable disease. Ordinary hygienic precautions should be followed at all times. Wash the hands and mouth before eating. Do not allow your child to be kissed. Give the child a bath every day. Change the clothes in contact with the skin often. Do not take the child where it will be in crowded rooms, such as moving picture shows, closed street cars, shopping, etc. Keep the nose clean by blowing into thin cloths which may be burned. It may be washed most effectually by sponging the face and nose over a bathroom basin with hot running water. Use a diluted solution of hydrogen peroxide to wash the nose and throat daily.

Eternal vigilance is the price of safety. Keep a clean home, clean clothing and a clean body. Use fresh air, sunshine, soap and water.

As stated above the digestive organs should be relieved to some extent in the summer months. However, this season is peculiarly filled with conditions and events which tend to cause trouble. All kinds of fruit are eaten. Sometimes it is not ripe, sometimes too ripe. Ice cream is offered for sale at every turn. Picnics are not complete without a bountiful supply of candies, fruit, etc. To deprive children of all the things they are so fond of may appear inhuman. Nevertheless, parents as custodians must see that their children's mode of life is such as to preserve the best final product. Dentists tell us that excessive sugars, etc., in the diet have a very destructive action on the teeth. It is well known that the appetitie is spoiled only too often by the use of excessive sweets. The eating between meals of the articles mentioned causes the greatest trouble. There should be no eating between meals. The stomach needs a rest. It was not built to operate all the time. It needs the food properly masticated. It has no teeth. Do not expose your child to the danger of ice-cream cones bought haphazard on the street, give it occasionally as a treat at one of the regular meals. The subject is well put by the National Child's Welfare Association in the following words:

The child who is taught to eat—
What he should,
When he should
As he should,
Is gaining both physical and moral strength.



Canada's First Woman Member

By May L. Armitage

OUT of the turmoil and conflict of the recent provincial election in Alberta has arisen a feature which is generally pleasing to the women of the province no matter with which party their sympathy lies — there will be a woman member on the floor of the House next session, the first woman in Canada to sit in a legislature, a non-partisan member, too, who, if we forecast events correctly will not allow her vote to be swung to the seats of the mighty because of might, but who will stand for good, clean administration as she sees it.

Mrs. Louise C. McKinney, of Claresholm, Alberta, provincial president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, is this woman, and very modestly she takes her new honors. In speaking of her position she says:

"I am such an ordinary woman that I feel quite unworthy of being the recipient of so many expressions of good will as are showered upon me, and had I realized just what a big thing I was undertaking I fear my courage would have failed me.

"I am afraid I saw only this—someone was needed to fill a gap, and for many reasons I seemed to be the only one to fill it; the people in this locality were looking to me, and to refuse the call would have been cowardly, so without thinking of my being the first woman. indeed, without specially thinking that I was a woman at all, but just a citizen who felt the call of duty, I consented to become a candidate in the face of opposition that seemed to promise certain defeat."

This then is the spirit in which the first woman legislator is entering on her new duties, and it looks well for a good beginning. Mrs. McKinney certainly has the confidence of her constituency for, notwithstanding the strong opposition she mentions, she was returned by a splendid majority. The rural vote was behind her almost to a man—not to say a woman—and there was a very heavy vote polled all around, showing the keen interest taken.

IN speaking of the woman's vote Mrs. McKinney says: "While many of the women voted along party lines, by no means all of them voted with their husbands; considerable independence of thought was shown."



Mrs. Louise C. McKinney.

This state of affairs, by the way, held sway in the election in the larger centres of Alberta, particularly. Sanguine people who imagined the women would swallow campaign speeches without question, and take ready-made opinions from the male members of the family had occasion to change their minds. In the rural districts, the three weeks allowed after the election writs were issued, gave very short time for the burning questions of the day to be discussed, and for speakers to lay their different platforms before the women, particularly as the farmers were in the very midst of seeding. The new voters were just as keen to use their franchise, however, and when another election day comes around with its larger chances for political education, the women's vote is likely to leave a more distinct stamp upon the election than in this last one.

To return to Mrs. McKinney, however, she has friends up and down the length and breadth of Alberta on account of her W.C.T.U. work. She has been indefatigible along these lines; from the inception of the temperance movement in the United States, where she taught school in North Dakota, she has been affiliated with the movement and given of her time and energy to it. Coming to Alberta in 1903 she at once found work for her ready hands, and was connected with the provincial W.C.T.U. from its very beginning, first as recording secretary, then as corresponding secretary, for nine

years Provincial president, and for seven years Dominion vice-president.

During the prohibition campaign in Alberta Mrs. McKinney delivered about seventy-five addresses in different parts of the province, but when one asks her to see press notices she just says: "I didn't keep any record of what the press was saying—I hadn't time." Surely the first woman member of the House cannot be accused of vanity whatever faults or virtues may be laid at her door. Mrs. McKinney terms herself a "home woman" first of all, speaking of her public work as being very limited and unpretentious, though her friends speak of it in vastly different terms, she is a most fluent speaker, and while neither an orator nor an entertainer, she stays with her point till she makes it and till she leaves a lasting impression on the minds of her hearers. She is exceedingly strong-minded and a born organizer, the wonderful election vote of confidence her home people gave her showing that even in her own constituency she is a "prophet with honor."

MRS. McKINNEY is an Eastern Ontario woman. The people of Brockville remember her as Louise Crummy, born there in 1868. After her sojourn in North Dakota she was married in 1896, living in Claresholm, Alberta, since coming to the province with her husband. Mrs. McKinney has seen enough platforms and faced enough big issues not to let the provincial problems of Alberta stampede her. After she asks a question in the House she will demand an answer, and keep on demanding it till she gets it, and the question is liable to be very much to the point, too. The political "heelers" are likely to have a cool reception in the ante room from the woman member. Going into politics in the spirit in which this woman has entered them, with the records behind her which she has left, with the all-important mission of blazing the trail of precedent as the first woman member of any legislature in the Dominion of Canada, the people of Alberta feel sure that we can trust Mrs. McKinney to live up to the high calling of her office.

Her duties will be arduous, her position no doubt trying. Probably every woman's society in Alberta with a grievance to air will make the woman member's letter box its clearing house; impossible bills will be drafted for her "mothering"; stringent reforms which would defeat their own ends will be sternly demanded of her, but, have a look in Mrs. McKinney's eyes again! Is she, think you, going to be at the beck and call of the multitude? Will she make her decisions without mature reflection, and much weighing in the scales of judgment? Alberta is looking forward to the next session of the House for a real demonstration of non-partisan politics as far as that achievement lies within human accomplishment by Mrs. McKinney, and Alberta, we think, will not be disappointed.

In the September issue will appear another article by the author of "The Master Smuggler." It will tell of another remarkable conspiracy to beat the Canadian Customs.

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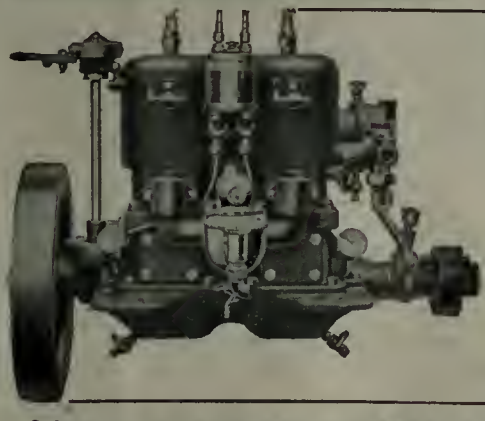
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Economy in Preserving and Canning

By Mrs. Elizabeth Atwood

IN THESE days when sugar is so expensive, it is encouraging to know that most canning and preserving recipes call for altogether too much sugar. Practically every variety of fruit will keep just as well if less sugar is used.

In the old days when one could get from twenty to twenty-five pounds of sugar for a dollar, and when almost every country woman used quantities of brown sugar costing much less, or maple sugar from the home maple orchard, the good housewives used to vie with each other in using a great quantity of sugar. There seemed to prevail the impression that the more sugar one used, the "classier" she was. I can think of no other word so suitable.

Now as a matter of fact too much sugar spoiled canned or preserved fruit, at least for the average palate. And most of the "men folk" do not care for preserves that are so saccharine-sweet.

To-day, when sugar is so expensive, it is just as well to "put up," that is, can, fruit as to preserve them, for the regulation fruit preserves and nearly half sugar are decidedly expensive.

Many people are of the belief that the sugar preserves the fruit. It is thorough sterilization and then air-tight sealing that makes the fruit keep almost indefinitely, so that by lessening the amount of sugar used you do not endanger the keeping qualities.

The first step is to examine the jars and see that there is no defect in them, not the slightest crack, as this will admit air and spoil the contents. It is more economical to throw away an imperfect jar and buy a new one, than to use it, as the chances are the imperfect jar will mean the loss of your fruit, sugar and labor in canning it. Sterilization kills molds, bacteria and spores, the low forms of vegetable life that destroy fruit and vegetables. Never economize on rubber rings. Use new ones each year as the old ones will crack and being hard will not keep out the air.

To sterilize the jars have two pans partially filled with cold water. Place some jars in one, laying them on the side, and some covers in the other pan. Place these pans on stove and heat water to boiling point. Keep them boiling fifteen minutes. Have a large dish pan on the stove with boiling water, and in this sterilize spoons, strainers, cups, funnels and all utensils used in canning. You cannot be too careful, in order to insure a stock of fruit that will keep.

When ready to fill, remove jar from boiling water with skimmer, set upright in pan, fill with prepared fruit to overflowing, pack down with silver knife or spoon, wipe rim of jar, dip rubber band in boiling water and put it smoothly on jar, then put on cover and fasten. Fruit must be boiling hot and work must be done rapidly. Wipe jars and set aside to cool. If screw tops are used, tighten again when cool as the glass will contract. If canning by means of boiling the fruit in cans the only difference is to fill the hot clean jars with fruit and close, then place in boiling water and let boil for an hour. Careful housewives prefer to repeat this boiling process a second time after the jar of fruit has only partially cooled.

ALL fruits should be freshly picked. No imperfect fruit should be canned. Gnarly fruit may be used for jellies or marmalades by cutting out defective portions. Bruised spots should be cut out of peaches and pears.

When fruit is brought into the house put it where it will keep cool and crisp until you are ready to use it.

Prepare only as much fruit as can be cooked while it still retains its color and crispness. Before beginning to pare fruit have the sugar weighed or measured.

Decide upon the amount of fruit you will cook at one time, then have two bowls —one for the sugar and one for the fruit —that will hold just the quantity of each. As the fruit is pared or hulled, as the case may be, drop it into its measuring bowl. When the measure is full put the fruit and sugar in the preserving kettle. While this is cooking another measure may be prepared, put in the second preserving kettle. In this way the fruit is cooked quickly and put in the jars and sealed at once, leaving the pans ready to sterilize another set of jars.

All large, hard fruit must be washed before paring. Quinces should be rubbed with a coarse towel before they are washed.

If berries must be washed, do the work before stemming or hulling them. The best way to wash berries is to put a small quantity into a colander and pour cold water over them; then turn them on a sieve to drain. All this work must be done quickly that the fruit may not absorb much water.

Do not use the fingers for hulling strawberries.

If practical pare fruit with a silver knife, so as not to stain or darken the product. The quickest and easiest way to peel peaches is to drop them into boiling water for a few minutes. Have a deep kettle a little more than half full of boiling water; fill a wire basket with peaches; put a long-handled spoon under the handle of the basket and lower into the boiling water. At the end of three minutes lift the basket out by slipping the spoon under the handle. Plunge the basket for a moment into a pan of cold water. Let the peaches drain a minute, then peel. Plums and tomatoes may be peeled in the same manner.

PEACHES may be canned whole or in halves. If in halves, remove nearly all the stones. For the sake of the flavor, a few stones should be put in each jar.

When preparing cherries, plums, or crab apples, for canning or preserving, the stem or a part of it may be left on the fruit.

When the jelly is to be made from any of the large fruits the important part of the preparation is to have the fruit washed clean, then to remove the stem and the blossom end. Nearly all the large fruits are better for having the skin left on. Apples and pears need not be cored. There is so much gummy substance in the cores of quinces that it is best not to use this portion in making fine jelly.

Following are some of the standard rules for canning fruits:

RASPBERRIES OR BLACKBERRIES.

12 quarts of raspberries or blackberries.
1½ quarts sugar.

Put two quarts of the fruit in the preserving kettle; heat slowly on the stove; crush with a wooden vegetable masher; spread a square of cheesecloth over a bowl, and turn the crushed berries and juice into it. Press out the juice, which turn into the preserving kettle. Add the sugar and put on the stove; stir until the sugar is dissolved. When the syrup begins to boil, add the remaining 10 quarts of berries. Let them heat slowly. Boil ten minutes, counting from the time they begin to bubble. Skim well while boiling. Put in cans and seal as directed.

CURRANTS.

12 quarts currants.
2 quarts sugar.

Treat the same as for raspberries.

RIPE GOOSEBERRIES.

6 quarts of berries.
1 quart sugar.
½ pint water.

Dissolve the sugar in the water, then add the fruit and cook fifteen minutes.

BLUEBERRIES.

12 quarts of berries.
1½ pints sugar.
1 pint water.

Put water, berries, and sugar in the preserving kettle; heat slowly. Boil fifteen minutes, counting from the time the contents of the kettle begin to bubble.

CHERRIES.

6 quarts of cherries.
1 quart of sugar.
½ pint water.

Measure the cherries after the stems have been removed. Be careful to save all the juice. Put the sugar and water in the preserving kettle and stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. Put in the cherries and heat slowly to the boiling point. Boil ten minues, skimming carefully.

GRAPES.

6 quarts of grapes.
1½ pints of sugar.
1 gill of water.

Squeeze the pulp of the grapes out of the skins. Cook the pulp five minutes and then rub through a sieve that is fine enough to hold back the seeds. Put the water, skins, and pulp into the preserving kettle and heat slowly to the boiling point. Skim the fruit and then add the sugar. Boil fifteen minutes.

RHUBARB.

Cut the rhubarb when it is young and tender. Wash it thoroughly and then pare; cut into pieces about two inches long. Pack in sterilized jars. Fill the jars to overflowing with cold water and let them stand ten minutes. Drain off

the water and fill again to overflowing with fresh cold water. Seal with sterilized rings and covers. When required for use, treat the same as fresh rhubarb.

Green gooseberries may be canned in the same manner. Rhubarb may be cooked and canned with sugar in the same manner as gooseberries, but it is poor economy.

PEACHES.

8 quarts of peaches.
1½ pints of sugar.
3 quarts of water.

Put the sugar and water together and stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. When the syrup boils skim it. Draw the kettle back where the syrup will keep hot but not boil.

Put a layer of the prepared fruit into the preserving kettle and cover with some of the hot syrup. When the fruit begins to boil, skim carefully. Boil gently for ten minutes, then put in the jars and seal. If the fruit is not fully ripe it may require a little longer time to cook. It should be so tender that it may be pierced easily with a silver fork. It is best to put only one layer of fruit in the preserving kettle. While this is cooking the fruit for the next batch may be pared.

PEARS.

If the fruit is ripe it may be treated the same as peaches. If, on the other hand, it is rather hard it must be cooked until so tender that a silver fork will pierce it readily.

QUINCES.

4 quarts of pared, cored and quartered quinces.
1 quart of sugar.
2 quarts of water.

Rub the fruit hard with a coarse, crash towel, then wash and drain. Pare, quarter, and core; drop the pieces into cold water. Put the fruit in the preserving kettle with cold water to cover it generously. Heat slowly and simmer gently until tender. The pieces will not all require the same time to cook. Take each piece up as soon as it is so tender that a silver fork will pierce it readily. Drain on a platter. Strain the water in which the fruit was cooked through cheesecloth. Put two quarts of the strained liquid and the sugar into the preserving kettle; stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. When it boils skim well and put in the cooked fruit. Boil gently for about twenty minutes.

CRAB APPLES.

6 quarts of apples.
1 quart of sugar.
2 quarts of water.

Put the sugar and water into the preserving kettle. Stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. When the syrup boils skim it.

Wash the fruit, rubbing the blossom end well. Put it in the boiling syrup and cook gently until tender. It will take from twenty to fifty minutes, depending upon the hardness of the apples.

PLUMS.

8 quarts of plums.
1½ quarts of sugar.
1 pint of water.

Nearly all kinds of plums can be cooked with the skins on. If it is desired to remove the skin of any variety, plunge them in boiling water for a few minutes. When the skins are left on, prick them thoroughly to prevent bursting.

Put the sugar and water into the preserving kettle and stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. Wash and drain the plums. Put some of the fruit in the boiling syrup. Do not crowd it. Cook five minutes; fill and seal the jars. Put more fruit in the syrup. Continue in this manner until all the fruit is done. It may be that there will not be sufficient syrup toward the latter part of the work; for this reason it is well to have a little extra syrup on the back of the stove.

STEWED TOMATOES.

Wash the tomatoes and plunge into boiling water for five minutes. Pare and slice, and then put into the preserving kettle; set the kettle on an iron ring. Heat the tomatoes slowly, stirring frequently from the bottom. Boil for thirty minutes. Put in sterilized jars and seal. Use no sugar.

PRESERVES

While it is far more expensive to preserve than to can fruit because of the amount of sugar necessary, there are always special occasions in the home when it is desirable to have them on hand. Here are a few of the more desirable preserves.

STRAWBERRIES.

Use equal weights of sugar and strawberries. Put the strawberries in the preserving kettle in layers, sprinkle sugar over each layer. The fruit and sugar should not be more than 4 inches deep. Place the kettle on the stove and heat the fruit and sugar slowly to the boiling point. When it begins to boil skim carefully. Boil ten minutes, counting from the time the fruit begins to bubble. Pour the cooked fruit into platters, having it about 2 or 3 inches deep. Place the platters in a sunny window, in an unused room, for three days. In that time the fruit will grow plump and firm, and the syrup will thicken almost to a jelly. Put this preserve, cold, into jars or tumblers.

WHITE CURRANTS.

Select large, firm fruit, remove the stems, and proceed as for strawberries.

CHERRIES.

The sour cherries are best for this preserve. Remove the stems and stones from the cherries and proceed as for strawberry preserve.

PLUM PRESERVE.

4 quarts greengages.
2 quarts of sugar.
1 pint of water.

Prick the fruit and put it in a preserving kettle. Cover generously with cold water. Heat to the boiling point and boil gently for five minutes. Drain well.

Put the sugar and water in a preserving kettle and stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. Boil five minutes, skimming well. Put the drained greengages in this syrup and cook gently for twenty minutes. Put in sterilized jars.

Other plums may be preserved in the same manner. The skins should be removed from white plums.

QUINCES.

4 quarts of pared, quartered and cored quinces.
2 quarts of sugar.
1 quart of water.

Boil the fruit in clear water until it is tender, then skim out and drain.

Put the sugar and one quart of water in the preserving kettle; stir until the sugar is dissolved. Let it heat slowly to the boiling point. Skim well and boil twenty minutes. Pour one-half of the syrup into a second kettle. Put one-half of the cooked and drained fruit into each kettle. Simmer gently for half an hour, then put in sterilized jars. The water in which the fruit was boiled can be used with the parings, cores, and gnarly fruit to make jelly.

"Women and Their Work" is a new department in MacLean's. It will be found regularly in the magazine from now on and will, it is hoped, establish a closer bond of interest with the women readers. The new department will be an eminently practical one, presenting only such material as will be really useful and helpful. Such articles as appear will be from the very best writers only, and the subjects dealt with will be carefully selected with a view to giving the information that the wideawake woman wants. Perhaps you have some suggestions to make with reference to "Women and Their Work." If so, drop a line to the editor and tell him about it.



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The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance

THE crop situation holds the centre of interest at the present moment. A month ago it looked as though the country would show bumper yields in most crops, but conditions since have not been as favorable as had been hoped. The lack of rain, both east and west, but especially in the West, has been a deterrent feature. As it is, however, the outlook is a hopeful one, and it is assured that the total production will show a substantial increase over 1916, though it may not equal the record of 1915. The outlook is sufficiently good to justify an optimistic viewpoint. Oats, barley, rye, hay, beans and potatoes have increased acreage all over Canada, and at present writing better than a normal yield is promised in all lines. It follows that the food supply derivable from these crops will be largely in excess of last year's, probably the total will be the largest on record. Wheat will probably be about the same as last year. Some reports indicate a slight increase, but it is too early to speak confidently on that score, and the best advices do not hold out hope of any increase.

However, the outstanding fact is that crops are good. Canada has not produced the hugely increased food supply that was so vehemently demanded in the early months of the year. Considering, however, the shortage of labor and the unfavorable weather conditions which have prevailed at certain stages, we have not done badly. It must be borne in mind also that the vegetable yield of city backyards and corner plots will be no inconsiderable factor. There will be an abundance of potatoes, beans, tomatoes, turnips and carrots. It is quite imposible to attempt any estimate of the amount actually available, but there can be no doubt that most families will buy fewer vegetables than before. This will make possible the sending of food overseas, and, what is perhaps more to the point, the conservation of other sources of food supply. So it develops that the amateur gardener has really done a valuable patrotic duty this year. The labor which has caused the vacant lot and the unused backyards to yield abundantly has been a real factor in our win-the-war efforts.

THE business situation is briefly this: The country is busier than ever before in every way, but a real money pinch is being felt. The shortage of money has come up on the horizon like a storm cloud, and it is much larger than a man's hand. It does not spell disaster, but certainly it demands caution and conservation.

The fact of the matter is that the war is costing us a tremendous sum, and it is going to entail close financing and considerable sacrifice, both national and individual, to pay the piper. Sir Thomas White went to Washington to negotiate his last loan in the United States because it was apparent that it would be difficult to raise the money in our own country. The last war loan had not been entirely assimilated and the banks and investment houses were openly fearsome of the effect of going to the country with another loan. Sir Thomas was successful in his mission, but he had to pay a stiff rate before Uncle Sam loosened his purse strings. It is estimated that the cost to our government will be nearly 8 per cent. It will be recognized that such a bargain would not have been entered into had not the need for it been very pressing.

However, the result has been highly beneficial. It is now likely that the Finance Minister will not need to bring on another loan until the first of the year, and this will give the public a breathing spell. When the next loan comes, the money will be in sight and, in the meantime, the banks will be enabled to attend adequately to the demands of regular business and to finance the crop; the latter a most important consideration indeed.

The consent of the Washington Government to the launching of a Canadian loan in the United States is a tangible evidence of the great good will which now pertains. True, a shrewd bargain was driven before the matter was closed, but it must be recognized that Uncle Sam has financial problems of his own, and, that, with another Liberty loan pending, he has to carefully conserve his money resources. In the present relations lies the promise of much closer and more friendly trade relations after the war is over. Canadian business men should not fail to recognize this fact. The war has opened the way to a broader amity and a more complete understanding between us. It is inevitable that our trade and financial relations with the United States will be closer, more cordial and more extended. The business man who fails to shape his course accordingly, will be judged guilty of shortsightedness.

FROM the industrial standpoint, Canada is still abnormally busy. The heavy burden of munition-making, added to the activity always found when the individual citizen is prosperous, keeps industrial Canada hard at work like a modern Sisyphus, striving to roll the heavy stone of Supply to the top of the steep hill of Demand. Despite government caution, despite the earnest promptings that come from so many sources, people continue to buy what they like when they like. The bigger-than-usual wage continues to burn a hole in the pocket of the average Canadian, and consequently the demand for all luxuries is still heavy. It follows that our motto has become more-business-than-usual.

The shortage of money already noted has not yet filtered down to the pocket of the average man. Even the high cost of everything has not put any pinch on

the average pocket yet. The salaried man feels it, but the wage earner finds so much more in his envelope that the old spectre of the High Cost of Living has lost some of the fearsomeness of its aspect.

That the pinch will come is almost certain unless the public can be awakened to a sense of the impending danger. If the individual can be induced to save, save, save, the crisis which now looms on the horizon—far off yet, but still there—may be averted. For, if the individual saves, the deposit in the savings departments will increase and the banks will have the money to finance the ever-increasing demands of business. Furthermore, the money will be available then for war loans.

Unquestionably the main consideration in viewing the future is this matter of economy. We must have economy—in our homes, in our offices, in our Government departments at Ottawa. With economy will come abiding prosperity; with continued carelessness and extravagance will come doubt, uncertainty, perhaps even a very serious situation.

The Policyholder and Railroad Bonds

IT is unfortunate that the general public takes so little interest in what might be termed matters of high finance—the financing of railroads, the management of big corporations, etc. The average man has refused to take more than a cursory interest in such matters because he feels that it is of little concern to him. He is mistaken. As a matter of fact, he is a shareholder in the railroads, and, in a sense, also a bondholder in the big corporations.

Look at it this way. The big insurance companies and the banks are in no very unreal way the owners of industrial corporations and railways. They do not hold control of the stock, but they are the ultimate owners in the sense that they hold or control big blocks of securities. It was recently given out in the United States that railroad securities in that country were held as follows: Life insurance companies, $1,550,000,000; savings banks, $840,000,000, marine and fire insurance companies, $679,000,000; trust companies, $865,000,000. Figures are not available at the moment for Canada, but there can be no doubt that the securities are held here in somewhat the same proportion.

In turn, the insurance companies are, in a certain sense owned by their policyholders and the banks by their depositors. It is interesting to quote from a recent speech by J. W. Stedman, of the Prudential Life Insurance Co. (American) delivered, as a matter of fact, before the Interstate Commerce Commission, when the discussion of higher freight rates was on:

> I want to say at the outset that I represent the Prudential Insurance Company of America, which is a mutual concern and is owned by over 11,000,000 policyholders scattered all over the United States. Ten million of these policyholders are members of hard-working families of moderate means; over 40 per cent. of the assets representing their good money consists of railroad securities, recognized by the various States in which we do business as legal investments for

Continued on page 9.

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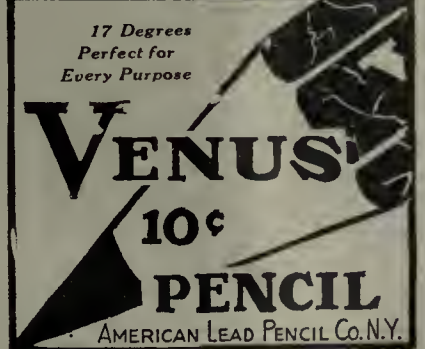
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White's Order

White did it one day last month—sold Kendrick & Co. a Cyclone Exhaust Head. He had been trying to make the sale for months, but Kendrick's manager, Waldron, "couldn't see it." He saw it, however, when the roof began to leak, and had to be repaired. It cost $500.

"A stitch in time saves nine," White had said more than once. He pointed out to Waldron that the escaping steam, in which oil vapors were present, when condensed on the roof, was doing damage to the roof and walls. Waldron wouldn't admit it, and declared it to be all poppycock—until one day the roof leaked, and repairs had to be made.

The damage to the roof was of considerable area, for the shifting winds had carried the escaping steam over all the roof, and spread the condensation rather widely.

"White," said Waldron, when he phoned, "come and tell us what size exhaust head to instal."

"Don't need to go to you," said White. "You require size 9, cost $105. I've a memo here which I made the first time I called. But what's the matter? Roof gone bad?"

"Yes, consarn you, and it will cost us $500 to fix it and another $100 or so for you—Now, don't go and say—'I told you so'—but get one of those Cyclones here as quick as you can"—and Waldron rang off.

White smiled, because not only had his judgment proved right but he knew that Waldron would be more attentive to him in the future when he urged other steam specialties, everyone designed and guaranteed to save money in more directions than one.

* * *

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The Investment Situation

This is the idea of investment that MacLean's Magazine desires to present: That men and women should save carefully, putting their money in the bank; should carry endowment and life insurance; should make a will, naming some good trust company as executor. When these matters have been taken care of, the surplus income should be invested in good Government and municipal bonds. To these might be added good real estate mortgages, but the average man or woman who is not in close touch with values would be unwise to put money into mortgages at the present time, except indirectly through investment in some of the good loan companies' shares. Men and women, and particularly young men, whose incomes are above the average, who are not dependent upon a sure income from their investments and who are willing to take risks to secure a larger return on their money, may buy shares in financial and industrial companies. MacLean's Magazine does not care to advise readers on any particular securities, but with the aid of the editor of THE FINANCIAL POST will gladly give regular subscribers opinions on new flotations.—The Editors.

A SUBSCRIBER writes: "Is the yield on bonds likely to go higher than at present?" This question is one that is being discussed freely at the present time. A census of the security houses would probably lead to the conclusion that munipal bonds are likely to be cheaper before prices stiffen up, which would mean, of course, that larger yields would be obtained. There are many, however, who believe that the market has now reached its lowest point, that the prices obtained for bonds are bound to stiffen. They point out that 6 per cent. on municipal securities has become a commonplace and that during the present year a very large volume of business has been done with the investing public at terms which yielded over 6 per cent. This has not been for low-grade securities by any means. It used to be possible to secure 6 per cent. by buying, say school debentures of Podunkia, a flourishing town on the western prairies—with 120 population and a big future when the railway got in. Nowadays, the investor gets first-class stuff at terms to yield him more than the once fabulous 6-bonds of western Ontario cities for instance. Winnipeg Greater Waterways is typical of the trend of the market. This proposition, secured by the City of Winnipeg itself, and therefore, secure to a gilt-edged degree, netted anywhere from 6 1-3 to 6½ per cent.

The man who believes that prices have reached the bottom puts forward the argument that municipalities, cannot afford to pay more for their money than they are doing now. It is costing them now close to 8 per cent. in many cases, when all expenses and commissions are figured. Anything above this would be prohibitive and municipalities would simply have to give up further improvements until the money market moderated. "Buy now," is the advice of those who hold this view. "Bonds will never be obtainable at a more satisfactory figure."

On the other side it is possible to show that money is extremely scarce at the present time, and getting scarcer. The continual drain of war expenditure is drawing huge sums out of circulation. Much of this goes back to the manufacturer of war supplies and from the manufacturer it filters back into the ordinary channels of trade. A large proportion of it, however goes abroad. In addition, the higher cost of labor and raw material has made it necessary for businesses to have more capital to operate on. As a result the banks are hard pressed to find the funds for the demands of their customers. Money, in fact, is scarce. When a municipality comes along and asks for, say, $100,000 to build new sewers or lay pavements, it finds a market prone to hang on to every penny because there are plenty of uses ahead for every penny. The municipality can get that $100,000 only by making an attractive offer. During the past few months there have been numerous cases where municipalities have called for tenders on projected bond issues and have not had a single bid—because the terms were not sufficiently attractive. It is certain that money is going to become scarcer as time, and the war, go on. It follows that the difficulties met with in securing money for municipal purposes will increase, and it is perhaps not unreasonable to assume that municipalities will have to sell their bonds at still lower figures—thus giving bigger yields. It is not feasible to suppose that all improvement work can be stopped. There is a great deal of work that must be done no matter how great the cost.

On the whole, therefore, the weight of argument seems in favor of the probability of cheaper bonds. In view of the splendid yields now obtainable, however, it would not be advisable to "hold off." The probable improvement in yield that the future may bring would not likely offset the loss in interest entailed in delay in purchasing.

AND, AFTER all, is it not logical that yields should be larger? The man who lives on the yield of his labor or his brain has found it necessary to get a bigger yield in order to keep pace with the advanced cost of living. The man who depends on his investments is in the same position. He could not make the old rates of 4½ per cent. and 5 per cent. do what they used to do for him. The purchasing value of the dollar has shrunk too far for that during the past six years, but more particularly during the last three. The investor is on all accounts entitled to a larger yield. He is getting it; and, if the cost of living continues to advance, he is going to do still better.

CERTAINLY the investment market at the present time is highly satisfactory from the standpoint of the investor. Big yields are obtainable. It is now possible to get 6 per cent. and better on long term stuff; and, if after the war the cost of living recedes, as it probably will, that yield will look bigger all the time.

War loans offer a doubly attractive method of investment, combining high yield and government security with the fulfilment of patriotic duty. Every person with money to invest should figure on war loans first. A certain share at least of the funds available for investment

should be put into war loans. From the purely business standpoint an investment in war issues is most attractive because this alone of all sources of revenue will be exempt from the new income tax.

The Policyholder and Railroad Bonds

Continued from page 7.

life insurance companies, having a par value of $184,000,000. Feeling myself as one of the future trustees for these people who, all unconsciously, may face a large financial loss, I am glad to see this opportunity.

The man on the street who has savings in the bank and life insurance policies does not reason out their connection for himself. He believes that what he holds is a policy or a pass book; he does not see that in reality he holds a financial interest in railroad and other bonds.

It has frequently been urged by MACLEAN'S that the investor should take a real interest in the affairs of the concerns in which he has placed his money. In fact, no man is safe in investing his money with any concern which he has not carefully studied or in a field which he does not understand. This necessity for interest on the part of that individual can now be extended to the insurance policyholder and the bank depositor. The possession of a policy and a pass book means that the ups and downs of the biggest corporations become matters of personal concern.

A Strange Race in the Balkans

The Customs and Characteristics of the Albanians.

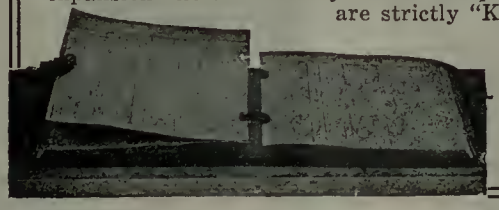
THE world knows little of Albania. The other Balkan races have become familiar to the world at large and we know much of the customs and characteristics of Serbs, Roumanians and Bulgarians. But Albania, the little mountainous corner resting on the Adriatic and hedged in by Montenegro and Greece, is a practically a closed book. An interesting picture of Albania and the Albanians is given by a native writer, one Ismail Kemal Bey in the *Quarterly Review*. He writes, in part:

Between the Adriatic, the Pindus, the range of the Balkans and the Dinaric Alps, on the dividing line between East and West, where history has witnessed the meeting of so many wandering peoples and so many nascent civilizations, Albania stands like a formidable rampart. Protected from foreign invasion on three sides by its circle of mountain peaks, and on the fourth by the sea, Albania was formerly inhabited by a race whose origin dates from Pelasgic times. Though not strangers to the civilization of the Greeks, this race nevertheless preserved its own character and the pride of its pre-Hellenic origin. In the second century B.C. the country became the refuge of all the Macedonian and Epirote tribes who, refusing to bow before the Roman domination, fled before the legions of Æmilius Paulus. In its outward aspect, the country of Albania is somewhat forbidding. But, once in the interior, one finds sites and contrasts of great beauty and charm. Between two mountainous chains of

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The Crop and Business

In view of the great importance of the crop in relation to the Empire's food supply and Canada's business prosperity, THE FINANCIAL POST will present each week a special article dealing with the developments in a broad way and as they affect the business situation as a whole. This article will be edited by F. M. Chapman, Editor of The Farmer's Magazine, who will have direct and authoritative information on the Western Canadian situation supplied regularly by Miss Cora Hind, a former member of our staff, but now Agricultural Editor of the Manitoba Free Press, a publication whose information for some years has not taken second place even to the current Government statistics. Miss Hind's service will be supplemented by reports from the Provincial Departments of Agriculture from time to time.

THE POST believes that this special on agricultural conditions as presented to the readers of THE POST will prove a very valuable guide to the manufacturers and business men, as well as to the investing public as to the developments of the crop in relation to general business and financial affairs.

This is only one of the many news features that THE POST gives its readers every week. It has become so valuable that thousands of them renew year after year.

The Financial Post of Canada

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barren heights, which from afar seem unattractive enough, there lie pleasant valleys and extensive plains of great richness and fertility. Behind that curtain of rocky peaks and steep acclivities there stretch wide expanses of field and forest covered with green or gold, according to the season. At the very threshold of gloomy gorges or narrow defiles in the mountains, one comes suddenly upon delicious oases covered with rich vegetation. Thundering torrents pouring down the mountain side are replaced a little further on by limpid brooks noiselessly meandering through aromatic valleys, while great clumps of evergreen trees and bushes are scattered on the emerald hill-side. Along the sea coast, bays of limpid blue and serene, bottomless gulfs lie at the foot of mountains whose peaks are bathed eternally in the drifting clouds.

Such is the country where for centuries have lived the 'Shkupetars' (the 'Men of the Eagle'). Dwelling in a sort of isolation, they were variously grouped under the generic name of Macedonians or Illyrians, according to the caprice of different conquerors. But they themselves, profoundly indifferent to these arbitrary arrangements, which did not interfere with their race, their language or their national character, seemed hardly to be aware of the fall of Empires or the changes of frontiers. Proudly they preserved the independence of which no power could deprive them. On the fall of the Roman Empire, they reappeared on the world's stage to prove that they were of a race whose solidity time could not affect, and whose national genius custom could not pervert. Since those days, whenever an attack has been made upon their liberties, they have been found as intrepid as in the far-off times when they followed Alexander the Great or Pyrrhus; and to-day they display the singular and interesting spectacle of a nationality preserved pure and undefiled through the centuries, in spite of so many succesive conquests by Romans, Byzantines, Normans, Bulgarians, Serbs, Italians and Turks.

In spite of the religious and other consequences of the Turkish domination, the Albanians have remained faithful to the customs and habits of their ancestors. The three principal objects of an Albanian's devotion are his honor, his family, and his country. The notion of honor is inculcated in him from the earliest age. He prefers death to an insult that has not been wiped out. No consideration of interest stands higher in his estimation than the 'bessa' (or word of honor). In the presence of the corpse of father or brother, he will respect the very murderer to whom he has given his 'bessa' on receiving him in his house. The stranger will enjoy the united protection of all the inhabitants of a village or the members of a tribe if one of them, even the most humble, has given his word of honor. Closely connected with this sense of honor is that of personal dignity. It has been erroneously stated that Albania is a feudal country. But feudalism is incompatible with that sense of personal honor and independence which is characteristic of the Albanian, and which is carried to such lengths that the humblest consider themselves the equals, man for man, of the highest. Obedience to the chief is simply a form of showing respect, a duty inculcated in every one from the earliest age.

Family ties are very strong among the Albanians. The head of the family is lord of the household, but not its despot. He it is who directs all the affairs of the community and executes the decisions taken in council. The sons and grandsons, even after marriage, continue to live together in a group. There are families whose members, living together under the same roof or in the same enclosure, number sixty or eighty people. Each region of the country consists of a considerable stretch of territory in which the different villages are considered to be composed of members of the same family. But the word 'family' in Albania has a much wider meaning than elsewhere. By the word 'fisse' is understood a group of families descending from a common stem, while by the word 'far' is meant the closer relationship existing among the members of one or several of these families; and these family ties are so much respected that the inhabitants of the



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same village, whether Mussulman or Christian, never intermarry. The depositary of local authority is by right the oldest member of the principal family; and his councillors are the older men of the other families. Among certain tribes, like those of the mountains of Upper Albania, the real chiefs are the 'Voivodes' and the 'Bairaktars' (or standard-bearers); and the council consists of the elders, whose number varies according to that of the families. After them come the 'Dovrans' (or guarantors), and the 'Djoibars' (a kind of bailiff). The chiefs and their councillors or, in the mountainous parts, the 'Voivodes' and the 'Bairaktars' watch over local interests and apply the law. The 'Dovrans' meet and consult with the council whenever a crime has been committed or local interests are in jeopardy. It is they also who issue the call to arms in case of need. It is the task of the "Djoibars,' chosen from among the bravest and most influential of the families, to carry out the decisions of the Council.

Nowhere does woman enjoy more consideration or influence than in my country. As wife her individuality is completely subordinated to the authority of her husband, but this is not the case as regards her acts in common or public life, for she is always consulted on questions relating to family or country. She is less proud of her beauty, her birth, or her wealth than of the number of her sons and their merit, which she considers redounds to herself. The mother of a number of children is an object of veneration. In spite of these privileges the Albanian woman is never seen in public with her husband. She carries her Stoic qualities so far that she is never present at the departure of her husband on warlike expeditions. But should the country be in danger, either through invasion or by an arbitrary act of the Government, it is the women who first raise the alarm and urge their menfolk to defence or revolt.

The Albanians, who value highly both the ties of relationship and the pleasures of friendship, find many occasions of strengthening these bonds and of observing the traditions attaching to them. For instance, the new-born child is presented to the chief of the family and to all the members, the oldest of whom chooses his name. When the child is seven days old, all the relatives and friends are invited to a dinner, where a special sweet dish made for the occasion is served. Another intimate ceremony, which is carried out with a certain amount of pomp, is the cutting of a lock of the child's hair in the course of its first year. The father chooses a friend to do this — a Christian if the father be a Mussulman, and *vice versa*. The lock of hair is placed in a purse as a souvenir. This act is supposed to create a spiritual relationship between the family of the child and the friend, and by it they contract obligations towards each other of mutual aid or vengeance in case of outrage. This kind of alliance is held in especial honor among the mountaineers, where Mussulmans and Christians both call it the Saint-Nicolo.

Every young Albanian has a foster-brother (called 'vlam'), either of the same religion as himself or a different one, who is considered as an actual member of the family and takes part in its joys and griefs and its vendettas. There is no instance of such a tie having been broken through animosity or treason; and in many parts these engagements are considered so sacred that the children of the two families do not intermarry. The ceremony of contracting this relationship of the 'vlam' differs in different parts of the country; but usually the two foster-brothers, after taking vows of fidelity before relatives and witnesses, cut each other slightly in the finger and then suck each other's blood.

"The Pawns Count"
By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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Federation After the War?

The Possibility of a British-American Alliance

By Lord Northcliffe.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Two men have stood out above all others in Britain during the war as representing determination, initiative, action—David Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe. The work of the latter has been done largely through his many newspapers and periodicals, but, in accepting the mission which he is now carrying out in the United States, the famous publisher has undertaken a personal task of broad purpose and scope. In view of his work in America, the following article which he has prepared for MacLean's Magazine will be read with widest interest.*

AMONG the consequences of the war none has been more surprising, none more fraught with happy augury, than the visit paid in July by a detachment of Canadian Highlanders to the United States, and the warmth of the welcome they met with.

That British troops in uniform should march through American cities, should be cheered in New York, should arouse a city like Newark, New Jersey, to enthusiasm, should march up Bunker Hill without calling forth a word of Jingo protest—that is one of the most astonishing events of our time. When I rose a few weeks ago to address the vast recruiting rally in Madison Square Garden, New York, the joint recruiting rally of the British and American organizations, I felt the significance of the occasion sweep over me. I said to the fourteen thousand people there assembled: "This is a historic meeting." It was such a meeting as could never have occurred before.

It was not sentiment which had made it possible. Talk of closer relations might have gone on for centuries without producing this effect. This meeting at which British and American speakers appeared on the same platform and made a joint appeal for men to fight the common enemy for a common end, was made possible only by Facts. Words could not have done it. It was the common danger and the need for united effort to repel it which brought the two great English-speaking nations of the world nearer together than they have ever been before.



Lord Northcliffe, photo taken since arrival in U. S.

I do not greatly believe in sentiment as a factor of importance in international friendships. Alliances are formed for mutual protection. The French Republic would not have allied herself with the Russian autocracy if the ever present threat of German aggression had not forced her to seek a friend where she could. It is well known that the Austrians dislike the Prussians and despise them for their boorish manners and lack of taste. Austria has not forgotten the defeat inflicted upon her by Prussia in 1866. Nothing but force of circumstances would have caused Austria to ally herself with Prussia. If national sentiment were the determining factor in the formation of alliances, how could we explain Bulgaria's choice to fight in this war alongside of Turkey with whom she was at death-grips five years ago, and against the Serbians who were then her "dear and trusted allies?"

THE United States and the five free nations which constitute the British Empire have come together in so unexpected a manner for mutual protection. The United States came into the war, their leading men have assured us, not because of their traditional sympathy for France, not because Belgium lay under the hoof of the Hun satyr, not to spread Democracy in Europe, but to safeguard American interests. Senator Borah was generally admitted to express the prevailing opinion among thinking Americans when he declared in the United States Senate on July 26:

"I did not vote for war out of sympathy with France, much as I admire her, but because our American rights were trampled on and our people murdered, with the prospect of continued outrages and national degradation. I voted for war to make safe our own blessed republic and give dignity, honor and security to this democracy of the United States. I did not vote for war to spread democracy throughout Europe although I would be glad to see every King and Prince exiled and every dynasty

broken forever. This has become an American war, a fight for American principles, to be discontinued when American interests are safeguarded and satisfied. It is no longer a war to spread democracy in Europe or for rehabilitation of European countries. It is a war showing that the United States, though slow to act, is swift to avenge."

It is not long since the idea of any alliance between the British Empire and the United States was considered a dream, and a dangerous dream. In both the balance of feeling was against any step in this direction. Now, because a common danger threatens both, they are allied, and no voice is raised in protest. The English-speaking races in the New World and the Old are united for the first time in history. It is not sentiment which unites them, though I am sure they feel more kindness and respect towards one another now than they have done in the past. They are joined together by the cement of Necessity. Each needs the other in the struggle against the antiquated, but still powerful Absolutist idea which menaces the freedom of all who do not, like Turkey and Bulgaria, bow down and cravenly obey it.

IT is not surprusing that many people should be asking whether the union of the English-speaking races ought not to be continued after this war has come to an end. We hear a good deal of discussion about the possibility of British-American Federation. I have recently been asked to tell the readers of MacLean's Magazine what my views are about this.

Already I think I have written enough to show those who can read a little between the lines how my thoughts run. Such a Federation as a permanency can, in my opinion, only be created and kept in existence if the British Empire and the United States feel that it is necessary for their security against some strong hostile combination such as that which we are fighting to-day.

I do not believe there is any active hostility among either people to the conception of such an agreement. There was hostility in the past. For a hundred years England was regarded by the United States as their hereditary foe. Writing in the thirties of the nineteenth century, De Tocqueville said: "One could not find more bitter hatred than that which exists between the Americans of the United States and the English." "Twisting the Lion's Tail," was a popular diversion among American politicians. American children were taught in their schools to hate England and to look forward to revenge upon her. That period has passed away. Time wore it out. England developed into the British Empire. The people of the United States could feel no grudge rankling in their breasts against the people of Canada, of Australia, of New Zealand, of South Africa. The new Americans, too, were for the most part ignorant of the causes which had set their country in opposition to the English. They could not be expected to carry on a feud about which they knew nothing. The German language newspapers try hard to keep up the old, bitter feeling against England, but they are not successful in more than a very limited sense. Even the Irish in the United States leave the venomous anti-British propaganda to a small and relative feeble section of professional extremists. Nowhere, I believe, would there be anything like enough opposition to prevent the English-speaking peoples from agreeing upon some form of Federation, if it were clear that great practical advantage would flow from it.

WHAT likelihood is there of the British Empire and the United States being forced to decide that Federation would be mutually advantageous? The answer to that question depends upon how far Absolutism is discredited at the end of the war. Will there still rage, after peace has been made, the strife of principles which has been going on everywhere since the idea of "Government of the people by the people for the people" was proclaimed? Will the principle which draws its law from the will of the people be strong enough after the war to make an end of the Prussian principle which, in the words of Bismarck, "rests on the authority created by God, on authority by the grace of God?" In other words, can the world be freed from the threat of being dominated by the mediocre, but greedy Hohenzollern family? We cannot yet say.

All we can say is that up to now the German people have shown no sign of any combined desire to make their will predominate over the authority claimed by the Prussian Kaiser as having been conferred upon him "by the grace of God." They still humbly prostrate themselves before the fetish of Divine Right. They still acquiesce in government by a hereditary military despotism. They are still deluded. They are still sheep. And so long as one hundred millions of people in the centre of Europe (I take the approximate number of the Germans in Germany and Austria), so long as these hundred millions are so foolish as to support Absolutism, claiming the right to rule irresponsibly by Divine appointment, so long will it be necessary to keep perpetual watch upon Absolutism, to isolate those who support it, and by every means possible to rob it of the opportunity to plunge the whole world into war.

There was a time not very long ago when the American people would have said: "What does it matter to us whether Absolutism exists in Europe or not? We are outside of all the old world's squabbles. We mean to keep outside of them." The mass of the American people were until lately still under the impression that the words of Washington spoken in 1796 were applicable to the conditions of to-day. "The nations of Europe," Washington said in his farewell oration, "Have important problems which do not concern us as a free people. The causes of their frequent misunderstandings lie far outside of our province, and the circumstance that America is geographically remote will facilitate our political isolation."

Strange how long the delusion prevailed that the United States were "geographically remote" from Europe. Steam arrived and immediately reduced their remoteness; faster and faster the steamship services became until it vanished altogether. The mass of the American people did not appreciate the change. They continued to think of Europe as lying outside their province. They continued to interest themselves exclusively in internal, in local politics, disregarding all that lay beyond.

IT is interesting to notice how faithfully the prejudices and prepossessions of nations are reflected by the forms of their newspapers. Only within the last few years have the newspapers of England broken with the tradition that the only news which mattered was foreign news. In Thackeray's "Pendennis," when George Warrington points out to Pen the office of *The Times*, "the great engine that never sleeps," he speaks as if the chief and almost the only concerns of the famous journal were with foreign affairs.

> "She has her Ambassadors in every quarter of the world, her couriers upon every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys walk into statesmen's cabinets. . . . Look, here comes the Foreign Express galloping in. They will be able to give news to Downing Street to-morrow."

George Warrington was right. *The Times* in those days was far more concerned about foreign politics than about what was happening at home; about the condition of the people, for instance; about the forces which were changing the world by means of invention and discovery. Therefore, the most important page of *The Times* was the foreign news page, and all other papers copied *The Times*, and gave to foreign news far more importance than it deserved. And that state of newspaper make-up lasted until a few years ago.

In the United States, on the other hand, one can see how completely the mind of the nation was occupied by home politics, when the newspapers took their form, and how to a large extent it is still. But this is changing. It has changed a great deal in the last twelve months. The American people have begun to understand that they are not "remote" from Europe, that they cannot contemptuously dismiss what happens there as "the quarrels of effete monarchies," and that their interests are as liable to be affected by the ambitions and the crimes of Prussian Absolutism as are those of the European nations. That is why the United States went to war.

There is often expressed a hope that this will be "the last war." One may, one must hope that it may be so, but I doubt if anyone who has studied history to good purpose and who is under no illusion as to the nature of man having been revolutionized in the last generation or two, can feel very sanguine about it. Nowhere does one hear the conviction that wars are coming to an end more confidently expounded than in the United States. Yet one cannot forget that the United States were brought into existence by war, settled their most difficult internal trouble by fighting about it, have engaged in many wars with other nations, have often threatened war, and . . . .are at war to-day.

CERTAINLY there would be better hope of universal peace if all peoples recognized as readily as do the people of the United States, and of this continent generally, that justice and equity are as binding upon countries as they are upon individuals. "There is in the United States," wrote Lord Bryce in his admirable book "The American Constitution," "a sort of kindliness, a sense of human fellowship, a recognition of the duty of mutual help owed by man to man stronger than anywhere in the Old World." That is equally true of Canada and Newfoundland. If all could come to share these excellent qualities, we might with more confidence look forward to the reign of peace. So far as

Continued on page 88.

A Flutter in Diamonds

By A. C. Allenson.

Who wrote "The Draft," "June Comes Back," etc.

Illustrated by Dudley Ward



"I like this game —with live men for skittles."

A SHORT generation ago Ste. Cecilie was a forest-clad hill, whose vesture, changing from sober green to splendid riot of crimsons and golds, marked the life of the year. To-day, two straggling streets lie on the hillside's bare bosom, like a gaunt white cross, emblematic of the tragedy of prosperity. From the hilltop, looking east, the dust-wraithed town that replaced Arcady appears a wan Sodom, the smoke of whose burning riseth for ever. Westward lies a lake-jewelled vale, pay rock runs not thither, hence its unmarred face, and along the slopes are dotted the cottages of a wealthy summer colony.

A GOOD man to look upon was Andrew Forsythe as he sat on the veranda of his summer home. A ruddy face, with kindliness and power in it; crisp, greying hair; strongly-compacted, fit body, still equal in mid life to the tasks of the strenuous man. He was owner of one of Ste. Cecilie's most successful mines, a city man, with youth's ambition, prime's drive, and an inborn assurance. No big man would lightly trifle with him, no inferior dread the unfair use of his power.

He watched the two young people climb the slope this June day, a critical smile on his face. The one was David Eglinton, a young fellow outwardly after his own heart. The athlete's force and fitness, the virile character of the face, promised for Eglinton high ranking in the world of men who do things. With him walked Forsythe's daughter, Grace, she was almost as tall as her companion. Over her pretty face sun and winds had spread the dainty veiling of summer, though the season was yet young. There was alert vivacity in eye, lip and carriage. The father's eye kindled with pride.

Then he glanced at Dave, and the look carried dissatisfaction. So much of promise in the outward lad made his disappointment the more irritating. He doubted if the young man would make good at the Bar. There he seemed in some way to be a square peg in a round hole. Waiting in a city law office for barnacles to grow appeared an unheroic occupation to the observer.

Money would be the last thing Forsythe asked of his daughter's husband, but money is some kind of a test, and she was worth a real man. He remembered Dave's father, an attractive, unpractical dreamer, who called procrastination patience, and obstinacy, perseverance. Forsythe remembered the wreck that old Eglinton had made of fine beginnings. The twenty-year old tragedy came before him as if of yesterday. Eglinton, rich in lands and money, of family and education—against the rustic, iron-purposed Dr. Maxson who had compassed his ruin. The tall, gaunt figure of the doctor rose in memory before Forsythe. Predatory, hooked-nose, steel-grey eyes, bloodless lips —a mere line in his grim decisive silences. Hard as granite, scorning the effeminacies of a softening age, ruthless as rock crusher in the mills he had won. He used to amputate, so the legend ran in the hills, with a butcher's meat saw, on occasion and with a couple of lusty fellows, not squeamish about blood and screams, to hold the victim. He operated financially in much the same way. With deliberate patience he wove the toils about Eglinton, and shore away his wealth just as he slashed off useless limbs. Hating the man's methods, Forsythe despised equally the loser's weak incapacity that caused him, strongly entrenched, to be driven from his fastnesses by the dauntless, bare-handed marauder. He remembered Eglinton in later years, a soured, broken man, mutely hating the world that had used him so ill.

Sometimes Forsythe feared that brooding over the fall of his house caused Dave's passivity, sapping the vigor that should send him, with purpose tenfold increased, to win back what had been lost.

ON the lawn the two young people were joined by William Maxson, the old doctor's son, who had just driven up. He was a few years older than Dave, a dark, active man. He had inherited his father's natural ability, and reproduced it, as the finely tempered sword reproduces the essential virtues of the broad axe. Dr. Maxson's sole extravagance had been his son. He sent him to schools and University where he would associate with the sons of rich and eminent people. The educational career of the boy had been brilliant. His natural aptitudes later fitted him into his niche in business, as if it had been made for him, and he for it. Forsythe had great respect for Young Maxson's ability and character. Gradually the son had taken the management of Maxson's into his own hands, and set himself in other ways to pull the family name out of the mud. The father's business engagements men had bound with every possible legal tie. The son's word, in very few years, came to be valued more than the old man's bond.

Forsythe could not help contrasting the two men who were talking with Grace, both of them, he knew, in love with her. He liked Dave, admired Maxson. In his world, as between the successful business man, crammed with ambition and ability, and the stagnating young lawyer, there was no comparison. A man of Maxson's class had national possibilities in him, and if Forsythe had the choosing—then he smiled, realizing how widely divergent are a maid's reasonings regarding men, and those of her father.

UNDER a wide-spreading tree, whose tall branches stretched over the river, Dave stopped paddling, to wonder anew at the marvel of Grace's loveliness. Busying herself with fishing preparations, she smiled at his meditative mood. Latterly he had been unusually quiet and thoughtful. His frequent journeyings to Ste. Cecilie had excited her curiosity, and her father had spoken of them enquiringly. Still, she was content to wait. He could hide nothing from her. She stopped her soft whistling to smile again. She was friend, comrade, and—she thought privately—much more. In his sunny moods she liked him; then he was fearless, chivalrous, generous. She liked him still more in graver moments when clouds of self-dissatisfaction hid the sun. Unconsciously she measured other men by him, and, most absurdly, found shortcomings in even the nicest of them.

"Try a cast here, Grace," he said suddenly.

She took up her rod, and on the face of the overhung pool the fly dropped, light as thistledown, and flickered over the dark water. Twice and thrice she cast. There was a swift, arrowy rush, the music of the singing reel, the arching of the supple rod, the manoeuvring of the fish, the outrush in power, the return in weakness, the frenzied leap, the frantically lashed water, and, at last, the handsome game fighter in Dave's net.

"Pound and a half," he pronounced, critically.

"Oh, the beauty!" said Grace, with compassionate admiration. "What a shame to take him, Dave. Remove the hook gently. Oh! You are too rough. Let me have him."

With a laugh he passed the net over, and she removed the hook.

"Now go straight home, and leave the pretty flies alone," she admonished, put-



Dave stopped paddling to wonder anew at the marvel of Grace's loveliness.

ting the trout into the river. Like a silver bar he shot to the deeps.

"What a pity it can't always be June," she observed with a sigh, irrelevantly.

"SH! To your right," he whispered. The deer at the river's brink looked up, watched them fearlessly, then trotted back into the bracken.

"I'm going back to the city to-night," he said, leaning forward.

"To-night!" she echoed. "I thought you were to be here all the week?"

"I shall be away only for three days," he explained.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, the cloud vanishing from her face.

"Then I settle down here for good," he continued. The cloud came again, and Dave felt the perfectness of love's springtime.

"You are not returning to the city?" she asked in deep dismay. Poor city! in all its vast desolation. What would two thirds of the year be with Dave absent? The reflection was overwhelming.

"I've done with the law," he said emphatically. "I have hesitated, perhaps too long, fearing it might look like vacillation, but that's all ended now. I have ached to be out of it, flogging myself for laziness, but it really wasn't that. Grace, I've felt the cobwebs getting thicker every day, and I've just got to get where I can breathe and move round."

"I think you are quite right," she answered reflectively. "I don't believe you would ever learn to dun a man successfully for a debt."

"It's a thundering big load off my mind anyway," he continued. "I want to get body drive into my work. I have been looking round and planning, and I'm going to get a pit job, work in like the regular chap, and make good. I believe I can do it."

"Of course you can," she agreed, with perfect conviction.

"And then—one of these wonderful June days—" He stopped. The words had slipped out. A warm, dusky evening in June, the murmur of the river, the whisper in the trees—all the marvellous combination of appeal. And the sheer irresistibleness of Grace. It was too late now to go back; he must go ahead.

"And then I'll come to you, dearest, perhaps on a June night like this and ask a question I can't put now. It will be something to work for, and dream about in the long winter evenings. The hardest task will be light because you stand behind it." He seemed very confident about her, but she did not think his assurance too great. He was Dave, and they were, in some respects, a rather matter of fact couple. She knew his mind. His manhood's pride bade him win for her, bring to her, build for her out of the spoils of his conquests. Their hands met in comradely compact, their eyes eloquent with promise. A canoe is really a most awkward thing on such an occasion! still it drifted them into the secluded haven of a very delightsome Paradise.

THERE was no blither heart in all the great city than Dave Eglinton, when he stepped from the railway station into the busy streets the next morning. His practice was not so extensive that its winding up was matter of great difficulty. When evening arrived he had adjusted most of it, and closed the office. Rummaging through old letters in the clearance, he came across a packet of his father's business papers, relating to the Ste. Cecilie properties. He took them home and after dinner sat down to look them over. Mr. Eglinton had been a very precise man in unimportant details, and much given to the diaried form of self-commun In the closely written pages, Dave came to understand how fortune had been frittered away. He found a wonderful fascination in reading the successive dreams. Gold — silver — copper — chrome—iron. The find, the hope, the labor, the cost, the reluctant abandoning when the oasis proved a mirage. Gold sprinkled here and there, as by malignant devil's hand, just sufficient to lure, promise, ruin. To turn one's back on the faintest glint of it needs iron resolution, and his father had not possessed it. Then had come dreams of silver, and copper, that rose and waned and died. Later chrome flourished for a short time, until one day the bottom fell out of it. Dave discovered how Dr. Maxson had craftily fed foolish ambition, lending money usuriously for will-o'-the-wisp pursuings until his clutches were irremovably fastened on the real prize in the asbestos wealth of the properties. He put the papers away with something like a sigh, then sat well into the morning, pondering the part of his people. Gold — Silver — Copper — Chrome — Asbestos. Five caskets instead of Portia's three, as he whimsically considered, and his father had made the ancient fatal choice. The Chrome story particularly interested Dave. It brought back to mind the one travel trip of his after-college year. A chance had come his way for a trip abroad on a tramp steamer. What a gorgeous time it had been! The Atlantic, Mediterranean, Aegean!

"The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sang."

Smyrna, Constantinople, and the dirty, picturesque little Asia Minor port where the "Glendale" had taken aboard her ballast cargo of chrome ore.

He wondered where Jim Stevens, the hospitable skipper of the "Glendale" was just now. Next morning he rose early and called at a shipping office. He was in luck. The tramp was in a near-by port, discharging cargo. Dave boarded a train and an hour later was receiving vociferous welcome from his friend the skipper. Five minutes later they were in the familiar cabin, talking old times, and swapping newer experiences. War had stopped the long trips. Labor in the old stamping grounds had bloodier tasks than mining, and the new perils of the far seas had made them undesirable harvest fields.

When Dave left, he visited a library, and spent some hours over solid volumes that discussed mines and minerals. All of which seemed to show that he was buckling down to business, and finding lots to learn.

THERE was a large gathering at Forsythe's the evening he got back. The golf tournament was coming off, and prize matters had to be settled. Pot hunters were discouraged at Lake Ste. Cecilie, and nothing that could advertise

prowess was permissible as prize. Victory's token must be valueless, unostentatious, and, if possible, original. Many unacceptable suggestions had been made when Forsythe spoke.

"I'll give the old Frampton pit as a prize," he said. Shouts of laughter greeted the announcement. "It is original, unique, and, being a mere hole in the ground, unostentatious, and unquestionably valueless, as I know to my sorrow. No lilywhite amateur could ever hock it with the most accommodating 'Uncle.' It will be a non-portable souvenir, carrying a solemn warning to the mine gambler."

"Sort of combination bayleaf, religious tract, and tombstone epitaph," said Maxson.

"Something like that," nodded the donor. "Amateur standing will not be imperilled since, so far from being gainful, possession will cost the winner five dollars a year, municipal tax. The romantic thing would be for some poor but deserving person to win it, spike a pound gold nugget on his pick, or yank out a bushel of diamonds. But he won't. I've drilled it and I know, hence my philanthropy."

THE offer commended itself, and a fine contest ensued. As fortune decided, the finalists were Maxson and Dave. The outside rivalry between the men gave unusual interest to the fight. Fate had made them antagonists, and family feud set them in opposed camps. Each was in love with Grace Forsythe, and both were men who fought to win. Especially was this so with Maxson. The instinct was in him, and from the most trivial game to life's most vital interest, he sought and fought for victory. Eglinton's keenness in the match was patent to all. In every respect the men were ideally matched, and put their best into the fight. For a time it was nip and tuck, then, at a critical point Maxson forged ahead, to be overhauled after a tremendous struggle. The battle went to the last green, the last put. Dave holed a long one, while his opponent missed by a hair's breadth.

There is in some men an inherited, slumbering devil, that a glass of whiskey, a pack of cards, a trivial bet, will rouse to unimagined havoc. Forsythe had known men in whom the fascination of pick, mining land, and chance of pit luck, was as patently inherited as the drink craving. He noted, after the tournament, a change in Dave. There were frequent trips to Ste. Cecilie's mines, increased, mail, numerous telegrams out of all proportion to a briefless barrister's business. Sometimes he vanished on long hill tramps, Grace accompanying him now and again. It was a chance remark overheard in the hotel about the young man's interest in abandoned properties, that led Forsythe to try and coax information from his daughter. She listened, laughed, and told him nothing. He then made up his mind on a frontal attack.

"Don't make a joke into a serious matter, Dave," he said one day to the young man. "No madness is crazier than the miner's. There's nothing left in these hills that the established mines don't hold, and you know I don't say this selfishly. They have been dug and combed and drilled till we know underneath almost better than surface. I don't want to pry into secrets, but I hear you have been dickering with Brogan about his rock patch, and I'd hate to see you skinned. Tell you what, Dave, get back to your law, and break loose there like I've seen you do on the football field, or as you did when Maxson had you three down and four to play the other day. Damn it, Dave, you're travelling like a dancing master at a kid's party. Get the ball under your arm, grab it somehow, stick that clenched teeth grin on your face, and smash 'em, scatter 'em, tear 'em up. I want to see you play skittles with live men. Nobody's quite certain yet whether you are really alive, or under a slab of marble. Get back, and start something, dive into politics, make the papers slam you, bat somebody over the head, or pay them to bat you over the head, to start a fire in your fighting blood."

Dave listened, solemnly puffing his pipe, stolid as a carved Indian.

"I've quit the law," he replied presently. "Went to town the other day, shut my office, sold the library, gave away my infant practice, and am after a real job."

"Quit!" echoed Forsythe in mingled amaze and scorn. "The call of the wild, life of the open, talebook rot and piffle, I suppose. Don't be a fool, Dave. The mines with the real dollars in them are not in the wilds, but in the big city streets, and the law is fair elevating machinery. If you've really got this mine bug bite, take three months in the pits for the good of your immortal soul, and imperishable intellect. When winter's been here a month, you'll thank God for a steam-heated city office, where you can earn meals without pounding frozen rock for 'em."

"I don't know that I won't ask you for the job yet," laughed Dave. "Anyway let's have a look at the Frampton, your gift horse. I'd like to know the bounds."

"Not on your life," said the other, irritably. "Oh, well, come on. I haven't crossed the ridge myself these ten years."

TOGETHER they climbed the hill, until at the summit they overlooked a huge embankment of piled up rock, with a little railway on the top. There must have been thousands of tons there.

"Well, I'm—" began Forsythe, wrathfully. "Here you, Poleon, who dumped that stuff on my land?"

"Rock from the old Doc's pit. Been there six—seven—ten year—I don't know," said the French-Canadian, shrugging his shoulders.

"Like his blasted cheek," roared Forsythe. "He could bury the office, and none of you raise a cheep. I'll make him shift every pound of it. There! I'd forgotten," he laughed. "It's yours now. But soak him, Dave, soak him good."

The tract contained five acres, and hardly a foot but was littered with rock from one of Maxson's old pits. It had been a fine saving to him.

"Chrome," said Dave, picking up a chunk of the iron heavy rock.

"Yes. Used to be quite a market for it," replied Forsythe. "It's a dead thing now."

"What do you think of those stories about finding diamonds in chrome deposits?" asked the younger man. "I met some geological chaps the other day who had examined several of the pits. They found infinitesimal diamonds in most of them."

"There are tons of gold in the sea," grunted Forsythe. "Scientists and just plain idiots have dreamed of baling it out."

"If it comes to that," retorted Dave, "the Dutchmen round Kimberley gave the first diamonds they found to their kids to play marbles with." When they got back to the hotel, there were several men waiting for the new Frampton owner. Forsythe was hungry and joined Maxson at dinner.

"Guess this is Dave's busy day. I heard he has optioned Brogan's place," said the latter.

"So many are born every second," growled the elder man. "You saw that bunch of mossbacks in the hall? Looking for Santa Claus ahead of time."

AFTER dinner Forsythe sat on, smoking a gloomy cigar. A live Canadian, a college man and lawyer at that, nibbling at option peddlers like a jay at a country fair over a shell game! It was disgusting! What a rotten cigar! Why couldn't they keep the windows open and let air in? Why did they persist in cooking everything in grease? When Dave entered, smilingly brisk, something had to crack. Pitching away his cigar and ruffled feelings, Forsythe became his blandest. The boy had only a few thousands, and patriotism, friendship, and the dreaded contingency of sonship, made urgent demands. If a grab was on, he, Forsythe, loved grabs. The kid had to be educated, even though the process stripped him bone bare. Anyway that foolish, fatuous, self-satisfied smirk had to come off the lad's face.

"What's your notion of Brogan's place? I have a three years' lease option on it," said Dave. "There's diamond stuff there all right, small, of course, and good only for manufacturing purposes."

"You've got to gouge out a thing to know what's in it," replied the other. "If it is a fair question, how much did that ruffian soak you?"

"Just a hundred or two, and a fair lease figure," said Dave.

"Buy him quite a drop of winter comfort," commented Forsythe. "At that rate my holdings should be cheap at a million or so."

"I'll give the thing a show anyway," said Dave. "If there are little diamonds, it seems likely big ones may be round."

"They ain't rabbits, and the litter by no means implies an antecedent pa and ma," sneered Forsythe.

"Laughing and mocking are no arguments," grinned the youngster. "Jays used to sneer at asbestos till they learned sense. I hear the best diamond showing is Will Maxson's."

"What'll you pay for an option like Brogan's, on Maxson's and my chrome lands?" asked the mine man. "Why buy a pig in a poke when you can have a good look at him at the end of a string? This diamond talk is all darned rot, but if you mean to test things, be sure and get reliable material to try out. How would $3,000 suit you?"

"I might be tempted to take a flyer on half," said Dave, attacking an apple pie.

Dinner over presently, the speculator went back to his whiskered friends in the hall, while his companion stepped out hurriedly. An hour later Forsythe returned.

"I'll thank you for a cheque for fifteen hundred dollars," he said, slapping his own and Maxson's transferred options—for which he had paid $250—on the table. "I'll waive certification this time," he added generously.

Continued on page 89.



He lets out a holler and legs it for open ground with her after him.

Their Tents Like the Arabs

Andy Doolin Meets Another Editor

By Hopkins Moorhouse

Who wrote "The Herald Angel," "The Centre of Gravity," etc.

Illustrated by Arthur Heming

I.

ADDIN' 'em all up an' strikin' a balance, noospaper fellers is pretty good scouts. They has the double entry into sassiety, high or low, knowin' how to get into the middle o' what's goin' on by way o' the wide front steps an' the grand salaam or the back door or through the pantry winder if they can't get in no other ways. Sometimes they gets in where angels fears to tread, all o' which I submits has a considerable widenin' influence an' smelts 'em down to gen'wine.

But frequent the human mind aint reachin' golden conclusions without diggin' around considerable an' drivin' prospect tunnels into Old Mount Experience. The foundin' o' the *Clover Bar Booster* by B. Birks is the first the camp's had to do with editors an' nobody's denyin' he was sure white an' a fine little feller. But when he sells out an' goes back East among the purlieus o' Art an' Fashion an' we turns the page expectant to get acquainted with the new editor we uncovers the darndest specimen o' hungry-lookin' journalistic quartz any o' the boys has ever seen. We aint none o' us sure whether he's a thin film o' bornite or a limestone band what's foundered into the diorite magma at the time o' intrusion.

As I sayd afore, Clover Bar aint had much chanst to study the habits o' editors; for it's on'y a little minin' camp back in the mountains. The Kootenay in them early boom days was attractin' considerable attention on the outside, however, so't our population on the Inside was pretty much *poose-caffy*—as bad mixed as a loud check' suit. Rich man, poor man, plain loafer an' one-time-cattle-rustler-maybe—all lined up to have somethin'. There was a "dead-line" in camp an' below it you could find anythin' at any hour o' the night, includin' Jake Bellamy's all-night dance hall, the which he calls it the "Upper Ten Theaytre" with a saloon an' gamblin' department adjoinin', laborin' under the designation o' "The Bucket o' Blood." Above the dead-line in the decenter part o' the camp is the other an' main booze bazaar, named "The Silver Dollar," the which yours truly runs respectable an' owns entire.

It bein' just after the big gold strike over on Wolf Crick an' the development o' the copper group up on Toad Mountain, Clover Bar sure is bein' taxed for accommodations. I've already run a second storey on the Silver Dollar so's a few friends can find a place to bunk an' work's proceedin' night an' day on a permanent dressed-boards extension with sleepin' apartments for strangers passin' through or abidin' awhile. I'm intendin' to have a gen'wine hotel rotundary where said guests can register formal with a buzz-bell connectin' each an' every apartment

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with the bar for refreshment orders an' sudden ice-water calls. An' I'm goin' to move the dinin'-room inside out o' the wet, the same bein' at present operatin' in a tent alongside. I'm likewise plannin' to build a reg'lar theaytre an' call same "The E-Light."

WELL anyways, me'n Jimmy's on duty together an' keepin' mighty busy in the irrigatin' ditch, the which we has to hire a Swede bar-keep as a relief shift. Ole's just come on an' I'm untyin' my apron-strings when I hears somebody a-hemmin' in their throat an' there stands the longest, leanest, widest-grinnin' stringer o' skin an' bones I've ever seen breathe an' move. He's the color o' the keys on Gran'ma's old melodeon an' he must 've measured six-foot-six from tip to tip.

"Howdy, Doolin," grins this specimen, loungin' free an' easy across the bar, perfect at home in them surroundin's.

" H'lo, yourself," I says, lookin' closter to make sure I aint passin' up a former acquaintance. But he's so peculiar lookin' I knows right away I aint never seen him afore.

"My name's Crabtree—Cephus Crabtree," he condescends. "Permit me—my card." An' he extends a ink-daubed howd'you-do acrost to me to prove it. "I've just closed a little deal for your enterprisin' little noospaper plant, payin' the small sum o' one thousand dollars for the privilege o' purveyin' to the citizens o' this progressive little city o' the mountains the noos o' the world-at-large an' the higher flights o' literary fancy in prose and verse, it bein' the sacred dooty o' the press to uphold the noble graces o' the Arts as well as directin' the thoughts o' our citizenship into the proper channels for the formation o' an enlightened public opinion."

His spigot is wide open an' the talk is runnin' out so smooth an' fast his Goblet o' Thought is mostly bead.

"Why, that's very kind o' you, Andy," he breaks off. "I don't mind if I do. I'll try the rye, thanks."

I looks around to see if Jimmy has gave him the sign or anythin' like that; but Jimmy's at the other end o' the bar. I'm kind o' dazed an' I shoves the drink acrost to him.

"I believes you'n me's goin' to be good friends, Andy," he wanders on. "Wonderful thing, friendship. It's the on'y pearl to our oyster in this Valley o' Shadows," says he, wavin' a bony hand. "Here today an' gone tomorrer! We shifts here 'n' there in the Wynds o' Fate like yeller leaves, passin' an' repassin' other yeller leaves an' sudden we sees a hand outstretched an' catches a fleetin' smile — an' that's Friendship. An' ere the shades o' Night falls fast upon us an' we closes our tired eyes in sleep them kind words we've heerd comes troopin' back upon us an' brings a wan smile to our lips. An' in the dead o' Night our Soul languishes an' we folds our tents like the Arabs an' as silently steals away—nice place you got here, Doolin. You must be coinin' money."

HE combs his tie, sort o' self-conscious, the which it is a big literary flowin' bow with the current sluggish, once black but now gray with dust. I stares at it fascinated an' wets my lips.

"Ye-ah," I murmurs foolish.

"Do you mind if I steps around into the dinin'-room?" grins Cephus. "I'm always interested in the culinary equipment o' hostelleries. I takes a keen delight in describin' 'em an' praisin' 'em in my colyumns," says he.

"Go's far's you like. Make yourself to home an' if there's anythin' you don't see ask for same an' I'll have one o' the servants bring it around to you," I says sarcastic.

"Very kind o' you, Doolin. Thanks. Very kind indeed. I'll just do that," nods Editor Crabtree, grateful; an' I notes his Adam's Apple slidin' up an' down as he makes for the dinin'-room.

I gets out a tape-line an' measures the distance atween the marks o' his boots an' his stride is a yard-an'-a-half an' his feet runs fourteen inches by six!

I lingers around just to see what'll happen an' present Jimmy looks me up.

"That lanky guy's been down the menoo twice, Boss, an, Olga says he won't settle up. Shall I——?"

"Not at all," says I. "He's eatin' on the house—to-night."

"He's askin' for cigars——"

"Ask him does he want the Flor de Fino or the Panatella de Gwotomayla."

"He prefers the El Fino," reports Jimmy, comin' back.

"Here—give him the rest o' the box," says I, shovin' same into Jimmy's hand an' wavin' him hence.

When Cephus comes out with the cigar box tucked under his arm an' one o' the weeds atween his teeth I knows he's hopeless. He's proceedin' to make a farewell speech an' to move a vote o' thanks, when I cuts him short an' goes out into the fresh air as quick as I can.

"Shades o' little B. Birks!" thinks I. "What have we in our midst?"

I PROCEEDS to take a good long walk. I goes clean down the valley trail-till the camp's behind me complete an' then I climbs up to a little ledge an' gets out my pipe. I aint no more 'n taken a couple o' puffs when I notes down in the crick bottom a little brown tent nestlin' back in the aspens with a thin column o' smoke curlin' up in front.

I aint pretendin' to know all the prospectors an' miners an' Indians as happens to pitch camp in an' around Clover Bar an' I'm about to dismiss said brown tent from further attention in favor o' lettin' Cephus Crabtree occupy my thoughts exclusive when I notes said party hisself stridin' straight for the tent, havin' just turned in from the valley trail.

An' while I'm lookin' a woman comes sudden out o' the tent an' stands waitin' for Cephus with her arms on her hips. There's somethin' so forbiddin' in her attitude that I can't help lookin' on an' present they starts quarrellin' to beat four of a kind. An' the first thing I knowed she'd run back into the tent an' comes out with a fryin'-pan in her hand an' wallops that two-column editorial over the head. He lets out a holler an' legs it for open ground with her after him.

When they has disappeared in the bushes I sits back weak an' grinnin' an' not begrudgin' Cephus his little foray after a pail o' the milk o' human kindness. In fact, I begins to understand better how a human bein' could get all wore down to skin an' bones like he was. For when a woman goes kickin' around inside the corral that way it takes a cool an' nervy wrangler to bust her proper an' no yeller leaf passin' an' repassin' other yeller leaves is goin' to accomplish same. No wonder Cephus is talkin' 'bout his tired eyes closin' in sleep an' kind words bringin' a wan smile to his lips an' his languishin' soul foldin' its tent an' hittin' trail in the dead o' night!

I GOES back to the Silver Dollar, ponderin' considerable on the sanded decks o' the Game o' Livin', an' I aint much more'n got there when I hears my name bein' paged all over the place. I comes out from behind a Winnipeg noospaper that's just hit camp to find myself gazin' intent at a little squat woman in a stained corduroy skirt an' a blue flannel waist. She has on a pair o' cow-girl boots an' a greasy old Stetson; but I aint mistakin' her for Little Miss Canada. I knows immediate who she is; for she has a cigar box under her arm an' she sure does look assertive.

"Your name Doolin?" she approaches direct. "Is there any place here where I can see you private?" An' she glares around at the boys the which is one an' all pausin' an' starin' somewhat.

"Step this way, ma'am," says I polite. An' I leads the way into one o' the refreshment alcoves an' orders Jimmy to mix a plain lemonade; for she's hot an' dusty, the which there's streaks on her face where she's been prespirin' free. An' darned if she aint got a moustache on her lip, the which I gazes at in awe, same bein' long enough to stroke.

She slams down the box o' cigars on the table, slams down her hand on top o' same an' gives it a shove over to me.

"He smoked six an' four got smashed; so I owes you for ten," says Mrs. Cephus Crabtree. "How much?" An' she starts fishin' out a little black purse, the which I waves aside indignant.

"Mr. Crabtree was my guest this evenin', ma'am——"

"A Crabtree is never the guest o' the licker interests!" she retorts, emphatic. "Oh, I knows your underminin' methods, Doolin, an' we may's well understand each other right now. This here paper is goin' to be run *independent*," she emphasizes. "We refuses to be subsidized by governments or railroads or commercial pirates. The Crabtrees is neither Grit nor Tory. We swings our influence accordin' to the highest thought in the best interests o' the people. We're goin' to change the name o' the paper to "Ex-celsi-or" an' start a campaign——"

"Why not go all the ways an' call it 'Sawdust'," I injects; but she passes me without takin' notice.

"—— to clean up the cess-pools o' iniquity in this place. We shall drive the cohorts o' B. Elsie Bub into the Seas o' Utter Defeat. We shall smash every bottle o' devil's brew an' every man——"

"But, lady, excuse me——"

"—— *every* man in Clover Bar shall wear the white badge o' temp'rance upon his breast——"

"But ma'am——"

"—— an' instead o' drunken brawlin' there shall be a new idear o' the responsibilities o' citizenship——"

"But askin' your pardon, ma'am——"

"—— an' the horny handed Son o' Toil shall step into a larger share in this glorious heritage o' ours——"

"Sure," I nods. "An' I fully agrees with all you says, Mrs. Crabtree, an' I closes up the Silver Dollar an' goes in with you hearty for the development o'

silver linin's. An' when we has rolled all them dark clouds away we'll sink a 12-foot shaft into the pay-ore, the which I hands over my entire poke an' lives on ozone henceforth. An' we'll start a fact'ry for extractin' an' refinin' the oil from the knees an' elbows o' young an' old hornets——"

I pauses, laughin'; for I'm talkin' to an empty pew, the congregation havin' rose without a word an' filed out o' church. An' it's on'y after she's been gone some time that I sudden realizes she has ignored the collection-plate entire an' has been bluffin' pure 'bout payin' for them cigars an' the dinner with which the licker interests was tryin' to undermine the freedom o' the press!

TIME passed, as they say in books. Six weeks of it went streamin' past the winder. Six tongue-tyin' tangles o' this here *Excelsior* was printed an' circulated in an' around camp till most o' the citizens was sore from laughin' an' the rest was likewise sore, but from bein' laughed at. For this here "Cassandra Crabtree, Editor," sure has took the bit in her teeth an' gone lopin' down the trail after B. Elsie Bub with a gun in each hand. She starts in to clean up them cesspools o' iniquity she's talkin' about an' there's times when she seems to know so much what actual happens that she has some worthy citizens guessin' an' she has Jake Bellamy goin' around at the rate o' a couple o' hundred revolutions a minute an' threatenin' at each revolute to fly off the handle, boil over an' scald somebody—the which aint worryin' the respectable element none.

Final Jake comes up to my place o' his own accord an' uninvited an' I aint no more'n gettin' my wind back from the surprise o' the visit when I loses it again, notin' the change in Jake. His cigar is back at its usual cock-sure tilt on one side o' his scarred mouth an' he's wearin' his thumbs in the arm-holes o' his leather vest. An' he proceeds to hit me a slap on the back like him an' me was old friends, the which I never liked the feller. He winks knowin' an' looks around for a corner where we can talk to ourselves.

"Why the undiluted spirits?" grunts I, signifyn' a table an' orderin' the high-ball he's wantin'. " 'Cordin' to last week's Shavin's you was all run down an' 'bout ready to crate up an' depart from our midst."

"You seen that damned eddytoral las' week. Well, lamp the noo spiel." An' Bellamy hauls a fresh-printed copy o' the current *Excelsior* from his pocket an' leers at me with his good eye so triumphant I starts readin' eager where he points.

An' darned if it aint a long apology for "misunderstandin' " Bellamy an' his cussed establishment, the which Cassandra proceeds to describe as an "amusement palace," so careful conducted that frequent disorderly-inclined "patrons" was threw out into the street for not behavin' theirselves like gentlemen. An' she's speakin' o' "Mr. Bellamy, our worthy citizen" an' "Mr. Bellamy, our popular theaytre magnet" an' "Mr. Bellamy who is performin' such yeomanry service to the citizens o' Clover Bar in enlivenin' the dull monotony o' mountain-town life."

"How'sat? Some class, eh?"

"There's on'y one thing she's left out," I remarks slow. "She aint said nothin' bout your church connections."

BELLAMY haw-haws, sarcasticness rollin' off him like water on grease. He turns a page an' points to another piece the which I reads thoughtful. For it's labelled "Judge Not," an' it's the dog-gonedest line o' arg'ment in favor o' booze I ever heerd an' quotin' Scripture to prove a little wine for the stomach's sake is right an' proper. An' it tells what a feller named Martin Luther sayd 'bout the man bein' a fool who didn't love wine, women an' song. An' it gives a list o' some o' the world's great men who has been drinkin' wine ever sinst they was babies.

By this time Cassandra's warmin' to her subject an' the idear o' man drinkin' water like an ox when he can get wine seems to be the most ridic'lous thing she ever heerd of. An' she proceeds to offer up a prayer for them poor ignorant ladies what isn't sufficient grateful for the blessin's bestowed on mankind, objectin' to the cheerin' gifts o' wine while they goes off on a toot of extravagance in dress till their husbands is driven to suicide. An' she winds up with a complete exposure o' spiral springs an' cotton battin', false hair, false teeth, false colorin' an' false ideas an' ideals.

Rememberin' all the things this Cassandra woman has been hammerin' at durin' the past five weeks o' her campaign against B. Elsie Bub, I'm absolute speechless. I hands back the paper to Bellamy an' looks at him hard, the which he grins wider.

"Mebbe I aint got them Crabapple people where I wants 'em, eh? Mebbe this old nanny editor o' ours aint eatin' out o' my hand, eh?"

"How'd you fix it?" I enquiries quiet, already suspectin' a thing or two.

"Coin," laughs Jake. "The little old mazuma. I pays her two hundred bones down, balance next week—a thousand altogether an' I'm to own the paper complete. An' do you know what ownin' a noospaper means, Doolin? Politics! An' you knows what that means 'thout me tellin' you.

"Now, let's get right down to cases on this here thing, Andy. I come up to offer you a chanst to get in an' get in right, y'understand. I's talkin' to McPhee not long ago an' it'll be a cinch to organize this here district to the King's taste. I offers you the chanst to come in with me on this proposition. We're both in this business together, y'understand, an' if we pulls together we owns the whole works. You can be the Member for the Provincial House or go to Ottawa, whichever you likes. I'll be the Member for the one you aint wantin' an' how's that for playin' the game square? There's my cards, face up, old scout, an' it's your lead."

I looks acrost at Mr. Bellamy, our worthy citizen an' popular theaytre magnet, an' my risin' anger begins to ooze.

"I aint never mixed in politics, Bellamy," I frowns, cold, "an' if I ever does it won't be the kind you play. Now get this straight so's you won't ever be makin' the mistake again. You'n me aint got nothin' in common. This here booze game is bad enough when it's played on the level, the which I tries to run my place decent. The time's comin' when booze is goin' into the discard——"

"Aw, come off!"

"I'm statin' a fact, Bellamy. An' I'm goin' to tell you somethin' else. The time's comin' when there'll be a shootin' or somethin' like that as'll wake up this camp to the kind o' joint you're conductin' down there an' you'll be run out o' this here camp so fast you'll lose your breath——"

"Haw-haw-haw!"

"An' I don't mind addin' that if the chanst comes I'll do what I can to wipe you out an' obliterate you complete from the environs o' this here camp, the which you are pollutin'——"

"You will, eh?"

"Why, you poor little cigar-butt! You miserable puddle o' stale beer an' doctored boozerino! D'you think I aint knowin' what's goin' on? D'you think I'm goin' to mix up with the likes o' you in a dirty game o' flim-flam an' grafts?"

I rises an' brings down my fist on the table so hard his glass is knocked off an' smashes on the floor.

"I reproaches myself for bein' seen talkin' to you this long an' I strongly advises you to get back where you belongs as fast as you know," I finishes.

"You can't bluff me, Doolin," brazens Bellamy, so mad he's red in the face. "You just start somethin' with me an' you'll get yours."

"You has half a minute to get out afore you're thrown out. Vamoose!" I snaps.

I sits down an' lights a cigar an' pulls out my watch. When I looks up final Bellamy has gone.

IMMEDIATELY I calls Jimmy over an' tells him to have a basket o' grub packed, consistin' o' sandwiches, pies an' cakes an' to throw in a bottle o' claret an' a bottle o' rye, same to be delivered down to the *Excelsior* office as soon as ready. Then I puts on a hat an' goes up street to Jeff Hazlitt's office, the which he is an attorney in an' out o' law.

He has the papers all ready, as I has instructed him near a week ago; so we meanders down to the shack where the Crabtrees has been slingin' ink so promisc'ous an' proceeds to serve attachment on the entire plant, foreclosin' same complete.

"You has been here six weeks too long," I sayd to Cassandra straight out. "You has used up a lot o' paper an' ink as was on these here premises afore you came an' you has not used it judicious. You takes possession without payin' a cent an' you gives a worthless note for this here layout, amount o' same bein' $500 on'y. The thirty days on that there note to B. Birks was up afore you arrives an' you has been equal ignorin' o' the graceful days which follered. Why aint you paid up them obligations?"

"Please, gentlemen, we ain't got the money," says Cephus, wipin' ink off his hands an' lookin' at us kind o' scared. He turns to Cassandra implorin'ly an' I sure am surprised to see how meek that he-she woman is behavin', her just shakin' her head sad.

"If things had been different I might o' let you stay on here gettin' out this paper, the which I owns entire, me havin' paid full cash on that there purchase note Crabtree gives to B. Birks—to help him on his weddin' trip. But when you starts in blasphemin' in cold print, tryin' to defend booze by quotin' Scripture—— Do you hear me, Mrs. Crabtree?" I thunders.

She just nods an' shrinks an' Cephus slides over to her an' they both shrinks back against the wall, starin' at Hazlitt an' me, apparent scared bad.

"When you starts in sellin' out your

Continued on Page 82.

The Old, Old Story of How Five Men Went Fishing

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AUG
23
1917
RIVERDALE

By Stephen Leacock

Author of "Further Foolishness," "Moonbeams of the Larger Lunacy," etc.

Illustrated by F. Horsman Varley

THIS is a plain account of a fishing party. It is not a story. There is no plot. Nothing happens in it and nobody is hurt. The only point of this narrative is its peculiar truth. It not only tells what happened to us,—the five people concerned in it—but what has happened and is happening to all the other fishing parties that at this time of year from Halifax to Vancouver, go gliding out on the unruffled surface of Canadian lakes in the still cool of early summer morning.

We decided to go in the early morning because there is a popular belief that the early morning is the right time for bass fishing. The bass is said to bite in the early morning. Perhaps it does. In fact the thing is almost capable of scientific proof. The bass does *not* bite between eight and twelve. It does *not* bite between twelve and six in the afternoon. Nor does it bite between six o'clock and midnight. All these things are known facts. The inference is that the bass bites furiously at about daybreak.

At any rate our party were unanimous about starting early. "Better make an early start," said the Colonel when the idea of the party was suggested. "Oh yes," said George Popley, the Bank Manager, "We want to get right out on the shoal while the fish are biting."

When he said this all our eyes glistened. Everybody's do. There's a thrill in the words. To "get out right on the shoal at daybreak when the fish are biting," is an idea that goes to any man's brain.





If you listen to the men talking in a Pullman car, or a hotel corridor, or better still, at the little tables in a first-class bar, you will not listen long before you hear one say—"Well, we got out early, just after sunrise, right on the shoal." . . . And presently, even if you can't hear him you will see him reach out his two hands and hold them about two feet apart for the other man to admire. He is measuring the fish. No, not the fish they caught; this was the big one that they lost. But they had him right up to the top of the water: Oh, yes, he was up to the top of the water all right. The number of huge fish that have been heaved up to the top of the water in our Canadian lakes is almost incredible. Or at least it used to be when we still had bar rooms and little tables for serving that vile stuff Scotch whiskey and such foul things as gin rickies and John Collinses. It makes one sick to think of it, doesn't it? But there was good fishing in the bars, all winter.

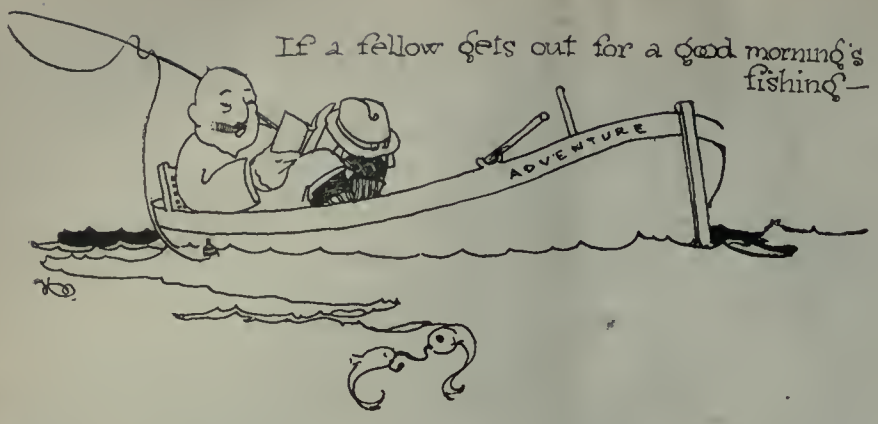
BUT, as I say, we decided to go early in the morning. Charlie Jones, the railroad man, said that he remembered how when he was a boy, round Bobcaygeon, they used to get out at five in the morning,—not get up at five but be on the shoal at five. It appears that there is a shoal near Bobcaygeon where the bass lie in thousands. Kernin, the lawyer, said that when he was a boy,—this was on Lake Rosseau—they used to get out at four. It seems there is a shoal in Lake Rosseau where you can haul up the bass as fast as you can drop your line. The shoal is hard to find,—very hard, Kernin can find it, but it is doubtful—so I gather,—if any other living man can. The Bobcaygeon shoal, too, is very difficult to find. Once you find it, you are alright, but its hard to find. Charlie Jones can find it. If you were in Bobcaygeon right now he'd take you straight to it, but probably no other person now alive could reach that shoal. In the same way Colonel Morse knows of a shoal in Lake Simcoe where he used to fish years and years ago and which, I understand, he can still find.

I have mentioned that Kernin is a lawyer, and Jones a railroad man and Popley a banker. But I needn't have. Any reader would take it for granted. In any Canadian fishing party there is always a lawyer. You can tell him at sight. He is the one of the party that has a landing net and a steel rod in sections with a wheel that is used to wind the fish to the top of the water.

And there is always a banker. You can tell him by his good clothes. Popley, in the bank, wears his banking suit. When he goes fishing he wears his fishing suit. It is much better, because his banking suit has ink marks on it, and his fishing suit has no fish marks on it.

As for the Railroad Man,—quite so, the reader knows it as well as I do,—you can tell him because he carries a pole that he cut in the bush himself, with a ten cent line wrapped round the end of it. Jones says he can catch as many fish with this kind of line as Kernin can with his patent rod and wheel. So he can, too. Just the same number.

But Kernin says that with his patent



apparatus if you get a fish on you can *play* him. Jones says to Hades with *playing* him: give him a fish on his line and he'll haul him in alright. Kernin says he'd lose him. But Jones says *he* wouldn't. In fact he *guarantees* to haul the fish in. Kernin says that more than once (in Lake Rosseau) he has played a fish for over half an hour. I forget now why he stopped; I think the fish quit playing.

I have heard Kernin and Jones argue this question of their two rods, as to which rod can best pull in the fish, for half an hour. Others may have heard the same question debated. I know no way by which it could be settled.

OUR arrangement to go fishing was made at the little golf club of our summer town on the verandah where we sit in the evening. Oh, its just a little place, nothing pretentious: the links are not much good for *golf;* in fact we don't play much *golf* there, so far as golf goes, and of course we don't serve meals at the club, its not like that, and no, we've nothing to drink there because of prohibition. But we go and *sit* there. It is a good place to *sit*, and, after all, what else can you do in Ontario?

So it was there that we arranged the party.

The thing somehow seemed to fall into the mood of each of us. Jones said he had been hoping that some of the boys would get up a fishing party. It was apparently the one kind of pleasure that he really cared for. For myself I was delighted to get in with a crowd of regular fishermen like these four. Especially as I hadn't been out fishing for nearly ten years: though fishing is a thing I am passionately fond of. I know no pleasure in life like the sensation of getting a four pound bass on the hook and hauling him up to the top of the water, to weigh him. But, as I say, I hadn't been out for ten years: Oh, yes, I live right beside the water every summer, and yes, certainly,—I am saying so,—I am passionately fond of fishing, but still somehow I hadn't been *out*. Every fisherman knows just how that happens. The years have a way of slipping by. Yet I must say I was surprised to find that so keen a sport as Jones hadn't been out,—so it presently appeared,—for eight years. I had imagined he practically lived on the water. And Colonel Morse and Kernin,—I was amazed to find,—hadn't been out for twelve years, not since the day (so it came out in conversation) when they went out together in Lake Rosseau and Kernin landed a perfect monster, a regular corker, five pounds and a half, they said: or no, I don't think he *landed* him. No, I remember, he didn't *land* him. He caught him,—and he *could* have landed him,—he should have landed him,—but he *didn't* land him. That was it. Yes, I remember Kernin and Morse had a slight discussion about it,—Oh, perfectly friendly,—as to whether Morse had fumbled with the net —or whether Kernin—the whole argument was perfectly friendly—had made an ass of himself by not "striking" soon enough. Of course the whole thing was so long ago, that both of them could look back on it without any bitterness or ill nature. In fact it amused them. Kernin said it was the most laughable thing he ever saw in his life to see poor old Jack (that's Morse's name) shoving away with the landing net wrong side up. And Morse said he'd never forget seeing poor old Cronyn yanking his line first this way and then that and not knowing where to try to haul it. It made him laugh to look back at it.

THEY might have gone on laughing for quite a time but Charlie Jones interrupted by saying that in his opinion a landing net is a piece of darned foolishness. Here Popley agrees with him. Kernin objects that if you don't use a net you'll lose your fish at the side of the boat. Jones says no: give him a hook well through the fish and a stout line in his hand and that fish has *got* to come in. Popley says so too. He says let him have his hook fast through the fish's head with a short stout line, and put him (Popley) at the other end of that line and that fish will come in. It's *got* to. Otherwise Popley will know why. That's the alternative. Either the fish must come in or Popley must know why. There's no escape from the logic of it.



But perhaps some of my readers have heard the thing discussed before.

So as I say we decided to go the next morning and to make an early start. All of the boys were at one about that. When I say "boys" I use the word as it is used in fishing to mean people from say forty-five to sixty-five. There is something about fishing that keeps men young. If a fellow gets out for a good morning's fishing, forgetting all business worries, once in a while,—say once in ten years—it keeps him fresh.

We agreed to go in a launch, a large launch,—to be exact the largest in the town. We could have gone in row boats, but a row boat is a poor thing to fish from. Kernin said that in a row boat it is impossible properly to *"play"* your fish. The side of the boat is so low that the fish is apt to leap over the side into the boat when half "played." Popley said that there is no *comfort* in a row boat. In a launch a man can reach out his feet and take it easy. Charlie Jones said that in a launch a man could rest his back against something and Morse said that in a launch a man could rest his neck. Young inexperienced boys, in the small sense of the word, never think of these things. So they go out and after a few hours their necks get tired. Whereas a group of expert fishers in a launch can rest their backs and necks and even fall asleep during the pauses when the fish stop biting.

Anyway all the "boys" agreed that the great advantage of a launch would be that we could get a *man* to take us. By that means the man could see to getting the worms, and the man would be sure to have spare lines, and the man could come along to our different places,—we were all beside the water,—and pick us up. In fact the more we thought about the advantage of having a "man" to take us the better we liked it.

As a boy gets old he likes to have a man about to do the work. Anyway Frank Rolls, the man we decided to get, not only has the biggest launch in town but what is more Frank *knows* the lake. We called him up at his boat house over the phone and said we'd give him five dollars to take us out first thing in the morning provided that he knew the shoal. He said he knew it.

I DON'T know, to be quite candid about it, who mentioned whiskey first. In these days everybody has to be a little careful. I imagine we had all been *thinking* whiskey for some time before anybody said it. But there is a sort of convention that when men go fishing they must have whiskey. Each man makes the pretence that the one thing he needs at six o'clock in the morning is cold raw whiskey. It is spoken of in terms of affection. One may say that the first thing you need if you're going fishing is a good "snort" of whiskey: another says that a good "snifter" is the very thing and the others agree. No man can fish properly without "a horn," or a "bracer" or an "eye-opener." Each man really decides that he himself won't take any. But he feels that in a collective sense, the "boys" need it.

So it was with us. The Colonel said he'd bring along "a bottle of booze." Popley said, no, let *him* bring it; Kernin said let him: and Charlie Jones said no, he'd bring it. It turned out that the Colonel had some very good Scotch at his house that he'd like to bring: oddly enough Pop-

ley had some good Scotch in his house too; and, queer though it is, each of the boys had Scotch in his house. When the discussion closed we knew that each of the five of us was intending to bring a bottle of Scotch whiskey. Each of the five of us expected the others to drink one and a quarter bottles in the course of the morning. I suppose we must have talked on that verandah till long after one in the morning. It was probably nearer two than one when we broke up.

But we agreed that that made no difference. Popley said that for him three hours sleep, the right kind of sleep, was far more refreshing than ten. Kernin said that a lawyer learns to snatch his sleep when he can, and Jones said that in railroad work a man pretty well cuts out sleep.

So we had no alarms whatever about not being ready by five. Our plan was simplicity itself. Men like ourselves in responsible positions learn to organize things easily. In fact Popley says it is that faculty that has put us where we are. So the plan simply was that Frank Rolls should come along at five o'clock and blow his whistle in front of our places, and at that signal each man would come down to his wharf with his rod and kit and so we'd be off to the shoal without a moment's delay.

The weather we ruled out. It was decided that even if it rained that made no difference. Kernin said that fish bite better in the rain. And everybody agreed that a man with a couple of snorts in him need have no fear of a little rain water.

So we parted, all keen on the enterprise, nor do I think even now that there



was anything faulty or imperfect in that party as we planned it.

I heard Frank Rolls blowing his infernal whistle opposite my summer cottage at some ghastly hour in the morning. Even without getting out of bed, I could see from the window that it was no day for fishing. No, not raining exactly. I don't mean that, but one of those peculiar days; I don't mean *wind*, there was no wind but a sort of feeling in the air that showed anybody who understands bass fishing that it was a perfectly rotten day for going out. The fish, I seemed to know it, wouldn't bite.

When I was still fretting over the annoyance of the disappointment I heard Frank Rolls blowing his whistle in front of the other cottages. I counted thirty whistles altogether. Then I fell into a light doze—not exactly sleep, but a sort of *doze*,—I can find no other word for it. It was clear to me that the other "boys" had thrown the thing over. There was no use in my trying to go out alone. I stayed where I was, my doze lasting till ten o'clock.

When I walked up town later in the morning I couldn't help being struck by the signs in the butchers' shops and the restaurants, FISH, FRESH FISH, FRESH LAKE FISH.

Where in blazes do they get those fish anyway?

TO MY LOST JEAN

By JAMES L. HUGHES

Dear Jean, I often sit and dream
Of flowers that bloomed beside the stream
In which I paddled free, alone,
When earth and sky were all my own.
More exquisite the flowers grew,
Year after year until with you,
I walked one great June day. We took
The path beside my singing brook,
Across the valley to the glen;
And in the gloaming back again.

Enchanted by your charm each flower
Responded with its highest power.
Marsh marigold with yellow gleam
Outlined the margin of the stream;
Lobelia, cardinal and blue,
Unfurled bright flags to welcome you;
The jewel-weed and bellwort, too,
Swung their sweet bells to ring for you;
The violets and blue eyed grass
Smiled shyly, when they saw you pass;
The crane's bill and anemone
Opened their hearts that you might see;
The meadowsweet and meadow rue
In intertwining beauty grew;
The trumpetweed and turtlehead
Stood high "to kiss your hand," they said.

When we had reached the rocky glen,
We left the singing stream, and then
Wake-robins white, pink columbine,
And bloodroot to their bower fine
Invited us to rest, where we
The wide, rich meadowland could see.
The mountain fringe high on the trees
Waved gracefully upon the breeze,
And sitting there we looked away
Across a field of white that day.
Ten thousand marguerites were there
Bowing, their greetings to declare;
And groups of blackeyed Susans told
Their love from lips of purest gold.
My heart awaked to glory new,
And I, too, told my love to you.
We cut two sprays of eglantine;
You gave me yours, I gave you mine.

Oh! nevermore can heart glow be
So sweet as on that day to me.
The flowers may bloom as fair as then,
But you can never come again.
With heart so sore and grief so deep,
Jean, when at last you fell asleep,
I took your dear, cold hand in mine
And in it shut our eglantine.

The Gun Brand

A Story of the North

By James B. Hendryx

Author of "Marquard the Silent," "The Promise," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

SYNOPSIS.—*Chloe Elliston, inheriting the love of adventure and ambitious to emulate her famous grandfather, "Tiger" Elliston, who had played a big part in the civilizing of Malaysia, sets out for the Far North to establish a school and bring the light of education to the Indians and breeds of the Athabasca country. Accompanied by a companion, Harriet Penny, and a Swedish maid, Big Lena, she arrives at Athabasca Landing and engages transportation on one of the scows of Pierre Lapierre, an independent trader. Vermilion, the boss scowman, decides to kidnap the party and hold them to ransom; but Lapierre, getting wind of his plans, interrupts them at a vital moment, kills Vermilion, and rescues the girl. Predisposed in his favor, she accepts him as her mentor in the wilderness, believing all he tells her, especially about one Robert MacNair, another free-trader whom Lapierre saddles with a most villainous reputation and the epithet of "Brute." On Lapierre's advice Chloe establishes herself at the mouth of the Yellow Knife River, on Great Slave Lake, and starts to building her school, et cetera. Then Brute MacNair turns up and warns her to leave his Indians alone. She defies him, and later starts for his post at Snare Lake. Meeting MacNair just before she gets there, they have an interview, which ends when Lapierre, appearing suddenly, shoots MacNair. Chloe, in spite of Lapierre's protest, takes the wounded man to her place and nurses him. MacNair's Indians follow and attack the schoolhouse, defended by Lapierre's Indians. MacNair, though barely recovered from his wound, takes them back to Snare Lake. On the arrival of Lapierre with the winter supplies, Chloe asks him to go with her to MacNair. They arrive in time to witness the whole settlement in a drunken uproar deliberately caused by Lapierre, through whose agency whiskey has been freely distributed. MacNair suddenly arrives on the scene, kicking and shooting the delinquents in an endeavor to restore order. Lapierre turns back, but the canoe gets badly damaged in the ice, and he is forced to continue his way on foot, leaving Chloe to camp for the night. She wakes up to find MacNair before her. He tells her his Indians were glutted with whiskey from her storehouse, brought in by Lapierre.*

CHAPTER VI.—*Continued.*

"INSPECTED and passed! And why? Because they were *your* goods, and the men of the Mounted have yet to suspect you. The inspection was perfunctorily made. And as for the manifest—I did not say it was your whisky. I said, 'whisky from your storehouse.' It was Lapierre's whisky. And he succeeded in running it in by the boldest, and at the same time the cleverest and safest method—disguised as your freight. Tell me this: Did you check your pieces upon their arrival at your storehouse?"

"No; Lapierre did that, or Lefroy."

"And Lapierre, having first ascertained that I was far on the caribou trail, succeeded in slipping the whisky to my Indians, but he—"

"Mr. Lapierre was with me! Accuse him and you accuse me, also. He brought me here because I wished to see for myself the condition of your Indians—the condition of which I had so often heard."

"Was Lefroy, also, with you?"

"Lefroy was away upon a mission, and that mission was to capture two others of your ilk—two whisky-runners!"

MacNair laughed harshly. "Good Lefroy!" he exclaimed in derision. "Great God, you are a fool! You yourself saw Lefroy and his satellites rushing wildly for the shelter of the timber, when I unexpectedly appeared among them." The light of exultation leaped into his eyes. "I killed two of them, but Lefroy escaped. Lapierre timed his work well. And had it not been that one of my Indians, who was a spy in Lapierre's camp, learned of his plan and followed me across the barrens, Lapierre would have had ample time, after the destruction of my fort, to have scattered my Indians to the four winds. When I learned of his plot I forced the trail as I never had forced a trail, in the hope of arriving in time to prevent the catastrophe. I reached the fort too late to save my Indians from your human wolf-pack, their homes from the flames, and my buildings and my property from destruction. But, thank God, it is not too late to wreak my vengeance upon the enemies of my people! For the trail is hot, and I will follow it, if need be, to the end of the earth."

"Your love for your Indians is, indeed, touching. I witnessed a demonstration of that love last night, when you battered and kicked and hurled them about in their drunken and helpless condition. But, tell me, what will become of them while you are following your trail of blood—the trail you so fondly imagine will terminate in the death of Lapierre, but which will, as surely and inevitably as justice itself, lead you to a prison cell, if not the gallows?"

MacNair regarded the girl almost fiercely. "I must leave my Indians," he answered, "for the present, to their own devices. For the simple reason that I cannot be in two places at one time."

"But their supplies were burned! They will starve!" cried the girl. "It would seem that one who really loved his Indians would have his first thought for their welfare. But no; you prefer to take the trail and kill men; men who may at some future time tell their story upon the witness-stand; a story that will not sound pretty in the telling, and that will mark the crash of your reign of tyranny. 'Safety first' is your slogan, and your Indians may starve while you murder men." The girl paused and suddenly became conscious that MacNair was regarding her with a strange look in his eyes. And at his next words she could scarcely believe her ears.

"Will you care for my Indians?"

The question staggered her. "What!" she managed to gasp.

"Just what I said," answered MacNair gruffly. "Will you care for my Indians until such time as I shall return to them—until I have ridded the north of Lapierre?"

"Do you mean," cried the astonished girl, "will I care for your Indians—the same Indians who attacked my school—who only last night fought like fiends among themselves, and burned their own homes?"

"Just that!" answered MacNair. "The Indian who warned me of Lapierre's plot told me, also, of the arrival of your supplies—sufficient, he said, to feed the whole north. You will not lose by it. Name your own price, and I shall pay whatever you ask."

"Price!" flashed the girl. "Do you think I would take your gold—the gold that has been wrung from the hearts' blood of your Indians?"

"On your own terms, then," answered MacNair. "Will you take them? Surely this arrangement should be to your liking. Did you not tell me yourself, upon the occasion of our first meeting, that you intended to use every means in your power to induce my Indians to attend your school? That you would teach them that they are free? That they owe allegiance and servitude to no man? That you would educate, and show them they were being robbed and cheated and forced into serfdom? That you intended to appeal to their better natures, to their manhood and womanhood? I think those were your words. Did you not say that? And did you mean it? Or was it the idle boast of an angry woman?"

Chloe interrupted him. "Yes, I said that, and I meant it! And I mean it now!"

"You have your chance," growled MacNair. "I impose no restrictions. I shall command them to obey you; even to attend your school, if you wish! You will hardly have time to do them much harm. As I told you, the north is not ready for your education. But I know that you are honest. You are a fool, and the time is not far distant when you yourself will realize this; when you will learn that you have become the unwitting dupe of one of the shrewdest and most diabolical scoundrels that ever drew breath. Again I tell you that some day you and I shall be friends! At this moment you hate me. But I know it is through ignorance you hate. I have small patience with your ignorance; but, also, at this moment you are the only person in all the north with whom I would trust my Indians. Lapierre, from now on, will be past harming them. I shall see to it that he is kept so busy in the matter of saving his own hide that he will have scant time for deviltry."

STILL Chloe appeared to hesitate. And through MacNair's mind flashed the memory of the rapier-blade eyes that stared from out the dull gold frame of the portrait that hung upon the wall of

the little cottage—eyes that were the eyes of the girl before him.

"Well," he asked with evident impatience, "are you *afraid* of these Indians?"

The flashing eyes of the girl told him that the shot had struck home. "No!" she cried. "I am not afraid! Send your Indians to me, if you will; and when you send them, bid good-by to them forever."

MacNair nodded. "I will send them," he answered, and, turning abruptly upon his heel, disappeared into the scrub.

THE journey down the Yellow Knife consumed six days, and it was a journey fraught with many hardships for Chloe Elliston, unaccustomed as she was to trail travel. The little-used trail, following closely the bank of the stream, climbed low, rock-ribbed ridges, traversed black spruce swamps, and threaded endlessly in and out of the scrub timber. Nevertheless, the girl held doggedly to the slow pace set by the canoemen.

When at last, foot-sore and weary, with nerves a jangle, and with every muscle in her body protesting with its own devilishly ingenious ache against the overstrain of the long, rough miles and the chill misery of damp blankets, she arrived at the school, Lapierre was nowhere to be found. For the wily quarter-breed, knowing that MacNair would instantly suspect the source of the whisky, had, upon his arrival, removed the remaining casks from the storehouse, and conveyed them with all haste to his stronghold on Lac du Mort.

Upon her table in the cottage Chloe found a brief note to the effect that Lapierre had been forced to hasten to the eastward to aid Lefroy in dealing with the whisky-runners. The girl had scant time to think of Lapierre, however, for upon the morning after her arrival MacNair appeared, accompanied by a hundred or more dejected and wobegone Indians. Despite the fact that Chloe had known them only as fierce roisterers, she was forced to admit that they looked harmless and peaceful enough, under the chastening effect of a week of starvation.

MacNair wasted no time, but striding up to Chloe, who stood upon the veranda of her cottage, plunged unceremoniously into the business at hand.

"Do not misunderstand me," he began gruffly. "I did not bring my Indians here to receive the benefits of your education, nor as a sop to your anger, nor for any other reason than to procure for them food and shelter until such time as I myself can provide for them. If they were trappers this would be unnecessary. But they have long since abandoned the traplines, and in the whole village there could not be found enough traps to supply one-tenth of their number with the actual necessities of life. I have sent runners to the young men upon the barren grounds, with orders to continue the caribou kill and bring the meat to you here. I have given my Indians their instructions. They will cause you no trouble, and will be subject absolutely to your commands. And now, I must be on my way. I must pick up the trail of Lapierre. And when I return I shall confront you with evidence that will prove to you beyond a doubt that the words I have spoken are true!"

"And I will confront you," retorted the girl, "with evidence that will place you behind prison bars for the rest of your life!" Again Chloe saw in the gray eyes the twinkle that held more than the suspicion of a smile.

"I think I would make but a poor prisoner," the man answered. "But if I am to be a prisoner I warn you that I will run the prison. I am MacNair!" Something in the man's look—he was gazing straight into her eyes with a peculiar intense gaze—caused the girl to start, while a sudden indescribable feeling of fear, of helplessness before this man, flashed over her. The feeling passed in an instant, and she sneered boldly into MacNair's face.

"My, how you hate yourself!" she cried. "And how long is it, Mr. Brute MacNair—" was it fancy, or did the man wince at the emphasis of the name? She repeated, with added emphasis, "Mr. Brute MacNair, since you have deemed it worth your while to furnish me with evidence? You told me once, I believe, that you cared nothing for my opinion. Is it possible that you hope at this late day to flatter me with my own importance?"

MACNAIR, in no wise perturbed, regarded her gravely. "No," he answered. "It is not that, it is—" He paused as if at a loss for words. "I do not know why," he continued, "unless, perhaps, it is because—because you have no fear of me. That you do not fear to take your life into your hands in defense of what you think is right. It may be that I have learned a certain respect for you. Certainly I do not pity you. At times you have made me very angry with your foolish blundering, until I remember it is honest blundering, and that some day you will know the north, and will know that north of sixty men are not measured by your little rule of thumb. Always I have gone my way, caring no more for the approval of others than I have for their hatred or scoffing. I know the north! Why should I care for the opinion of others? If they do not know, so much the worse for them. The reputation of being a fool injures no one. Had I not been thought a fool by the men of the Hudson Bay Company they would not have sold me the barren grounds whose sands are loaded with gold."

"And yet you said *I* was a fool," interrupted Chloe. "According to your theory that fact should redound to my credit."

MacNair answered without the suspicion of a smile.

"I did not say that *being* a fool injured no one. You *are* a fool. Of your reputation I know nothing, nor care." He turned abruptly on his heel, walked to the storehouse, leaving the girl, speechless with anger, standing upon the veranda of the cottage, as she watched his swinging shoulders disappear from sight around the corner of the log building.

With flushed face Chloe turned toward the river, and instantly her attention centered upon the figure of a man, who swung out of the timber and approached across the clearing in long, easy strides. She regarded the man closely. Certainly he was no one she had ever seen before. He was very near now, and at the distance of a few feet, paused and bowed, as he swept the Stetson from his head. The girl's heart gave a wild bound of joy. The man wore the uniform of the Mounted!

"Miss Elliston?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Chloe, as her glance noted the clear-cut, almost boyish lines of the weather-bronzed face.

"I am Corporal Ripley, ma'am, at your service. I happened on a Fort Rae Injun—a Dog Rib, a few days since, and he told me some kind of a yarn about a band of Yellow Knives that had attacked your post some time during the summer. I couldn't get much out of him because he could speak only a few words of English, and I can't speak any Dog Rib. Besides, you can't go much on what an Indian tells you. When you come to sift down their dope it generally turns out to be nine parts lies and the other part divided between truth, superstition, and guess-work. Constable Darling, at Fort Resolution, said he'd received no complaint, so I didn't hurry through."

With a swift glance toward the storehouse, into which MacNair had disappeared, Chloe motioned the man into the cottage. "The—the attack was nothing," she hastened to assure him. "But there is something—a complaint that I wish to make against a man who is, and has been for years, doing all in his power to debauch and brutalize the Indians of the north." The girl paced nervously up and down as she spoke, and she noted that the youthful officer leaned forward expectantly, his wide boyish eyes narrowed to slits.

"Yes," he urged eagerly, "who is this man? And have you got the evidence to back your charge? For I take it from your words you intend to make a charge."

"Yes," answered Chloe. "I do intend to make a charge, and I have my evidence. The man is MacNair. Brute MacNair he is called—"

"What! MacNair of Slave Lake—Bob MacNair of the barren grounds!"

"Yes, Bob MacNair of the barren grounds." A moment of silence followed her words. A silence during which the officer's face assumed a troubled expression.

"You are sure there is no mistake?" he asked at length.

"There is no mistake!" flashed the girl. "With my own eyes I have seen enough to convict a dozen men!"

Even as she spoke, a form passed the window, and a heavy tread sounded on the veranda. Stepping quickly to the door, Chloe flung it open, and pointing toward MacNair, who stood, rifle in hand, cried: "Officer, arrest that man!"

Corporal Ripley, who had risen to his feet, stood gazing from one to the other; while MacNair, speechless, stared straight into the eyes of the girl.

CHAPTER XVI

MACNAIR GOES TO JAIL

THE silence in the little room became almost painful. MacNair uttered no word as his glance strayed from the flushed, excited face of the girl to the figure of Corporal Ripley, who stood hat in hand, gazing from one to the other with eyes plainly troubled by doubt and perplexity.

"Well, why don't you do something?" cried the girl, at length. "It seems to me if I were a man I could think of something to do besides stand and gape!"

Corporal Ripley cleared his throat. "Do I understand," he began stiffly, "that you intend to prefer certain charges against MacNair—that you demand his arrest?"

"I should *think* you would understand

it!" retorted the girl. "I have told you three or four times."

The officer flushed slightly and shifted the hat from his right to his left hand.

"Just step inside, MacNair," he said, and then to the girl. "I'll listen to you now, if you please? You must make specific charges, you know—not just hearsay. Arresting a man in this country is a serious matter, Miss Elliston. We are seven hundred miles from a jail, and the law expects us to use discretion in making an arrest. It don't do us any good at headquarters to bring in a man unless we can back up our charge with strong evidence, because the item of transportation of witnesses and prisoner can easily run up into big money. On the other hand it's just as bad if we fail or delay in bringing a guilty man to book. What we want is specific evidence. I don't tell you this to discourage any just complaint, but only to show you that we've got to have direct and specific evidence. Now, Miss Elliston, I'll hear what you've got to say."

Chloe sank into a chair and motioned the others to be seated. "We may as well sit down while we talk. I will try to tell you only the facts as I myself have seen them—only such as I could swear to on a witness stand." The officer bowed, and Chloe plunged directly into the subject.

"In the first place," she began, "when I brought my outfit in I noticed in the scows, certain pieces with the name of MacNair painted on the burlap. The rest of the outfit, I think, consisted wholly of my own freight. I wondered at the time who MacNair was, but didn't make any inquiries until I happened to mention the matter to Mr. Lapierre. That was on Slave River. Mr. Lapierre seemed very much surprised that any of MacNair's goods should be in his scows. He examined the pieces and then with an ax smashed them in. They contained whisky."

"And he destroyed it? Can you swear it was whisky?" asked the officer.

"Certainly, I can swear it was whisky! I *saw* it and *smelled* it."

"Can you explain why Lapierre did not know of these pieces, until you called his attention to them?"

Chloe hesitated a moment and tapped nervously on the table with her fingers. "Yes," she answered, "I can. Mr. Lapierre took charge of the outfit only that morning."

"Who was the boss scowman? Who took the scows down the Athabasca?"

"A man named Vermilion. He was a half-breed, I think. Anyway, he was a horrible creature."

"Where is Vermilion now?"

Again Chloe hesitated. "He is dead," she answered. "Mr. Lapierre shot him. He shot him in self-defense, after Vermilion had shot another man."

The officer nodded, and Chloe called upon Big Lena to corroborate the statement that Lapierre had destroyed certain whisky upon the bank of Slave Lake. "Is that all?" asked the officer.

"No, indeed!" answered Chloe. "That isn't all! Only last week, I went to visit MacNair's fort on Snare Lake in company with Mr. Lapierre and Lena, and four canoemen. We got there shortly after dark. Fires had been built on the beach—many of them almost against the walls of the stockade. As we drew near we heard loud yells and howlings, that sounded like the cries of animals, rather than of human beings. We approached very close to the shore where the figures of the Indians were distinctly visible by the light of the leaping flames. It was then we realized that a wild orgy of indescribable debauchery was in progress. The Indians were raving drunk. Some lay upon the ground in a stupor — others danced and howled and threw firebrands about in reckless abandon.

"We dared not land, but held the canoe off shore and watched the horrible scene. We had not long to wait before the inevitable happened. The whirling firebrands falling among the cabins and against the walls of the stockade started a conflagration, which soon spread to the storehouse. And then MacNair appeared on the scene, rushing madly among the Indians, striking, kicking, and hurling them about. A few sought to save themselves by escaping to the timber. And, jerking a rifle from the hand of an Indian, MacNair fired twice at the flee-



When she spoke her voice rang hard with scorn.

Continued on page 67.

Cross Currents in War Preparations

By Agnes C. Laut

Who wrote "Lords of the North," "The Hudson's Bay Co.," etc.



EVERYONE will recall the chaotic confusion in which war preparations plunged Great Britain for the first year. The United States are passing the same phase now. It is a waste of breath to say they should have avoided the blunders of the Allies and profited by their mistakes. They should but they are not, mainly because a great democracy with its cross-currents of interacting influences is the clumsiest machine ever devised for getting things done.

On the surface, things seem to be going ahead. Down below the surface—deep below the surface, where the real experts are working beyond hearing of the political clamor above—real things are being done; but between these two layers of action there is what Sir Henry Babbington Smith called, when he was out on England's first loan mission, absolute chaos.

For instance, on the surface as indications of War preparation's speedometer:

The Americans have enrolled ten million men of military age. Before these words appear, they will have drafted between 600,000 and 800,000 for active service by January first.

They have already sent Pershing and his army of 30,000 more or less, who were in Mexico, to an American sector of the fighting line in France.

They have raised two billion dollars of the Liberty Loan and will have launched another loan for a larger amount by September.

They have loaned the Allies almost two billion dollars in a year.

They are now furnishing Russia with complete railroad equipment to the starvation of rail needs in their own country; and the mission from the United States has done much to stabilize Russia on the side of the Allies in the War.

They have completed 550 submarine chasers and are completing submarine chasers at the rate of three a day. On this work alone, they have more than 12,000 men employed.

They have commissioned 87 enemy ships that were interned and appropriated $500,000,000 for the construction of a cargo fleet to feed the Allies, whether the fleet be wooden or steel is not yet certain. Contracts have been let for 300 ships in all.

And they have appropriated $600,000,000 just as a preliminary flier, to get a fleet of aeroplanes under way.

Also, they are building at the pace of boom towns, military encampments to house and train two million men. There are 16 of these cantonments, each to have 40,000 men at a time, as the various calls go through the mill of training.

And they have ordered the equipment for these men, four million boots, twenty million rifles, thousands of Lewis guns, motor trucks, motor ambulances, tenting, uniforms, ammunitions, hospital supplies. For hospital supplies, in the matter of the Red Cross alone, we have raised over $100,000,000.

As to food, though the Food Bill has been juggled and thimble-rigged by every self-seeking interest in the country, though it has had tin tacks and steel and copper and cotton and oil and coal stuck on to it by the fast-sticking glue of trickery interests—till President Wilson and Hoover hardly know whether it is a food bill, or a crazy patch work badly stained with beers and whiskys—though the Food Bill has been juggled and thimble-rigged, the fact standing out is—without any maximum or minimum prices guaranteed, with labor the scarcest ever known and at the highest price ever known, and with seed at Klondike levels, the farmers have put in big enough crops to guarantee against world famine. Please notice I did not say to guarantee no scarcity of food and no high prices; for the crop has all gone in very late, and the season has been the coldest for ten years; but there is enough food to guarantee against famine. In any event, Russia's adherence to the Allies and her recent brilliant victories assure European nations a Russian supply of food.

Enough to prove that War's speedometer has been registering things done, many of them, and the pace still full power on headed for Europe.

NOW go down to the unseen layers of action, where the experts are silently working.

Such arrangements have been made for the draft by a jury wheel that no favoritism can possibly be shown. Slackers cannot escape through pull. No man can become an officer through political influences. The Army, which was under 80,000 muster when War was declared, is now over 200,000; and the Navy, which was 18,000 men short at Christmas is now up to the full muster.

The 87 alien vessels, which were seized are now ready to transport 2 million troops across the Atlantic in a year. It is the mockery of fate that the great passenger vessels, which Germany constructed to monopolize the immigrant traffic of Europe, are now to be used to transport Germany's foes back to the firing line to fight against her. Here, the problem for the silent worker has been, not to get soldiers and mariners, but common sailors to man the great merchant fleet that has suddenly come into Uncle Sam's possession; and the foolish Navigation Laws which hampered America's merchant marine, passed to curry favor with the Labor Unions, are being abrogated under stress of War so quietly that the public is hardly aware of what the changes mean. For instance, the Seaman's Law prohibited foreigners acting as officers on American vessels. This law has been lifted to permit sailors and officers of the Allied nations acting under the American flag—which means that Nova Scotians and Great Lakes sailors and Newfoundlanders will henceforth man Uncle Sam's merchant fleet. Another foolish law prohibited vessels under foreign flags engaging in American coastal trade. That is, a vessel under a foreign flag could come to an American port and go out from that port; but it could not go from port to port in the United States. The consequence was that the railroads got control of all the coastal lines in the United States and promptly jacked up water rates to equal land rates which pretty nearly abolished canal and river traffic in the United States. Under stress of War, this law has been abrogated from the Great Lakes; and it is only a matter of time when it will be abrogated from the sea coast. To the inlander, that means nothing. To the coast shipper, it means everything. If Canadian and British wind-jammers, for instance, could cruise from point to point along the coast through Panama, it would mean thriving days for them. To the Texas lumberman, it would mean that he could put his lumber as cheaply on the New York market as Washington can by rail. To the buyer of lumber, it would mean $10 to $15 less a thousand in the East.

These are changes the experts are working on without any shouting from house tops. When you come to rebuild Northern France and Belgium, lumber by rail across the continent would be prohibitive; by water, it would be cheap enough for the impoverished buyer. The reaction of this on British Columbia mills need not be told.

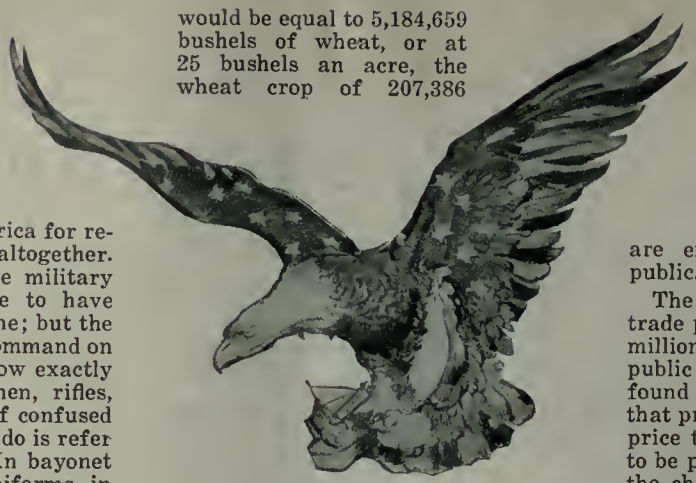
IN the system of training for officers, the tendency has been more and more to conform to British manuals as to units of men, equipment, guns, rifles, etc. If the country had been loudly fan-fared with the information that Uncle Sam was standardizing his equipment to John Bull's, you would have had Irish-Americans and German-Americans clawing chunks out of

the air; but very quietly, the experts have been at work standardizing. What does that mean? It means if a Sammie, or a Teddy, breaks his rifle, or jams his field gun, or cripples his motor truck, he can have it repaired instantly on the spot on the firing line, instead of sending back to America for repair sections, or discarding altogether. The same of standardizing the military manuals. The Americans are to have their own sector in the firing line; but the British and French officers in command on each side of the sector, will know exactly how strong each unit is in men, rifles, guns, under any combination of confused action; for all they will have to do is refer to the standardized manual. In bayonet work, in trench warfare, in uniforms, in guns, the American sector will correspond with the British and French sectors. Only to-day, word has gone out to all the factories working on uniforms to cut the coats after the British pattern.

As to aeroplanes, though the engine now constructed in the United States is better adapted for training flights than fighting squadrons, American aeroplane engineers are now in France studying the 145 mile an hour machines and studying, also, the wrecks of German machines to try to learn the secret of the air ships that "zip" up in the air 20,000 feet like a shot. Once the air ship programme is under way, it is inconceivable that American mechanical genius will not equal and surpass German and French mechanical genius; for it was America that first devised the air fleet. It was war taught France and Germany the cunning of the modern air fighter; and in a very short time, the American air fleet will have all the devices of Germany's high fliers and France's long distance fliers. Still more important is the torpedo sea-plane; few people seem to have noticed the significance, but when the *Gena* was sunk by a German torpedo plane, it was sunk by an invention of Rear-Admiral Bradley Fiske. The hydro-plane, the torpedo sea plane, and the submarine chasers seem the only weapons against the submarine; and these are American inventions. It is in modifications of these inventions that the first mechanical minds of the United States are now at work to equip a fighting force against submarines. Details of this cannot be given; but the experts, whom I like to think of as the motor power out of sight driving the ships of state, are at work.

AS to the purchase of equipment for 2 million men, do you realize what it means? A pair of shoes lasts only a few weeks in the trenches. A rifle is good for a shorter period. With every man go 3 pairs of socks. The ration for an American soldier per day is—20 ounces beef, 18 ounces flour, ½ ounce baking powder, 2¼ ounces beans, 1¼ ounces prunes, 20 ounces potatoes, 1¼ ounces coffee, 3 ounces sugar, 1/3 ounce evaporated milk, vinegar, salt, pepper, cinnamon, lard, butter, syrup in portions of an ounce; but if you multiply these small quantities by an army of two millions, or even by the first 500,000 slated to be on the firing line by January, you get some totals that are astounding. Take beef, flour, potatoes!

The beef for 500,000 men for one year would be equal to a herd of 228,000 beeves. The flour for 500,000 men for a year would be equal to 5,184,659 bushels of wheat, or at 25 bushels an acre, the wheat crop of 207,386



acres. The potatoes for 500,000 men would equal the average crop of 608,333 acres. The buyers on the National Council of Defence have made arrangements for all this provisioning so quietly that it has caused hardly a ripple across the market. In fact, in the face of all this buying, prices have gone off about 5%. The 16 great military cantonments, which will house 40,000 men each will require more than 6 million bushels of wheat, 84 million pounds of fresh beef, 42 million pounds of pork, 2,500,000 bushels of potatoes. All this is being arranged so quietly the public has hardly awakened to what it means; and when besides the 600,000 in training in the cantonments, there are 2 million men on the firing line—requirements can be figured but hardly guessed.

In fact, if the surface speedometer shows a high pace, the sub-surface silent work shows a still higher pace.

IT is between these two layers of action that the cross-currents have kicked up all the foam and froth and confusion that are churning up in the public press and in party platforms.

The enrolment, the drafting, the training, the preparation of munitions and rifles and ammunition—the man power end of it—these things are going ahead without a jar. It is in connection with industry and labor, raw material and fabrication, that the confusion has come and such changes are impending as will not leave "one stone upon another" in the industrial world. I don't purpose offering the solution of these industrial problems. If I could, I would not be writing about them. I shall set down facts.

Take the matter of financing future loans. The first Liberty Loan was a huge success; but it was only a success because it came so near being a failure that every bank and bond house in the United States, every manufacturer and shipper, got out behind it and hoisted it so that it was oversubscribed almost a billion. But meanwhile, it was necessary to pass new revenue laws taxing excess profits as they ought to be taxed. But here is the rub. It is something like the house that Jack built. How is the Steel Trust, for instance, to subscribe $50 millions to a second Liberty Loan if its excess profits are to be taxed? How is it to have any excess profits if it must not charge the Government on war contracts more than 10% over cost? How can it keep its prices down to 10% over pre-War cost, when it must pay 100% and 200% higher for raw material, and 100% and 200% higher for labor? I could give the exact figures of what the steel people are paying for pig iron and what Denman has asked them and Daniels has ordered them to charge for steel; but being a lay mind, I should probably confuse the technical terms. Besides copper and shoes are examples simpler to the average public.

The Government refused to pay the trade price for copper and procured some million pounds at 16 cents as against a public price of over 30 cents; but it was found no more copper could be bought at that price; and the Government raised the price to 25 cents, 75% down, the balance to be paid if the Trade Commission found the charge did not exceed 10% profits to the copper miners. At present, the price averaged for the Government is 18c, as against 30c to the trade. Now here is what the copper miners are up against. They have been paying $5 a day for a 7-hour day to their men; and the men are now on strike for $6 a day for a 6-hour day. You will see if the Government is going to hold down prices on manufactured articles, it must also hold down prices on raw materials; and if it holds down prices on raw materials, it must also hold down wage demands; or the output stops altogether; and then, where are we at? We are at where we were with our farmers last spring—"scared stiff" of a world famine.

This is the real reason why all the list of follies—tin tacks, barb wire, steel, lead, zinc, cotton, oil—a nice war diet—were tacked on the Food Bill. The manufacturers wanted to force the President to declare himself—if he would regulate prices down on manufactured goods, and up on food goods, what was he prepared to do about raw material and wages? Also the farmer—if he was to produce abundance of food cheaply to save the world from famine, was the agricultural implement man also to produce abundance of machinery at a minimum price? You see where the whole policy of price fixing leads—don't you? To shallows that may wreck a war policy. And Wilson's answer to the manufacturers demand was an invocation for all to lay aside profits and fight for freedom.

The President referred "to the greed of the shippers" and "the marine interests" in charging high ocean freights endangering victory. Now let us get back to the house that Jack built.

Why are marine freights extortionate?

Because so much tonnage has been destroyed by the submarines; because insurance is high; because risks are about 50—50; because the delays of War cause extortionate demurrage charges—high as $5,000 a day at the docks. I know one line that has paid $5,000 demurrage a day for 30 days.

Why has so much tonnage been destroyed by the submarines?

Because the one defence against the submarine—the one effective submarine destroyer—has been so hampered and delayed by financial Government requirements that there are not enough of them to clear the seas of submarines. I have referred to this elsewhere; but I shall give it more explicitly. In 1915, the seas were practically cleared of 84% of the German submarines by submarine chas-

ers, 550 of which were delivered from American yards. These chasers had been standardized 80 feet long, 12 beam, 4 draft, 32 tons, 220 h.p. at a speed of 14 to 19 miles, crew 10 men—very swift, deadly, sea-worthy craft. The yards standardized to these sizes. Keeping these standards, the yards could turn out 100 a day. They cleared the seas of "subs" in 1915 and not one was lost; but the British Admiralty first and then the American Navy suddenly decided they wanted 30 to 40 feet more space "for the officers' comfort." The yards had to change all their standards, and consequently can turn out only 3 "sub" destroyers a day instead of a hundred.

To go back to the house that Jack built, ocean freight rates are high because tonnage has been destroyed by submarines; and tonnage has been destroyed by submarines because there are not enough submarine destroyers; and there are not enough "sub" destroyers because departmental "sissies" and "fussies" arbitrarily changed standards and threw all the ship yards in complete confusion.

It is just such hitches and halts and jars and criss-crosses as these that have kept two $500,000,000 contracts lying on the President's desk unsigned for more than six weeks. The manufacturers simply do not knew where they are at.

I spoke of army boots of which two contracts have been let at $4.73 a pair for some four millions in all. Now Canadians don't need to have the word "boots" said to them. They know that the boots, which were so cheap in Canada the first year of the War, had to be "junked" in England, which is precisely what the manufacturers of Toronto warned the Purchasing Board would be done. Leather has almost doubled in price. The shoes were so cheap they were no good; but Uncle Sam is clapping minimum prices on manufactured articles; and the error is being repeated.

Much the same story could be told of the controversy between Denman and Goethals as to wooden and steel ships; and if the controversy lasts much longer, there will not be ships to carry food to Europe this fall; for raw material is going higher and higher in price, and labor is growing scarcer and scarcer.

THE censorship belongs to the same sphere of confused action. It is no longer serious. It is a howling joke. There is an adage in the New Testament about—straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel." We all did it the morning of July 4th, when the lurid account came out of the sinking of a solitary submarine. The whole country "swallowed" it, swore and had bad indigestion even before the true account came out from the American officers in command. England had sunk 84% of Germany's submarines in 1915 and had hardly whispered the fact. Uncle Sam sank one and the censor in Washington yelled with such jubilation the people hid their heads in shame; for this censor was controlled by the same Mr. Daniels, who had refused to tell the public why the size of the submarine chasers had been changed, whether it was true the chasers built in the Government yards would not work—sank below the dead line and otherwise disported themselves like untrustworthy ships,—whether the specifications for the big navy authorized last January have been changed and held up needlessly three times, whether the Government-built ships really cost more than the contracted ships spite of purchase of assembled parts at half price; whether in fact it is true that many manufacturers simply cannot go ahead under present conditions.

But the censorship, like fixed prices, has been tried elsewhere and has always failed. The speedometer shows that the United States are going ahead with war preparations—both above the line where they can see their own pace and below decks where the silent workers toil. If between decks, there is confusion and noise, it need not discourage us. You sometimes don't know you are moving between decks; but the water is slipping past very fast all the same; and unless Kaiserdom collapses very soon, Uncle Sam will be there for the obsequies.

MacLean's Has Secured the Latest Novel by E. Phillips Oppenheim. It Will Start in the Next Number

OPPENHEIM, master of mystery and romance, has just finished his third great serial story of the war. The first two, "Mr. Grex, of Monte Carlo," and "The Double Traitor," appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post,* and were eagerly followed by the general public. The third one is called "The Pawn's Count" and is easily the best yet. It has been secured by MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE and will start in the next (October) issue.

This is the Biggest Feature that MacLean's Has Ever Offered

Their Wives Went Along

A Story of a Summer Outing

By W. W. Jacobs

Author of "Many Cargoes," "At Sunwich Post," etc.

Illustrated by Lou Skuce

THE HANDS on the wharf had been working all Saturday night and well into Sunday morning to finish the *Foam*, and now at ten o'clock, with hatches down and freshly scrubbed decks the skipper and mate stood watching the tide as it rose slowly over the smooth Thames mud.

"What time's she coming?" enquired the skipper, turning a lazy eye up at the wharf.

"About ha'-past ten she said," replied the mate. "It's very good o' you to turn out and let her have your state-room."

"Don't say another word about that," said the skipper, impressively. "I've met your wife once or twice, George, an' I must say that a nicer spoken woman, an' a more well be'aved one, I've seldom seen."

"Same to you," said the mate; "your wife I mean."

"Any man," continued the skipper, "as would lay in a comfortable stateroom, George, and leave a lady a-trying to turn and to dress and ondress herself in a pokey little locker ought to be ashamed of himself."

"You see, it's the luggage they bring," said the mate, slowly refilling his pipe. "What they want with it all I can't think. As soon as my old woman makes up her mind to come for a trip, to-morrow being bank holiday, an' she being in the mind for an outing, what does she do? Goes down to Commercial Road and buys a bonnet far beyond her station."

"They're all like it," said the skipper; "mine's just as bad. What does that boy want?"

The boy approached the edge of the jetty and, peering down at them, answered for himself.

"Who's Captain Bunnett?" he demanded, shrilly.

"That's me, my lad," said the skipper looking up.

"I've got a letter for yer," said the boy, holding it out.

THE skipper held out his hands and caught it, and, after reading the contents, felt his beard and looked at the mate.

"It never rains but it pours," he said figuratively.

"What's up?" enquired the other.

"'Ere's my old woman coming now," said the skipper. "Sent a note to say she's getting ready as fast as she can, an' I'm not to sail on any account till she comes."

"That's awkward," said the mate, who felt that he was expected to say something.

"It never struck me to tell her your wife was coming," said the skipper. "Where we're to put 'em both I don't know. I s'pose it's quite certain your wife 'll come?"

"Certain," said the mate.

"No chance of 'er changing 'er mind?" suggested the skipper, looking away from him.

"Not now she's got that bonnet," replied the mate. "I s'pose there's no chance of your wife changing hers?"

The skipper shook his head. "There's one thing," he said hopefully, "they'll be nice company for each other. They'll have to 'ave the stateroom between 'em. It's a good job my wife ain't as big as yours."

"We'll be able to play four 'anded wist sometimes," said the mate as he followed the skipper below to see what further room could be made.

"Crowded but jolly," said the other.

THE two cabs drove up almost at the same moment, while they were below, and Mrs. Bunnett's cabman had no sooner staggered on to the jetty with her luggage than Mrs. Fillson's arrived with hers. The two ladies, who were entire strangers, stood regarding each other curiously as they looked down at the bare deck of the *Foam*.



"Use a larger knife, Cap'n," he said, savagely. "You'll swallow that little 'un."

"George!" cried Mrs. Fillson, who was a fine woman, raising her voice almost to a scream in the effort to make herself heard above the winch of a neighboring steamer.

It was unfortunate perhaps that both officers of the schooner bore the same highly respectable Christian name.

"George!" cried Mrs. Bunnett, glancing indignantly at the other lady.

"George!" cried Mrs. Fillson, returning her looks with interest.

"Hussey," said Mrs. Bunnett un-

der her breath, but not very much under "George!"

There was no response.

"George!" cried both ladies together.

Still no response, and they made a louder effort.

THERE was yet another George on board, in the fo'c'sle, and in response to pushes from curious friends below, he came up and regarded the fair duettists open-mouthed.

"What d'yer want?" he said at length, sheepishly.

"Will you tell Captain Bunnett that his wife, Mrs. Bunnett, is here?" said that lady a thin little woman with bright black eyes.

"Yes, mum," said the seaman, and was hurrying off, when Mrs. Fillson called him back.

"Will you tell Mr. Fillson that his wife, Mrs. Fillson, is here!" she said, politely.

"All right, mum," said the other, and went below to communicate the pleasing tidings. Both husbands came up on deck hastily, and a glance served to show them how their wives stood.

"How do you do, Cap'n Bunnett," said Mrs. Fillson, with a fascinating smile.

"Good-mornin', marm," said the skipper, trying to avoid his wife's eye. "That's my wife, Mrs. Bunnett."

"Good morning, ma'am," said Mrs. Fillson, adjusting the new bonnet with the tips of her fingers.

"Good morning to you," said Mrs. Bunnett in a cold voice, but patronizing. "You have come to bring your husband some of his things, I suppose?"

"She's coming with us," said the skipper, in a hurry to have it over. "Wait half a moment and I'll help you down."

He got up to the side and helped them both on to the deck, and with a great attempt at cheery conversation, led the way below, where in the midst of an impressive silence, he explained that the ladies would have to share the state-room between them.

"That's the only way out of it," said the mate, after waiting in vain for them to say something. ,

"It's a fairish size when you come to look at it," said the skipper, putting his head on one side to see whether the bunk looked larger that way.

"Pack three in there at a pinch," said the mate hardily.

STILL the ladies said nothing, but there was a storm-signal hoisted in Mrs. Bunnett's cheek which boded no good to her husband. There was room only for one trunk in the state-room, and by prompt generalship Mrs. Fillson got hers in first. Having seen it safe, she went up on deck for a look round.

"George," said Mrs. Bunnett fiercely, as soon as they were alone.

"Yes, my dear," said her husband.

"Pack that woman off home," said Mrs. Bunnett sharply.

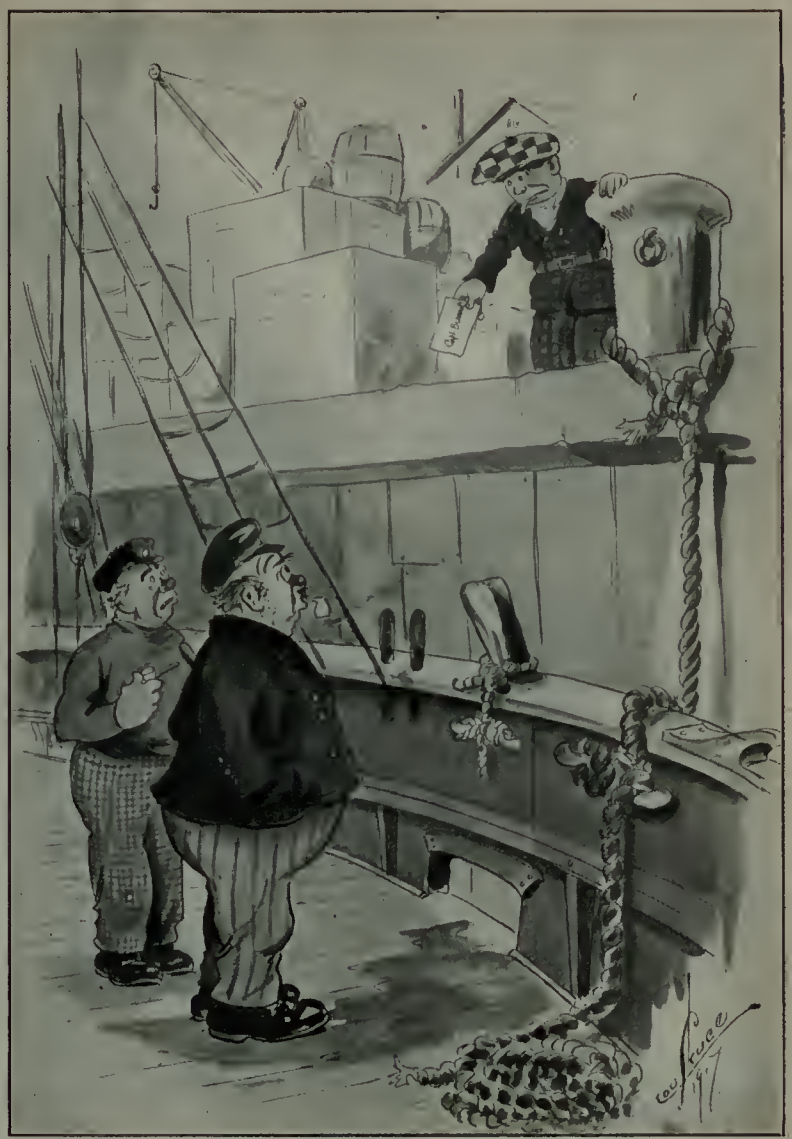
"I couldn't do that," said the skipper firmly. "It's your own fault. You should have said you was coming."

"Oh, I know you didn't want me to come," said Mrs. Bunnett, the roses on her bonnet trembling. "The mate can think of a little pleasure for his wife, but I can stay home and do your mending and keep the house clean. Oh, I know, don't tell me."

"Well, it's too late to alter it," said her husband. "I must get up above now, you'd better come too."

Mrs. Bunnett followed him on deck, and getting as far from the mate's wife as possible, watched with a superior air of part ownership the movements of the seamen as they got under way. A favorable westerly breeze was blowing and, the canvas once set, she stood by her husband as he pointed out the various objects of interest on the banks of the river.

They were still in the thick of the traffic at dinner-time, so that the skipper was able, to his secret relief, to send the mate below to do the honors of the table. The latter came up from it pale and scared, and catching the skipper's eye, hunched his shoulders significantly.



"I've got a letter for yer," said the boy.

"No words?" enquired the latter anxiously, in a half-whisper.

"Not exactly words," replied the mate. "What you might call snacks."

He moved off a bit as his table companions came up on deck, and the master of the *Foam*, deciding to take the bull by the horns, called both of them to him, and pointed out the beauties of the various passing craft. In the midst of his discourse his wife moved off, leaving the unhappy man conversing alone with Mrs. Fillson, her face containing an expression such as is seen in the prints of the very best of martyrs as she watched them.

AT TEA-TIME the men sat in misery, Mrs. Bunnett passed Mrs. Fillson her tea without looking at her, an example which Mrs. Fillson followed in handing her the cut bread-and-butter. When she took the plate back it was empty, and Mrs. Bunnett convulsed with rage, was picking the slices out of her lap.

"Oh, I am sorry," said Mrs. Fillson.

"You're not, ma'am," said Mrs. Bunnett fiercely. "You did it a purpose."

"There, there!" said both men feebly.

"Of course, my husband'll sit quite calm and see me insulted," said Mrs. Bunnett, rising angrily from her seat.

"And my husband'll sit drink tea, while I'm given the lie," said Mrs. Fillson, bending an indignant look upon the mate.

"If you think I'm going to share the state-room with that woman, George, you're mistaken," said Mrs. Bunnett, in a terrible voice. "I'd sooner sleep on a doorstep."

"And I'd sooner sleep on the scraper," said Mrs. Fillson, regarding her foe's scanty proportions.

"Very well, me an' the mate'll sleep there," said the skipper wearily. "You can have the mate's bunk and Mrs. Fillson can have the locker. You don't mind, George?"

"Oh, George don't mind," said Mrs. Bunnett mimickingly; "anything'll do for George. If you'd got the spirit of a man, you wouldn't let me be insulted like this."

"And if you'd got the spirit of a man," said Mrs. Fillson, turning on her husband, "you wouldn't let them talk to me like this. You never stick up for me."

SHE FLOUNCED up on deck where Mrs. Bunnett, after a vain attempt to finish her tea, shortly followed her. The



The doctor suddenly sat down and burst into a hoarse roar of laughter.

two men continued their meal for some time in silence.

"We'll have to 'ave a quarrel just to oblige them, George," said the skipper at length, as he put down his cup. "Nothing else'll satisfy 'em."

"It couldn't be done," said the mate, reaching over and slapping him on the back.

"Just pretend, I mean," said the other.

"It couldn't be done proper," said the mate; "they'd see through it. We've sailed together five years now, an' never 'ad what I could call a really nasty word."

"Well, if you can think o' anything," said the skipper, "say so. This sort o' thing is worrying."

"See how we get on at breakfast," said the mate, as he lit his pipe. "If that's as bad as this, we'll have a bit of a row to please 'em."

BREAKFAST next morning was, if anything, worse, each lady directly inciting her lord to acts of open hostility. In this they were unsuccessful, but in the course of the morning the husbands arranged matters to their own satisfaction. At the next meal the storm broke with violence.

"I don't wish to complain or hurt anybody's feelings," said the skipper, after a side-wink at the mate, "but if you could eat your wittles with a little less noise, George, I'd take it as a favor."

"Would you?" said the mate, as his wife stiffened suddenly in her seat. "Oh!"

Both belligerents, eyeing each other ferociously, tried hard to think of further insults.

"Like a pig," continued the skipper, grumblingly.

The mate hesitated so long for a crushing rejoinder that his wife lost all patience and rose to her feet crimson with wrath.

"How dare you talk to my husband like that?" she demanded fiercely. "George, come up on deck this instant!"

"I don't mind what he says," said the mate, who had only just begun his dinner.

"You come away at once," said his wife, pushing his plate from him.

The mate got up with a sigh, and, meeting the look of horror-stricken commiseration in his captain's eye, returned it with one of impotent rage.

"Use a larger knife, cap'n," he said savagely. "You'll swallow that little 'un one of these days."

The skipper, with the weapon in question gripped in his fist, turned round and stared at him in petrified amazement.

"If I wasn't the cap'n of this ship, George," he said huskily, "an' bound to set a good example to the men, I'd whop you for them words."

"It's all for your good, Captain Bunnett," said Mrs. Fillson mincingly. "There was a poor old workhouse man I used to give a penny to sometimes, who would eat with his knife, and he choked himself with it."

"Ay, he did that, and he hadn't got a mouth half the size o' yours," said the mate warningly.

"Cap'n or no cap'n, crew or no crew!" said the skipper in a suffocating voice, "I can't stand this. Come up on deck, George, and repeat them words."

Before the mate could accept the invitation, he was dragged back by his wife, while at the same time Mrs. Bunnett, with a frantic scream, threw her arms round her husband's neck, and dared him to move.

"You wait till I get you ashore, my lad," said the skipper threateningly.

"I'll have to bring the ship home after I've done with you," retorted the mate as he passed up on deck with his wife.

DURING the afternoon the couples exchanged not a word, though the two husbands exchanged glances of fiery import, and later on, their spouses being below, gradually drew near to each other. The mate, however, had been thinking, and as they came together, met his foe with a pleasant smile.

"Bravo, old man," he said heartily.

"What d'yer mean?" demanded the skipper in gruff astonishment.

"I mean the way you pretended to row me," said the mate. "Splendid you did it. I tried to back you up, but lor! I wasn't in it with you."

"Wot, d'yer mean to say you didn't mean what you said?" enquired the other.

"Why, o'course," said the mate, with an appearance of great surprise. "You didn't, did you?"

"No," said the skipper, swallowing something in his throat. "No, o'course not. But you did it well, too, George. Uncommon well, you did."

"Not half so well as you did," said the mate. "Well, I s'pose we've got to keep it up now."

"I s'pose so," said the skipper; "but we musn't keep it up on the same things, George. Swallerin' knives an' that sort o' thing, I mean."

"No, no," said the mate hastily.

"An' if you could get your missus to go home by train from Summercove, George, we might have a little peace and quietness," added the other.

"She'd never forgive me if I asked her," said the mate; "you'll have to order it cap'n."

"I won't do that, George," said the skipper firmly. "I'd never treat a lady like that aboard my ship. I 'ope I know 'ow to behave myself if I do eat with my knife."

"Stow that," said the mate, reddening. "We'll wait an' see what turns up," he added hopefully.

FOR THE next three days nothing fresh transpired, and the bickering between the couples, assumed on the part of the men and virulent on the part of their wives, went from bad to worse. It was evident that the ladies preferred it to any other amusement life on ship-board could offer, and, after a combined burst of hysterics on their part, in which the whole ship's company took a strong interest, the husbands met to discuss heroic remedies.

"It's getting worse and worse," said the skipper ruefully. "We'll be the laughing stock o' the crew even afore they're done with us. There's another day afore we reach Summercove, there's five or six days there, an' at least five days back again."

"There'll be murder afore then," said the mate, shaking his head.

"If we could only pack 'em both 'ome by train," continued the skipper.

"That's an expense," said the mate.

"It 'ud be worth it," said the other.

"And' they wouldn't do it," said the mate, "neither of 'em."

"I've seen women having rows afore," said the skipper, "but then they could get away from each other. It's being boxed up in this little craft as does the mischief."

"S'pose we pretend the ship's not seaworthy," said the mate.

'Then they'd stand by us," said the skipper, "closer than ever."

"I b'leeve they would," said the mate. "They'd go fast enough if we'd got a case o' smallpox or anything like that aboard, though."

The skipper grunted assent.

"It 'ud be worth trying," said the mate. "We've pretended to have a quarrel. Now just as we're going into port let one of the hands, the boy if you like, pretend he's sickening for smallpox."

"How's he going to do it?" enquired the skipper derisively.

"You leave it to me," replied the other. "I've got an idea how it's to be done."

AGAINST his better judgment the skipper, after some demur, consented, and the following day, when the passengers were on deck gazing at the small port of Summercove as they slowly approached it, the cook came up excitedly and made a communication to the skipper.

"What?" cried the latter. "Nonsense."

"What's the matter?" demanded Mrs. Bunnett, turning round.

"Cook, here, has got it into his head that the boy's got the smallpox," said the skipper.

Both women gave a faint scream.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Bunnett, with a pale face.

"Rubbish," said Mrs. Fillson, clasping her hands nervously.

"Very good, mum," said the cook calmly. "You know best, o'course, but I was on a barque once what got it aboard bad, and I think I ought to know it when I see it."

"Yes; and now you think everything's the smallpox," said Mrs. Bunnett uneasily.

"Very well, mum," said the cook, spreading out his hands. "Will you come down an' 'ave a look at 'im?"

"No," snapped Mrs. Bunnett, retreating a pace or two.

"Will you come down an' 'ave a look at 'im, sir?" enquired the cook.

"You stay where you are, George," said Mrs. Bunnett shrilly, as her husband moved forward. "Go farther off, cook."

"And keep your tongue still till we get to port," said the mate. "Don't go blabbing it all over the place, mind, or we shan't get nobody to work us out."

"Ay, ay," said the cook, moving off. "I ain't afraid of it—I've given it to people, but I've never took it myself yet."

"I'm sure I wish I was off this dreadful ship," said Mrs. Fillson nervously. "Nothing but unpleasantness. How long before we get to Summercove, Cap'n Bunnett?"

"'Bout a 'our an' a 'arf ought to do it," said the skipper.

Both ladies sighed anxiously, and, going as far aft as possible, gazed eagerly at the harbor as it opened out slowly before them.

"I shall go back by train," said Mrs. Bunnett. "It's a shame, having my holiday spoilt like this."

"It's one o' them things what can't be helped," said her husband piously.

"You'd better give me a little money," continued his wife. "I shall get lodgings in the town for a day or two, till I see how things are going."

"It 'ud be better for you to get straight back home," said the skipper.

"Nonsense," said his wife, sharply. "Suppose you take it yourself, I should have to be here to see you were looked after. I'm sure Mrs. Fillson isn't going home."

Mrs. Fillson, holding out her hand to Mr. Fillson, said she was sure she wasn't.

"It 'ud be a load off our minds if you did go," said the mate, speaking for both.

"Well, we're not going for a day or two at any rate," said Mrs. Bunnett glancing almost amiably at Mrs. Fillson.

In face of this declaration, and in view of the persistent demands of the ladies, both men, with a very ill grace, furnished them with some money.

"Don't say a word about it ashore, mind," said the mate, avoiding his chief's indignant gaze.

"But you must have a doctor," said Mrs. Bunnett.

"I know of a doctor here," said the mate; "that's all arranged for."

HE MOVED away for a little private talk with the skipper, but that gentleman was not in a conversational mood, and a sombre silence fell upon all until they were snugly berthed at Summercove and the ladies, preceded by their luggage on a trolley, went off to look for lodgings. They sent down an hour later to say that they had found them, and that they were clean and comfortable, but a little more than they had intended to give. They implored their husbands not to run any unnecessary risks and sent some disinfectant soap for them to wash with.

For three days they kept their lodgings and became fast friends, going despite of their anxiety, for various trips in the neighborhood. Twice a day at least they sent down beef-tea and other delicacies for the invalid, which never got farther than the cabin, communication being kept up by a small boy who had strict injunctions not to go aboard. On the fourth day in the early morning they came down as close to the ship as they dared to bid farewell.

"Write if there's any change for the worse," cried Mrs. Bunnett.

"Or if you get it, George," cried Mrs. Fillson anxiously.

"It's all right, he's going on beautifully," said the mate.

THE TWO wives appeared to be satisfied and with a final adieu went off to the railway station, turning at every few yards to wave farewells until they were out of sight.

"If ever I have another woman aboard my ship, George," said the skipper, "I'll run into something. Who's the old gentleman?"

He nodded in the direction of an elderly man with white side whiskers who, with a black bag in his hand, was making straight for the schooner.

"Captain Bunnett?" he enquired sharply.

"That's me, sir," said the skipper.

"Your wife sent me," said the tall man, briskly. "My name's Thompson—Dr. Thompson. She says you've got a case of smallpox on board which she wants me to see."

"We've got a doctor," said the skipper and mate together.

"So your wife said, but she wished me particularly to see the case," said Dr. Thompson. "It's also my duty as the medical officer of the port."

"You've done it, George, you've done it," moaned the panic-stricken skipper reproachfully.

"Well, anybody can make a mistake," whispered the mate back; "an' he can't touch us, as it ain't smallpox. Let him come, and we'll lay it on to the cook. Say he made a mistake."

"That's the ticket," said the skipper, and turned to assist the doctor to the deck as the mate hurried below to persuade the indignant boy to strip and go to bed.

In the midst of a breathless silence the doctor examined the patient; then, to the surprise of all, he turned to the crew and examined them one after the other.

"How long has this boy been ill?" he demanded.

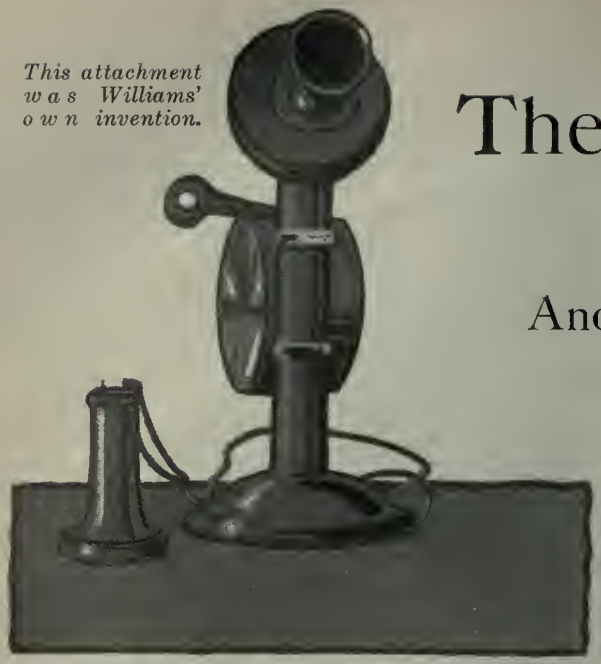
"About four days," said the puzzled skipper.

"You see what comes of trying to hush this kind of thing up," said the doctor sternly. "You keep the patient down here instead of having him taken away and the ship disinfected, and now all these other poor fellows have got it."

"What?" screamed the skipper, as the crew broke into profane expressions of astonishment and self-pity. "Got what?"

"Why, the smallpox," said the doctor.

Continued on page 80.



This attachment was Williams' own invention.

The Smuggler and His Remarkable Drum

Another Story From the Annals of the Canadian Customs

By J. D. Ronald

Who wrote "The Master Smuggler."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This is the second narrative in the Customs fraud series. It is true in every detail except that fictitious names are given, both for persons and places. Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.*

A FEW years ago the town of Diamondville, which is situated on the Grand Trunk with its back suburbs extending to the shores of one of the Great Lakes, became infected with the fever for growth. It was a busy little place with several large factories and first class hotel accommodation. It had also, as its main asset, a coterie of enterprising business men. Finally the town had a factory building which was not in use and could offer the very cheapest power facilities. It was decided to offer this plant and a bonus of twenty thousand dollars to any suitable industry that could be inveigled into moving to Diamondville.

This, in a nutshell, was the situation which led to one of the most colossal of attempts to defraud the Canadian customs. The story of Williams and his wonderful drum, and his even more wonderful nerve, is one of the most exciting and dramatic of the many that are buried away in the records of customs investigation at Ottawa.

One day a well-dressed stranger registered at the leading hotel at Diamondville as William T. Williams of Brinton, New York. He was in the early thirties, quite plausible and smooth and rather handsome in an unusual sort of way. He was swarthy complexioned with a snapping black eye that had a tendency to wander. When he took off his hat, however, his claims to good looks vanished; for the William's head was fearfully and wonderfully made—an egg-shaped dome that tapered up higher than heads are supposed to go and rounded off at the top very smooth and shiny. He looked like a genius. And subsequent events proved that he was.

WELL, William T. Wiliams lost no time in getting in touch with the civic authorities and establishing his identity as a manufacturer. He produced a model telephone with a peculiar drum attachment designed to assist in long distance conversation. This attachment was Williams' own invention and there can be no doubt that it was a clever and ingenious device. Through its agency, the voice sounded over the wire as clear as a bell. Williams demonstrated this to the very great satisfaction of the members of the civic committee. They fixed the drum attachments to two 'phones and talked back and forth with an ease and clearness that had never been deemed possible.

"With that attachment," said Williams, "you could talk to New Orleans and hear just as clear as you do your friend over at that woollen factory."

The committee believed him! And he may have been right. It should be explained here that Williams was really an inventive genius. He was a deep thinker, a student, a reader of the very best literature. He possessed some very high ideals. At the same time he had apparently the vaguest ideas of what was right and what was wrong. Any measure that seemed necessary to insure success was worth trying, in the viewpoint of Williams. And at that he could be quite philosophic in defeat.

Williams had been running a telephone supply business and doing well. He had a beautiful home, filled with artistic furnishings, the library packed with rare books. Then, in an unhappy moment for himself, he invented his clarifying drum. He thought that he had made his everlasting fortune and saw visions of yachts and mansions on Fifth Avenue and villas on the Riviera. His enthusiasm spread to some moneyed acquaintances and the result was the launching of an enterprise with considerable capital involved. Experiments to perfect the device consumed a large share of the available capital. The results were satisfactory, however, and a plant was built for the manufacture of the article. All Williams' own money went into the venture and his home was mortgaged up to the hilt. Expensive machinery was purchased.

But things did not run smoothly. The telephone companies did not show any particular enthusiasm for the drum which was rather cumbersome. Williams himself was an inventor and a dreamer rather than a business man. Things ran downhill. Everything was going out and nothing worth mentioning coming in. The telephone supply business was neglected and just dried up. The factory was mortgaged. Finally it was closed down.

Then Williams heard of Diamondville and that tempting $20,000 bonus.

He paid several vists to the town and finally convinced the aldermen that he had a worth while proposition and meant business. They believed, of course, that he had his plant in full running order and was entirely solvent except for the need of more capital to extend. An agreement was finally reached and duly signed to the effect that Williams was to instal twenty-five thousand dollars worth of machinery and equipment and employ not less than fifty hands, the whole to be operating smoothly within a period of six months. At the end of six months the bonus would be paid over. The building was handed over to him on a ninety-nine year lease, free of taxes and other charges. It was a great bargain for Williams. All he had to do was to get his machinery out of the hands of the holders of the mortgages, get it over the line and then operate for six months. Williams proceeded to do some tall figuring.

HE finally evolved a plan designed to deceive everyone concerned, the mortgagees, the custom officers, his employees and Diamondville itself. He gave it out first that he had obtained more capital and was going to move to another building. The machinery was packed for moving, but instead of landing in the other building, it landed in box cars in the Grand Trunk freight yards. Now Williams had to make a show of having machinery to the value of $25,000, and by no stretch of the imagination could his own equipment be made to represent that amount. Accordingly Williams visited some dealers in second hand machinery and picked up some ancient and bulky equipment at scrap iron values. This stuff went into the cars with the other machinery.

In the meantime the wily Williams had been studying the Canadian tariff regulations and had found that the class of machinery he was importing would be assessed to the extent of twenty-seven and a half per cent. This meant paying the customs the colossal sum of $6,875; for, of course, he would have to list the stuff at the fictitious value of $25,000. Williams had scraped up all the cash he could lay his hands on and it left him short at least the six thousand.

So he took another look at the tariff and found that lumber in the rough en-

tered Canada free. Here was his chance. He would need a lot of lumber in the manufacture of telephones. Accordingly he hied himself to a plant on the main street of Brinton where there had been a fire and bought up a quantity of the cheapest looking, half-burned lumber one ever set eyes on. They almost gave it to him to get rid of it.

THE machinery was then loaded into the dark ends of the cars and covered up with the lumber. Some old office partitions were then loaded in and infinite pains were taken to give the cars an innocent appearance. The loading was done as surreptitiously as possible. The cars were then billed as lumber in the rough and shipped over the border to Diamondville. As carload lots are examined only at their destination, no questions were asked at the frontier. Williams himself was on hand at Diamondville when the cars arrived. He had taken five workmen over with him.

"All lumber?" asked the customs man at Diamondville.

"Yes," replied Williams. "I had quite a supply on hand at my old plant. Cheaper to ship it over than buy new. It will give me a start—and I don't mind owning up that I'll have to adopt every economy for awhile."

"When does your machinery arrive?" asked the officer.

"I'm only shipping over a little of it—later," said Williams. "I shall sell most of it over there and buy new. That will be cheaper than paying the duty on the old stuff when you figure the delay and trouble."

The officer looked the cars over and saw nothing suspicious then. That night Williams and his men worked frantically under cover of darkness and got the machinery out. By morning the half empty cars suggested the labors of an industrious night shift; and the customs man who called again saw no reason to suspect that he had been "done." But the machinery early that morning had been teamed down a side street and was then carefully covered up in the factory ready to be mounted later.

THE assortment of equipment which came over in the three cars was a wonder to behold. There was a complete power transmission outfit including shafting, pulleys, hangers, and belting, seventeen pieces of wood working machinery, four machine shop lathes, five drills, three shapers, two stamping presses, large and small, emery wheels, ovens for annealing, copper in sheets, sheet brass, a large quantity of assorted hardware; and, last but not least, an eighty-horse-power gas engine for power plant, which had been purchased from a firm in Ohio, but not paid for, before shipment to Canada. This last was to replace a first class steam power plant which was on the premises, natural gas with which Diamondville abounded, being cheaper than steam.

Williams then started out to make a big show at buying machinery on the Canadian market. He did actually purchase a couple of cheap machines from Canadian sources on a ninety-day credit basis. These were shipped and received and duly noted by the town folk. As soon as they arrived the work of installation commenced and everything was then placed and mounted. In a week or so the plant was ready for operation. If any one wondered where all the machinery had come from nothing was said. In all probability the people were too enthusiastic to harbor any suspicions. The woodworking plant was started at once and telephone boxes began to make their appearance in good quantities.

Williams had shown considerable sales ability, canvassing Independent Telephone Companies for orders for equipment. He had secured several trial orders. and these were filled from the first material turned out in the plant, and in part from a quantity of complete telephones and telephone equipment which had been smuggled over in the cars.

Everything seemed at this time to work out according to his carefully laid plans. As soon as the plant was in complete running order, he furnished a detailed list to the town council of the machines installed. The values placed upon the various items made a total of a little in excess of the requisite $25,000. On a casual inspection it might have appeared that the plant actually represented an investment of that amount. An expert, however, would not have been deceived. Careful examination would have shown that some of the machines given on Williams' list were not to be found, and that others would have been very hard to identify. Also the values placed on his list were anything from fifty to five hundred per cent. higher than the actual cost of the machines.

The plant was accepted on its face value, but when Williams asked for an advance on his bonus, the council began to back up. They pointed out that, instead of fifty hands, he was only employing five. They were very anxious not to antagonize him, but they pointed out that under the conditions they were not in a position legally to pay him anything for six months. In the face of this refusal, Williams' colossal scheme began to crumble. It had all been built up on the assumption that he would be able to induce the council to finance him. However, he decided to go ahead and brazen it through as long as possible.

AT the end of the first two weeks he managed to meet the pay roll of his 5 employees. At the end of the next two weeks there was not a cent in the treasury. Williams called his men into the office and told them that he was hard up and could not pay them, but that he was getting more capital and would make it up to them in a few days. Four of them decided to give him a chance and to stay on the job. The fifth man, however, decided that the whole transaction, as he had seen it, was too "fishy" to hold out any promise of a permanent job. He demanded his money. Williams threw up his hands.

"You'll have to wait like the rest," he said. "I simply haven't got the money."

"You've got the money for your own personal expenses," retorted the man "come across with some of it and let the hotel wait instead of me. If you don't, I quit right here."

"Then you quit," said Williams.

The man quit, but he didn't leave Diamondville. He went straight to the collector of customs and asked him if he had checked over closely each piece of machinery for the new factory as it reached town. The collector replied that he had not. "Then get busy," said the man. "It was all smuggled over here without paying a red cent."

A special customs officer named Edwards happened to be in town at the time, and the collector took him at once into consultation. Edwards felt that the case was a little out of his line and called up Ottawa by long distance telephone and asked for help. This was promised. Edwards then strolled out to the factory and represented himself to Williams as being interested in telephone equipment.

Somehow, Williams' suspicions caught fire at once. He had begun to lose faith in his ability to pull through and was momentarily expecting the blow to fall from some quarter. When Edwards invited himself to take a look at the machinery, the suspicions of the nervous inventor became aroused.

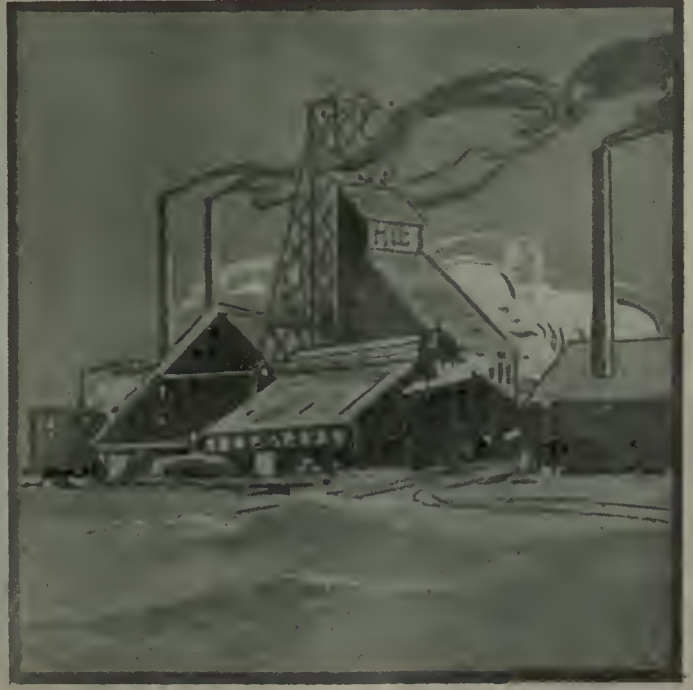
"Get all this stuff in Canada?" asked Edwards.

"Yes," snapped Williams. "Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered," replied Edwards. "You have a very complete little plant here for your purpose."

That settled it. The plant was not in any sense complete. To anyone who knew telephones, the plant would have appeared incongruous, incomplete, in fact, a little ridiculous. Williams concluded that Edwards knew nothing of telephones. He made an excuse to hustle Edwards out of the factory and then hurried to his hotel.

His nerve was gone. He decided to make a break of



it before the law came down on him. Accordingly, he packed up some of his belongings in a grip and made a quiet exit from the hotel. He first visited the factory and straightened up matters as well as he could in the office. It seemed that the gas engine was on his conscience, for he actually went out to the factory and covered it up with empty paint cans and boxes. Perhaps he had in mind the manufacturer from whom it had been purchased and who had not received a cent in payment. From the factory he walked to the dock, hired a motor boat and made a quick trip across the lake to Brinton.

In the meantime, the chief at Ottawa had ascertained that Officer Duncan was in Detroit, and decided he was the man to handle the case. Accordingly, Duncan, in the act of boarding a train, to go further west, received a wire from headquarters which read: "Join Edwards at Diamondville as soon as possible. Instructions there."



At eight o'clock next morning he stepped into the hotel at Diamondville, just as Edwards was heading towards the dining room for his breakfast.

"Well, Pussy Foot," said Duncan, "what have you dug up now?"

"I have dug up a man with sufficient nerve to smuggle a whole damned factory full of machinery across the line and start it running for a month without a cent to come or go on," replied Edwards.

"Have you pinched the plant?" asked Duncan.

"Yes," replied Edwards. "The iron leaked out of his nerve last night and he beat it to Brinton. I had to get up at seven o'clock and lock the door of the factory to keep the unpaid employees from carrying everything away. They were mad enough to tear the building down."

Breakfast over, the two officers proceeded to the factory. Duncan went straight to the office, pried the desk open and dived into it. He searched every paper in the place, but the only material that looked like a clue that he found was an invoice for machines from a second-hand dealer in Brinton. He turned to the safe and found this locked. The safe, by the way, had been smuggled over with the machinery. Williams had been very thorough in that respect. He had brought everything that he needed.

Duncan looked at Edwards and asked: "Did this fellow give you the combination of the safe before he beat it last night?"

"No," replied Edwards. "It was very inconsiderate of him."

Duncan was digging in the waste paper basket when he asked the question. Raising his head, he placed a small slip of paper on the desk containing some numbers. "Well, I think he did."

Edwards took the slip and went to the safe. The lock and the safe door opened. Edwards scratched his head and ruminated: "That fellow was not so smart as he looked, after all."

"No, but we need the key to the inside door now."

"There are keys to something here," said Edwards, excitedly. "I just found them in this box as you found the slip in the basket."

"He was a perfect gentleman," and Duncan opened the inside safe door with one of the keys. "I believe he would settle if we could coax him back here."

The safe contained three sheets of paper, one book, a ten-cent piece and two coppers. It doesn't sound much; but one sheet of paper contained a list of the machines taken out of the plant at Brinton, with their values as appraised on his books. The third sheet gave a list of the junk machines which had been bought from the second-hand dealers, without, however, the names of the dealers or the prices paid. The third sheet contained the list which Williams had prepared for the town council. Truly, they were three wonderful documents. They gave the key to the whole situation, however.

A further search in the office located some letters on file, giving instructions to various parties who had travelled between the plant and Brinton, about the smuggling of certain small articles which Williams had needed, and which could be brought across in grips. The letters were most open and explicit and offered incriminating evidence of the most valuable kind.

UPON the completion of their search of the office, the officers made a full inventory of everything found in the plant, including machinery and supplies. This inventory was tabulated in such a way that it showed the value at which the machinery and equipment had been described to the town council by Williams; the values at which the goods had been appraised in the Brinton plant, and likewise the prices which had been paid for that proportion of machinery and equipment from second-hand dealers in the States, insofar as it could be ascertained.

IN the meantime Edwards had actually succeeded in getting Williams on the long distance telephone. He tried to persuade the latter to come back to Canada and help straighten matters out. From the security of his home in Brinton, Williams laughed at the suggestion. He thought the customs officers were trying to lure him back so that he could be arrested without any fuss or legal tangles on Canadian territory.

"Williams, we don't want you," urged Edwards, earnestly. "We have possession of the machinery. Your carcass isn't worth the powder to blow it up to us. It's the money we're after. We'll even help you to settle this matter up and get your factory running again."

"It would take about fifteen cents' worth of powder to blow me up," replied Williams. "And that's about all the money I have left."

"Well," said Edwards, "if the mountain won't come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain. Will you see us, if we run over to talk a little proposition over with you?"

Williams replied emphatically that he would not see them; in fact, that they wouldn't be able to find him even if they went over. But they went and after three days' hard work, they had traced the purchase of all the second-hand machines and had verified the figures as to the prices. Their case was complete. They knew to a cent how much they could demand in settlement.

It took quite a search to locate Williams. He was a very much wanted man just then. The holders of the mortgages on the machinery had found that the goods had been shipped across the line and out of their reach; and they wanted to know where Williams was. There was quite a string of creditors on his trail. His house was locked up and deserted.

Finally, however, a clue was picked up as to his whereabouts and they got him on the telephone. He consented to see them, and suggested that they call at his house that night. They kept the appointment. The house was absolutely in darkness when they walked up to it, but, after Duncan had rung the door bell in manner prescribed, they heard a stealthy step approaching down the hall. The door was opened a few inches and, after a careful scrutiny on the part of the person within, they were admitted. It was Williams himself.

HE ushered them up to a cozy den on the second floor, where, with blinds closely drawn, he had been comfortably reading Gibbons' "Rise and Fall." Books of Balzac, Ruskin and Carlyle lay about on the table. It was apparent that Williams had been making his headquarters at home all along.

"Well, Mr. Man," said Duncan, "the Canadian goblins are not as bad as they sound from a distance. I must compliment you on your choice of literature." Williams smiled appreciatively. "To get down to brass tacks," went on Duncan, "the facts are you have been doing things contrary to the laws of Canada. You have a good proposition there, however, and things all shaped up to start. We don't want to put you out of business. We want to help you. It's the policy of our government to encourage the advent of new industries."

"Well, gentlemen, what do you propose?" asked Williams. "I may as well tell you that I haven't any money. And without money I can't go very far."

"We'll tell you exactly how much you require to release your whole plant."

They furnished him with the figures.

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A Frank Talk About the War

Some Events That Went Before—What We Must Do Now

By John Bayne Maclean.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This is the second of the series of articles by Col. Maclean on the war and on conditions arising out of the war. There is but one object behind the series—to tell the truth without a palliative or restriction so that the people of Canada will know what the situation is and what we must do to face it. This is a time when straight thinking and plain talking are necessary to clear the national vision of the fog of false optimism.*

SOME time ago I pointed out that our national obligations approached $2,000,000,000. It was regarded by many as pessimistic.

Last week the head of one of our largest financial institutions gave me figures that had been compiled for him. They are staggering—$4,500,000,000. This means, we are sending out of Canada $180,000,000 a year—$500,000 every day—interest alone on our borrowings. Half this amount, he figured, was wasted, through incompetence and politics; in railway building, unnecessary duplications, municipal and other enterprises—fancy pavements, sewers and sidewalks, on miles of unoccupied streets, public ownerships.

Add to this the war taxes, now in sight, and it looks like every head of a family paying $250 a year out of his wages or income for these purposes alone.

ONLY PROVED MEN WANTED NOW.

EVER since September, 1914, when it was evident they were incapable of grasping the frightful situation facing us, I have argued persistently for a reorganization of Imperial and Canadian Governments. To take in the outstanding men, who had proved, by their careers, they had the capacity to understand; to do big things; and to get big things done. These are, of course, not the only men in the Empire with great executive ability. There must be thousands of equally good men, but they have not yet proved themselves. This is not the time to try or train them. The situation is too urgent, that we must call in, only our proved men, for our big jobs.

All the information I have leads to no other deduction than that, if there had been resourceful, practical business men, men who had worked their own way in the world, at the head of affairs in the various nations instead of *dilettante* diplomats and the hereditary, idle rich, weak politicians, there would have been no war with its frightful waste of life, suffering and loss of property. If, in England, we had had a Government of Lloyd Georges, instead of the Asquith-Grey-Churchills, and their favorites, things would have moved intelligently, quickly. We would not always be too late. The war would have been over long ago. The delays gave Germany time to prepare for the greater struggle. The Kaiser has used his greatest business men. They had two years' supplies in store. The criminal neglect and cowardice, of the British ministry, enabled them to lay in another three years' supplies. For example, at a most critical time in 1915 the inner British War Cabinet did not meet from March 19 to May 14. Lloyd George's cabinet sometimes has three meetings in 24 hours.

As Sir George Paish recently pointed out in *The Statist*, the continued failures of our leaders—though backed up by our magnificent armies and navies, aided by the poor strategy of the Germans—are shockingly disgraceful reflections upon our capacity, considering our superiority in men and money. Prof. Ogg places this superiority at 977,929,875 in population as against 177,964,200 for Germany and her Allies, and our wealth, as $415,000,000,000, against our enemies' $113,000,000,000.

THE SELFISH INTEREST OF RUSSIA.

AND, the worst feature of all, is that the two nations — Britain and Germany — which least wanted war will suffer most. The nation that inspired the war—Russia—the only important possible enemy at that time common to both, will gain most; and now drops out and leaves us to our fate. Russia is the one country that has shown real cleverness. She cultivated France and through France secured British interest—borrowed our money, drew us into the alliance. She actually turned millions of English funds, that were flowing steadily into Canada, into Russian channels. Of this I have personal knowledge. I will give some details in a future issue. She had England working enthusiastically for her long before the war. She mesmerized the guileless Asquith, and that cocksure incompetent Churchill. She wanted her wheat out through the Dardanelles. Churchill, going contrary to all expert advice, and without waiting for Cabinet sanction, personally wired the Czar that Britain would force the Dardanelles. That Russia had little faith in the outcome was proven by a letter received by one of their own officials ordered temporarily to Toronto in 1915-16. This letter also stated that Russia planned to have their own port in the Mediterranean, that they could not trust Britain or France to give them the Dardanelles. Their army was working round. Alexandretta was the port selected. This was weeks before any word came of that army, which did so well for a time. Shortly after in an article I wrote for *The Financial Post*, Canadians were warned to go slow in their business dealings with Russia, which might ere long make a separate peace.

Do not misunderstand me, I am not referring to the present Government of Russia and I have not said that Russia started the war. Germany did. Germany forced the war. She probably decided on it in 1912. She forestalled Russia by one year. Whether Russia intended to fight I cannot say. Whether Germany was wise in starting I doubt. Bismarck was once asked, whether, in case Russia and France formed a combination, would Germany attack first. His answer became famous. Condensed it was "No." Further, German swelled-headedness, her offensiveness, the domineering brutal way in which she dealt with Russia, when the latter was weak, may have given her ample ground for preparing for war. Still further, Britain did the only possible thing in going into the war. We had to go in, and we have to stay with Belgium and France to the end. We are victims of a rotten political system.

But I had promised to give more of my European experiences leading up to the war.



A PLAUSIBLE PROPOSITION, BUT——

IT was in 1909 or 1910, I think, B——, a Frenchman, called on us in Toronto. B—— is not his exact name, but it is near enough to be recognizable, by those who know him; and he and his brothers are particularly well known in Parisian social and financial life. He had a letter of introduction from a *Financial Post* subscriber, the head office of a Paris bank, of which he was a director. He had come out to look into what promised to be, a very profitable investment. Those he represented, Belgian as well as French, were, if my memory serves me correctly, prepared to buy $2,000,000 of securities; which they intended, eventually, as was their practice, to recommend and resell, to small investors. He desired to have my opinion. I told him I did not know anything about the merits of this proposition, though nearly all enterprises of this kind had been very profitable,

but, that, while I knew well and liked the men he was negotiating with, I had no confidence in their financial capacity, and disliked the methods they employed in raising capital. They were young, inexperienced, promoters, but not business builders.

I pointed out that no one connected with the concern had a record of success; and much more of a similar nature. I recall that, indirectly associated with them was a financier who was using the late J. P. Morgan, as a reference, but whose methods were not according to best banking precedent, though some of his critics have since adopted some of them.

B— returned in a few days and said that, though very extraordinary favors had been promised him, he had decided not to take advantage of them. In fact the offensive attitude of the promoters toward him, when he decided to withdraw, caused him to express very great gratitude to me for saving him. They raised a great deal of money quietly among the most cautious investors in Ontario, in sums of $5,000 up. One capitalist told me he put in $100,000, and another I heard of, $250,000. Every cent was lost, I believe. The property went into the hands of creditors, and soon after, one of the trustees told me, that some very interesting correspondence had been found, and safely deposited in Trust Company vaults. It referred to one of the promoters, a brilliant young man, who had proved so successful in manipulating men. It showed that he and his wife were to settle in Ottawa, and given a liberal supply of spending money, to entertain and manipulate such Legislators as were approachable for public grants and concessions. The scheme was never carried out because the chief promoter came to grief and some of his associates had to leave Canada. I wrote B——. He was very grateful and expressed a great desire to be of service to me.

THE WAR WAS POSTPONED.

THE opportunity came in 1912. The business and financial situation was most puzzling. In Canada, we were very prosperous; and a leading banker had said we were on the threshold of two years of the greatest prosperity in our history. Nothing could stop us. In New York and London I found no such optimisim. Instead, some of my friends, who were large holders of securities, told me they had got out of everything they possibly could. They were all nervous; some of them panicky as to the future. No one of them would, or could, tell me, or knew, why. It was in the air.

I arrived in Paris in July that year, and I was at breakfast in the garden of the Ritz one morning when B—— and another man came in. Seeing me he came over at once, greeted me most cordially and wanted to do all sorts of things for me. I said there was one thing on which my readers in Canada did want his assistance very much. I asked: "What is ahead of us? Is there to be war?"

He at once replied: *"There will be no war for three years. That was settled yesterday. The man I am breakfasting with is ———, the ———."*

He named and gave the official position of a man who occupied a very important place in the public life of France—a name prominent in the early days of war, but seldom heard now. That was all I got, and it left the impression on my mind that some friendly arrangement had been entered into with Germany. I left for Berlin that night and had no opportunity of learning anything more. It was coincidence that B——'s friend was on the same train. It was not until a year later, that I learned what had been settled on that momentous day, the July before. This I first got from my Swedish diplomatic friend, referred to in last month's article. Afterward it was a matter of common gossip. The story was that Russia had played upon France to make agreement whereby the French people were to lend $100,000,000 to Russia; to begin intensive war training of her citizens, and to make such other preparations that by 1915 she would be at her maximum of power for war. Russia was to expend the French borrowings on railways, up to, and along, the Russo-German frontier and to make other preparations. By July, 1915, they would be ready to attack Germany. Remember, this was not the Russian Government of to-day. This is a story few people in this country are inclined to believe, and there is not space in this issue to give more details. In the meantime, in further confirmation there is on record the report of a British officer written from Bulgaria in 1912-13; where he says "everyone knows Russia and France are getting ready to attack Germany."

Germany evidently heard of the agreement, for a few weeks after she began the preparations for this war. There was no secret about it. The tremendous increase in her taxes, for this purpose were known everywhere. But our weak, helpless, impractical Imperial Statesmen did nothing to avert or prepare for the coming struggle.

From Berlin in 1912 I went to Karlsbad, Bohemia—my European objective for some years. The Bohemians are a simple, delightful, very hard working people, in, but with no sympathy for, the war. Along with my second-in-command and a number of my N.C.O.'s and men of that splendid little corps, the 17th Canadian Hussars, I had fallen a victim to typhoid fever in 1901 at Pt. Levis, where we had been sent for escort duty to meet the present King on his official tour of Canada. Ice taken from a local pond carried the germ. Karlsbad has for hundreds of years been, not only the greatest human repair shop of the world, but, is the one place, where the after effects of typhoid are most successfully controlled. The radium-bearing waters when drunk, inhaled, or bathed in, have worked wonders on suffering humanity.

A CLASH WITH THE KING OF BULGARIA.

THAT year I had two interesting experiences with an important bearing on subsequent events. I did not properly understand them then.

Baths are usually engaged for the same hour each day. It is important to be on time to avoid encroaching on the bather who follows. One day I was kept waiting over fifteen minutes. It was particularly exasperating as I had an engagement which necessitated my shortening my time. When the offender came out, I saw he was a newcomer; and to avoid further delays, I told him, as politely as possible, that it was the practice to be through within the hour. Much less courteous than I tried to be, he told me he did not appreciate my information. Then we both got angry, and continued to call each other names while I undressed, and until I slammed the door and jumped into the bath. When I came downstairs, I asked the little Bohemian girl, who arranges the schedules and sells the tickets, and who I had long ago learned was a very excellent clearing house of general information, who my troublesome friend was. She said he was the King of Bulgaria, and she further explained that he took a month's "cure" each year and always insisted upon that particular bathroom from 10 to 11 a.m. I suggested that she warn him. Next day, though I was early, the bath was vacant. Again I had recourse to my little friend. She said, the King had been recalled in great haste, because of some political trouble at home. She thought it very strange as he had made all his plans for a month's stay.

The trouble was the Balkan war, which began a few weeks later. Whether the Paris agreement precipitated it, I do not know, but it is a fact that the primary and real cause was a nervous, restless, dyspeptic Irish schoolmaster, who, broken down in health, dropped into Bulgaria, seeking it. Like the American, in Rev. Dr. Hanay's "General John Regan," things were too quiet to suit him; and he just naturally drifted into local politics. He got King Ferdinand going, but his Prime Minister would not let him start anything for fear of Greece. The Irish schoolmaster told him not to worry, he would fix that. He took the first train to look over Greece, found Vene-

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The Pigeon-Blood Rubies of Perak

A Novelette Complete in this Issue

By. Harold McGrath.

Author of "The Man on the Box," "Hearts and Masks," etc.

Illustrated by Ben Ward

THE instinct to hunt for treasure begins just outside the cradle and ends just inside the grave; it is stronger than love or hate or honor; it makes a hero of a coward and a poltroon of a brave man —sometimes. But the moral of this tale deals not with any of these things except indirectly; it concerns only this indisputable fact, that tomorrow is never the day you think it is going to be.

To set the ball rolling, then, without more ado or preamble: The Ponte Vecchio in Florence, is, as every one knows, devoted to Jewelers' shops. They hang on both sides of the bridge, in blue and white and pink stucco, mere bandboxes. When Columbus started out to find a new continent so that it might be named after his bitter enemy, Amerigo Vespucci, they were bargaining and haggling in these same shops wherein they bargain and haggle this very day. You can buy a silver bangle for a franc or a pearl necklace for a hundred thousand.



It was the work of a moment to lift it off the gilded palm upon which it stood

Last spring one shop particularly interested me — Settepassi's. I was returning to the Lung' Arno from a morning over at the Pitti (where there is a Carlo Dolci I am much in love with), when I was attracted by the loveliest emerald I have ever seen. It was attached to a collar of white and rose enamel, diamond-shaped, with small brilliants interlocking. The pendant was the emerald, about half an inch deep, round like a five-franc piece or an American silver dollar, and was polished, not cut. Below the emerald was a pink pearl the size of a large hazel nut, one side of which was flat, as if some mischievous mermaid had thumbed it during some yawning period of the oyster. Linked to this was another polished emerald, pear-shaped, about as large as the end of your thumb. Not in the shops at Delhi had I seen a more exquisite piece of workmanship.

I know nothing about the pearl or the smaller emerald; their adventures so far as I am concerned, are closed books. You know how gems come together through the ordinary channels of commerce, from Brazil, from Africa, from India, to grace some alabaster throat; and you also know how little thought the owner of that throat gives to the gems themselves so long as they represent a victory over certain rivals. Settepassi had made up a rare necklace, and some woman will wear it for the very reasons I have set forth. It is about the large emerald my tale is woven.

FOR five mornings I made a pilgrimage to Settepassi's windows; and for five mornings I stood with my nose all but flattened against the pane, wondering and envying and admiring. On the fifth morning I happened to catch, reflected in the window-glass, two serious faces, each slightly shadowed by the cocked hat of the Carabinieri. I understood instantly. From a peaceful author (of bloodthirsty tales) ambling about Italy in search of color, I had, all in a moment become a suspicious character. To stand before so rich a display of precious stones for five consecutive mornings, each time anywhere from ten to twenty minutes, quite oblivious to the surroundings (and heaven knows these were noisy enough) would have excited suspicion in the mind of a purblind village constable, let alone two of the best criminal police in the world. Maybe I did look desperate. Perhaps in my soul I was longing for a club steak and this longing gave me a tigerish expression of countenance. Besides, I hadn't shaved that morning; and I wore a negligee shirt with a soft rolled collar (for when most of your time is spent in staring at duomo-tops and frescoes it is monumental folly to wear a starched knife blade at the back of your neck), and I daresay my trousers needed pressing badly.

And would you believe it? I had to take those two chaps to the American Consulate that morning, in the Via Tornabuoni, and have myself properly and thoroughly identified. We all had a good

laugh over it. But I shall always remember those two Carabinieri; for had they not courteously but firmly escorted me to the Consulate that morning, I should never have met the young man who told me the history—rather a fragment—of the Settepassi emerald.

Even now in my dreams, sometimes, I can see that pleasant young man as he pulled off his chamois gloves and exhibited his two hands, frightfully mottled with such scars as only fire can make.

THE tale proper began in the early spring of 1902, began as all tragic episodes begin, with a triviality; in this instance, the bare knuckles of a butler on the white-enameled panel of a bedroom door. This butler was a privileged character. He had grown old in the service of the Cathew family; and he often took liberties which a younger man might have hesitated to take. But even he never entered without knocking. So he knocked at the door of his young master's bedroom, knocked gently, then firmly, and finally quite loudly. There was no response. As the issue at stake was vital, as his orders had been peremptory, he opened the door and entered. The lights were still on. The young man in bed had forgotten to turn them off. The butler shook his head sadly, pressed the button to extinguish the lights, and raised the window shades. The brilliant morning sunshine made the occupant of the bed turn over, but that was all.

"Mr. Arthur?"

No sound came from the bed; and the servant, pained at the anomaly of his position, reached down and shook the sleeper. He sniffed Turkish cigarettes and wine fumes. The sleeper presently opened a pair of swollen eyes and blinked. It took him a minute or two to realize where he was. Then he sat up wrathfully.

"Worden, what the dickens do you mean by coming in and waking me up in this fashion?"

"I beg pardon, sir, but your father's orders were peremptory. I had no choice."

"What time is it?"

"Nine-thirty, sir."

"Nine-thirty!" in a tone which conveyed the impression that he had never before heard such a period of time in the morning. "What's the row?"

"I don't know, sir. My orders were to wake you up and say that it was vital to you to breakfast, dress and be at the office at precisely ten-thirty."

"The governor wants to see me at the office?"

"Yes, sir. And I should be very careful, sir, to be on the minute. He was not in the best of tempers when he went down town."

"All right. Bring me a grapefruit and a cup of coffee. Well, what do you think of that?" addressing space, since Worden was already on his way to execute the order for breakfast.

MR. ARTHUR, only son, slid his legs to the floor, and rubbed his eyes. Then he smacked his lips soundly and wrinkled his nose in disgust. He rose, shuffled into the bathroom, and stood under the shower. After a semi-vigorous toweling he concluded that he was awake, though he would not have taken his oath on it. He came back into the bedroom and began to pick up his evening clothes, the various parts of which sprawled over three chairs and the lounge. Each time he stooped the room swung round as upon invisible ball bearings. He was halfway inside of these clothes before he discovered his mistake. This did not serve to make him any more amiable. At the end of a quarter of an hour he had gotten as far as his four-in-hand. He completed the task and stood before the long mirror, contemplating himself, and not with any especial favor.

"You must have had a pippin last night. You'll look nice in papa's office at ten-thirty. What the devil can he want? Did I get arrested? Let's see. I first made a call, perfectly sober. I proposed, and she told me that she wouldn't marry me if I was the last man on earth. No side-stepping there. Well, I don't blame her. This reforming fools is a tough job, and I suppose I'm as big a fool as ever walked up and down Broadway. Next, I went over to the club and lost four hundred at poker and drank three quarts of champagne. No, I couldn't have been arrested. You're a handsome lad, I must say!" once more addressing his reflection. "A couple of fried eggs for eyes and a mouth full of persimmons and dog-biscuit. Never again! I'll bet you'll be saying that every ten minutes during the day—till the lights come up again. That you, Worden? Come in. That grapefruit will taste good. I don't know about the coffee," with a grimace.

The butler hovered about the table after the fashion of a fussy hen with a lone chick; for he had dandled this boy on his knees and fed him sweets, and he loved him for his unfailing amiability. It was too bad, too bad.

"I say, Worden, do you think the governor is going to put me on the carpet?"

"It looks that way, sir. And, begging your pardon, I shouldn't act hasty with him, sir."

"Umhm. Say anything about me?"

"Nothing except that he wanted you at the office, sir."

"How is mother?"

"Not so well as yesterday," gravely.

Arthur pushed aside his empty cup and scowled at his cigarette-stained fingers. How many times had he promised that patient, loving mother of his to brace up and be a man? Beyond counting.

"Worden, I guess I'm a rotter."

"You're only young, sir."

"Do you call twenty-four young?"

"Very young, sir," which was as near a rebuke as Worden had ever permitted himself to approach.

"In other words, fresh. Maybe you're right. Well, have the runabout at the door by ten."

"You will see Mrs. Cathew before you go?"

"Yes. I'll run into her room now."

He kissed his mother, and she clung to him rather wildly he thought.

"My poor boy!" she murmured.

"I'm afraid I'm no good, mother. I can't keep my word. Every time I promise I honestly mean it."

"Be careful with your father. He is terribly angry."

"More than usual?"

"Far more than usual."

"It's the first of the month, and I suppose some of my bills have turned up. Don't worry; I shan't lose my temper even if he does. He's the best father in the world, and he has never gone at me unjustly. I've got to hustle to make the office on time. By-by! I'll be home for dinner to-night."

ALONE, she twisted her thin white hands together and the tears rolled unchecked down her cheeks. Never a harsh word to any one, always kindly and lovable; he was only weak.

Henry Cathew was an honest millionaire; so you would not recognize him if I described him to you. The newspapers seldom devoted any space to his affairs. When he took hold of a railroad or a steamship line it was to make money for it, not out of it. He was a builder, not a wrecker. His gray hair was closely clipped, his smooth face was slightly florid, and his fifty-two years warfare (for the life of a worker is all warfare) had merely drawn a crow's foot at the corners of his normally kindly blue eyes. He ate and drank and smoked and worked in moderation. Above his desk on the wall hung a framed card, in bold type:

MODERATION,
ALWAYS
MODERATION.

At this particular moment (ten-thirty to the second) you would have found him at his desk, biting the end of his pen. You would have heard the cedar crack, too, as his strong white teeth settled down upon the wood. Abruptly he rose and turned the face of the sign to the wall, and sat down again. His blue eyes were as hard and cold as his steel rails.

ARTHUR, seated in the leather-covered chair at the left of the desk, viewed these ominous signs imperturbably. The turning of the card to the wall appealed to his ready sense of humor; but he wisely repressed the smile which struggled at his lips. He was in for a drubbing; how serious remained to be learned.

He was big of bone like his father, but the flesh was pasty and flabby. He was dressed, however, with scrupulous care, from his patent-leather gaitered shoes to his pearl-grey fedora. The fact for all its evidences of dissipation was pleasing. A physiognomist at second glance would have found his first observation at fault for a close scrutiny would have revealed no real weakness in the outline of the youthful face, a shadowy replica of the father's. He might have added to his summing up—"Give him a real interest in life and see what happens."

"Well, dad, you sent for me?"

"I did; and I wish to congratulate you upon your promptness," ironically.

"Worden came in and woke me up. He didn't seem to like the job."

"He had my orders. You are twenty-four years old. When I was at your age I was plugging for bread and butter at twenty a week."

"And now you're worth millions. Pretty good work for twenty-eight years," replied the son lightly.

"This is not an occasion for levity," came the quiet rebuke.

"I had a suspicion. Well, what's the trouble? Let's have it over with."

Cathew senior picked up a sheet of paper from his desk. "There is only one thing to your credit here."

"And what's that?" astonished.

"You are not a liar. And I have given you more rope on that account than you'd believe if I told you. I have your record here for the past five years, ever since

they dropped you from Yale. You haven't done anything but spend money."

"I had nothing else to do. You never offered me a decent job in the office."

"What you call a decent job was something like general manager at ten thousand a year. But I have offered to put you on the road to it. However, that issue is closed. We'll not discuss it. When a son refuses to begin at the bottom, knowing that it means only a little time before he hits the top, under a kindly, generous father, why, there is nothing more to be said. I've done wrong, and I admit it. I've let you have your run, paid your bills, always hoping you'd see the right road and brace up. You have had and spent in five years a hundred and twelve thousand dollars. Here it is down in black and white. And God knows how much you have had from your mother. Your loose living has done as much as anything to keep her an invalid; and but for her entreaties you would have gone out into the streets long ago."

Arthur stared at his shoes. Where was this going to end? It began to look serious.

"To you I'm not a father; I'm only a cash drawer into which you dig your idle hands whenever you are in need of money. I'm half to blame, I repeat; I should have shut you off a long time ago. And who gets this money? Wine agents and restaurants and chorus girls and card sharpers; they get it. Well, there isn't another turn to the rope, my son. This is the wind-up. I've jawed and cussed and fumed. You will note that to-day I'm not whooping and losing my temper."



Having waited a moment he looked up. "Will you shake hands, dad?"

THE son uncrossed his legs and sat a trifle more erect in his chair. His head throbbed and his stomach was not on its best behavior. But he was keen enough to appreciate that there was something truly ominous in the level tones of his father. Cathew junior was evidently in a bad way.

"For five years I have been trying to make you look ahead, into the future. It's a damnably wrong idea that youth must sow its wild oats in order to make headway against the world later. I've been kind; I've paid your bills, I've done everything possible a father could do who had a real interest in his flesh and blood. I have wasted my time. Well, Arthur, you are this morning at the end of your rope. I'm going to clean up all your bills, but it's the last time I ever shall. Beginning from this day you will be allowed exactly two hundred a month, and you will pay your own debts. You have averaged about twenty-five thousand a year; let's see what you can do on twenty-four hundred. There's an alternative."

"And what's that?"

"Fifty thousand to clear out for good," with a curious boring glance.

"I'll take a chance at the two hundred. Not with any eye to the future; just to see if I've got stuff enough in me to make good on it. I deny that I ever imposed upon mother. If I borrowed money from her, she always knew to the last penny what I needed it for. When does this two hundred begin?"

"Right now." Cathew senior filled out a blank and signed it.

"Thanks. Two pretty good jolts. Well, no doubt I deserve them."

"What was the other jolt?" asked the father, secretly proud of the equanimity of the boy.

"I went over to Nell's last night. She said she wouldn't, not if I was the last man on earth. Right and left hooks to the face, and then a swing flush on the jaw. I was counted out."

"Do you really care for that girl?"

"A whole lot, dad."

"But not quite enough to stand up and make a man of yourself?"

"I don't know," staring at the cheque, but not seeing it. "Have I got to clear out of the house?"

"Oh, no. It simply means that you will have two hundred instead of two thousand and that you'll have to drive your own car and pay for the gasoline. On the word of your father, I'll never boost that two hundred till you can lay before me ten thousand in hard-earned dollars, hard-earned dollars, every one of which meant struggle, privation, self-denial, obstacles overcome."

"That looks a long way off. Why, I couldn't sell a pair of shoe strings on the busiest corner of 42nd street and Broadway!"

"I don't doubt it. I shall never again ask you to brace up. If you are on the way to hell, you will not get there on two thousand. You're on your own now. I'm not angry; I am only damned sad and bitter. I am getting along in years and wanted a son of my own to lean on. As it is, I shall have to lean on some one else's son. I shall leave the cheque under your plate the first of each month. That'll save you coming down to the office. If you wish to travel, I'll send express orders. But never ask for any advance; you will not get it.

"All right dad. I'm ashamed. You are treating me better than I deserve. I could make all sorts of promises, but I couldn't guarantee them." The son rose.

Cathew senior turned to his desk and began sorting his letters. Kill or cure, he was thinking; kill or cure. But in his soul he longed to take the boy in his arms and give him a million. There was a man somewhere down under that unhealthy skin; never a whimper, never a whine. Kill or cure, kill or cure. He waited for the door to close, and having waited a minute he looked up.

"Will you shake hands, dad?"

"Yes, Arthur. What I am doing is only for your good."

"I know it."

The door closed after this, and Cathew senior pressed the button for his stenographer. It was going to be a great risk; but the machinery had been set in motion and he was not a man to revoke his orders. The stenographer had a very unpleasant session.

ARTHUR went up-town to his favorite cafe and ordered a bromo-seltzer. He spread out the check on the mahogany

table, smiling grimly. Two hundred a month from now on, and Nell wouldn't marry him if he was the last man on earth. What a colossal fool he was! Why couldn't he brace up? What was the object of these wild nights and woolly-tongued mornings? He crackled the cheque in his fingers. He must make that serve for thirty days or go broke. It would be a great lesson on economy. He got up, paid for his drink, and went out.

A man slouched after him. In fact, he had not been out of sight of this man since leaving his father's offices.

He decided to lunch at home. He was in need of food, however repellent the thought was. He cashed the cheque, put the bills in his wallet and crossed the Park to Riverside. He was curious to learn if he could go through the day without breaking into that two hundred. If he could manage to do that there was hope.

That night he went to his club, refused a dozen offers to drink, declined all card games, and spent most of his time in the writing room. The girl who received that letter never parted with it.

At eleven he started for home in quite an unusually serious frame of mind. As he turned a corner, two men sprang out of the shadows and grappled him. For a young man in his condition he put up a very respectable fight; but his assailants were too strong for him. A cloak of some sort was wound about his head and he was bundled roughly into a taxicab. Later he felt a sting in his arm. Then he fell asleep.

LONG before he came out of his stupor, for he had been drugged, Cathew sensed the smell of oil. Each effort to evade it (by drawing up the coverlet of his bed to his chin) served only to accentuate it. In his half-dream he wondered how any one could have spilled oil on that filet-counterpane which was the pride of Mrs. Harwood, the housekeeper. Same old headache, too; and after all his good resolutions! Underneath the smell of oil, he began gradually to sense another peculiar thing, a long rise and a long fall. Of course he knew what that was. Many a time he had to wait till the bed stopped turning circles before he could get into it. Evidently he had taken his life in his hands last night and jumped aboard while the bed was still turning.

"Out of that, you swab!"

"Out of that, you souse; d'ye hear?"

"Worden, you can cut out that line of talk," Cathew murmured.

"Is that so!"

Cathew's eyelids went up half way, and with eyes which throbbed and seemed full of dancing spangles of fire he beheld an enormous paw. It seemingly came out of nowhere, grasped his shoulder cruelly and shook him.

"In half an hour ye'll be at the port-bunkers with ye'er shovel. That's all; be there. An' no back talk, mind."

Cathew sat up and stared bewilderedly at the gorilla-like face lowering over him. For his father to rag him was one thing; but for an utter stranger to lay hands on him!

"Where the devil did you come from?" he asked unamiably, still without recognizing the fact that he was not in his own bedroom at home.

The paw reached in again, caught him by the arm, heaved him out bodily and flung him sprawling to the floor. Cathew junior's attitude toward life was like that of a young bullpup, friendly and even-tempered so long as none showed malice or cruelty. He sprang to his feet and lunged at his assailant's jaw, not without a certain skill. His fist struck a cast-iron elbow, and in return he received a clout on the side of the head that took away all his interest in the argument. As he crumpled to the floor, a broad-toed boot caught him in the thigh and swirled him flat against the opposite row of bunks.

"Strike back at me, will ye?"

"You big lummox," said a deep bass voice from a nearby bunk, "why don't you hit some one your size? It's a fine game to be chief engineer, but I notice it's the little fellows you're always finding trouble for. Some day, mind me, you'll find a hot slicebar in the middle of your belly."

"Corrigan, I'll see ye in irons before this v'yage is over."

"Well, that'll save your jaw a punch. Leave that kid alone till he sobers up; and you let him skip his watch till he gets his bearings."

The speaker climbed out of his bunk. He was naked from the waist up. His chest was deep and broad and hairy, and his arms and legs were those of a caryatid. He measured up to five-foot-four, and there nature had left him to shift for himself, apparently doubting the advisability (in an effort toward universal peace) of building the man any higher. The crew described him as a big voice entirely surrounded by a helluva little man. He trotted over to the inanimate Cathew, picked him up and carried him back to the evil-smelling bunk.

THE chief engineer—something of a Hercules himself—balled his fists and stood irresolute, pulled one way by the knowledge of his authority and another by his caution. He looked big enough to take Corrigan in his hands and break him like a pipestem; but he made no effort to do so, for the very reason that the Irishman was as quick and strong and merciless as a tiger when fully aroused. Add to this that the squat was a veteran of the prize ring whose stature alone had kept him from fame and money, and you will gather how formidable he was to those who knew anything about him.

"Silk!" muttered Corrigan, as Cathew rolled off his arms into the bunk. "Silk underwear! I'll kill that dirty crimp Fall the next time I see New York. I thought I saw his ugly mug when I rolled in last night. I suppose I was too drunk to notice. Did you see the lad come back at that big stiff?" addressing the numerous heads now sticking out over the bunk rim. "Game anyhow."

"Mullins'll lay for you, Corrigan, for that talk," said someone.

"Let him. He'll be spry to land on me, I'm thinking. I'm the best fireman on board; and the Cap'n being as square as they make 'em knows it. Ah! he's coming about."

"In God's name, where am I?" whispered Cathew.

"On board the *Limerick*. I guess they shanghaied you."

"Shanghaied me? A block from Broadway?" everything coming back in spite of his splitting head.

"Yep. It was tough work to get a full crew for this old bucket; and I guess the Cap'n didn't ask questions this trip."

"I must see the Captain at once," declared Cathew, struggling to get out of his bunk.

Corrigan pressed him back firmly.

"Better sleep off your souse first."

"But I wasn't drunk. I was kidnapped and drugged a block from my club!"

"Uhuh. Better lie still."

"Is there a wireless on board?"

"Nothing but the pipe-organ on the smokestack. Take an old sailor's advice and be quiet."

"Where are we bound?"

"San Francisco."

"San Francisco? But, good Lord, man, they don't sail for San Francisco from New York!"

"This old bucket does. You see, it's like this. She used to run to Bermuda and back, onions and potatoes. Last month she was sold to some fleet on the Pacific coast, and we're on the way to join it. That's why it was so hard to get a crew."

"What's the first port?" with sinking heart.

"Suez for coal. Our bunkers'll carry us there. Then we stop at Colombo to take on a cargo of tea. The other stops are Singapore, Hong-Kong, Manila, Honolulu and 'Frisco. Take it easy. You aren't alone."

"Where are my clothes?"

"They won't do you a bit of good. Take it from me. If you want to slope, Suez is your first chance. But I doubt we see any pay till we hit Colombo. It's tough luck, but you're on my watch, and I'll ease it as much as I can for you. All you got to do is to shovel coal, every four hours out of twelve, with eight to do as you please in, so long as you don't go up to the Cap'n's bridge. Keep away from there. It will only give Mullins an excuse to beat you up."

"It's mighty good of you to talk to me like this. What is your name?"

"Corrigan. And yours?"

"Cathew."

"Sounds Irish. Well, now, turn in and sleep. You need it. You won't have to stand this watch. I'll wake you up when I come back. Ever been to sea before."

"Yes."

"That'll help. No speaking up to the bridge, mind. I'd take you there myself, if I knew it would do any good."

All this was sound advice, and for the time being Cathew decided, to act upon it. He lay back and thought. The one thing that appalled him was the thought of his mother. The shock of his disappearance might kill her. There was no possible way of getting news to her till he reached Suez, nearly thirty days, according to Corrigan. His clothes! He began looking about. At the foot he found a suit, cheap, second-hand shoddy. He went through the pockets, his hands shaking and his heart full of despair. Not a sou-markee, not even a match could he find. All gone, a watch worth a hundred and an even two hundred in cash. He buried his face in the oil-tainted pillow. He would not have cared so much if he could have gotten word home. What would they think, his mother—and the girl? That he had taken the two hundred and gone on a long carouse. Shanghaied a block from Broadway!

WHEN Corrigan returned he found the young man asleep. He turned in and went asleep himself. On the second watch he taught Cathew how to handle his scoop, how to dig and lift without extra exertion; how to save himself, in fact.

"Shove your scoop under, not into, the coal. The coal'll naturally fall into the

scoop and that'll save pushing. All you have to do then is to lift. And keep out of other people's way. Go to it."

At the end of the second hour Cathew's back began to stiffen; it became a mortal agony to stoop and straighten up. There was pain in his eyes, in his throat, in his lungs. He was in a miniature hell. The flashes from the furnace door gave a broken touch to it all. The sheet iron flooring, greasy with oil, offered but little foothold. He slipped, slid, and sometimes went sprawling with an overturned barrow. He was always in someone's way, continually bombarded with curses. It seemed to him that he had been at work half a day, when a clattering of scoops and slicebars told him that the watch was being relieved.

"I am sorry," she said, touching his arm.

It was Corrigan who shouldered him up the steel ladders; it was Corrigan who sluiced his tortured body with buckets of cold sea water; it was Corrigan who gave him something to toughen his hands and take away the smart.

"You'll never regret this kindness, Corrigan."

"Forget it. It was the way you offered to punch Mullins, when the big stiff could eat you up with one hand tied behind him. Know anything about holding up your paddies?"

"A little; but I haven't done any boxing for several years."

"Been batting around and spending pa's money, huh?"

"That's it. And maybe I'm getting what's coming to me."

"You'll be all right in a week's time. You've got a good frame. All you need is to get rid of the hog-fat. Booze is a bad business. I know."

"Nobody knows that better than I do. And I never drank because I liked the stuff either."

A WEEK later Cathew was handling his scoop like an old-timer. He could stoop and rise without that extraordinary pain over his kidneys; he could dodge his co-workers, trot over the slippery steel without losing his footing. From then on he improved. He began to harden. He could sleep dreamlessly, something he had not done in five years. One day, as they were nearing Gibraltar, he determined to seek the Captain, Bannerman by name, despite Corrigan's warnings. He was not going to ask to be landed. All he wanted was enough money to send a cable home.

The stokehole crew were permitted to use the wait and the bowdeck, but they were not allowed abaft the waist. Cathew knew this, but it did not deter him. As his foot touched the quarter deck he saw Mullins.

"Get off this deck, you slumgullion!"

"Mr. Mullins, said Cathew, holding his voice down, "I am not looking for trouble. I am going to see the Captain."



"Oh, ye are, are ye? I'll give ye one minute to step down that ladder. If ye have any complaints t' make, ye'll make 'em t' me, an' I'll see whether they're worth carryin' t' the Cap'n."

"Better stand aside, Mr. Mullins. I'm going to that bridge."

It was foolhardy, and Cathew realized this afterwards. But his soul was tortured with the constant thought of the anxiety of his parents. Fourteen days had passed, and they knew not whether he was dead or alive. He was promptly knocked down, kicked to the ladder and pushed over. Slowly he got up. He gazed at the smiling gorilla who was leaning over the rail. Civilization seemed a very remote condition. Cathew the boy had bumped down that ladder; Cathew the man had risen from the deck, a cold-blooded primordial man, with an interest in life at last; to kill or maim that grinning devil up there. He was lame and sore, but he never faltered during his watch.

"What makes you limp?" asked Corrigan, as they met at the water bucket for a drink.

Cathew told him. "And as there's a God above, he'll pay for those kicks. No man shall ever put his boot to me and get away with it. Corrigan, I want you to teach me how to fight. I don't mean fancy ringstuff. I mean what you call dock-walloper style, where you use your teeth and nails and feet and thumbs."

Corrigan rubbed his hands pleasurably. "You're Irish, I wasn't wrong. I'll take you in hand. After we coal up at Suez. We'll have five weeks between there and Singapore. The old hooker doesn't make no more'n nine knots. She's all right with the wind on her quarter, but she doesn't cotton to head-ons or a running sea. If you keep on improving you'll be fit when we get to Singapore. I get off there."

"Aren't you going through?"

"Not so's you'd notice it. They'll find plenty of Chinks at Singapore. They can stand the heat. But cut out the bridge stuff. The Cap'n wouldn't listen anyhow."

SO Cathew saw Gibraltar pass in the amethystine afterflow of sunset; he saw Sicily rise over one horizon and vanish down another; and always his thoughts were of the people at home. He longed to rush in upon that splendid father of his and tell him he was willing to begin with the broom, to take his mother in his arms and tell her he was done, to ask the one girl in the world for another chance.

ONE afternoon found the two seated in the shadows of the foremost hoistboom. From time to time they moved with the shadow. Up to this moment neither man offered to exchange confidences. They had been too busy.

"And so you're a rich man's son! I thought as much when I felt the silk of your underclothes. And the swine of a crimp body-snatched you a block from

Continued on page 57.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

What Will Make Russia Fight?

The people want a clear understanding with the Allies

WHAT will induce the Russian army to fight again? Lincoln Steffens supplies what he believes to be the answer to this in the course of an article in *Everybody's Magazine*. The article was written while in Russia, where he had every opportunity to study conditions closely. He writes:

"There will be sacrifices, but only of good men, not of the people, not of the Revolution. The Russian Revolution of 1917 will go on to the end."

"You mean," I said, "that Kerensky will go down as Miliukoff did?"

"Kerensky?" said my informant. "Kerensky will die. I love that man. We Russians all love Kerensky—but, Kerensky doesn't matter. Nobody, no individual matters. We Russians have seen all our greatest spirits die—for the cause of Russia's freedom. We are used to it. Any one of us would be glad to go and serve and die for Russia, as Kerensky must."

Kerensky, the non-resistant, took the portfolio of War in the ministry formed after Miliukoff resigned. And he, the man who signalled the Russian mob not to kill, took the War Department because the new Provisional Government wanted to respond to the call of the Allies and finish the war. That government knows vividly what it is so hard for the outside world to grasp, that the Russian people are really free. The soldiers gave up thirty thousand rifles to the workmen in Petrograd alone; the Soldiers' and Workmen's Committee represent a people that are armed. The Allies keep sending commissions to the Russian Government to get it to make the Russians fight. But the Russian leaders agreed that if there was any one among them who could make the Russians *want* to fight, it was Kerensky. He is a sick man; he didn't like, he didn't want the job. He preferred Justice; he was happy in that department; he was making it stand for mercy. But he consented; he is Minister of War; and he does his best, as the news shows.

He personally led a part of the Russian lines to begin attacks on July first; and other parts, inspired by their example, charged. But the "advance" was not effective. Magnificent, it is not war. And the loss was terrible to the simple soldiers who couldn't resist the appeals of Kerensky and the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council. There may be other such attacks, and, of course, they may catch fire. But what the Allies need and what Kerensky asks is that Russia, the nation, shall go to war, united, organized, inspired.

Kerensky's friends in the Soldiers' and Workmen's Committee told me that Kerensky said: "I will give not only my strength, I will give my life to make the Russians fight. I may get the soldiers to charge, and I'll beg the nation to join in an all-together fight. But I can't. I know I can't. Only President Wilson and the Allies can do that."

Only the Allies can make the Russians want to fight, and they can do it only by dealing in the spirit of New Russia with the public opinion of Russia. That public opinion may be based on an illusion. That illusion may have been planted by the Germans, and it probably was, for the Germans, the German people, seem to have the same idea. No matter. The fact is that the Russian and German soldiers have been talking man to man for months for miles along the trenches; and that, not thousands, but hundreds of thousands of Russians have left the front and gone back home to a million places in Russia and Siberia, and there and all along the road they have spread the opinion that some of the Allies have secret treaties by which each of them is to get an increase of empire. That's what took the fight out of the Russians. That's what the Allies have to deal with. And the Russian statesmen suggest a way to deal with it:

Call a conference of the Allies, with the new allies: the United States, New Russia and China. See that the Russian representatives represent the Russian people and have their full faith, as, for example, Kerensky has it. Then if the secret treaties are an illusion, if there is nothing bad in them, put, say, Kerensky, in a position to go home and say so.

If they are not an illusion, it is harder, but not impossible.

Soon after I got to Petrograd, an Englishman, a high-minded, scholarly Liberal, who was there on a mission for his Government, said he was glad the Americans had come into the war, because he thought we would "put the war back on the high plane where it was with us English at first."

That's all the Russians ask, the people, I mean, the mob, the free, armed Russian mob, and that mob is not unreasonable. If my report shows anything, it shows that the Russian people have not only self-government, literally, but self-control; that they are fair; will listen and, listening, can accept two ideas at once and consider them, talk them over quietly together and act upon them.

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The Kaiser's Wife Takes Hold

Empress of Germany is Beginning to Have a Part in Imperial Matters.

NOT much has been heard in the past of the Kaiserin, Wilhelm's good-natured and reputedly colorless spouse. She has been put into the background by the noisy energy and exuberant personality of the Kaiser. It appears that just recently the Empress has been "coming out," however. She is even undertaking certain diplomatic errands. The story of Augusta Victoria's new importance is told by *Current Opinion* as follows:

A remarkable change of policy in Hohenzollern circles can alone account for the ambassadorial functions assumed by Empress Augusta Victoria of Germany, whose expeditions to Munich, to Dresden and to Vienna take on more and more of an official character. William II. has until quite lately kept his consort in the background. She has in the course of his long reign been almost a cipher except for her sovereignty in the domestic sphere. There, indeed, she has reigned supreme, prescribing, it seems, even the thickness of the socks worn by the Emperor, forbidding strong cigars and even concocting the peculiar broth or beef soup which is his Majesty's only diet when that throat becomes sensitive. All this seems to be changed. For the first time during the thirty-six years of their union, William II. is seen thrusting the Empress Augusta Victoria forward. He must have revised his theory that the lady is unlucky.

In this most sorrowful period of a life of

rrows, the Empress Augusta Victoria, says
ie Italian journalist who saw her at Vienna,
as the same wonderful blue eyes that capti-
ated William when, as a girl of twenty-two,
e first saw her in a hammock at Primkenau,
er father's castle in Silesia. They are very
rge, rather dark for so pronounced a blonde,
eadfast and clear, with a full pupil. The
mpress was said by the late Archduke Franz
erdinand to be able to speak all the lan-
uages of Europe with her eyes. He liked her
ecause alone among the royal women of
urope she made a pet of the Duchess of Ho-
enburg, his consort, treating her on a plane
f equality. The German Empress has cast a
pell of her fascination upon the present
ustro-Hungarian Empress-Queen Zita, de-
pite the difference in their ages. She is em-
hatically a woman's woman, feminine, ac-
ording to the Italian journalist, gracious in
er smile, low-voiced, using two pretty hands
n effective gestures as she converses earnest-
y on topics of a personal nature.

Notwithstanding her friendship for that
oted Greek scholar, the late Doctor John P.
Iahaffy of Dublin, the German Empress is
ot an "intellectual." She delighted in the
cholar's inexhaustible fund of Irish anecdote.
Ie told his stories with inimitable drollery
o an admiring circle at the Palace, after
vhich the Empress herself served him with
ea. Her conception of entertainment is said
o be plying of her guests with food and drink,
or does she disdain explanations of the merits
f her kitchen. She is the best cook in Ger-
nany, if the Italian press is to decide the mat-
er, and she has an impression also that she
s a very good nurse. She is not above such
cares as the heat of her consort's morning
ath, which she prepares for him at the palace
is well as at the country seat near Cadinen.
There she has her own particular flock of
chickens and there she milks the cows and
pursues the other vocations upon which is
based her claim to be a farmer's wife. She
has a passion for needlework which she can
gratify only when living in the country. In
the country, too, or rather on the farm at
Cadinen, she is a great stickler for church at-
tendance. No tenant on the estate would risk
her displeasure by not appearing in his place
for divine worship. There is a chapel on the
estate, but the Kaiserin is as likely as not to
appear in the village church early and to look
about her as the worshippers troop in and to
make rather pointed inquiries after the ser-
vices about the health of absentees.

These essentially feminine traits in his con-
sort have not always been palatable to Em-
peror William, observes a writer in the Paris
Figaro. The Kaiserin is not sufficiently im-
perial. He would like her to be more of a
spectacle, we read, to assume something of the
grandeur of a Theodora, the majesty of a
Zenobia, the inspiring deportment of a Maria
Theresa. His ideal of feminine royalty is that
Queen Louise of Prussia whose career he
knows by heart. Now, the Kaiserin was
brought up in a German country mansion, seat
of the house of Schleswig-Holstein-Augusten-
burg, leading there the simple life of a German
Marguerite, visiting the sick on her father's
estate, doing a little needlework, watering the
flowers and reading books prescribed by the
chaplain to the Duke. She never in her life
wore a pair of silk stockings, and she was a
wife and mother before she knew anything
about lawn tennis. Her diversions were horse-
back riding, croquet and archery. She never
was a good dancer. She had the indiscretion,
not long after her marriage to be caught
asleep when the Emperor's mother was read-
ing a work of a philosophical character aloud
to the circle at Potsdam.

The first years of this union were in the
words of the *Figaro*, "agitated." William soon
thrust his wife into the background. Long
was she absorbed in the cares of a prolific
maternity, and at the time of the birth of her
seventh child, the Princess Victoria Louise,
her one daughter, now Duchess of Brunswick,
the Kaiserin seemed to have become old. Her
hair was already gray, although she was but
thirty-four. The Kaiserin's only recognition
in the life of her husband's empire was com-
prised in her rank as colonel of a hussar regi-
ment. She did get the black eagle, conspicu-
ous worn as she went on horseback at the head
of her troop in a uniform that was not in the



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least becoming to her Gretchen type of beauty.

If the worst came to the worst, her Majesty would be able to live well upon a snug American fortune. It is quite large, and according to the Paris *Temps*, is very wisely invested in the securities of dividend-paying American railroads. The silk industry in the United States must also yield a comfortable revenue to the lady, as she has put money into some large mills here.

The World in 1952

One Writer's Guess as to What 35 Years Will Bring Forth.

JACK LAIT is a writer of clever stories and a newspaperman. He has just passed his thirty-fifth birthday, and has had the temerity on the suggestion of the Editor of the *American Magazine* to give his version of what the next thirty-five years will bring forth in this old world. His guesses are interesting at least. Here they are:

I predict that in 1952—

There will not be a king, emperor, czar or kaiser in Europe.

Ireland will be an independent republic; so will Poland.

Liquor will be taboo the world over—barred at its source.

Women will have full suffrage everywhere.

Socialism will not have displaced republican government.

There will be an aerial route across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, with stations or controls at intervals.

There will be telephone connections with and without wireless across both oceans.

All principal cities will have double-decked streets, the lower strata for traffic by vehicles exclusively.

Emigration from one country to another will be rare.

Firearms of all kinds will be obsolete, forbidden everywhere.

Huge artificial lights will make the world as bright at night as by day.

Physicians, lawyers, dentists will be public officials and will not work for individual fees.

Love will guide matrimonial selection, but government will refuse to license the unfit, the mismated, the immature, the senile, the damaged.

New York City will have 10,000,000 inhabitants and its own legislature; Chicago will have 7,000,000 and its own legislature.

Yet I say that the next thirty-five years will not be as historic as the equal period gone by; that is because almost every change that I foresee had its inception before '17, and awaits only the decades of the immediate future for development toward consummation.

I think that big business, as its organization grows more efficient and economical, will be the preponderant factor towards a higher morality, more thorough abstinence and better habits generally. The evangelists and reformers do not seem to me to do much actual saving or enlightening. But the corporations, as their number of employees grow larger and the shortcomings of humans are therefore multiplied in direct ratio to their losses and drains, are the most resultful uplifters.

Many railroads now refuse men in any capacity who drink, who have ever had the liquor weakness, who have ever even signified their sympathy with it by signing petitions for others to get saloon licenses. Almost all the larger concerns make temperance, at least, a requisite for employment, and not a few require total divorce from alcohol.

That policy will grow as business continues to concentrate, and I dare say a man of unsound conduct a quarter of a century hence will find all doors closed against him by common understanding of employers.

Speculation in foods, metals, clothing materials and other vital necessities will not survive. Private ownership of the producing sources will not be disturbed, but public fixing of prices in essential commodities seems

evitable, as already established for railroad ransportation, insurance, telephone service, tc.

ents, likewise, will be determined so as to xact no more than a set and legitimate re- rn on investment or valuation.

One of the great wastes which will surely e eliminated is that Pooh-Bah, long-lived and nseless fallacy, fashions. For 1917 years e have been slaves to a mad and savage valry in adornment.

A Menace to the Navy

fluences Threatening the Only Avail- able Supply of Oil Fuel.

WHAT would happen to the British navy if the oil supply ran out? As all Brit- h ships of war are operated with oil, the re- lts can be imagined. Figure then that the tal supply of oil for the navy comes from e source, and that that one source is— exico! Here is something to create, at first ought, a feeling of alarm. George Marvin plains the situation at some length in *orld's Work*:

Tampico is just oil. The Panuco River runs ly down to the bar and the open Gulf six iles away; the banks of the river are slimy d black with oil and so are the miles of harves where the tankers lie drinking their l of petroleum from the pipe lines which ake away leagues back into the oily hot ngle to their inexhaustible well. Oil on the y, oil in the air, oil over the landscape. gly beyond words is Tampico, but it runs e British Navy and helps run the Mexican overnment. It is a necessary ally of the nited States against Germany, and it is con- olled by one oily Mexican *cabecillo* to whom e producing companies pay a tribute like to Caesar.

The oil fields which lie west of Tampico and uth eighty miles to Tuxpam close to the Gulf ast produced, in the summer of 1917 in ex- ss of 1,059,000 barrels a day. And in ad- ion to this amount actually available, pro- ects for the drilling-in of additional wells ve no doubt that when these fields are de- loped up to their capacity they can supply amount of petroleum greater than the rld's total production to date.

At a time when the navies of the world are pending upon fuel oil, and when a large rt of war mobility and transportation by and shore and in the air, in addition to the nufacture of war supplies, depends upon troleum and its by-products, these figures e emphatic enough. They become more im- essive when we stop to think that outside the United States and Mexico there are no ge supplies of mineral oils available any- ere except in Galicia, Rumania, and the ssian Caucasus, *and not one of these fields available to the Entente Allies for the west- n theatre of war.*

Potential production is one thing, actual put another. Due to a combination of re- ictive causes—high taxes levied by the xican Government, lack of ocean tank amers, the war risks and losses on all an-borne commerce, and strikes and shut- vns forced by revolutionary disorders—the al actual output of the Mexican fields is y 10 per cent. of the present potential pro- tion. Even at that low percentage more n 60,000 barrels a day went to the United tes for fuel and refining in 1916, and one mpany alone has contracts for the delivery 50,000 barrels a day during 1917.

Mexican oil is practically an Anglo-Ameri- n monopoly. American and British enter- se discovered it and British and American pital have developed it. No oil is exported m Mexico except by American companies l by one British concern, the famous Aguila mpany, owned by Lord Cowdray and incor- ated in Mexico. The Lord Cowdray in- ests also own the oil fields at Minatitlan,



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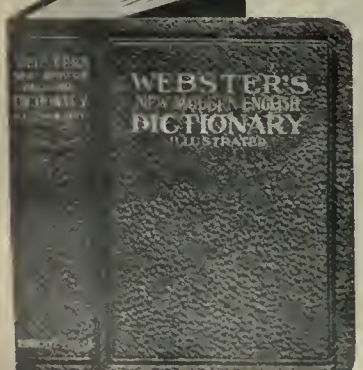
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just inland from Puerto Mexico, and the w built double-track Tehuantepec railroad wh runs across the Isthmus from Puerto Mex to Salina Cruz on the Pacific side. Most the oil which is piped out of the Cowdray we to Tampico and Tuxpam has to be taken Puerto Mexico and there mixed with the lig er Minatitlan oils—when the Minatitlan pla is not shut down by recurrent strikes—bef it can meet the British Admiralty's specifi tions. Some oil comes from wells operated Mexicans and a great part of it from lar owned by Mexican proprietors and leased the foreign companies. Not one drop of it exported by Mexicans.

And not one drop is exported by Germa No German company owns or leases oil lan No nationals of the Central Powers have interests of any kind in Mexico. Nevertl less, Germany must needs be very much terested in Mexican oil. Germany cannot terfere with its marketing except by interce ing shipments at sea, which would natura be one of the chief objects of submarine tivity in the Gulf and West Indian wate German agents can interfere with its prod tion in several ways; through the Mexic Government by confiscatory duties and strictions; by subsidizing revolutionary plain bandit disorders in the State of Ve Cruz; by inciting the thousands of employ in the plants to violent and destruct strikes; and by surreptitiously firing the we themselves.

This last danger may be minimized to vanishing point. Ever since 1914 the co panies operating wells in the Hausteca distr have policed Germans and Austrians out their territory. Every well is worth millic of dollars and is guarded like a Kohinoor d mond. The Cowdray company was, of cour exceedingly active in this work. The Potr well owned by them has at times during last three years furnished 60 per cent. of the fuel oil consumed by the British Na and one destructive act successfully per trated against that one well would have p tially hamstrung the British fleet. Even G man sympathizers or suspects are unceremo iously run out of the district or are quietly terned there.

After the United States became an act belligerent in April, rumors of possible G man attempts against the Mexican oil fie increased, but every one of the tangible mors was run to earth and either proved to hot air or was smashed on suspicion. vast majority were hot air. The oil co panies are and have been very much alive this danger and are well able to look af their own interests as far as any direct G man attempts on their properties are conce ed. They, together with the British Legat and our own recently re-established Embas maintain an excellent secret service org ization in and around Tampico region a have every Central Power national ticket The same authorities, with the internatio assistance open to them, have combed the G and its shores with the finest-toothed inves gation, and gum-shoed the hinterland bord ing on them. As far as this system can pe trate there were not in July any possi German submarine bases or wireless plants or about the Gulf of Mexico. The submar menace is therefore reduced to operati from a far distant base or, more probal to raids on the delivery end of the oil traf

It is not from direct German acts that danger comes; it is from the indirect meth which I have summarized above. In order understand just how German influence m be brought to bear, it is necessary first know something about the powers that be the State of Vera Cruz and their interrelati

People who read about Mexico know name that bright star of Mexican politi General Candido Aguilar. I was in Pue Mexico on election day when Aguilar was r ning for Governor of Vera Cruz against G eral Gavira. You would have thought he h at least a good running start by being Primero Jefe's (Carranza's) candidate engaged to his daughter, but Candido ne takes any chances. He had two freight tra of decanted Constitutional soldiers, armed yond the teeth, in that town bivouacl around the polls and the telegraph and ca offices. You had to cross yourself and s

over sleeping arsenals to send a telegram. The simple job of that soldiery was to insure a constitutional and orderly election by keeping the Gavirists from exercising a suffrage called by the new Constitution universal. I don't know first-hand just how matters stood in the other towns of the State of Vera Cruz, but on reaching Mexico City several days later I read in the capital papers that General Aguilar had been elected Governor by substantial majorities after a very "orderly" election.

Now Aguilar is a fine example of your high-speed self-made man in Mexico in a time when every public character is self-made plus the help that goes to compadres or relatives of the appointing powers. Oil helped make Augilar. In the summer of 1914 he financed himself into prominence by occupying the Tampico-Tuxpam fields with his ragged army and holding up the principal producing companies in the region for $10,000 apiece on the threat of stopping their pumps. The only company that had nerve enough, or was foolish enough, to refuse was Lord Cowdray's company, and the consequent stoppage of its pumps caused leaks around the bonanza Potrero well, the loss in oil, and in a surface fire which lasted four months, mounting far beyond Aguilar's price.

Candido Aguilar made a distinct financial success out of his Vera Cruz suzerainty but he made an equally distinct political mistake. Not content with levying on the rich foreign companies, he confiscated a lot of small, oil-bearing properties from native Mexican owners in the jungle. None of these owners could produce satisfactory *Guarantias*—credentials of acknowledged title carrying exemption or protection—and so Aguilar and his officers waded in and took pretty much what they liked, accusing the owners of being Huertistas or having Huertista sympathies. They made a thoroughly good job of it; looted the houses of the Huasteca farmers, seized and violated their women, and killed all active resistance. You can see mute memorials of this forced liberty loan in the ruin of once picturesque Indian villages blistering on the hills far back from the pestilential oil fields. As a matter of fact there were no political lines drawn then in the jungle, no Constitutionalistas or Huertistas or any other kind of the "istas" then current. Aguilar brought politics with him.

Many of these independent land owners, whose properties were confiscated, were either in negotiation for the sale or lease of their oil rights or counting upon realizing on them later. In July, 1914, under a *cabecillo* named Manuel Pelaez, they rose in revolt against Aguilar and all he represented. Pelaez has controlled the entire Huasteca-Veracruzana oil district ever since. Carranza and his faction control the two ports of Tampico and Tuxpam but all the hinterland is in the hands of Baron Pelaez. His outposts come right up into the suburbs of the two towns. It is indicative of the actual control which the de jure Government exercises over Mexico that here in this richest maritime region Carranzista authority is limited to two spheres of nominal influence in the ports.

The oil is piped out of Pelaez's territory, where it pays tribute, into the Carranzista spheres of influence, where the central Government levies on it by production taxes and bar dues before it flows into British and American tank steamers.

Up to January, 1917, Pelaez could have taken Tampico whenever he wanted it, until in that month the then de facto Government sent the de facto gunboat *Bravo* up the river and tied her up to the fiscal wharf where her guns could sweep the town. Tuxpam, also, the semi-righteous bandits could take whenever they liked if they were foolish enough thus to bring down a serious expedition against themselves.

Several desultory expeditions have been sent against Pelaez but they have lost themselves in the oily jungle and been beaten off without much trouble. And after every such occasion Robin Hood Pelaez and his merry dispossessed land owners armed themselves from the prisoners and cadavers. They began with about eighty men, every one of whom had suffered from direct acts of confiscation by the Aguilar regime. In the



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spring their numbers had grown to 3,500. They had captured nearly 3,000 rifles, and in Mexico it is easy to find a man for every rifle.

The new Constitution went into effect on February 5th, and since then the baron of the oil fields has been joined by many first-class volunteers. The Mexican mining laws from 1884 up to February 5th had specifically recognized the ownership by the small Mexican landlords of subsoil petroleum in the Huasteca fields. Many of these owners had title back to the Spanish grants. The new Constitution confiscates this subsoil petroleum, vesting the ownership of all underground oil in the nation, which by the new instrument has the sole right to issue concessions to third parties for the extraction of petroleum. The owners who had escaped Aguilar, now despoiled by the new Constitution, have joined the Pelaez endemic revolution and greatly strengthened it. The agent of one of the largest American companies had forty-eight rentals to pay to small owners in April. Twenty-six of them could not be found. They had joined Pelaez.

The business head of the Pelaez administration is an ex-druggist of Tuxpam a Dr. Enriquez, who like his chief has an interest in lands from which the Aguila company is producing. Each of them receives a handsome royalty on the production. The third member of the junta is a first-class fighting man named Leopoldo Rabate who, in addition to a property grievance like the others, brings into the business an unconquerable personal animus.

The real menace at Tampico is not directly from the Germans, not from the bandit overlord of the fields, not from existing taxation. The potential menace lies in the whimsicality or the obstinacy of the central Government, whether or not subject to German influence, and in the recurrence of strikes over which the Government either has no control or is indifferent about exercising control.

The new Mexican Constitution, promulgated February 5, 1917, provides for the "nationalization" of all petroleum occurring under ground. It is now possible for the Government summarily to take over any American- or British-owned lands or wells and stop the supply. The American and British companies had acquired rights to this underground petroleum in accordance with the existing Constitution and law by purchase and lease from the owners. Two of the companies have contracts passed by the Mexican Congress in 1906 and 1908, respectively, exempting them from any tax on the export of their product. The new Constitution provides that "there shall be no exemption from taxation."

Under the new Constitution, therefore, the American and British producers of crude oil supplies needed by our allies are exposed to (1) the absolute confiscation of their lands and wells which would stop those supplies or (2) unlimited and semi-confiscatory taxation which would have to be paid by the United States and their allies. *German influence is at work all the time in Mexico City to bring about one or both of these restrictive measures.*

The War Is Unpopular

Writer Claims None of the Soldiers on Either Side Want to Fight.

THAT the war is unpopular everywhere, the soldiers of all the nations involved hate to fight and would stop at once if allowed, that none of the people of any of the countries wanted to go to war in the first place are some of the claims made by John Reed in the course of a vigorously written article in *The Seven Arts*. It is impossible to do more than quote extracts taken here and there from the article, which deals specifically with the desire of the fighting men for peace. He does not allow for the fine chivalry that has induced so many volunteers to go to the front, but that the soldier does not like the fighting and fights on only through a sense of duty, is beyond dispute.

I'm afraid I never did properly understand the drama and the glory of this war. It seemed to me, those first few weeks coming up through France, as if I would never get out of my mind again those beflowered troop trains full of laughing, singing boys—the class of 1914—bound so gaily, unthinkingly to the front. And then Paris—not stern, stoical, heroic, as the reporters all described it; but sick with fear, full of civilian panic, its citizens trampling down women and children in their wild rush to get on trains for the South.

I saw so many ugly things—rich people putting their handsome houses under the protection of the Red Cross, and later when the Germans had retreated to the Aisne, withdrawing them. Small tradesmen making money out of things needed by the soldiers. Little political fights between the military medical corps and the Red Cross, whereby thousands of beds in the city were vacant, and the wounded died lying out on the cobbles in the rain at Vitry.

Against that, what? A nation rising *en masse* to repel invasion, but without much stomach for a slaughter most people, I think, felt to be utterly stupid and useless. The flags, the emptiness, the spy-crazes, the wild-eyed women, the German aeroplanes dully dropping bombs from overhead into the streets. The shock, and then the slow inevitable dislocation of ordinary life, the growing tension. Later on, the one-armed, one-legged, the men gone mad from shell-fire; in side streets the lengthening lines of wretched poor in the public kitchens.

The battle of the Marne was something to go wild with delight about—but by that time there was no one left in Paris to celebrate. Decked with thousands of flags, the city lay smiling vapidly in the bright sunlight, her streets empty, her nights black. There were no glorious tidings, no heroism, no tolling of bells and public rejoicings. Those things cease to be when the whole of a nation's manhood is drained into the trenches. There is no such thing as heroism when millions of men face the most ghastly death in such a spirit as the armies of Europe have faced it these three years. Millions of heroes! It makes military courage the cheapest thing in the world.

Why is it I saw this kind of thing? I tried to see the picturesque, the dramatic, the human; but to me all was drab, and all those millions of men were become cogs in a senseless and uninteresting machine. It was the same on the field. I saw a good deal of the battle of the Marne, I was with the French north of Amiens during the beginning of trench warfare. Almost always it was the same mechanical business. At first we were curious to know what new ways of fighting had been evolved; but the novelty soon wore off, as it did to the soldiers in the trenches.

At the battle of the Marne I spent the evening with some British transport soldiers at the little village of Crecy, in sound of the great guns stabbing the dark way off to the north. These "Tommies"—why had they gone to war? Well, they didn't rightly know, except that Bill was going, and they wanted to get away from home for a spell, and the pay was good.

Along about October first, 1914, I had to stay the night in Calais, and out of sheer loneliness found my way finally to the town's one and only "joint," where there was liquor, song and girls. The place was packed with soldiers and sailors, some of them on leave from the front. I fell into conversation with one *poilu*, who told me with great pride that he was a socialist,—and an internationalist too. He had been guarding German prisoners, and waxed enthusiastic as he told me what splendid fellows they were,—all socialists, too.

"Look here," I said. "If you belonged to the International, why did you go to war?"

"Because," he said, turning his clear eyes upon me, "because France was invaded.."

"But the Germans claim you invaded Germany."

"Yes," he answered gravely, "I know they do say that. The prisoners tell me. Well, perhaps it is true. We were probably both invaded. . . ."

London, plastered with enormous signs, "Your King and Country Need You," "Enlist for the War Only!" In all open spaces, knots of young men drilling—bank clerks, stock brokers, university and public school men, the middle and upper middle classes; for at this time the workers and the East End were not interested in the war. The first Expeditionary Force had been wiped off the face of the earth coming down from Mons; England was getting mad, at the tip, and "Kitchener's Mob" was forming.

The great masses of the people of England knew little about the war and cared less. Yet it was up to them to fight, volunteer or conscript. Business and manufacturing concerns began to discharge their employees of military age, and a patriotic black-list saw to it that they got no other work; it was "Enlist or starve." I remember seeing a line of huge trucks sweep through Trafalgar Square, full of youths and placarded "Harrods' Gift to the Empire." The men inside were clerks in Harrods' Stores, and they were being driven to the recruiting station.

There were other things in London which nauseated one. The great limousines going down to the city of a morning with recruiting appeals on their wind-shields, and overfed, overdressed men and women sitting comfortably inside. The articles for sale in the shops, with the "Made in Germany" signs torn off and new cards affixed, "Made in England"; the Rhine and Moselle wines they served in restaurants, their labels painted out, the immensely snobbish Red Cross benefit concerts and dances that made the fall of 1914 "London's gayest autumn."

All talk of "German militarism," and "the rights of small nations," and "Kaiserism must go"—how sickening to know that the rulers of England really did not believe these pious epithets and platitudes! It was only the great masses of simple folk who were asked to give their lives because "Belgium was invaded," and the "scrap of paper" torn up. Just as in this our own country, where persons of intelligence cannot help smiling—or weeping—when President Wilson talks of American "democracy," and the "democracy" America champions in this war.

Berlin was less patently charged with hypocrisy, as one might expect; for Berlin had been getting ready for this for years. There was less need for advertising than there was in either London or Paris—the Germans had less difference of opinion about the war. And yet to see those hundreds of thousands of gray automatons caught inevitably and irreparably in that merciless machine, hurled down across Belgium in mile-wide, endless rivers, and poured against the scarps of death-rimmed fortresses in close-marching battalions, was more horrible than what I saw in other countries.

Will anyone now dare to claim that the German people were told the truth about the war, or even told anything to speak of? No. The whole nation was sent to the trenches, without opportunity to know, to object, a little more ruthlessly than other nations—except Russia.

I was at the German front, where men stood up to their hips in water, covered with lice, and fired at anything which moved behind a mud-bank eighty yards away. They were the color of mud, their teeth chattered incessantly, and every night some of them went mad. In the space between the trenches, forty yards away, was a heap of bodies left over from the last French charge; the wounded had died out there, without any effort being made to rescue them; and now they were slowly but surely sinking into the soft mud, burying themselves. At this place the soldiers spent three days in the trenches and six days resting back of the lines at Comines, where the government furnished beer, women and a circulating library.

I asked those mud-colored men, leaning against the wet mud-bank in the rain, behind their little steel shields, and firing at whatever moved,—who were their enemies? They stared at me uncomprehendingly. I explained that I wanted to know who lay opposite

them, in those pits eighty yards away. They didn't know—whether English, French or Belgians, they had not the slightest idea. And they didn't care. It was Something that Moved—that was enough.

Along the thousand-mile Russian front I saw thousands of young giants, unarmed, unequipped, and often unfed, ordered to the front to stop the German advance with clubs, with their defenseless bodies. If anyone thinks the Russian masses wanted this war, he has only to put his ear to the ground these days when the Russian masses are breaking their age-long silence, and hear the approaching rumble of peace.

Happily, I was in Bulgaria when she was forced into the war by her King and German diplomacy; and I had an opportunity to study a modern nation in the act of tricking its people. For seven out of the thirteen political parties in Bulgaria, representing a majority of the people, were against going to war, and through their regularly appointed delegates conveyed their position to the king, demanding the calling of parliament. But the King, the Ministers and the military authorities responded by suddenly decreeing mobilization, —with a stroke of the pen converting a nation into an army—and from that moment all communication between citizens, all protest, ceased—or was choked in blood.

I could go on telling of Italy, of Roumania, of Belgium under the Germans, how everywhere I saw the one main fact, repeated over and over again, that this was not a war of the people, that the masses in the different countries had, and have, no motive in continuing the struggle except defense, and revenge; and that even now the millions of men on all the fronts would stop fighting, lay down their arms and go home, at a word of command.

What Crime Did the Tsar Commit?

Strange Story of Secret Buried in Chancelleries—The Situation in Russia.

A REMARKABLE article on the Russian situation is contributed by E. J. Dillon to *The Fortnightly*. He brings strong evidence to show that Russia is in bad shape from the standpoint of the Allies and adduces that the other nations need expect little assistance from Russia in the prosecution of the war from now on. Another interesting feature is a hint that he gives at a crime committed by the Tsar at some recent date, a very serious matter which came to the attention of the British Government. He writes:

The outbreak of the Russian Revolution in March was, I think, one of the failures of Entente statesmanship. It could and should have been foreseen and directed. If, instead of waiting upon events and eulogizing everything done by our allies, our Government had hearkened to those who assured it that the Russian uprising would take place in March or April, and had turned the revolutionary current into a safe channel, our Slav ally might now be pressing hard upon the Austrians and Germans in the East and our great offensive might already be in full swing.

What should, I ventured to think, be undertaken, was a step from which the present British Foreign Office would instinctively shrink as from a suicidal or treasonable act: such mild intervention in Russia's domestic affairs as is obviously legitimate, because it would have saved her from a catastrophe and helped her allies to victory. Had it been adopted in good time, a representative of one of the Allied Government would have demanded an audience of the Tsar in January or February and spoken to him somewhat in this fashion:—

"Your subjects, sire, are on the eve of a revolution, and your dynasty is on the brink





1849 1917



18 Years Older Than Confederation

When you purchase such a lifetime gift for your home as a piano, you do not select it because the outside case is attractive—it is MUSIC which you are buying, and you want to know that the firm making the piano you select, has had the experience necessary to build a piano which will "Retain Its Tone" and "Last a Lifetime."

The makers of the famous

Williams Piano
New Scale
ENDORSED BY GREAT MUSICIANS

are the oldest makers in Canada.

For over half a century Canada's brains and expert workmanship have striven to produce an instrument of goodness which will "last a lifetime."

If you are coming to the Exhibition, look for the Williams exhibit in the Manufacturers' Building.

Winter is coming and you will want music to cheer your home.

(*Send to-night for beautiful portfolio of Exhibition models*)

THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO.
Limited
(*Since 1849*)
Oshawa -- Ontario

THE
Financial Post
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The Canadian Newspaper for Investors
$3.00 PER YEAR

Buy a copy of the current issue from your newsdealer, and make a careful examination of it. Ask your banker or broker about "The Post." Get independent opinions regarding it from the professional classes who handle money. Sample copy on request.

One advantage which subscribers have is the service of the Investor's Information Bureau of "The Post," where special information and advice are provided, without any fee, by personal letter.

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of ruin, and I have come on the part of your allies to give you warning and offer you effective help. In ordinary times it would have been for you to discern and exorcise these dangers—at most your neighbor Kaiser Wilhelm might perhaps have redeemed his promise and stepped in to succour you. To-day you are our ally, and we have a duty to you as well as to ourselves, which may be likened to that of comrades on a Polar Expedition, the duty of offering, and if needs be pressing amicably upon you, our assistance. A traveller in those regions, overcome by the cold and about to close his eyes in eternal sleep, is roused by his comrades, if possible by plain language, but should that prove unavailing, by more effective methods. The Allied Governments have to-day sent me hither on a like errand, respectfully to express their hope that you will yourself ward off the disaster which is imminent by enlarging the powers of the Duma, appointing a Parliamentary Cabinet worthy of the confidence of the Legislature, and handing over to your responsible Ministers the conduct of the war. To be effective these measures ought to be put in force without delay.

"It is practically certain, sire, that vast changes are impending in your Empire, and it is of supreme moment that they should emanate from the throne—still the centre of all power—and that their limits should not be set by anyone but yourself. You must be aware that the opposition, overt and covert, to the dynasty and the *regime*, is growing rapidly in numbers and in influence, that members of your august family are accused of being the cause of remissness in the prosecution of the war, and that these charges, being believed, supply a powerful leverage to your enemies. Happily no convincing grounds have until now been adduced in support of them; had it been otherwise, popular indignation, set ablaze, would have wrought irreparable mischief. I regret, however, to have to tell you that to-day very solid grounds for this indictment have been discovered. To reveal them to the world would be to fire the mine under the monarchical fabric. And to hinder this catastrophe is one of the objects of my mission.

"On a certain day of a certain year Your Majesty, moved no doubt by the most upright intentions, struck up a compact which, to the thinking of the average mind, Russian and foreign, admits of no justification. It exposed your Government and your people, as well as yourself, to the severest blame. It constitutes the one inexpiable sin which it was in the power of an autocratic monarch to commit. The circumstances are all known to-day. I can if you wish describe them. Knowledge, it has been said, is power; knowledge of this incident is destructive power which, wielded by the opposition, must have untoward results. By acting upon your allies' suggestion, sire, you will obviate these results, disarm your enemies, save the monarchy, raise up millions of friends at home and abroad, and render inestimable services to your people, your allies, and humanity at large. Of the alternative and its sequel you best know what to think, you who spontaneously made such large concessions to your subjects in 1905, and are reputed among your people to be a model spouse and a tender father."

To that message there could, I hold, have been but one answer, The Tsar would have deferred to the Allies' wishes, realizing as he must the dire consequences which the disclosure of his stumble would have brought forth.

What manner of skeleton, the reader may ask, lay hidden away in the Imperial cupboard, still capable of making such mischief after it had ceased to be a living force? If it was a political act, was it not known long since to the British Foreign Office, and if so, was it not a Damocles' sword that might fall on the monarch's head independently of the Allied Governments' will? To these questions the answers are in the negative. Odd though it may seem, the matter alluded to had been hidden from the British and other Governments, and of the half-dozen men who were parties to it three had already died. As chance would have it, I was conversant with all that the initiated State dignitaries knew about it, but I was at first pledged to secrecy. One day, however, I suddenly received unsolicited permission to inform the British Government of the fact.

Accordingly I approached an eminent personage, then the authorized spokesman, with whom I was personally acquainted. Hearing that I had a momentous State secret to confide to him which would throw a surpising light on familiar faces and things, he thanked me and said that my communication would have his most careful attention. But hardly had I begun my narrative when he looked dismayed, stopped me, and exclaimed: "I am afraid I didn't understand you. It'a about some of the Tsar's doings that you want to tell me, is it? Hm! Something which if true would discredit his Majesty in our eyes and —and——. No, no, you really must not ask me to listen to anything that reflects on the Emperor's loyalty, on his good faith. We put absolute trust in his word. Absolute trust. You must dispense me, therefore, from listening to your story, and you, if you knew him better, would refrain from telling or believing it, whatever it may be."

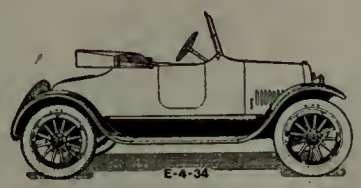
Accordingly I have kept it to myself until now. I may add that that eminent representative of the British Government has since learned that he was mistaken in his judgment and wrong in depriving not merely himself, but also the State, of a powerful lever in transacting the business of the nation. For even to-day neither he nor the Ministers of the Crown, past or present, are acquainted with the particulars of that astonishing episode. None the less, the generous trust in the Tsar's loyalty which prevented the responsible representative of the British Government from listening to a set of important facts which it concerned them to know deserves to be recorded with a feeling akin to admiration.

Neither the British nor the French Government gauged the trend of the Russian political currents which swept away the old *regime* last March, nor did they seriously attempt to canalize them. They were assured by the colleagues whom they had sent out to study the situation there that the Revolution, which would be primarily political, would not break out until the war was over. And when at last the disruptive forces which average statecraft would have made subservient to the Allies' vital interests were suddenly let loose, the chief of the British Government supplied the Allied peoples with the official clue by which to thread the revolutionary maze in the way best suited to their sanguine temperament. The uprising against the Tsardom constituted, he told them, the greatest service which the Russian people could possibly render to their admiring Allies. And the Press re-echoed the assurance. These appreciative interpreters, fancying that the upheaval at that conjuncture was essentially a war movement, a protest against the lukewarmness with which the campaign was being prosecuted, foretold miraculous military achievements during Ruasia's next offensive. In truth, the mainspring of the movement was not military, nor even political, but social and economic, and the people who directed it were enterprising Social Democrats.

Western peoples and statesmen would seem to be constitutionally incapable of so far understanding the mechanism of the Russian mind as to be able to reckon with it as an international factor. Nor is it a facile task. For years on end the play of motives upon will may seem to differ little in the Russian from that of other peoples; then all of a sudden the wholly unexpected occurs, and the Slav appears in a new and unrehearsed part, disconcerting his friends and acquaintances. But the recent upheaval was neither sudden in point of time nor surprising in character. It could and should have been foreseen. And what is more, the events of the years 1905-6 ought to have made clear to the dullest apprehension what the sudden overthrow of the Tsardom would necessarily involve. Nothing was foreseen by the Government and those who had the knowledge and experience were not questioned.

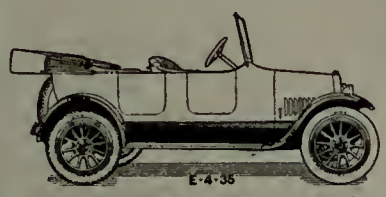
The Russian peasant is not a warrior by nature. On the contrary, he loathes bloodshed, hates organized violence, and would fain abolish war and interest himself in rural affairs. None of the campaigns of recent date appealed to his sense of patriotism; he

Announcing New Series "E" McLaughlin Leaders in All Points of Merit



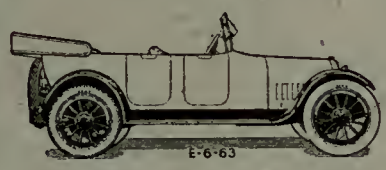
E-4-34

McLaughlin 2-Passenger Valve-in-Head Roadster



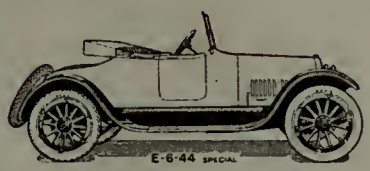
E-4-35

McLaughlin 5-Passenger Valve-in-Head Touring Car



E-6-63

McLaughlin "Light Six" Valve-in-Head Touring Car E-6-62 is a Roomy Roadster Built on the Same Chassis



E-6-44 SPECIAL

Gentleman's 3-Passenger Valve-in-Head Roadster E-6-44 Regular, Built on the Same Chassis

The New McLaughlin Models Eclipse all Previous Standards of Beauty and Value

EVEN more graceful in design with greater power the new series "E" more than maintains the supremacy accorded "Canada's Standard Car" for eight successive seasons.

The famous McLaughlin valve-in-head motor develops more power than any other type of motor of the same bore and stroke, and develops this reserve power with the minimum gasoline consumption. Every mechanical feature of McLaughlin cars has been perfected to the same high standard of efficiency as the motor.

McLaughlin designers and engineers have built 12 body styles of rare beauty—worthy masterpieces of our coach builders' art.

This complete line of 12 new models built in one group of factories and distributed by 12 branches and over 300 dealers from coast to coast includes a car for every need.

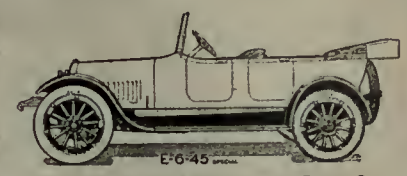
See the new series "E" before you buy your car.

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"WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, McLAUGHLIN WILL BUILD THEM"

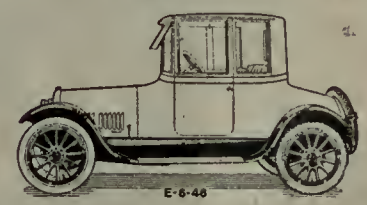
See this New Series at the Toronto Exhibition

VALVE-IN-HEAD McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CARS



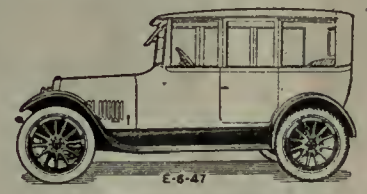
E-6-45 SPECIAL

McLaughlin 5-Passenger Valve-in-Head Touring Car E-6-45 Regular, Built on the Same Chassis



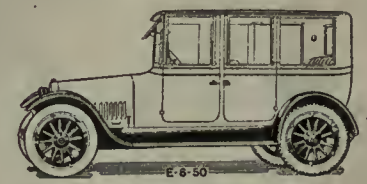
E-6-46

McLaughlin 4-Passenger Valve-in-Head Touring Coupe



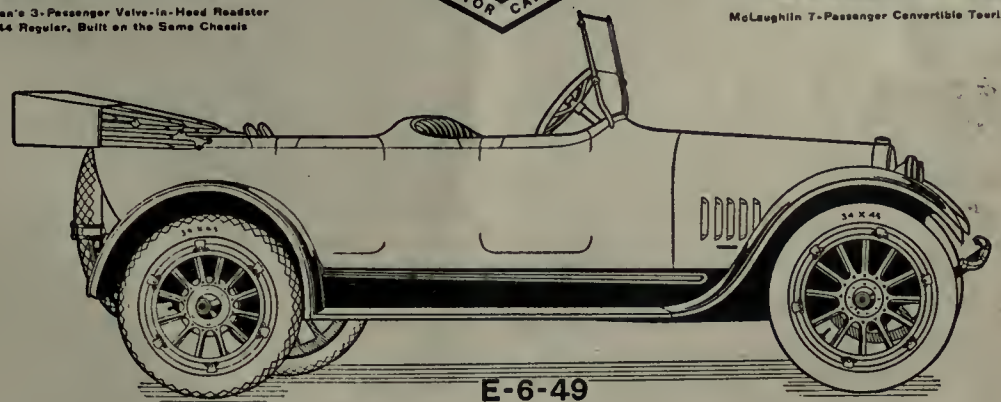
E-6-47

McLaughlin 5-Passenger Convertible Sedan



E-6-50

McLaughlin 7-Passenger Convertible Touring Sedan



E-6-49

McLaughlin 7-Passenger Valve-in-Head Touring Car

The McLaughlin Motor Car Co. Limited, Oshawa, Ont.

Building a Big Business in Canada

The Four Essentials—The Hard Things—The Well-Worn Way—"A Little Advertising in a Few Magazines"—A Yearly Expenditure of $3000—$5000.

THE way to great and lasting success in creating and holding demand for a product is well known and well worn—a way any maker of an article usable by the public can take:

1. **The article must have positive merit;**
2. **It must be identifiable;**
3. **It must be readily obtainable;**
4. **It must be advertised.**

* * *

Making and marking the product are simple matters.

Getting retailers to stock it is more difficult, tedious and costly, requiring travellers.

Getting the public to want and ask for it is hardest of all, and calls for public advertising.

* * *

Hundreds upon hundreds of the giant firms making nationally-known and nationally-consumed products began their upward career by doing "a little advertising in a few magazines," and extended their advertising as to

Size of space used;
List of media used;
Frequency of insertions; and
Intensive work

as their success made possible.

But they began their publicity safely and soundly, by doing

"A little advertising in a few magazines"

* * *

The use of national magazines was and is the base line. This is the well-known, well-tried, well-worn way; and it has the merit of economy.

Take the Canadian group of magazines listed below.

Their combined line rate is in the neighborhood of $2—or $28 a single column inch. Their combined circulations exceed 325,000 copies.

A 100-line advertisement, using all the publications listed, will cost approximately $200. $3,000 to $5,000 spent in them in the course of a year will give a manufacturer the publicity necessary to get his product known and asked for by the public and by the retail distributing trade as well.

* * *

Retailers will buy merchandise known to and wanted by their customers. Travellers get business more readily, more regularly and in larger volume when national advertising supports their canvasses.

* * *

Bear this in mind; 325,000 circulation in Canada is the equivalent of 6,450,000 in the United States. This circulation of 325,000 in Canada is tremendously big, penetrating and influential, and the group of magazines providing this circulation are a most attractive "buy."

* * *

To create and hold demand in Canada; to accomplish the result surely, permanently and economically; and to build a big business, a manufacturer should start with

" A little advertising in a few magazines"

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE
CANADIAN FASHION QUARTERLIES
CANADIAN COURIER
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD
WORLD WIDE

merely accepted the inevitable at the hands of Fate's lieutenant—the Tsar. Now that he himself wields the power he would fain embody his will in law. Hence capital punishment has been abolished, war solemnly denounced, and an armistice tacitly accepted on the Eastern front. It is not exactly a separate peace that new Russia yearns for, but a general cessation of hostilities, failing which a separate peace is contemplated as an alternative. The informal armistice at present existing has enabled the Germans to hurl a large number of men against our Western line and regulate the distance between our striving and achievements there. And this is one of the first-fruits of the Revolution. True, the ideals that hover above it are nowise wanting in grandeur or nobility, but they are nebulous and obviously unapproachable, while the gospel of a certain number of its champions may aptly be described as Tolstoyan anarchism harnessed to individual selfishness.

It is to be deplored that the British public is not adequately informed about the condition of things in Russia, at any rate in so far as it affects the military and political outlook of the Allies. Now and again the daily papers announce "more hopeful tidings from Petrograd," and lead the public to expect adequate military co-operation. For example: "From all sides come indications that Russia is awakening to the necessity for an offensive campaign without delay," one influential organ assures us. "Delegates from the soldiers of General Brussiloff's Army have passed a unanimous resolution to this effect. The congress of officer delegates in Petrograd has decided by a huge majority in favor of an immediate advance. All the cavalry regiments have sworn to march against the foe." This is pleasant reading, because it conveys the impression that Russia is again about to gird her loins, sally forth, and pulverize the forces of the enemy. But that impression lacks depth and durability, and those optimists among us who continue to look for the reappearance of the huge steam-roller may have to make the most of the graceful Russian ballet. True, the Provisional Government has widened its base by admitting into the Cabinet representatives of various political parties who may decide to carry on the war "with unwonted vigour and without delay." Our present criterion, however, is not words but results. The all-important point is not what the Cabinet or the officer delegates may resolve, but whether the soldiers intend to obey them. I should be delighted to come across evidences of such intention among the main armies, but the statements I have received on the subject, oral from Russia's military delegates in France, and written from other delegates in Petrograd, keep me from sharing the hopeful anticipations of so many well-informed British publicists at home; but I fervently hope that they are right.

Where, one may ask, are Russia's mighty armies of last year, where the military commanders whose strategy we admired, whose exploits we gratefully recorded, and whose future achievements we liberally discounted in all our forecasts?

To-day there are several authorities, one Cabinet, various councils, one Duma, many Ministers, and no Government in the land. Socialist rule is felt by the population as an irksome burden which gives little or nothing in return to those who endure it. Private property is no longer protected by the State. The peasants who covet the soil are impatient to enter into possession of it, and in several provinces are riotously proceeding with the work of expropriation which they carry with a high hand in utter contempt of the law.

The Provisional Government has forbidden the peasantry thus to take matters into their own hands, but it lacks power to enforce its decrees. The evidences of this are overwhelming. We learn that in the Lukoyanoff district of the Province of Nishny Novgorod the peasants are seizing the land and dismissing those who had charge of it. In the Gorbatoffsky District violent troubles have broken out in connection with the eviction of land-owners. In the Stavropol District of the Province of Samara the peasants seized and put to death the village elder and the secretary, and were also about to make away with all the well-to-do inhabitants when some militiamen provi-

dentially arrived and put a temporary end to the disorders.

The newspaper columns are filled with telegrams from desperate landlords vainly calling on the authorities to protect them. Thus Count Keller telegraphed: "The village is subjected to a pogrom. I am arrested. My house has been gutted." In Kakhetia magnificent forests are being cut down by the peasantry. In the Knighinin district the crowd attacked the Zvantsovo estate, took the people on it prisoners, and drove away the cattle.

These are but a few typical instances, and by no means the most striking. Everywhere the peasants have recognized the principle of confiscation. In the Province of Penza the Peasants' Council passed a resolution in favor of socializing all land, and is showing its determination to have that decree executed. The representatives of the Provisional Government have been driven away and the marshall of the nobility arrested. In Bielozerye, Province of Simbirsk, the peasants' convention decided to seize without compensation all lands belonging to private owners, with the exception of 100 dessiatines, which each one may keep for himself and till, or, if he prefer it, let, but not for more than six roubles a dessiatine.

The respectable Moscow journal, *Russkiya Vedomosti*, writes: "The country in parts is a prey to wild propaganda, which is provoking pogroms. Private people are being arrested and deprived of liberty. Personal spite is gratified against local public men, working men, and other inhabitants. Absurd rumors are launched, such as that orders have been given to smash all crosses on churches, etc." In Bessarabia, Podolia, Mohiliff, and Kieff pogroms are imminent, may indeed have already taken place. In the Province of Saratoff the Peasants' Congress passed this resolution: "Private property in land within the boundaries of the Russian Republic is abolished for all time. Land in all its forms shall belong to the entire nation. All citizens, male and female, possess an equal right to the usufruct of the soil provided that they till it with their own hands within the normal labor limits. The land shall be withdrawn from its present owners without compensation."

But whatever course internal affairs may take, it is probable that the throes of revolutionary change will numb Russia's military arm for long years to come. Among the dangers which this temporary paralysis will render imminent there are two which merit special attention. The territory of the Great Russians situated in the North-east is separated from the Baltic Sea by Finland and the Baltic Provinces, and from the Black Sea by the territory of the Little Russians or Ukraninians. Now as the Finns and the Balts are resolved to set up under-republics for themselves, and as they are friendly to Germany and look askance upon Russia, the Baltic Sea runs the risk of becoming a German lake. The Little Russians, too, who already possess the nucleus of a national army, and have long been backed in prosecuting their patriotic designs by the Austrians and the Germans, might with their under-republic play into the Teutons' hands and bar Russia's way to the Black Sea, which would fall under the sway of the Mid-European Federation. In this way Germany would become the mistress of all Eastern Europe, treat Russia as a hinterland, and turn the Slav market into a Teuton monopoly.

To prevent this consummation a united and powerful Polish State is, I take it, the only efficacious means—a State which by incorporating Dantzig would reduce by nearly fifty per cent., the German seaboard on the Baltic. This measure would also emancipate Sweden from the Germans and raise a barrier between these and the Black Sea.

In other words, the social burst-up of Russia obviously forbids the curtailment and necessitates the extension of the Allies' war aims. For without this the essential object of all their efforts will remain beyond their reach. At the head of a Central European League Germany will become the mistress of Continental Europe, and whatever we may compel her to do in France or Belgium will not hinder her from acquiring hegemony on the entire Continent. The creation of a



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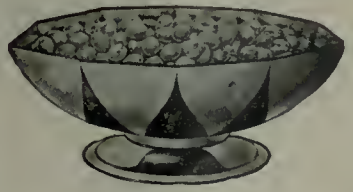
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strong Polish State might have this desirable effect. But are the Allies willing and are they also able to carry it through? That is the crucial point. If they are, as it is the one thing to do, we can make a rough guess at the duration of this war, a guess that will not be more than six or eight months' out. If they are not, then it is needless to dwell upon the practical conclusions that flow from their impotence. In either case Russia's defection has made a vast change in the outlook. On those who argue that with America's help, which is fast assuming concrete shape, we may contrive to achieve the feat, rests the burden of proving that President Wilson, his Government, and his people can be induced to fight for the readjustment of the balance of power, and also that they are able to throw the requisite fighting forces into the field in time to ensure victory.

The Treason of German-American Newspapers

Hyphenated Press is Carrying on Insidious Campaign Still.

THAT the German-American newspapers in the United States are disloyal and that they are guardedly carrying on German propaganda work still is the sensational charge made by Frank Perry Olds in *The Atlantic Monthly*. He quotes from numerous papers to show how strongly the hyphenated press stood for German interests at every stage of the negotiations that preceded war. He then proceeds to show what is being done at the present time:

"America first."

That is to-day one of the German editor's pet slogans. Under that banner he has concealed the second and most important unit of his revised propaganda—the creation of distrust in our Allies. He is afraid that the Allies will impose upon us. He points to their selfishness, their greed; and he advises us to have nothing to do with them. His aim is clear. If he can prevent all aid from this country to the allies, the Allies will be defeated and Germany, "our true friend," will be triumphant. No opportunity is lost to point out the perfidy of Albion, who "has already seen to the foundation of the United States of Great Britain and America, and appointed a colonial governor to step into the White House at the opportune moment. We must have nothing to do with such schemers." The Chicago *Abendpost* expresses the prevalent idea thus: It would be a grievous wrong, a crime against the people and the country, if the United States should now put at the disposal of the Entente Powers its money and what it has of war supplies and soldiers. For they would probably be only fruitless victims for a foreign cause and one fundamentally hostile to America. If the improbable should happen and the Entente, thanks to American aid, should gain victory over Germany and her allies, we would only ourselves put the British yoke about our necks and make ourselves dependent for all time on the British Empire."

To avoid conquest by the British we must adhere to the policy of "America first."

Just what do German-American editors mean by "America first"?

In the first place, we must not let the Allies, "that band of robbers," have any of our money. The Allies have given money to Imperial Russia, they reason. Through the revolution, they have lost that money, and they will be unable to pay back what the United States has already lent them. Any money we give the Allies, especially Russia and England, will be thrown away.

In the second place, we must not send the Allies any food; we need it all ourselves. I imagine no one will dispute the fact that our food situation is a difficult one, but it is not true we have need for everything which we produce. England certainly needs every bit we can send, but the German press realizes that a hungry England will not fight a winning war. Editorials and inciting news-items calculated to arouse the laboring classes are being printed daily in pro-German sheets. Their obvious purpose is to inflame public opinion that food-riots will break out in all parts of the country. Often these editorials are only three or four lines long, but frequently several are printed the same day. It is asserted that the poor man may consider himself lucky to-day, since he will soon be unable to buy any provisions at all. A picture of Americans starving, while the English gorge themselves with American food, is certainly neither true nor patriotic, and must, when repeated daily, have behind it a sinister purpose.

In the third place, we must not send the Allies any men. It has been emphasized that all German-language newspapers favor conscription. It is true that they favor it as a principle, but they are not enthusiastic about it for the present war. The Chicago *Abendpost*, which does not believe that active participation is at all necessary, suggests that we let volunteers go to Europe and keep the drafted army at home. The German press is sure that "at least six months are necessary to train a soldier." It is equally sure that Germany will have won the war by then. Conscription is an excellent thing, "but the new army will not have to fight," since it "will not be sufficiently trained to be sent into battle."

After having made these three suggestions, the German language editor makes a fourth: We must not make any entangling alliances. Admitting that we are unaccountably co-operating with the Allies, he insists in the words of the Illinois *Staats-Zeitung*, that "There can be no coalition of the United States with the Entente group, since the latter bow to the same gods of Autocracy and of suppression of the will of the people which America is seeking to destroy. The United States is seeking to dethrone the autocracies of Central Europe; but, as soon as it aligns itself with the Allies, it permits the autocracies of Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, and Roumania to revive."

"America first" and the Allies not at all! There is only one thing that can be made of such a program. If all American aid—money, food, supplies, men — were denied the Allies, the Allies would be defeated. It is not "America first" that is meant. The real words, unprinted, gradually take shape in the reader's mind: "Germany first!"

Since the sixth day of April, the German-language press of the United States has been pursuing the new propaganda. It has done its best to help Germany by throwing stumbling blocks in the way of an effective prosecution of the war by the United States. It has gloated in six-column heads over German victories and allied defeats. It has consistently refused to believe Allied and American reports when such conflicted with those emanating from Berlin. Since the sixth day of April it has done all these things, and many of them it has been doing since the beginning of the war. The cumulative effect of such a propaganda can hardly be overestimated. If it is also remembered that the dozen largest papers are read by more than a million people, it will be seen that we have here a force worthy of notice—a force that congratulates La Follette and his like for their "courage," and denounces anti-governmental agitations in Germany as conspiracies.

Not one of these papers has expressed an iota of sympathy with the purposes announced by the President as those for which we are fighting. Before the declaration of war they supported every aim of the most extreme chauvinists in Germany, and by no word has any German-American paper indicated a

change of belief. As the Milwaukee *Germania* says,—

"Our friends know what we think and feel. This paper has courageously and consistently expressed its convictions in this matter. The fact that war has now been declared through the expediency of recognizing the existence of a state of war does not at all change our opinion and our convictions. But it forces us to keep silent from now on."

They do not dare to-day to attack directly the declared purpose of the United States, but they still can and do attack every statement of the purposes of our allies, which are now in the main outline those of the United States. Their campaign of racial division has continued unabated. In every line is apparent the attempt to make the American citizen of German birth or descent feel that he is a man apart from the common herd of Americans: that he is of better stuff; that his ideals are different; that he is a much higher creation than the ordinary dollar-chaser of Dollarika. Almost daily admonitions are printed: "Be careful to whom you talk." "Don't express your views on the war"—the implication being that the German-American is not loyal, does not believe in the justice of the country's cause, and that, if he should speak his mind, he would be exposed to the charge of treason.

At least one million men, women and children living in the United States are being misinformed and misguided. Many of them are, no doubt, being converted to the propagandists' ways of thinking. The Constitution allows free speech. The Constitution does not allow comfort to the enemy. The case of the German-American press is between the two. What are we going to do about it? What can we do about it?

The Pigeon-blood Rubies of Perak

Continued from page 43.

little old Broadway! Something fishy about that."

"They may have kidnapped me for a ransom and got cold feet," suggested Cathew.

"Maybe!"

"Well, I'll see that crimp again some day. Corrigan, have you got any money?"

"A hundred and ten dollars. It took me three years to save it."

"A hundred and ten, and you signed on?"

"I wanted to get to Singapore the cheapest and quickest way there was."

"But why Singapore?"

"Maybe I'll tell you some day."

"You're a puzzle. You're an educated man. I've listened to your talk. You ought to be something better than a fireman at twenty-six the month."

"Sure. I went half way through high school, and read a lot. Then I got mixed up in the fight game; later, with Old John Barleycorn; and here I am. Oh, there was a woman in it, and when she passed out of my life, everything else worth while passed out with her. She was a poor thing; and a strong man loves only once. But why this question about money"

"I want to send a cable from Colombo. There's a mother back there," with a nod toward the west, "and I want her to know what's become of me. Besides, I want some cash waiting for me when I land at Singapore."

"Cash? Can you get some?" asked Corrigan, excitedly.





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"My allowance of two hundred a month."

"Do you mean to say your old man let you have that much for booze and cigarettes?"

Cathew laughed. "A lot more than that. The two hundred was a new deal the day I was shanghaied."

"How much can you get?"

"Six hundred, maybe eight."

Corrigan fondled his "tin-ear," single evidence of that strenuous past in the squared ring. Then he plucked at the sweltering tar in the crack beside him.

"Are you game?"

"In what way?"

"I mean, are you willing to risk death?"

"That depends upon what I go after. What have you got up your sleeve?"

"Seven pigeon-blood rubies each as big as your eye and an emerald that'll make your heart jump up in your gullet and stick there. For some years I've known about them, but I never could get enough dough together. Fifty never looked big enough to save, so I'd booze it. But this is a game where you play death both ends from the middle."

"I'll go along if you want me."

"Shake. When we reach Colombo I'll dig up enough for your cable home. And I'll have my last souse. It'll be a good one. What'll the cable cost?"

"About twelve I should think."

"That'll leave me eight. I'll pack the other ninety in your jeans. How about your thirst?"

"I'm on the water wagon, and I'm going to stay there."

"Positive?"

"Absolutely."

"First leave ashore. and no thirst! You'll never make a sailor. But you're game, as I said you were the morning I picked you up."

"I'll stick. If you've got a drunk on your mind there's no use of arguing."

"None whatever. I haven't got any family life you have. Nobody cares. All aboard for Perak and seven pigeon-bloods as big as your eye, huh? Here comes some of those rubber-necks. Mum's the word."

AT Colombo, Cathew sent his cable, and his heart grew light at the thought of the welcome that message would receive within forty hours.

Being a man of his word, Corrigan got drunk on his twenty-four rupees. He zigzagged about town in such a haphazard way that the confusion and indirection of it reminded Cathew of the short-lines connecting his father's pet railroad. The Cingalese rickshaw boys sweated and tugged, and Corrigan shouted Hindustani at their bobbing turbans. It was midnight when they found a boat to carry them out to the *Limerick*.

"Got a rupee?" asked Corrigan drowsily.

"Not a red."

"Oh, well; give the boatman your watch."

"But I haven't got my watch," laughed Cathew.

"Well, here's mine," and Corrigan passed out to the boatman a handsome Ingersoll, worth at this period of service about twenty-seven cents. To the boatman it was a magnificent gift and in his astonishment he all but strangled on his betel-nut.

"Huzoor," the native began, "may your honored worship——"

But Corrigan shut him off, staggered to the ladder, swung himself on, and went up with occasional boosts from Cathew. Mullins was waiting. There had been several desertions.

"Oh, ye'er back, are ye?"

"Sure thing! But talk nice t' me, Mullins dear, 'r I'm li'ble to bite your ear off . . . 'r kiss you!

"Oh, th' ship it was th' coffin,
An' the grave it was the sea!"

"Go below, ye souse!" growled Mullins.

Corrigan turned ominously, but Cathew pressed him toward the forecastle companion; and the black hole of it swallowed them up for the night. The shoveller helped the fireman into his bunk; and his interest was suddenly stirred by a strange bit of tattooing on the calf of Corrigan's right leg. It was dimly discernible in the murky light.

"What's that on your leg?" Cathew whispered.

"Huh?"

"What's that tattooing?"

"'S the map . . . ," and Corrigan fell asleep.

And mayhap he dreamed of seven pigeon-bloods and an emerald fit for a rajah's ceremonial turban; of bleached bones grown over with slithering jungle-grass on the road winding down to Perak.

III.

"IT'S like this," said Corrigan. "You can lose a piece of paper, but you can't very well lose a leg. You can talk and brag when you're soused, but so long as you take the leg back to your bunk, nobody's any the wiser. I read a yarn once of a woman having a will tattooed on her back, and that gave me the idea. I did the tattooing. Many's the half-dollar I've stowed away for that kind of work. Those dots tell me just where to go, while another man, having my leg in his dunnage-bag, couldn't get within a hundred miles of the spot. But it's a game with death, both ends from the middle."

"You know Malacca?"

"A little," answered Corrigan, looking down at the flying-fish.

"I'll go."

"And I'll teach you all I know about the country. I had a royal souse last night, eh? All inside of eight dollars. 'Twas the bhang on top of the champagne that did the work. Well, I've got it off my mind. And now, no more about Perak till we leave this old hooker at Singapore. Wish I was sure about your money coming."

"Wish I had nothing else to worry about," sighed Cathew.

When the *Limerick's* mudhook eventually went clattering down into the smiling shark-infested harbor of Singapore, Cathew felt a strange wobbling in his knees. Supposing the money had not come from home? He sought out the purser, but the purser declined to advance him any money for the simple reason that his pay would not begin until after the ship had left Manila.

"Do you mean to say I've nothing coming?"

"You gave an order to Fall for three months' pay."

"That crimp? Look here, Mr. Spoor, you know as well as I do that I was drugged and shanghaied."

"They all say that," replied the purser, closing the shutter of his window.

Cathew was sorely tempted to smash the shutter with his fist. Some day he would make them all pay for this, from Fall, the crimp, to Bannerman, the Captain.

"It's an old game," said Corrigan. "He wouldn't give me a nickel either. They'll need white men below before they get to Manila. Where's your dunnage?"

"On my back," said Cathew surlily.

"Then come on. Any one of these bumboats will row us ashore."

They weren't a very prepossessing pair to the Consul-General, who instantly suspected that they wanted the government to ship them home, to lend them money, or to give them a square meal.

They were both in need of a hair-cut and a shave, and their ears and necks and the rims of their eyelids explained the character of work in which they had been engaged. But the moment Cathew spoke, the Consul-General reversed his opinion.

"My name is Arthur Cathew, and I am expecting a cable with money from New York. Is there anything here for me?"

"Yes, Mr. Cathew. There are two cablegrams. Here they are."

Cathew tore open the first with trembling fingers. Corrigan hunched himself against the young man's shoulder over which he peered. It was an order on the cable-office for twenty-four hundred rupees. The second cable was from the father. 'Take care of yourself. All well at home. Write. Father."

They cashed the order, and arm in arm they returned to Raffles hotel. After the shave and hair-cut followed a fine shower-bath, with soap which did not bite holes in a man's skin or put his eyes out of commission if he washed his face. Cathew wrote a long letter home; and after that they went about for clothes, though the outfit for the expedition was to be purchased at Perak; guns, ammunition, canned foods, medicines and horses. Corrigan did not care to attract attention in Singapore by making such purchases, at Perak there would be no governmental red-tape regarding side-arms. They sailed at dawn on the copra-boat, and it was only when Singapore became a rim of pale sapphire did Cathew remember. And he struck the rail savagely with his calloused fist.

"What's worrying you" asked Corrigan, lowering his pipe.

"Mullins. I forgot all about him."

"As I intended you should," said Corrigan chuckling. "Man, he would have made mincemeat of you; and I need a whole man with me when I leave Perak behind. He could break me if he got his arms around me; but he knew I was too quick for him, and that's why we never clashed. Bad luck to the big lummox! But this is good. All these weary years I've been trying to get here; but never could save the dough. The outfit will tally up to about fifteen hundred rupees. We go, just the two of us, no coolies, only two horses, a mule and light dunnage. And one day you'll see, sticking out above a big banyan tree, the top of a temple, yellow as a stokie with the jaundice. And 'tis there; only, we've got to crawl on our bel-



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There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to everyone.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95 per cent. of human illnesses is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided—

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years. You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon, it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its pernicious, enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

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The following enlightening news article is quoted from the New York Times.

"What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestines has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory.

"The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions in the large intestine, and it has even been suggested that the lowering of the vitality resulting from such poisoning is favorable to the development of cancer and tuberculosis.

"At the Guy's Hospital Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child who appeared in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the portion left was joined to the smaller intestine.

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You undoubtedly know, from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

For it is not possible to conceive, until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be described—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

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This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that everyone who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.—Advt.

The Pigeon-blood Rubies of Perak

Continued from page 59.

lies to get there. It's a little Hindu idol, not much bigger than your hand; and what we're going after resides in his tummy."

"Suppose some one had already been there?"

"You lop-sided son-of-a-seacook, doubting like that! There was only one white man who knew what that idol contained, and he, poor devil, is soaking his bones in the Gulf of Siam. I can lay my hands on it in the dark. But the yellow cusses who worship in that ruined temple are a cross between a Malay amok and a Paythan's woman after a shindy. They don't kill you. Maybe they put out your eyes, or roast your toes, or hamstring you and let you go. I'm telling you these things so's you can back out when we reach Perak. You've got to have bowels, son, or it's no go."

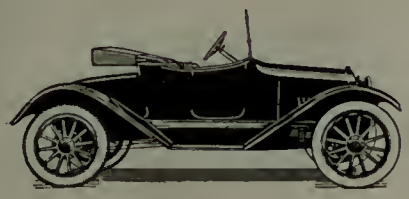
THEY left Perak at night and took the winding road toward the east, toward the unknown, following the river as far as they could. In order to avoid observation and the curiosity of the natives, they decided to travel at night while it was possible, and rest during the day. Though the hot weather had laid hold of this part of the world, the sun in no wise bothered them. They had both become inured to a heat quite as enervating; and there was a chance to dodge the sun. Ninety miles out of Perak—three days to be precise—the road ended abruptly, an Oriental habit roads have in the East, and became a mere beaten path through a bewildering tropical jungle. Now they must travel by day and make camp at night.

ON THE evening of the twelfth day Corrigan tethered the horse and mule and put on his ammunition-belt, motioning Cathew to do the same, and in a whisper said:

"No talkin' from now on. No fire. When the moon rises I'll show you a picture that'll make your heart thump like a bilge-pump. We'll lay low till ten o'clock; and then—— Well, Gawd help us if we're caught. Now I'm going t' give you the right dope. I told you the other night that the other man's bones were bleachin' in the Gulf of Siam. I lied. They're bleachin' up yonder, half a mile away. They hamstrung him, but I got away. Those rubies and the emerald were his—honestly his. He wasn't a thief; no more am I. The old Sultan had promised these priests the idol upon his death, because the idol meant nothing to him, he being a Mohammedan. My pal saved his son's life. And when the old boy croaked, the young chap gave Heine—he was a German—the idol, the rubies and the emerald, not carin' a hoot about what the priests wanted. Heine opened the bottom of the

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idol and took out the prayers and put in the stones. He was going back to Bavaria, t' live comfortable the rest of his days. But the dirty beggars stole the idol, not then knowin' what was inside. Heine got away by the skin of his teeth. Four years later he told me, and we went back. An' that's the Gawd's truth; for this ain't no time to lie. Y' can go with me with an easy conscience."

Cathew nodded.

"Now, listen t' what I say. If I'm caught," went on Corrigan, "you hump yourself. No tried and true stuff. You'd not save me an' only chop your own head off. And' if you're caught, I'll hoof it. It's goin' to be each man for himself, an' death both ways from the middle. There's the horse. All y' got to do is t' get on his back an' hike back t' Perak, an' I'll go it alone. You won't find the trail back hard. What d' say?"

Cathew took hold of Corrigan's hand, pressed it, and pointed east.

"There's another thing," pursued Corrigan. "We'll have to leave the horse and mule here. A panther may smell them. In that case, good-night. We're tough, but we can't walk back to Perak. It would take us more than a month, not counting the fever, which you're more likely to get on foot, than on the back of a horse. There's my cards, boy. Five hundred devils over there, a possible loss of the nags—— Never mind, let's eat and drink hearty. I'm glad I had that souse in Colomobo."

"Seven pigeon-bloods and an emerald."

"Worth a hundred thousand if a cent. Our shoes are hollow-heeled. We'll divide. I'll take five rubies and you take two and the emerald."

All this conversation was held in the softest of whispers.

At nine the two climbed a tree, and Corrigan swung his binoculars. Cathew heard a faint curse.

"On this night of all nights!"

"What is it?"

"Look and see for yourself."

Cathew beheld through the glasses the ruined facade of a temple. Before this there was a clearing, covered with genuflecting bodies.

"Some rotten fete, and it may hold us up for hours. We get in at the back. Same way we got in before. We weren't quick enough. Never laid hands on the idol. God! I can hear his cries yet, and they were all for me to run. I found one of the horses alive, and I rode him till he dropped dead. I walked sixty-two miles. What blasted fools men are! Well, we're born that way. Always wanting to get something for nothing. We might as well roost here and watch the proceedings."

FROM time to time the slight east wind carried to them a wailing of tom-toms and a vague spicy incense. Occasionally a flicker of light appeared beyond the temple doors. Higher rose the moon; and deeper and deeper became Cathew's conviction that this was not real, only a figment of some dream, and that presently he would wake as of old, in his bedroom at home.

It was fully eleven o'clock when the devotees rose and departed for the village. Still Corrigan gave no sign that he was ready to descend. All the while he was straining his ears for any unusual noises. The time passed, and Cathew began to grow restless.

"It is twelve, Corrigan," he whispered, holding his new watch under a bat of moonshine.

"It's a fine thing to be young and born with fighting blood. Well, then—follow me. I've taught you how to walk without cracking twigs. Remember that and keep your eye on my back. And if I turn quickly run like all hell was after you."

THE final detour took perhaps three-quarters of an hour. The rear of the temple was shrub-and-vine grown. It was evident that none of the natives ever went in or came out that way. Suddenly Corrigan raised his hand. For a moment Cathew understood it as a sign to fly; but immediately after he saw Corrigan stoop and vanish. He followed, taking great care that his rifle touched no stone. Corrigan drew him close and whispered in his ear.

"We'll squat here for ten minutes. If we hear no sound, take hold of my coat and lift your feet at each step."

Those ten minutes were very long to Cathew.

"Now!" whispered Corrigan.

Cathew took hold of the other's coat and walked like a cat in wet grass. Presently Corrigan touched the key of his electric-torch, and a white patch of light dartled here and there over a beautiful marble cavern. From this cavern they entered a small hall, full of grotesque gods; or, to be exact, one god in many grotesque poses. Corrigan stopped. The patch of light wavered and finally settled upon a central figure, draped with fresh flowers. Resting upon one of its hands was a little golden statue perhaps ten inches high, and toward this Corrigan moved without a sound.

It was the work of a moment to lift it off the gilded palm upon which it stood. It is a strange but invariable fact that he who stumbles upon treasure throws cautions to the wind. It had been Corrigan's plan to take the little idol and hasten back to the banyan-tree, to fly westward as if all the devils were at his heels. Instead, he set the key of the torch and squatted down upon the temple floor, pried out the inlay in the base and shook the golden idol. Into his hand tinkled eight stones, all polished, seven exquisite pigeon-blood rubies and an emerald the like of which Cathew had never seen.

"What did I tell you?" whispered Corrigan hoarsely. "Off with your heel while I hold the torch. Hustle!"

Cathew worked feverishly. The heel came off, the two rubies and the emerald were packed in cotton, placed in the hollow and the heel-tap hammered on again. Then in turn he held the torch, still possessed with the idea that all this was a dream. As Corrigan thrust his foot back into his shoe, his leg paused in mid-air, one hand against the sole and the other curled about the strap.

"What is it?" asked Cathew.

"Listen! What do you hear?"

Cathew put his hand to his ear. "Sounds like tom-toms——"

"Then, God help us, it's the priests coming back!"

THEY cared not what noise they made thereafter. They ran, stumbled, fell, rose and ran again toward the hole through which they had come. Beyond, in the moonlight, they saw a dozen priests, motionless but expectant. It did not matter where they had come from or how they had selected this spot. An ordinary man would have turned and desperately made for the front of the temple. But Corrigan had been a fighting sailor. All in that bitter moment he weighed his chances. There would naturally be less men here than on the other side.

"Follow me!" he cried, leaping out. "Fight on your own. If you have a chance take it; don't worry about me."

He clubbed his gun and swung it as the yelling priests closed in. Instantly the dozen became ten dozen. They came from nowhere, like kites at the smell of meat—carrion. Corrigan went down five times and five times he rose. The priests billowed over him like waves and he bore up through them like a hardy swimmer. He never had a chance to use his revolver. Once he found himself free, and he started to run; but a dozen yards marked the extent of his victory. When he went down the sixth time he stayed down. Strewn about his path were eight priests as quiet and still as he was.

"Corrigan, Corrigan?" sobbed Cathew, clubbing, kicking, dodging. "Corrigan?"

He fought with a savageness that topped Corrigan's, but he possessed neither the strength nor the endurance of the brave Irishman; and by the time the tom-toms arrived, he was a prisoner. He was pushed and buffeted to the clearing on the other side of the temple, flung to the turf, bound securely and left there. He fainted; and in that fate was kind to him, for he did not witness Corrigan's end. He never knew how they had been discovered. Only the shades of other luckless adventurers, hovering over their nameless tombs, could have told him.

WHEN he recovered his senses, pale dawn was moving across the face of the world. Brighter and brighter it grew. Suddenly the tree tops burst into a flame, and slowly this flame crept downward. A flock of noisy parakeets sailed about the old pavilion. It was morning.

The priests were moving about. They were bringing fagots for a fire. Cathew stirred a little, but only a little, as the thongs were of elephant-hide. There was not a bone in his body that did not ache. Somewhere during the melee he had been struck upon the mouth. His lips were cracked and puffed; and he could barely see out of one eye.

Where was Corrigan? He craned his neck but he could see no sign of him. Torture! Now he remembered all of Corrigan's warnings, that it was far better to die than to fall into the hands of these religious fanatics. They were building the fire for him! Then it was that fear entered his heart and never left it for many a day. Still he wriggled his toes to make sure that his shoes were still on his feet!

Later they came to him and rolled him toward the fire. Two sat upon his body while a third bound his arms at the elbows and freed his wrists. How he struggled, twisted and writhed, choking sometimes as the pungent smoke drifted into his face! Slowly and deliberately the priest pushed the strong hands into the heart of the glowing fagots. Cathew screamed in agony. The tom-toms began to beat furiously. Here and there they chanted dolorously. In the midst of all this powwow came the sharp crack of a rifle. The priest holding Cathew's hands toppled over into the fire, scattering it.

"Corrigan!" murmured the victim, and

sank down, down into a soundless world of utter darkness.

IV.

DR. NORFELDT, at the head of a botanical exploring party from Johore, with a hunting expedition as a side-issue, was very well pleased with himself. He had gathered some unusual flora which sustained his claim that Borneo and Malacca had many things in common. And he had no less than seven tiger and black panther skins. Rather fair work for three months. He travelled with five elephants, nine mules, twenty-three servants and beaters and six assistants, his personal friends. Later, the various northern botanical gardens would receive many benefits. But he had an adventure, a most amazing adventure. He had seen what white men rarely see and still more rarely live to tell; ceremonial torture. Half a dozen shots had broken up the affair. His elephants had evidently convinced the priests that there was an army behind. One white man he had buried; the other lay at one side of the hunting-howdah, his hand in enormous white bandages. He looked like a dead man, but he was only under the influence of opiates. Sometimes a low groan issued from his swollen purple lips.

"We came just in time, Nash," said the Doctor. "In another moment his hands would have been useless forever. As it is a finger or two may be drawn. God! did you get a whiff of the air about that fire? The devils! I have heard that up here they still follow some of their abominable ancient rites. Take a Hindu and mix a little Chinese and Malay in his blood, and you'll have something that'll make a Tibetan blush for his tenderness."

Cathew opened his eyes.

"Don't stir, young man," said the Doctor. "The longer you lie quiet as the elephant-jog will let you, the quicker your hands will come about."

Cathew tried to speak.

"What? Give him a little cocoanut-milk. Now, what is it you're trying to say?"

"Corrigan," in a tone which was without inflection.

"Your friend? We buried him. He wasn't a pleasant sight to look at. But I think he was already dead when they mutilated him."

Tears welled up into Cathew's eyes and rolled down his cheeks. For now he knew that he had loved the derelict.

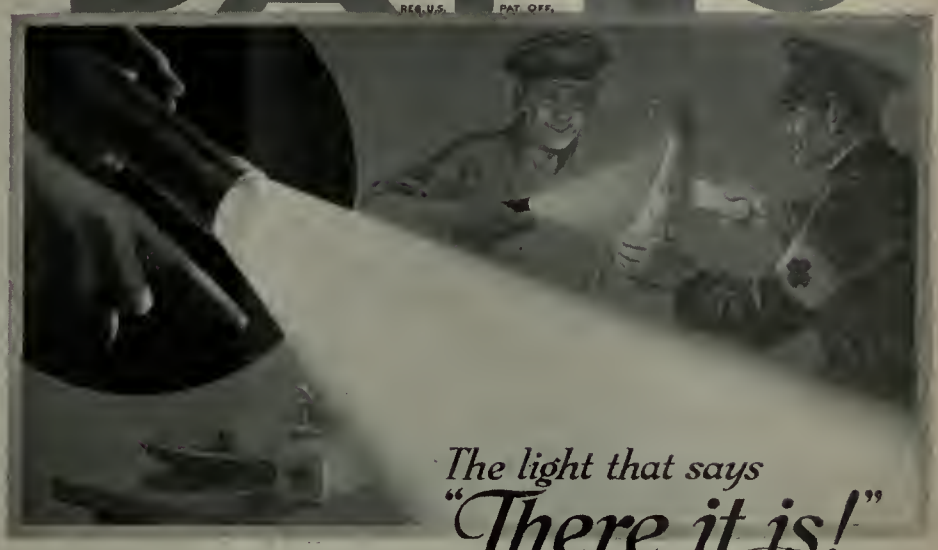
"Did you bury him—with his shoes on?"

"God save us, Nash, did you hear that? With his shoes on? Just as we found him; but I don't remember whether he had any shoes on or not."

AND sleep twenty-four hours he did. It was the best thing in the world for him, too. The Doctor was very kind, and his treatment of the poor hands undoubtedly saved them. At the end of two months—for the Doctor refused to let his chance patient interfere with his researches—the expedition returned to Johore, where the Sultan re-established his state elephants and celebrated the occasion as befitted a Malay monarch.

During these two months Cathew kept his tongue behind his teeth. His saviors respected his silence. When his hands healed sufficiently to cast off the bandages he was given a pair of cotton gloves which

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he wore habitually. And night after night he slept with his shoes under his rude pillow. Often they would hear him call out in his sleep—"Corrigan, Corrigan!"

Cathew bade them farewell at Johore.

"Have you any money?"

"A little, perhaps three hundred rupees. You're a good man, Doctor."

"You won't tell us what it was about?"

"I'd rather not."

The Doctor smiled. "Be very careful of your shoes, and don't fall into the habit of talking in your sleep. Good-bye."

CATHEW bought a first-class ticket to Singapore—fourteen miles away—in order that he might have a compartment alone. Travel was light, and he had a first-class car all to himself. It was only on Sundays that the traffic was heavy. One could go over from Singapore and find a miniature Monte Carlo in Johore. When the train was fairly out of the city, Cathew took off his shoe and wrenched loose the heel. Two rubies and an emerald; they had not been touched. Sweat trickled down the end of his nose and spattered on the gems. He wrapped them up in cotton again and put them into the watch-pocket at the trouser-band. And now to sell them.

Three hundred rupees would carry him along for a few days. A North German Lloyder sailed at ten that night for Bremen. If he missed that he would be compelled to wait a week later and take the P. & O. boat.

Singapore at night. Cathew, in a fresh suit of drill (fifteen rupees) and a cheap helmet of pith (six rupees), started out upon his singular quest. Vaguely he recalled that Corrigan had said something about a man by the name of Vaal, a Dutchman in the pawnbroking business, who knocked you down a lot, but generally gave you something worth while. He was to be found somewhere near the Street of the Big Numbers—the haunt of unfortunates. He had to go through the Chinese quarters, and the wonder of it did not touch his interest or curiosity tonight. He was leaving this district when he ran full tilt into a Sikh policeman.

"Vaal," he said, "pawnshop."

The Sikh spoke a little English and gave the direction affably. Next to being the best native soldier, the Sikh was the finest policeman in the Orient.

IT WAS a dingy shop. The show windows had not been washed in ages. They were filled, rather cluttered, with arms, musical instruments, golfsticks, dried sharks' heads, pottery, skins, and some cheap jewelry. It did not look to Cathew like a place where a man might dispose of fine gems. There were no lights in front; an oil-hanging lamp over the counting-deck was the sole illumination. Finally he mustered up courage enough to enter.

He saw a huge bearded man behind the desk, talking to a pretty woman. Suddenly he caught her by the arm and flung her against the reed partition. It was evident to Cathew that he had entered upon a scene of domestic infelicity. A family row, however, was nothing to him. He wanted to sell the stones and make the *Prince Ludwig*. It was nine o'clock.

"Is this Vaal?" he inquired.

"Ah, coom in, coom in, sir," said the proprietor. The new drill-suit and the showy helmet suggested a purchase.

The young woman remained with her back to the partition, sullenly rubbing her bruised arm. In the swift glance, Cathew noted that she had been weeping recently, but that there was something unpleasant in the set expression of the great dark eyes. Her skin was tawny and her hair was black; but she was patently a white woman.

"Do you buy stones?" demanded Cathew. He was impatient to have done and be gone.

"Sometimes," with sudden aloofness.

"I don't mean on the pawn-ticket basis," went on Cathew. "A lump sum outright."

"It depends."

"Come over here under the light."

The huge Dutchman and his visitor stepped under the lamp, and Cathew dug into his watch-pocket.

"What will you give me for these?"

"Ethel, hant me der glass."

The woman obeyed, but she looked with new interest at this young man who had doubtless saved her a beating.

"Where dit you get dese?"

"None of your business," answered Cathew sharply.

Vaal turned them over and over.

"I will give you fif-hunert rupees for dem—or I vill call in der police."

"Give them back. We can't do business. Those stones are mine. I've gone through hell for them."

"Yes, yes, dey all say that. Fife-hunert und no questions asked."

Wild with fury Cathew struck the man on the mouth. The gems went tinkling to the floor. Excruciating pain ran up and down Cathew's arm. The Dutchman roared and closed in. The fight was short and decisive. Cathew was borne to the floor and there he might have died but for the unexpected aid from the young woman. She seized the desk-stool, ran out from behind the counter and swung the chair down with full strength. An ordinary man's skull would have cracked like an eggshell. Vaal rolled over and lay still, while Cathew crawled about on his hands and knees in search of his possessions. He found one ruby and the emerald. During this time the young woman had foraged about and found some ropes.

"Help me tie him."

"He may be dead."

"If there is any God he is dead. But he has a head like a gorilla. Come!"

They bound the pawnbroker and pushed him into a dark corner. Then she opened the cash drawer, took out a roll of rupee notes and a little chamois bag and stuffed them into her bosom. She disappeared for a moment, and Cathew renewed his search for the missing ruby, occasionally throwing a glance toward the door. When the woman returned, a straw hat was perched on her head and her mouth was full of hatpins. She could think of hatpins! Cathew stared at her in amazement.

"You are English?"

"American."

"So am I. And I'm going on the *Ludwig* this very night.

"The *Ludwig?*" he echoed dully.

She blew out the light, locked the door and flung the key into the gutter. She seized Cathew by the hand and he followed her dumbly. There are some catastrophes so swift and undreamt of that they hypnotize us; and Cathew was hypnotized. After all those terrible weeks in the jungle, to plunge headlong into crime and perhaps murder! After awhile he found his tongue.

"What was that brute to you?"

"He was my husband. I have a right to the things I took. For more than a year he has beaten and kicked me. He has called me all the vile names he could lay his tongue to. If you had not come in just as you did, he would have beaten me again; and then I would have stabbed him."

"For God's sake, not so loud!"

"Was I talking loud? You saw him fling me against the wall. . . Here are two rickshaws. Get in."

He obeyed. He would have done anything she asked, absurd or tragic. The rickshaws ran side by side. He never looked at her but straight ahead.

"Have you got any money?" she called across to him.

He shook his head, meaning that he hadn't enough to take him to Europe. A moment later she passed a roll of notes towards him. He accepted them, and they were held tightly in his poor scarred hands till they reached the Lloyd dock.

FIVE minutes later they went on board, and the *Prince Ludwig* slipped her cables.

"You go to the purser right away and buy your ticket to Naples. I'll buy mine later for Colombo. I have an uncle there. Why do you wear gloves when it is so hot?" she asked suddenly.

"I'm dizzy," was all he said.

"He hurt you?"

He nodded, and sank into the nearest steamer chair, caring not who owned it.

"I'm sorry," she said, timidly touching his arm. "Perhaps I have got you into trouble when all I meant was to help you. If I hadn't hit him he would have killed you."

"What's done is done. But if he's dead, we'll never get further than Colombo."

"I was a bit wild last night. But I'd do it all over again. Are the stones safe?"

"Good Lord!" He clapped his hand to the little watch-pocket. The stones were there. And for hours he had forgotten!

The voyage was uneventful; but when the *Prince Ludwig* dropped her anchor in the harbor at Colombo and the quarantine boat came out jauntily, the two outcasts drew together, oppressed with forebodings which had in perspective a stuffy Oriental courtroom and all the drab paraphernalia of a trial for murder. But God, while He never forgets, often relents; and they went ashore without let or hindrance.

Eight hours later she stepped aboard the tender. In his pocket there was an order on a New York bank for fourteen thousand dollars. Besides this he had in rupee-notes a thousand more. It was a fortune, and he had earned every dollar of it by struggle, privation, in the face of overwhelming odds.

AND so the involuntary Odysseus went back to his Ithaca, home to his mother, his father, and the girl, a clear-eyed, brown-skinned vigorous young prodigal; and his Odyssey had a touch of the Homeric.

Life is also full of anti-climaxes; if you doubt it, wait a little.

Two months after Cathew's return, his father received from San Francisco (at his personal request) a fine photograph of the most recent addition to his new fleet of Oriental freighters. Of the twelve ships, eleven had Oriental names. This

one, the twelfth, retained the name by which she had been launched. It was distinctly Irish. After studying the photograph for a while, Cathew senior chuckled and drew out of a certain pigeonhole in his desk two cancelled cheques. The first, for five thousand, was made out to Captain Bannerman, of the *Limerick;* the second, for a smaller sum, was made payable to James Fall, ostensibly a waterfront saloon-keeper, but in reality a crimp of the first water.

And there you are!

The Smuggler and His Drum

Continued from page 36.

Williams tacitly admitted their accuracy, and, after he had promised consideration, the conversation turned to other topics. They even discussed books before the two officers left. On Williams' suggestion they agreed to meet him and his lawyer at their hotel the following day to consider some proposition.

It looked as though the man meant to play square. The Canadian officers felt convinced of this when they happened to learn that Johnson, the lawyer, was in reality working in the interests of the mortgagees. But they little knew Williams—or Johnson, for that matter.

DUNCAN attended the conference next day with the evidence that had been gathered up, including the papers found in the safe at Diamondville, in a small black grip. The four men got together in one of the hotel rooms. Williams appeared nervous and refused to take a seat, pacing up and down the room while the three others talked. The grip, with the documents, had been placed on the table. Williams kept getting closer to the table with each turn that he took. Finally, when he believed the others were too engrossed in conversation to be paying any attention, he pounced upon the grip, whirled quickly and made for the door. Duncan, who had been half reclining on the bed, had been watching the inventor out of the corner of his eye and observed the manoeuvre. He was up like a flash and started down the hall in pursuit. Within twenty feet he got close enough to trip the fleeing Williams, who pitched headfirst with a yelp and a loud clatter.

Johnson took a hand at this stage. He had been following close after Duncan, and, when the grip went spinning from the hand of the sprawling Williams, the lawyer got it.

It was a great scramble, a free-for-all, the outcome of which was that Williams and the grip went down the stairs in the lead with Duncan close on his heels again. The two officers felt that they were "in wrong." They were employees of the Canadian Government, and so were devoid of all power and right. If they injured either of the two welchers in regaining the grip, they were liable to be held for assault. Nevertheless, when Williams, groggy and panting hard, reached the rotunda, Duncan did not hesitate to take him by the shoulder and force him into a private parlor.

Here Williams stood at bay and refused to hand over the papers. They were his, he contended, and he was at home in his own country. Duncan, he said in a voice

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pitched to a falsetto with excitement, could go to the devil. It was a situation where both men felt decidedly uncomfortable; Duncan because he had no legal right, Williams because he wanted to avoid publicity above everything else.

It ended in a compromise. Duncan got the papers back, but Williams made copies of them first. When Duncan emerged from the parlor with the grip in his hand, Edwards was sitting not ten feet away. He jumped up and grabbed the grip with a hurried, "Come on!" Duncan followed without asking questions and in a few seconds they were seated in a taxi that Edwards had retained at a rear entrance. The driver shot off for the depot.

"What did you do to him?" asked Edwards.

"I got the papers back," replied Duncan, "without resorting to violence."

"Well, we had better get out of this burg right away," said Edwards, "before they can arrest us for hammering that pair up. As soon as I got clear of that lawyer crook, I got our luggage and checked it out. Then I got the taxi and waited for you. We'll have to get out pretty quick before Johnson gets the police on us."

In due course and in the usual way, the equipment in the factory at Diamondville was taken over by the customs and sold for a sum which allowed the full duty and paid all expenses. No one was anything out but Williams and the men who had backed him.

Diamondville was out an industry, but the loss was a temporary one. The enterprising town council had soon secured another concern to use the factory. This time they landed a real one.

A Frank Talk About the War

Continued from page 38.

zelos, an able, ambitious, rising young politician, living in a little island and quite unknown. Like an illustrious character in Biblical history, the Irish schoolmaster took his victim up into a high mountain, and pointed out country that might be his. The inspiration worked more successfully than the irrepressible schoolmaster's best dreams. Back he rushed to Bulgaria and suggested a scrap with Turkey. However, I do not see much sense in writing any more about this, to me very interesting, but little known character, particularly as I am working under pressure on a very hot, very dusty train. I would like to add—and I am writing from memory—for the information of any of his old boys who may possibly read these lines, this Irish walking delegate was J. D. Bouchier, and he was classical master in a famous English public school.

FINANCIAL TROUBLES BEGAN THE STORM.

AMONG my most valued acquaintances is an Austrian banker, a Jew. His name is seldom heard outside of Europe; but one of the great international bankers told me that in his grasp of the financial situation, he was regarded as the soundest man in Europe. The Canadian Pacific had begun that year, the running of an observation train in Austria. My friend was unusually interested, not in the C.P.R., but in the Grand Trunk and the Canadian investment situation as a whole. He asked many questions. I remember telling him that as long as the control of the G.T.R. remained with such men as Sir Rivers Wilson it would be unwise to put any money in its securities; but that, under capable management with a Canadian directorate, with politicians letting it alone, its underlying securities ought to be safe and should improve greatly in value. I saw that he was deeply impressed. I had given him fully fifteen minutes straight talk that morning, as we were climbing up over the mountain's path on our way to breakfast in the valley on the other side; and I thought it was time he reciprocated and told me something. He was a very quiet man, always under perfect control. I have seen him entertaining at dinner without saying more than a few words all evening. I asked him to tell me, what I most wanted to know. What was on the other side of the stone wall, that always stopped my inquiries, as to what was ahead of us financially. He stopped, turned on me suddenly. He became excited. He was dramatic, impressive. He seized me by the lapel of my coat and almost hissed: *"The outlook is very, very bad, we are going to have a severe money stringency."*

As quickly he regained control of himself. He had given me the information I sought. I had absolute confidence in him. He had passed the excitement on to me. I had learned something of the greatest importance. As we resumed our walk he gave me some additional information, but he did not give me any hint of the coming war in the Balkans. The Jewish bankers and merchants, I have since learned were extremely active in the events of that period.

Shortly after I conveyed the information to our readers in the columns of *The Financial Post*, August, 1912, I think. The article urged immediate preparations for strenuous times ahead; to collect and save; to stop borrowing; to stop extensions to buildings and plants. It was decidedly unpopular. It was against the preconceived opinions and wishes of our readers. The stringency came sure enough. It hit our real estate friends very hard. But, we of the business and financial press, are the specialists in journalism and are paid to give the real facts, as far as we can get them, whether they are favorable or otherwise to ourselves or our readers. In these times, particularly we gather and publish many unpleasant truths.

It was this same Austrian Jew, who, in Berlin, on July 25th, 1914, gave me the first definite, accurate, information that a general European war was certain, that only a miracle could stop it; that he, with others, were then engaged night and day doing all they could to turn aside such a fearful catastrophe. Further, he said he did not see how we, the British, could keep out of it.

IN BERLIN, BEFORE THE WAR.

I HAD promised, my next door neighbor, Sir Henry Pellatt, to cable him personally if I got any definite news on the situation. I wrote "Outlook very bad; general European war certain." On my way to the office of the Adlon Hotel, with the message in my hand, I encountered F. W. Wile, whose series of articles on Germany appeared some years ago in MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, and another acquaintance, the head of a Franco-American banking house, and we all sat in the garden to discuss the situation. They were more optimistic. The Kaiser was in the wilds of Norway, where he would not have gone if any crisis was imminent. Von Moltke was at Karlsbad. As a matter of fact he returned that day and the Kaiser the next. A few nights after, I said goodbye to Wile and I left for Ostend. Twenty-four hours later Wile was locked up in Spandau with a battered head inflicted by the Adlon's *maitre d'hotel.* Wile was supposed to be English, but proved he came from Indiana and was released about four a.m. by U.S. Ambassador Gerrard going personally to the fortress and carrying him off in safety.

My cable, slightly amended, was given to the operator, who insisted on charging 75 cents a word to Toronto. Some later cables I sent from outside the hotel, and was charged much less. On inquiry I found that the only rate they knew at the Adlon was to British Columbia. To them Canada was B.C., for to B.C. went many cables from Berlin. Our old friend Baron Alvon Von Alvon Sleben, of Vancouver, I had learned in Berlin the year before, had made millions for the Kaiser and others in the Court Circle. One young man was pointed out to me who had come home with $4,000,000. Many of their cables had gone through the Adlon's operator.

WHAT WE MUST DO NOW.

JUST after I had completed this article, I read that Sam. Carter, a socialist-labor leader, who represents in the Ontario Legislature, one of the most important manufacturing and farming constituencies, in a public address said that we should form a war cabinet of five or six of our ablest business executives to organize and conduct our affairs. Mr. Carter's speeches remind one of Lloyd George. He seems to be a man of superior ability and independent thought. He said he was born in England, brought up in poverty, hates war; but we are in and can't help it, and the shortest and most effective way out is to give the job to the men who know how, not to the present politicians.

Last week, chatting with one of the most successful Montreal financiers, a man who has made an international reputation among bankers and industrial leaders, he said exactly the same thing to me. He spoke for the so-called big interests.

Here we have two extremes in the life of our country. Their opinion is worth while. They are in perfect agreement. They show the Prime Minister—now in complete control of our national affairs—the way the country first wants him to go. The way he would have taken long ago but for the helpless associates a party government system forced upon him.

There is no division of opinion on this question. Give us such leadership. Defeat the Germans, and Canada will become one of the most prosperous countries in the world. Don't, and the outlook is too gloomy to contemplate. Capable Governments is everyone's business. I estimate 300,000 will read this article. They are sufficient to start, keep up and bring to a successful conclusion such a government reorganization.

The Gun Brand

Continued from page 26.

ing men. Two of them fell and the others escaped into the timber."

"You did not see any whisky in the possession of these Indians?" asked Corporal Ripley. "You merely surmised they were drunk by their actions?"

Chloe nodded. "Yes," she admitted, "but certainly there can be no doubt that they were drunk. Men who are not drunk do not—"

MacNair interrupted her. "They were drunk," he said quietly, "very drunk."

"You admit that?" asked the officer in surprise. "I must warn you, MacNair, that anything you say may be used against you." MacNair nodded.

"And, as to the killing of the men," continued Chloe, "I charge MacNair with their murder."

"Murder is a very serious charge, Miss Elliston. Let's go over the facts again. You say you were in a canoe near the shore—you saw a man you say was MacNair grab a rifle from an Indian and kill two men. Stop and think, now—it was night and you saw all this by firelight—are you sure the man who fired the shots was MacNair?"

"Absolutely!" cried the girl, with a trace of irritation.

"It was I who shot," interrupted MacNair.

THE officer regarded him curiously and again addressed the girl. "Once more, Miss Elliston, do you know that the men you saw fall are dead? Mere shooting won't sustain a charge of murder."

Chloe hesitated. "No," she admitted reluctantly. "I did not examine their dead bodies, if that is what you mean. But MacNair afterward told me that he killed them, and I can swear to having seen them fall."

"The men are dead," said MacNair.

The officer stared in astonishment. Chloe also was puzzled by the frank admission of the man, and she gazed into his face as though striving to pierce its mask and discover an ulterior motive. MacNair returned her gaze unflinchingly, and again the girl felt an indescribable sense of smallness—of helplessness before this man of the north, whose very presence breathed strength and indomitable man-power.

"Was it possible," she wondered, "that he would dare to flaunt this strength in the very face of the law?" She turned to Corporal Ripley, who was making notes with a pencil in a little note-book. "Well," she asked, "is my evidence *specific* enough to warrant this man's arrest?"

The officer nodded slowly. "Yes," he answered gravely. "The evidence warrants an arrest. Very probably several arrests."

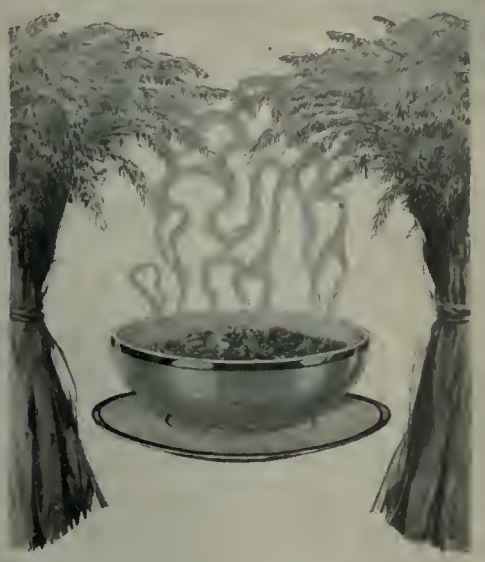
"You mean," asked the girl, "that you think he may have—an accomplice?"

"No, Miss Elliston, I don't mean that. In spite of your evidence and his own words, I don't think MacNair is guilty. There is something queer here. I guess there is no doubt that whisky has been run into the territory, and that it has been supplied to the Indians. You charge MacNair with these crimes, and I've got to arrest him."

Chloe was about to retort when the officer interrupted her with a gesture.

"Just a moment, please," he said quiet-

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ly, "I'm not sure I can make myself plain to you, but you see, in the north we know something of MacNair's work. Of what he has done in spite of the odds. We know the north needs men like MacNair. You claim to be a friend of the Indians. Do you realize that up on Snare Lake, right now, are a bunch of Indians who depend on MacNair for their existence? MacNair's absence will cause suffering among them and even death. If his storehouse has been burned what are they going to eat? On your statements I've got to enter charges against MacNair. First and foremost the charge of murder. He will also be charged with importing liquor, having liquor in prohibited territory, smuggling whisky, and supplying liquor to the Indians.

"Now, Miss Elliston, for the good of those Indians on Snare Lake, I want you to withdraw the charge of murder. The other offences are bailable ones, and in my judgment he should be allowed to return to his Indians. Then, when his trial comes up at the spring assizes, the charge of murder can be placed against him. I'll bet a year's pay MacNair isn't to blame. In the mean time we will get busy and comb the barrens for the real criminals. I've got a hunch. And you can take my word that justice shall be done, no matter where the blow falls."

SUDDENLY, through Chloe's mind flashed the memory of what Lapierre had told her of the Mounted. She arose to her feet and, drawing herself up haughtily, glared into the face of the officer. When she spoke, her voice rang hard with scorn.

"It is very evident that you don't want to arrest MacNair. I have heard that he is a law unto himself—that he would defy arrest—that he has the Mounted subsidized. I did not believe it at the time. I regarded it merely as the exaggerated statement of a man who justly hates him. But it seems this man was right. You need not trouble yourself about MacNair's Indians. I will stand sponsor, for their welfare. They are my Indians now. I warn you that the day of MacNair is past. I refuse to withdraw a single word of my charges against him, and you will either arrest him, or I shall go straight to Ottawa. And I shall never rest until I have blazoned before the world the whole truth about your rotten system! What will Canada say, when she learns that the Mounted—the men who have been held up before all the world as models of bravery, efficiency, and honor—are as crooked and grafting as—as the police of New York?"

Corporal Ripley's face showed red through the tan, and he started to his feet with an exclamation of anger. "Hold on corporal." The voice of MacNair was the quiet voice with which one soothes a petulant child. He remained seated and pushed the Stetson toward the back of his head. "She really believes it. Don't hold it against her. It is not her fault. When the smoke has cleared away and she gets her bearings, we're all going to like her. In fact, I'm thinking that the time is coming when the only one who will hate her will be herself. I like her now; though she is not what you'd call my friend. I mean—not yet."

Corporal Ripley gazed in astonishment at MacNair and then very frigidly he turned to Chloe. "Then the charge of murder stands?"

"Yes, it does," answered the girl. "If

he were allowed to go free now there would be three murders instead of two by the time of the spring assizes, or whatever you call them, for he is even now upon the trail of a man he has threatened to kill. I can give you his exact words. He said: 'I have taken the man-trail . . —and at the end of that trial will lie a dead man—myself or Pierre Lapierre!'"

"Lapierre!" exclaimed the officer. "What has he got to do with it?" He turned to MacNair as if expecting an answer. But MacNair remained silent. "Why don't you charge Lapierre with the crimes you told me he was guilty of?" taunted the girl. Again she saw that baffling twinkle in the gray eyes of the man. Then the eyes hardened.

"The last thing I desire is the arrest of Lapierre," he answered. "Lapierre must answer to me." The words, pronounced slowly and distinctly, rasped hard. In spite of herself Chloe shuddered.

Corporal Ripley shifted uneasily. "We'd better be going, MacNair," he said. "There's something queer about this whole business—something I don't quite understand. It's up to me to take you up the river; but, believe me, I'm coming back! I'll get at the bottom of this thing if it takes me five years. Are you ready?"

MacNair nodded.

"I can let you have some Indians," suggested the girl.

"What for?"

"Why, for a guard, of course; to help you with your prisoner."

Ripley drew himself up and answered abruptly: "The Mounted is quite capable of managing its own affairs, Miss Elliston. I don't need your Indians, thank you."

Chloe glanced wrathfully into the boyish face of the officer. "Suit yourself," she answered sweetly. "But if I were you, I'd want a whole regiment of Indians. Because if MacNair wants to, he'll eat you up."

"He won't want to," snapped Ripley. "I don't taste good."

As they passed out of the door, MacNair turned. "Good-by, Miss Elliston," he said gravely. "Beware of Pierre Lapierre." Chloe made no reply, and as MacNair turned to go, he chanced to glance into the wide, expressionless face of Big Lena, who had stood throughout the interview leaning heavily against the jamb of the kitchen door. Something inscrutable in the stare of the fishlike, china-blue eyes clung in his memory, and, try as he would in the days that followed, MacNair could not fathom the meaning of that stare, if indeed it had any meaning. MacNair did not know why, but in some inexplainable manner the memory of that look eased many a weary mile.

CHAPTER XVII

A FRAME-UP.

NEWS, of a kind, travels on the wings of the wind across wastes of the farther land. Principalities may fall, nations crash, and kingdoms sink into oblivion, and the north will neither know nor care. For the north has its own problems—vital problems, human problems—and therefore big, elemental, portentous problems, having to do with life and the eating of meat.

In the crash and shift of man-made governments; in the redistribution of

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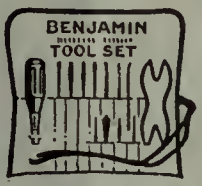
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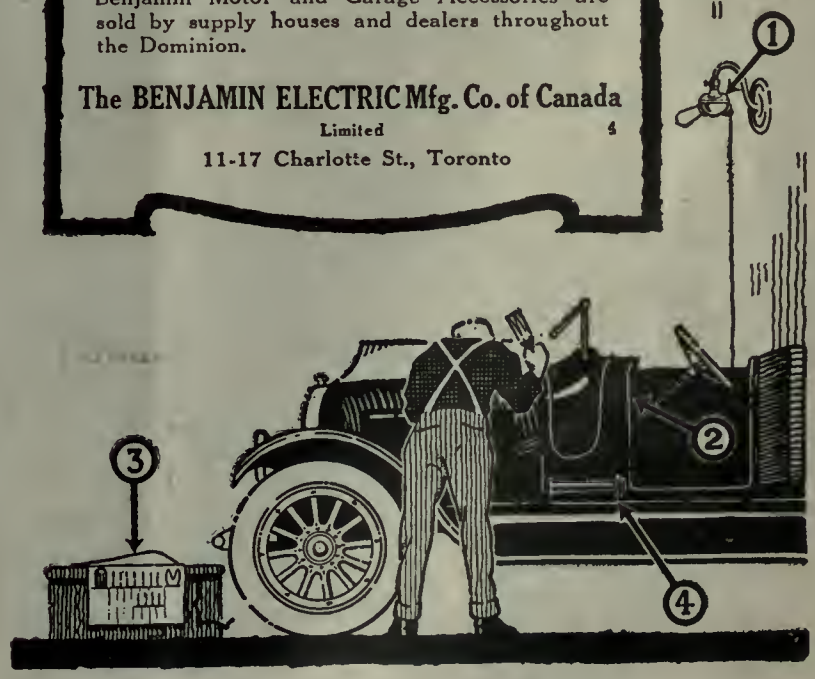
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man-constituted authority, and man-gathered surplus of increment, the north has no part. On the cold side of sixty there is no surplus, and men think in terms of meat, and their possessions are meat-getting possessions. Guns, nets, and traps, even of the best, insure but a bare existence. And in the lean years, which are the seventh years—the years of the rabbit plague—starvation stalks in the teepees, and gaunt, sunken-eyed forms, dry lipped, and with the skin drawn tightly over protruding ribs, stiffen between shoddy blankets. For even the philosophers of the land of God and the H. B. C. must eat to live—if not this week, at least once next week.

The H. B. C., taking wise cognizance of the seventh year, extends it credit—"debts" it is called in the outlands—but it puts no more wool in its blankets, and for lack of food the body-fires burn low. But the cold remains inexorable. And with the thermometer at seventy degrees below zero, even in the years of plenty, when the philosophers eat almost daily, there is little of comfort. With the thermometer at seventy in the lean years, the suffering is diminished by the passing of many philosophers.

The arrest of Bob MacNair was a matter of sovereign import to the dwellers of the frozen places, and word of it swept like wildfire through the land of the lakes and rivers. Yet in all the north those upon whom it made the least impression were those most vitally concerned—MacNair's own Indians. So quietly had the incident passed that not one of them realized its importance.

With them MacNair was *God*. He was the *law*. He had taught them to work, so that even in the lean years they and their wives and their babies ate twice each day. He had said that they should continue to eat twice each day, and therefore his departure was a matter of no moment. They knew only that he had gone southward with the man of the soldier-police. This was doubtless as he had commanded. They could conceive of MacNair only as commanding. Therefore the soldier-policeman had obeyed and accompanied him to the southward.

With no such complacency, however, was the arrest of MacNair regarded by the henchmen of Lapierre. To them MacNair was not God, nor was he the law. For these men knew well the long arm of the Mounted and what lay at the end of the trail. Lean forms sped through the woods, and the word passed from lip to lip in far places. It was whispered upon the Slave, the Mackenzie, and the Athabasca, and it was told in the provinces before MacNair and Ripley reached Fort Chippewayan. Along the river men talked excitedly, and impatiently awaited word from Lapierre, while their eyes snapped with greed and their thoughts flew to the gold in the sands of the barren grounds.

In the Bastile du Mort, a hundred miles to the eastward, Lapierre heard the news from the lips of a breathless runner, but a scant ten hours after Corporal Ripley and MacNair stepped from the door of the cottage. And within the hour the quarter-breed was upon the trail, traveling light, in company with Lefroy, who, fearing swift vengeance, had also sought safety in the stronghold of the outlaws.

Chloe Elliston stood in the doorway and watched the broad form of Bob MacNair swing across the clearing in



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in company with Corporal Ripley. As the men disappeared in the timber a fierce joy of victory surged through her veins. She had bared the mailed fist! Had wrested a people from the hand of their oppressors! The Snare Lake Indians were henceforth to be *her* Indians! She had rid the north of MacNair! Every fiber of her sang with the exultation of it as she turned into the room and encountered the fishlike stare of Big Lena.

The woman leaned, ponderous and silent, against the jamb of the door giving into the kitchen. Her huge arms were folded tightly across her breast, and for some inexplicable reason, Chloe found the stare disconcerting. The enthusiasm of her victory damped perceptibly. For if the fish-eyed stare held nothing of reproach, it certainly held nothing of approbation. Almost the girl read a condescending pity in the stare of the china-blue eyes. The thought stung, and she faced the other wrathfully.

"Well, for Heaven's sake say something! Don't stand there and stare like a—a billikin! Can't you talk?"

"Yah, Ay tank Ay kin; but Ay von't —not yat."

"What do you mean?" cried the exasperated girl, as she flung herself into a chair. But without deigning to answer, Big Lena turned heavily into the kitchen, and closed the door with a bang that impoverished invective. For volumes may be spoken in the banging of a door; and thus the moment was inauspicious for the entrance of Harriet Penny. At best, Chloe merely endured the little spinster, with her whining, hysterical outbursts, and abject, unreasoning fear of God, man, the devil, and everything else. "Oh, my dear, I am so glad!" piped the little woman, rushing to the girl's side; "we need never fear him again, need we?"

"Nobody ever did fear him but you," retorted Chloe.

"But, Mr. Lapierre said—"

The girl arose with a gesture of impatience, and Miss Penny returned to MacNair. "He is so big, and coarse, and horrible! I am sure even his looks are enough to frighten a person to death."

Chloe sniffed. "I think he is handsome, and he is big and strong. I like big people."

"But, my dear!" cried the horrified Miss Penny. "He—he kills Indians!"

"So do I!" snapped the girl, and stamped angrily into her own room, where she threw herself upon the bed and gave way to bitter reflections. She hated every one. She hated MacNair, and Big Lena, and Harriet Penny, and the officer of the Mounted. She hated Lapierre and the Indians, too. And then, realizing the folly of her blind hatred, she hated herself for hating. With an effort she regained her poise.

"MacNair is out of the way; and that's the main thing," she murmured. She remembered his last words: "Beware of Pierre Lapierre," and her eyes sought the man's hastily scribbled note that lay upon the table where he had left it. She reread the note, and crumpling it in her hand, threw it to the floor. "He always manages to be some place else when anything happens!" she exclaimed. "Oh, why couldn't it have been the other way around? Why couldn't MacNair have been the one to have the interest of the Indians at heart? And why couldn't La-

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pierre have been the one to browbeat and bully them?"

She paced angrily up and down the room, and kicked viciously at the little ball of paper that was Lapierre's note. "He couldn't browbeat anything!" she exclaimed. "He's—he's—sometimes, I think, he's almost *sneaking*, with his bland, courtly manners, and his suave tongue. Oh, how I could hate that man! And how I—" she stopped suddenly, and with clenched fists fixed her gaze upon the portrait of Tiger Elliston, and as she looked the thin features that returned her stare seemed to resolve into the rugged outlines of the face of Bob MacNair.

"He's big and strong, and he's not afraid," she murmured, and started nervously at the knock with which Big Lena announced supper.

When Chloe appeared at the table five minutes later she was quite her usual self. She even laughed at Harriet Penny's horrified narrative of the fact that she had discovered several Indians in the act of affixing runners to the collapsible bathtubs in anticipation of the coming snow.

CHLOE spent an almost sleepless night, and it was with a feeling of distinct relief that she arose to find Lapierre upon the verandah. She noted a certain intense eagerness in the quarter-breed's voice as he greeted her.

"Ah, Miss Elliston!" he cried, seizing both her hands. "It seems that during my brief absence you have accomplished wonders! May I ask how you managed to bring about the downfall of that brute of the north, and at the same time win his Indians to your school?"

Under the enthusiasm of his words the girl's heart once more quickened with the sense of victory. She withdrew her hands from his clasp and gave a brief account of all that had happened since their parting on Snare Lake.

"Wonderful," breathed Lapierre at the conclusion of the recital. "And you are sure he was duly charged with the murder of the two Indians?"

Chloe nodded. "Yes, indeed I am sure!" she eclaimed. "The officer, Corporal Ripley, tried to get me to put off this charge until his other trial came up at the spring asizes. He said McNair could give bail and secure his liberty on the liquor charges, and thus return to the north—and to his Indians."

Lapierre nodded eagerly. "Ah, did I not tell you, Miss Elliston, that the men of the Mounted are with him heart and soul? He owns them! You have done well not to withdraw the charge of murder."

"I offered to furnish him with an escort of Indians, but he refused them. I don't see how in the world he can expect to take MacNair to jail. He's a mere boy."

Lapierre laughed. "He'll take him to jail all right, you may rest assured as to that. He will not dare to allow him to escape, nor will MacNair try to escape. We have nothing to fear now until the trial. It is extremely doubtful if we can make the murder charge stick, but it will serve to hold him during the winter, and I have no doubt when his case comes up in the spring we will be able to produce evidence that will insure conviction on the whiskey charges which will mean at least a year or two in jail and the exaction of a heavy fine.

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zation of the fact that they owe allegiance to no man. MacNair's power is broken. He will be discredited by the authorities, and hated by his own Indians—a veritable pariah of the wilderness. And now, Miss Elliston, I must hasten at once to the rivers. My interests there have long been neglected. I shall return as soon as possible, but my absence will necessarily be prolonged, for beside my own trading affairs and the getting out of the timber for new scows, I hope to procure such additional evidence as will insure the conviction of MacNair. Lefroy will remain with you here."

"Did you catch the whisky-runners?" Chloe asked.

Lapierre shook his head. "No," he answered, "they succeeded in eluding us among the islands at the eastern end of the lake. We were about to push our search to a conclusion when news reached us of MacNair's arrest, and we returned with all speed to the Yellow Knife."

Somehow, the man's words sounded unconvincing — the glib reply was too ready—too like the studied answer to an anticipated question. She regarded him searchingly, but the simple directness of his gaze caused her own eyes to falter, and she turned into the house with a deep breath that was very like a sigh.

The sense of elation and self-confidence inspired by Lapierre's first words ebbed as it had ebbed before the unspoken rebuke of Big Lena, leaving her strangely depressed. With the joy of accomplishment dead within her, she drove herself to work without enthusiasm. In all the world, nothing seemed worth while. She was unsure—unsure of Lapierre; unsure of herself; unsure of Big Lena—and, worst of all, unbelievable and preposterous as it seemed in the light of what she had witnessed with her own eyes, unsure of MacNair—of his villainy!

Before noon the first snow of the season started in a fall of light, feathery flakes, which gradually resolved themselves into fine, hard particles that were hurled and buffeted about by the blasts of a fitful wind.

FOR three days the blizzard raged — days in which Lapierre contrived to spend much time in Chloe's company, and during which the girl set about deliberately to study the quarter-breed, in hope of placing definitely the defect in his make-up, the tangible reason for the growing sense of distrust with which she was coming to regard him. But, try as she would, she could find no cause, no justification, for the uncomfortable and indefinable *something* that was gradually developing into an actual doubt of his sincerity. She knew that the man had himself well in hand, for never by word or look did he express any open avowal of love, although a dozen times a day he managed subtly to show that his love had in no wise abated.

On the morning of the fourth day, with forest and lake and river buried beneath three feet of snow, Lapierre took the trail for the southward. Before leaving, he sought out Lefroy in the storehouse.

"We have things our own way, but we must lie low for a while, at least. MacNair is not licked yet—by a damn sight! He knows we furnished the booze to his Indians, and he will yell his head off to the Mounted, and we will have them dropping in on us all the winter. In the meantime leave the liquor where it is. Don't bring a gallon of it into this clearing. It will keep and we can't take chances with the Mounted. There will be enough in it for us, with what we can knock down here, and what the boys can take out of MacNair's diggings. They know the gold is there; most of them were in on the stampede when MacNair drove them back a few years ago. And when they find out that MacNair is in jail, there will be another stampede. And we will clean up big all around.

Lefroy, a man of few words, nodded somberly, and Lapierre, who was impatient to be off to the rivers, failed to note that the nod was far more somber than usual—failed, also, to note the pair of china-blue, fishlike eyes that stared impassively at him from behind the goods piled high upon the huge counter.

Once upon the trail, Lapierre lost no time. He passed the word upon the Mackenzie, where the men who had heard of the arrest of MacNair waited in a frenzy of impatience for the signal that would send them flying over the snow to Snare Lake. Day and night the man traveled; from the Mackenzie southward the length of Slave and up the Athabasca. And in his wake men, whose eyes fairly bulged with the greed of gold, jammed their outfits into packs and headed into the north.

At Athabasca Landing he sent a crew into the timber, and hastened on to Edmonton, where he purchased a railway ticket for a point that had nothing whatever to do with his destination. That same night he boarded an east-bound train, and in an early hour of the morning, when the engine paused for water beside a tank that was the most conspicuous building of a little flat town in the heart of a peaceful farming community, he stepped unnoticed from the day coach and proceeded at once to the low, wooden hotel, where he was cautiously admitted through a rear door by the landlord himself, who was incidentally, Lapierre's shrewdest and most effective whisky-runner.

It was this Tostoff, Russian by birth, and a crook by nature, whose business it was to disguise the contraband whisky into innocent-looking freight pieces. And it was Tostoff who selected the men and stood responsible for the contraband's safe conduct over the first stage of its journey into the north.

Tostoff objected strenuously to the running of a consignment in winter, but Lapierre persisted, covering the ground step by step while the other listened with a scowl.

"It's this way, Tostoff. For years MacNair has been our chief stumbling block. God knows we have trouble enough running the stuff past the Dominion police and the Mounted. But the danger from the authorities is small in comparison with the danger from MacNair." Tostoff growled an assent. "And now," continued Lapierre, "for the first time we have him where we want him."

The Russian looked skeptical. "We got MacNair where we want him if he's dead," he grunted. "Who killed him?"

Lapierre made a gesture of impatience. "He is not dead. He's locked up in the Fort Saskatchewan jail."

For the first time Tostoff showed real interest. "What's against him?" he asked eagerly.

"Murder, for one thing," answered Lapierre. "That will hold him without bail until the spring assizes. He will probably get out of that, though. But they are holding him also on four or five liquor charges."

"Liquor charges!" cried Tostoff, with angry snort. "Oh-o! so that's his game? That's why he's been bucking us—because he's got a line of his own!"

Lapierre laughed. "Not so fast, Tostoff, not so fast. It is a frame-up. That is, the charges are not, but the evidence is. I attended to that myself. I think we have enough on him to keep him out of the cold for a couple of winters to come. But you can't tell. And while we have him we will put the screws to him for all there is in it. It is the chance of a lifetime. What we want now is evidence—and more evidence.

"Here is the scheme: You fix up a consignment, five or ten gallons, the usual way, and instead of shooting it in by the Athabasca, cut into the old trail on the Beaver and take it across the Methye portage to a *cache* on the Clearwater.

"Brown's old cabin will about fill the bill. We ought to be able to *cache* the stuff by Christmas.

"In the mean time, I will slip up the river and tip it off to the Mounted at Fort McMurray that I got it straight from down below that MacNair is going to run in a batch over the Methye trail, and that it is to be *cached* on the bank of the Clearwater on New Year's Day. That will give your packers a week to make their getaway. And on New Year's Day the Mounted will find the stuff in the *cache*. There will be nobody to arrest, but they will have the evidence that will clinch the case against MacNair. And with MacNair behind the bars we will have things our own way north of sixty."

Tostoff shook his head dubiously.

"Bad business, Lapierre," he warned. "Winter trailing is bad business. The snow tells tales. We haven't been caught yet. Why? Not because we've been lucky, but because we've been careful. Water leaves no trail. We've always run our stuff in the summer. You say you've got the goods on MacNair. I say, let well enough alone. The Mounted ain't fools—they can read the sign in the snow."

Lapierre arose with a curse. "You white-livered clod!" he cried. "Who is running this scheme? You or I? Who delivers the whisky to the Indians? And who pays you your money? I do the thinking for this outfit. I didn't come down here to *ask* you to run this consignment. I came here to *tell* you to do it. This thing of playing safe is alright. I never told you to run a batch in the winter before, but this time you have got to take the chance."

Lapierre leaned closer and fixed the heavy-faced Russian with his gleaming black eyes. He spoke slowly so that the words fell distinctly from his lips. "You *cache* that liquor on the Clearwater on Christmas Day. If you fail—well, you will join the others that have been dismissed from my service—see?"

Tostoff's only reply was a ponderous but expressive shrug, and without a word Lapierre turned and stepped out into the night.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT HAPPENED AT BROWN'S.

IT was the middle of December. Storm after storm had left the north cold and silent beneath its white covering of snow. A dog-team swung across the surface of the ice-locked Athabasca, and

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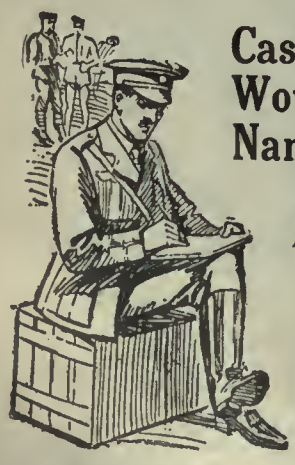
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took the steep slope at Fort McMurray on a long slant.

Leaving the dogs in care of the musher, Pierre Lapierre loosened the thongs of his rackets, and, pushing open the door, stamped noisily into the detachment quarters of the Mounted and advanced to the stove where two men were mending dog-harness. The men looked up.

"Speaking of the devil," grinned Constable Craig, with a glance toward Corporal Ripley, who greeted the newcomer with a curt nod, "Well, Lapierre, where d' you come from?"

Lapierre jerked his thumb toward the southward. "Up river," he answered. "Getting out timber for my scows." Removing his cap and mittens, the quarter-breed loosened his heavy moose-hide *parka*, beat the clinging snow from the coarse hair, and drew a chair to the stove.

"Come through from the Landing on the river?" asked Ripley, as he filled a short black pipe with the tobacco he shaved from a plug. "How's the trail?"

"Good and hard, except for the slush at the Boiler and another stretch just below the Cascade." Lapierre rolled a cigarette. "Hear you caught MacNair with the goods at last," he ventured.

Ripley nodded.

"Looks like it," he admitted. "But what do you mean, 'at last'?"

The quarter-breed laughed lightly and blew a cloud of cigarette-smoke ceilingward. "I mean he has had things pretty much his own way the last six or eight years."

"Meanin' he's been runnin' whisky all that time?" asked Craig.

Lapierre nodded. "He has run booze enough into the north to float a canoe from here to Fort Chippewayan."

It was Ripley's turn to laugh. "If you are so all-fired wise, why haven't you made a complaint?" he asked. "Seems like I never heard you and MacNair were such good friends."

Lapierre shrugged. "I know a whole lot of men who have got their full growth because they minded their own business," he answered. "I am not in the Mounted. That's what you are paid for."

Ripley flushed. "We'll earn our pay on this job all right. We've got the goods on him this time. And, by the way, Lapierre, if you've got anything in the way of evidence, we'll be wanting it at the trial. Better show up in May, and save somebody goin' after you. If you run on to any Indians that know anything, bring them along."

"I will be there," smiled the other. "And since we are on the subject, I can put you wise to a little deal that will net you some first-hand evidence." The officers looked interested, and Lapierre continued: "You know where Brown's old cabin is, just this side of the Methye portage?" Ripley nodded. "Well, if you should happen to be at Brown's on New Year's Day, just pull up the puncheons under the bunk and see what you find."

"What will we find?" asked Craig.

Lapierre shrugged. "If I were you fellows I wouldn't overlook any bets," he answered meaningly.

"Why New Year's Day any more than Christmas, or any other day?"

"Because," answered Lapierre, "on Christmas Day, or any other day before New Year's Day, you won't find a damned thing but an empty hole—that is why. Well, I must be going." He fastened the throat of his *parka* and drew on his cap and mittens. "So long! See you in the spring. Shouldn't wonder if I will run onto some Indians, this winter, who will tell what they know, now that MacNair is out of the way. I know plenty of them that can talk, if they will."

"So long!" answered Ripley as Lapierre left the room. "Much obliged for the tip. Hope your hunch is good."

"Play it and see," smiled Lapierre, and banged the door behind him.

MOVING slowly northward upon a course that paralleled but studiously avoided the Methye trail, two men and a dog team plodded heavily through the snow at the close of a shortening day. Ostensibly, these men were trappers; and, save for a single freight piece bound securely upon the sled, their outfit varied in no particular from the outfits of others who each winter fare into the north to engage in the taking of fur. A close observer might have noted that the eyes of these men were hard, and the frequent glances they cast over the backtrail were tense with concern.

The larger and stronger of the two, one Xavier, a sullen riverman of evil countenance, paused at the top of a ridge and pointed across a snow-swept beaver meadow. "T'night we camp on dees side. T'mor' we cross to de mout' of de leetle creek, and two pipe beyon' we com' on de cabin of Baptiste Chambre."

The smaller man frowned. He, too, was a riverman, tough and wiry and small. A man whose pinched, wizened body was a fitting cloister for the warped soul that flashed malignantly from the beady, snakelike eyes.

"*Non, non!*" he cried, and the venomous glance of the beady eyes was not unmingled with fear. "We ke'p straight on pas' de beeg swamp. Me—I'm no lak' dees wintaire trail." He pointed meaningly toward the marks of the sled in the snow.

The other laughed derisively. "*Sacre!* you leetle man, you DuMont, you 'fraid!"

The other shrugged. "I'm 'fraid. *Oui*, I'm lak' I ke'p out de jail. Tostoff, she say, you com' on de cabin of Brown de Chrees'mas Day. *Bien!*. Tostoff, she sma't mans. Lapierre, too. Tostoff, she 'fraid for de wintaire trail, but she 'fraid for Lapierre mor'."

Xavier interrupted him. "*Tra la*, Chrees'mas Day! Ain't we got de easy trail? Two days befor' Chrees'mas we com' on de cabin of Brown. Baptiste Chambre, she got the beeg jug rum. We mak' de grand dronk — one day — one night. Den we hit de trail and com' on de Clearwater Chrees'mas Day sam' lak' now. Tostoff, de Russ, she nevair know, Lapierre she nevair know. *Voila!*"

Still the other objected. "Mebe so com' de storm. What den? We was'e de time wit Baptiste Chamber. We no mak' de Clearwater de Chrees'mas Day — eh?"

Xavier growled. "De Chrees'mas Day, damn! We no mak' de Chrees'mas Day, we mak' som' odder day. Lapierre's damn Injuns com' for de wheesky on Chrees'mas Day, she haf to wait. Me — I'm goin' to Baptiste Chambre. I'm goin' for mak' de beeg dronk. If de snow com' and de dog can't pull. I'm tak' dees leetle piece on ma back to the Clearwater."

He reached down contemptuously and swung the piece containing ten gallons of whisky to his shoulder with one hand, then lowered it again to the sled.

"You know w'at I'm hear on dc



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revair?" he asked, stepping closer to Du Mont's side and lowering his voice. "I'm hearin' McNair ees een de jail. I'm hearin' Lapierre she pass de word to hit for Snare Lake, for deeg de gol'."

"Did Lapierre tell you to deeg de gol', or me? *Non.* He say you go to Tostoff." The snakelike eyes of the smaller man glittered at the mention of gold. He clutched at the other's arm and cried out sharply:

"MacNair arres'! *Sacre!* Com', we tak' de wheesky to de Clearwater an' go on to Snare Lake."

This time it was Xavier's eyes that flashed a hint of fear. *"Non!"* he answered quickly. "Lapierre, she—"

The other silenced him, speaking rapidly. "Lapierre, she t'ink she mak' us w'at you call, de double cross!" Xavier noted that the malignant eyes flashed dangerously— "Lapierre, she sma't but me—I'm sma't too. Dere's plent' men 'lon de revair lak' to see de las' of Pierre Lapierre. And plent' Injun in de nort' dey lak' dat too. But dey 'fraid to keel him. We do de work—Lapierre she tak' de money. *Sacre!* Me—I'm 'fraid too." He paused and shrugged significantly. "But som' day I'm git de chance an' den leetle Du Mont she dismees Lapierre from de serveece. Den me—I'm de bos'. *Bien!*"

The other glanced at him in admiration.

"Me, I'm goin' 'long to Snare Lake," he said, "but firs' we stop on Baptiste Chambre an' mak' de beeg dronk, eh!" The smaller man nodded, and the two sought their blankets and were soon sleeping silently beside the blazing fire.

A WEEK later the two rivermen paused at the edge of a thicket that commanded the approach to Brown's cabin on the Clearwater. The threatened storm had broken while they were still at Baptiste Chambre's cabin, and the two days' debauch had lengthened into five.

Chambre's jug had been emptied and several times refilled from the contents of Tostoff's concealed cask, which had been skilfully tapped and as skilfully replenished as to weight by the addition of snow water.

The effect of their protracted orgy was plainly visible in the bloodshot eyes and heavy movement of both men. And it was more from force of long habit than from any sense of alertness or premonition of danger that they crouched in the thicket and watched the smoke curl from the little iron stovepipe that protruded above the roof of the cabin.

"Dem Injun she wait," growled Xavier. "Com' on, me—I'm lak' for ketch som' sleep." The two swung boldly into the open and, pausing only long enough to remove their rackets, pushed open the door of the cabin.

An instant later Du Mont, who was in the lead, leaped swiftly backward and, crashing into the heavier and clumsier Xavier, bowled him over into the snow, where both wallowed helplessly, held down by Xavier's heavy pack.

It was but the work of a moment for the wiry Du Mont to free himself, and when he leaped to his feet, cursing like a fiend, it was to look squarely into the muzzle of Corporal Ripley's service revolver, while Constable Craig loosened the pack straps and allowed Xavier to arise.

"Caught with the goods, eh?" grinned



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CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

Ripley, when the two prisoners were seated side by side upon the pole bunk.

The sullen-faced Xavier glowered in surly silence, but the malignant, beady eyes of Du Mont regarded the officer keenly. "You patrol de Clearwater now, eh?"

Ripley laughed. "When there's anything doin', we do."

"How you fin' dat out? Dem Injun she squeal? I'm lak' to know 'bout dat."

"Well, it wasn't exactly an Indian this time," answered Ripley; "that is, it wasn't a regular Indian. Pierre Lapierre put us on to this little deal."

"*Pierre*—LAPIERRE!"

The little wizened man fairly shrieked the name and, leaping to his feet, bounded about the room like an animated rubber ball, while from his lips poured a steady stream of vile epithets, mingled with every curse of profanity known to two languages.

"That's goin' some," enthused Constable Craig when the other finally paused for breath. "An' come to think about it, I believe you're right. I like to hear a man speak his mind, an' from your remarks it seems like you're oncommon peeved with this here little deal. It ain't nothin' to get so worked up over. You'll serve your time an' in a couple of years or so they'll turn you loose again."

At the mention of the prison term the burly Xavier moved uneasily upon the bunk. He seemed about to speak, but was forestalled by the quicker witted Du Mont.

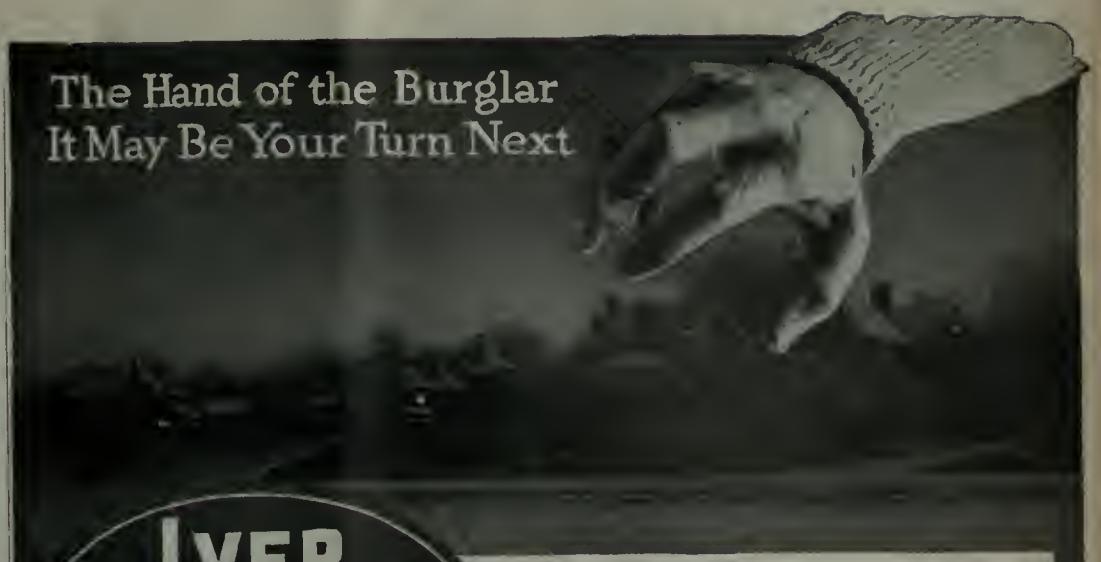
"Two years, eh!" asked the outraged Metis, addressing Ripley. "Mebe so you mak' w'at you call de deal. Mebe so I'm tell you who's de boss. Mebe so I'm name de man dat run de wheeskey into de nort'. De man dat plans de cattle raids on de border. De man dat keels mor' Injuns dan mos' men keels deer, eh! W'at den? Mebe so den you turn us loose, eh?"

Ripley laughed. "You think I'm goin' to pay you to tell me the name of the man we've already got locked up?"

"You got MacNair locked up," Du Mont leered knowingly. "*Bien!* You think MacNair run de wheeskey. But MacNair, she ain't run no wheeskey. You mak' de deal wit' me. Ba Gos'! I'm not just tell you de name, I'm tell you so you fin' wa't you call de proof! I no fin' de proof—you no turn me loose. *Voila!*

Corporal Ripley was a keen judge of men, and he knew that the vindictive and outraged Metis was in just the right mood to tell all he knew. Also Ripley believed that the man knew much. Therefore, he made the deal. And it is a tribute to the Mounted that the crafty and suspicious Metis accepted without question the word of the corporal when he promised to do all in his power to secure their liberty in return for the evidence that would convict "the man higher up."

Corporal Ripley was a man of quick decision; with him to decide was to act. Within an hour from the time Du Mont concluded his story the two officers with their prisoners were headed for Fort Saskatchewan. Both Du Mont and Xavier realized that their only hope for clemency lay in the ability to aid the authorities in building up a clear case against Lapierre, and during the ten days of snow-trail that ended at Athabasca Landing, each tried to outdo the other in ex-



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plaining what he knew of the workings of Lapierre's intricate system.

At the landing, Ripley reported to the superintendent commanding N Division, who immediately sent for the prisoners and submitted them to a cross-examination that lasted far into the night, and the following morning the corporal escorted them to Fort Saskatchewan, where they were to remain in jail to await the verification of their story.

Division commanders are a law unto themselves, and much to his surprise, two days later, Bob MacNair was released upon his own recognizance. Whereupon, without a moment's delay, he bought the best dog-team obtainable and headed into the north accompanied by Corporal Ripley, who was armed with a warrant for the arrest of Pierre Lapierre.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LOUCHOUX GIRL

WINTER laid a heavy hand upon the country of the Great Slave. Blizzard after howling blizzard came out of the north until the buildings of Chloe Elliston's school lay drifted to the eaves in the centre of the snow-swept clearing.

With the drifting snows and the bitter, intense cold that isolated the little colony from the great world to the southward, came a sense of peace and quietude that contrasted sharply with the turbulent, surcharged atmosphere with which the girl had been surrounded from the moment she had unwittingly become a factor in the machinations of the warring masters of wolfland.

With MacNair safely behind the bars of a jail far to the southward, and Lapierre somewhere upon the distant rivers, the Indians for the first time relaxed from the strain of tense expectancy. Of her own original Indians, those who had remained at the school by command of the crafty Lapierre, there remained only Lefroy and a few of the older men who were unfit to go on the trap-lines, together with the women and children.

MacNair's Indians, who had long since laid down their traps to pick up the white man's tools, remained at the school. And much to the girl's surprise, under the direction of the refractory Sotenah, and Old Elk, and Wee Johnnie Tamarack, not only performed with a will the necessary work of the camp—the chopping and storing of firewood, the shovelling of paths through the huge drifts, and the drawing of water from the river—but took upon themselves numerous other labors of their own initiative.

An ice-house was built and filled upon the banks of the river. Trees were felled,

Continued on page 83.

Their Wives Went Along

Continued from page 33.

"Got it in its worst form, too. Suppressed. There's not one of them got a mark on him. It's all inside."

"Well, I'm damned," said the skipper, as the crew groaned despairingly.

"What else did you expect?" enquired the doctor wrathfully. "Well, they can't be moved now; they must all go to bed,

and you and the mate must nurse them."

"And s'pose we catch it?" said the mate feelingly.

"You must take your chance," said the doctor; then he relented a little. "I'll try and send a couple of nurses down this afternoon," he added. "In the meantime you must do what you can for them."

"Very good, sir," said the skipper, brokenly.

"All you can do at present," said the doctor as he slowly mounted the steps, "is to sponge them all over with cold water. Do it every half hour till the rash comes out."

"Very good," said the skipper again. "But you'll hurry up with the nurses, sir!"

He stood in a state of bewilderment until the doctor was out of sight, and then, with a heavy sigh, took his coat off and set to work.

HE AND the mate, after warning off the men who had come down to work, spent all the morning in sponging their crew, waiting with an impatience born of fatigue for the rash to come out. This impatience was shared by the crew, the state of mind of the cook after the fifth sponging, calling for severe rebuke on the part of the skipper.

"I wish the nurses 'ud come, George," he said as they sat on the deck panting after their exertions. "This is a pretty mess if you like."

"Seems like a judgment," said the mate wearily.

"Halloa, there," came a voice from the quay.

Both men turned and looked up at the speaker.

"Halloa," said the skipper dully.

"What's all this about smallpox?" demanded the newcomer abruptly.

The skipper waved his hand languidly towards the fo'c'sle. "Five of 'em down with it," he said quietly. "Are you another doctor, sir?"

Without troubling to reply, their visitor jumped on board and went nimbly below, followed by the other two.

"Stand out of the light," he said brusquely. "Now, my lads, let's have a look at you."

He examined them in a state of bewilderment, grunting strangely as the washed-men submitted to his scrutiny.

"They've had the best of cold sponging," said the skipper, not without a little pride.

"Best of what?" demanded the other.

THE skipper told him, drawing back indignantly as the doctor suddenly sat down and burst into a hoarse roar of laughter. The unfeeling noise grated harshly on the sensitive ears of the sick men, and Joe Burrows, raising himself in his bunk, made a feeble attempt to hit him.

"You've been sold," said the doctor, wiping his eyes.

"I don't take your meaning," said the skipper, with dignity.

"Somebody's been having a joke with you," said the doctor. "Get up, you fools, you've got about as much smallpox as I have."

"Do you mean to tell me——" began the skipper.

"Somebody's been having a joke with you, I tell you," repeated the doctor as the men, with sundry oaths, half of relief, half of dudgeon, got out of bed and



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began groping for their clothes. "Who is it, do you think?"

The skipper shook his head, and the mate, following his lead, in duty bound, shook his; but a little while after, as they sat by the wheel smoking and waiting for the men to return to work the cargo out, they were more confidential. The skipper removed his pipe from his mouth, and, having eyed the mate for some time in silence, jerked his thumb in the direction of the railway station. The mate, with a woe-begone nod, assented.

Their Tents Like the Arabs

Continued from page 20.

birthright for a mess o' Jake Bellamy's dirty money—— Where's that $200 he paid you?" I demands. "You'd better hand it over to Mr. Hazlitt to avoid trouble," I suggests. An' darned if Cassandra don't make a dive for her jacket an' fish out a roll o' bills, the which she hands over meek as a lamb. I'm so surprised I just stands starin' at that there "independent" female editor what refuses to let her long shavin' o' husband be the guest o' the licker interests—stands starin' while Jeff counts the roll an' finds it all there but five dollars, the which has been spent.

"If you has any personal belongin's on these here premises," I goes on, "you gets 'em immediate; for you now proceeds to pass out into the crool world an' we takes the key o' this outfit here an' now."

They starts pickin' up a few odds an' ends as fast as they can. An' I notes Cassandra pull Cephus down till she can whisper loud in his ear.

"I hears voices callin'," says she. "Let us depart in peace."

Just then Jimmy arrives with the basket o' grub, the which I hands over with my compliments. Cephus takes charge o' same an' hand in hand the Crabtrees goes slinkin' past us to the door without a word. An' they aint no sooner got outside than they starts to run an' we watches 'em through the winder, makin' for the valley trail where their tent is nestlin' back in the aspens.

"What'n catnip d'you make o' that?" I puzzles.

"Search me!" grins Jeff.

I indites a short note to Bellamy, enclosin' his money, an' sends Jimmy down with it.

IT'S a couple o' days later when a stranger walks into the Silver Dollar an' in the course o' conversation asts me if I've seen anythin' o' a lanky literary freak in a flowin' bow tie an' his wife dressed in cow-girl costume.

"They was here; but two days ago they folds their tents like the Arabs," I admits. "Their souls started languishin' an' they must be some miles up the valley, passin' an' repassin' yeller leaves an' so forth."

"That's them," nods the feller. "Them two nuts escaped from the asylum back in Alberta some time sinst — went looney, both o' 'em, tryin' to run a noospaper. I been trailin' 'em for months."

"Well, you go down an' see Jake Bellamy," I grins. "He'll be glad to take you out an' show you where they was campin' an' tell you about 'em. Him an' them got pretty thick while they was here."

The Gun Brand

Continued from page 80.

and the logs banked upon miniature rollways, where all through the short days the Indians busied themselves in the rude whip-sawing of lumber.

Their women and children daily attended the school and worked faithfully under the untiring tutelage of Chloe and Harriet Penny, who entered into the work with new enthusiasm engendered by the interest and the aptness of the Snare Lake Indians—absent qualities among the wives and children of Lapierre's trappers.

Lefroy was kept busy in the storehouse, and with the passing of the days Chloe noticed that he managed to spend more and more time in company with Big Lena. At first she gave the matter no thought. But when night after night she heard the voices of the two as they sat about the kitchen-stove long after she had retired, she began to consider the matter seriously.

At first she dismissed it with a laugh. Of all people in the world, she thought, these two, the heavy, unimaginative Swedish woman, and the leathern-skinned, taciturn wood-rover, would be the last to listen to the call of romance.

Chloe was really fond of the huge, silent woman who had followed without question into the unknown wilderness of the northland, even as she had accompanied her without protest through the maze of the far south seas. With all her averseness to speech and her vacuous, fishy stare, the girl had long since learned that Big Lena was both loyal and efficient, and shrewd. But, Big Lena as a wife! Chloe smiled broadly at the thought.

"Poor Lefroy," she pitied. "But it would be the best thing in the world for him. 'The perpetuity of the red race will be attained only through its amalgamation with the white,'" she quoted; the trite banality of one of the numerous theorists she had studied before starting into the north.

Of Lefroy she knew little. He seemed a half-breed of more than average intelligence, and as for the rest—she would leave that to Lena. On the whole, she rather approved of the arrangement, not alone upon the amalgamation theory, but because she entertained not the slightest doubt as to who would rule the prospective family. She could depend upon Big Lena's loyalty, and her marriage to one of their number would therefore become a very important factor in the attitude of the Indians toward the school.

GRADUALLY, the women of the Slave Lake Indians, taking the cue from their northern sister, began to show an appreciation of the girl's efforts in their behalf. An appreciation that manifested itself in little tokens of friendship, exquisitely beaded moccasins, shyly presented, and a pair of quill-embroidered leggings laid upon her desk by a squaw who slipped hurriedly away. Thus the way was paved for a closer intimacy which quickly grew into an eager willingness among the Indians to help her in the mastering of their own language.

As this intimacy grew, the barrier which is the chief stumbling block of missionaries and teachers who seek to carry enlightenment into the lean lone land, gradually dissolved. The women with whom Chloe came in contact ceased to be Indians *en masse*, they became *people*—personalities—each with her own capability and propensity for the working of good or harm. With this realization vanished the last vestige of aloofness and reserve. And, thereafter, many of the women broke bread by invitation at Chloe's own table.

The one thing that remained incomprehensible to the girl was the idolatrous regard in which MacNair was held by his own Indians. To them he was a superman—the one great man among all white men. His word was accepted without question. Upon leaving for the southward MacNair had told the men to work, therefore they worked unceasingly. Also he had told the women and children to obey without question the words of the white *kloochman*, and therefore they absorbed her teachings with painstaking care.

Time and again the girl tried to obtain the admission that MacNair was in the habit of supplying his Indians with whisky, and always she received the same answer. "MacNair sells no whisky. He hates whisky. And many times has he killed men for selling whisky to his people."

At first these replies exasperated the girl beyond measure. She set them down as stereotyped answers in which they had been carefully coached. But as time went on and the women, whose word she had come to hold in regard, remained unshaken in her statements, an uncomfortable doubt assailed her — a doubt that, despite herself, she fostered. A doubt that caused her to ponder long of nights as she lay in her little room listening to the droning voices of Lefroy and Big Lena as they talked by the stove in the kitchen.

Strange fancies and pictures the girl built up as she lay, half waking, half dreaming between her blankets. Pictures in which MacNair, misjudged, hated, fighting against fearful odds, came clean through the ruck and muck with which his enemies had endeavored to smother him, and proved himself the man he might have been; fancies and pictures that dulled into a pain that was very like a heart-ache, as the vivid picture—the real picture—which she herself had seen with her own eyes that night on Snare Lake, arose always to her mind.

The tang of the northern air bit into the girl's blood. She spent much time in the open and became proficient and tireless in the use of snowshoes and skis. Daily her excursions into the surrounding timber grew longer, and she was never so happy as when swinging with strong, wide strides on her fat thong-strung rackets, or sliding with the speed of the wind down some steep slope of the riverbank, on her smoothly polished skis.

IT was upon one of these solitary excursions when her steps had carried her many miles along the winding course of a small tributary of the Yellow Knife, that the girl became so fascinated in her exploration she failed utterly to note the passage of time until a sharp bend of the little river brought her face to face with the low-hung winter sun, which was just



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on the point of disappearing behind the scrub pine of a long, low ridge.

With a start she brought up short and glanced fearfully about her. Darkness was very near, and she had traveled straight into the wilderness almost since early dawn. Without a moment's delay she turned and retraced her steps. But even as her hurrying feet carried her over the back-trail she realized that night would overtake her before she could hope to reach the larger river.

The thought of a night spent alone in the timber at first terrified her. She sought to increase her pace, but her muscles were tired, her footsteps dragged, and the rackets clung to her feet like inexorable weights which sought to drag her down, down into the soft whiteness of the snow.

Darkness gathered, and the back-trail dimmed. Twice she fell and regained her feet with an effort. Suddenly rounding a sharp bend, she crashed heavily among the dead branches of a fallen tree. When at length she regained her feet, the last vestige of daylight had vanished. Her own racket tracks were indiscernible upon the white snow. She was off the trail!

Something long and wet trickled along her cheek. She jerked off her mittens and with fingers tingling in the cold, keen air, picked bits of bark from the edges of the ragged wound where the end of a broken branch had snagged the soft flesh of her face. The wound stung, and she held a handful of snow against it until the pain dulled under the numbing chill.

Stories of the night-prowling wolf-pack, and the sinister, man eating *loup cervier,* crowded her brain. She must build a fire. She felt through her pockets for the glass bottle of matches, only to find that her fingers were too numb to remove the cork. She replaced the vial and, drawing on her mittens, beat her hands together until the blood tingled to her finger tips. How she wished now that she had heeded the advice of Lefroy, who cautioned against venturing into the woods without a light camp ax slung to her belt.

Laboriously she set about gathering bark and light twigs which she piled in the shelter of a cut-bank, and when at last a feeble flame flickered weakly among the thin twigs she added larger branches which she broke and twisted from the limbs of the dead trees. Her camp-fire assumed a healthy proportion, and the flare of it upon the snow was encouraging.

At the end of an hour, Chloe removed her rackets and dropped wearily onto the snow beside the fire-wood which she had piled conveniently close to the blaze. Never in her life had she been so utterly weary, but she realized that for her that night there could be no sleep. And no sooner had the realization forced itself upon her than she fell sound asleep with her head upon the pile of fire-wood.

SHE awoke with a start, sitting bolt upright, staring in bewilderment at her fire—and beyond the fire where, only a few feet distant, a hooded shape stood dimly outlined against the snow. Chloe's garments, dampened by the exertion of the earlier hours, had chilled her through as she slept, and as she stared wide-eyed at the apparition beyond the fire, the figure drew closer and the chill of the dampened garments seemed to clutch with icy fingers at her heart. She nerved herself for a supreme effort and arose stiffly to her knees, and then suddenly the figure resolved itself into the form of a girl—an Indian girl—but a girl as different from the Indians of her school as day is different from night.

As the girl advanced she smiled, and Chloe noted that her teeth were strong and even and white, and that dark eyes glowed softly from a face as light almost as her own.

"Do not 'fraid," said the girl in a low, rich voice, "I'm not hurt you. I'm see you fire, I'm com' 'cross to fin'. Den, ver' queek you com' 'wake, an' I'm see you de one I'm want."

"The one you want!" cried Chloe, edging closer to the fire. "What do you mean? Who are you? And why should you want me?"

"Me—I'm Mary. I'm com' ver' far. I'm com' from de people of my modder. De Louchoux on de lower Mackenzie. I'm com' to fin' de school. I'm hear about dat school."

"The lower Mackenzie!" cried Chloe in astonishment. "I should think you have come very far."

The girl nodded. "Ver' far," she repeated. "T'irty-two sleep I'm on de trail."

"Alone!"

"Alone," she assented. "I'm com' for learn de ways of de white women."

Chloe motioned the girl closer, and then, seized by a sudden chill, shivered violently. The girl noticed the paroxysm, and, dropping to her knees by Chloe's side, spoke hurriedly.

"You col'," she said. "You got no blanket. You los'."

Without waiting for a reply, she hurried to a light pack-sled which stood near by upon the snow. A moment later she returned with a heavy pair of blankets which she spread at Chloe's side, and then, throwing more wood upon the fire, began rapidly to remove the girl's clothing. Within a very short space of time, Chloe found herself lying warm and comfortable between the blankets, while her damp garments were drying upon sticks thrust close to the blaze. She watched the Indian girl as she moved swiftly and capably about her task, and when the last garment was hung upon its stick she motioned the girl to her side.

"Why did you come so far to my school?" she asked. "Surely you have been to school. You speak English. You are not a full-blood Indian."

The girl's eyes sought the shadows beyond the firelight, and as her lips framed a reply, Chloe marveled at the weird beauty of her.

"I go to school on de Mission, two years at Fort MacPherson. I learn to speak de Englis'. My fadder, heem Englis', but I'm never see heem. Many years ago he com' in de beeg boat dat com' for ketch de whale an' got lock in de ice in de Bufort Sea. In de spring de boat go 'way, an' my fadder go 'long, too. He tell my modder he com' back nex' winter. Dat many years ago—nineteen years. Many boats com' every year, but my fadder no com' back. My modder she t'ink he com' back som' day, an' every fall my modder she tak' me 'way from Fort MacPherson and we go up on de coast an' build de *igloo.* An' every day she set an' watch while de ships com' in, but my fadder no com' back. My modder t'ink he sure com' back, he fin' her waitin' when he com'. She:

say, mebe so he ketch 'm many whale. Mebe so he get reech so we got plen' money to buy de grub."

The girl paused and her brows contracted thoughtfully. She threw a fresh stick upon the fire and shook her head slowly. "I don't know," she said softly, "mebe so he com' back—but heem been gone long tam'."

"Where is your mother now?" asked Chloe, when the girl had finished.

"She up on de coast in de little *igloo*. Many ships com' into Bufort Sea las' fall. She say, sure dis winter my fadder com' back. She got to wait for heem."

Chloe cleared her throat sharply. "And you?" she asked, "why did you come clear to the Yellow Knife? Why did you not go back to school at the Mission?"

A troubled expression crept into the eyes of the Louchoux girl, and she seemed at a loss to explain. "Eet ees," she answered at length, "dat my man, too, he not com' back lak my fadder."

"Your man!" cried Chloe in astonishment. "Do you mean you are married? Why, you are nothing but a child!"

The girl regarded her gravely. "Yes," she answered, "I'm marry. Two years ago I git marry, up on de Anderson Reever. My man, heem free-trader, an' all summer we got plent' to eat. In de fall he tak' me back to de *igloo*. He say, he mus' got to go to de land of de white man to buy supplies. I lak to go, too, to de land of de white man, but he say no, you Injun, you stay in de nort' an' by-m-by I com' back again. Den he go up de reever, an' all winter I stay in de *igloo* wit' my modder an' look out over de ice-pack at de boats in the Bufort Sea. In de spring my man he don' com' back, my fadder he don' com' back neider. We not have got much grub to eat dat winter, and den we go to Fort McPherson. I go back to de school, and I'm tell de pries' my man he no com' back. De pries' he ver 'angry. He say, I'm not got marry, but he pries' he ees a man—he don' un'-stan'.

"All summer I'm stay on de Mackenzie, an' I'm watch de canoes an' I'm wait for my man to com' back, but he don' com' back. An' in de fall my modder she go nort' again to watch de ships in de Bufort Sea. She say, com' 'long, but I don' go, so she go 'lone and I'm stay on de Mackenzie. I'm stay 'til de reever freeze, an' no more canoe can com'. Den I'm wait for de snow. Mebe so my man com' wit' de dog team. Den I'm hear 'bout de school de white woman build on de Yellow Knife. Always I'm hear 'bout de white women, but I'm never seen none—only de white men. My man, he mos' white.

"Den I'm say, mebe so my man lak de white women more dan de Injun. He not com' back dis winter, an' I'm go to de school and learn de ways of de white women, an' in de spring when my man com' back he lak me good, an' nex' winter mebe he tak' me 'long to de land of de white women. But, eet's a long trail to de Yellow Knife, an' I'm got no money to buy de grub an' de outfit. I'm go once more to de pries' an' I'm tell heem 'bout dat school. An' I'm say, mebe so I'm learn de ways of de white women, my man tak' me 'long nex' tam.

"De pries' de t'ink 'bout dat a long tam. Den he go over to de Hudson Bay Post an' talk to McTavish, de factor, an' by-m-by he com' back and tak' me over to de post store an' give me de outfit so I'm com' to de school on de Yellow Knife.



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Plent' grub an' warm blankets dey give me. An' t'irty-two sleep I'm travel de snow-trail. Las' night I'm mak' my camp in de scrub cross de reever. I'm go 'sleep, an' by-m-by I'm wake up an' see you fire an' I'm com' 'long to fin' out who camp here."

AS she listened, Chloe's hand stole from beneath the blankets and closed softly about the fingers of the Louchoux girl. "And so you have come to live with me?" she whispered softly.

The girl's face lighted up. "Will you let me com'?" she asked eagerly, "an' will you teach me de ways of de white women, so I ain't jus' be Injun girl? So when my man com' back, he lak me an' I have plent' to eat in de winter?"

"Yes, dear," answered Chloe, "you shall come to live with me always."

Followed then a long silence which was broken at last by the Indian girl.

"You don' say lak de pries'," she asked, "you not marry, you bad?"

"No! No! No! You poor child " cried Chloe, "of course you are not bad! You are going to live with me. You will learn many things."

"An' som' tam we fin' my man?" she asked eagerly.

Chloe's voice sounded suddenly harsh. "Yes, indeed, we will find him!" she cried. "We will find him and bring him back—" she stopped suddenly. "We will speak of that later. And now that my clothes are dry you can help me put them on, and if you have any grub left in your pack let's eat. I'm starving."

While Chloe finished dressing, the Louchoux girl boiled a pot of tea and fried some bacon, and an hour later the two girls were fast asleep in each other's arms, beneath the warm folds of the big Hudson Bay blankets.

The following morning they had proceeded but a short distance upon the back-trail when they were met by a searching party from the school. The return was made without incident, and Chloe, who had taken a great fancy to the Louchoux girl, immediately established her as a member of her own household.

DURING the days which followed, the girl plunged with an intense eagerness into the task of learning the ways of the white women. Nothing was too trivial or unimportant to escape the girl's attention. She learned to copy with almost pathetic exactness each of Chloe's little acts and mannerisms, even to the fixing of her hair. With the other two inmates of the cottage the girl became hardly less a favorite than with Chloe herself.

Her progress in learning to speak English, her skill with the needle and the rapidity with which she learned to make her own clothing delighted Harriet Penny. While Big Lena never tired of instructing her in the mysteries of the culinary department. In return the girl looked upon the three women with an adoration that bordered upon idolatry. She would sit by the hour listening to Chloe's accounts of the wondrous cities of the white men and of the doings of the white men's women.

Chloe never mentioned the girl's secret to either Harriet Penny or Big Lena, and carefully avoided any allusion to the subject to the girl herself. Nothing could be done, she reasoned, until the ice went out of the rivers, and in the meantime she would do all in her power to instil into the girl's mind an understanding of the white women's ethics, so that when the time came she would be able to choose intelligently for herself whether she would return to her free-trader lover or prosecute him for his treachery.

Chloe knew that the girl had done no wrong, and in her heart she hoped that she could be brought to a realization of the true character of the man and repudiate him. If not—if she really loved him, and was determined to remain his wife—Chloe made up her mind to insist upon a ceremony which should meet the sanction of church and state.

Christmas and New Year's passed, and Lapierre did not return to the school. Chloe was not surprised at this, for he had told her that his absence would be prolonged; and in her heart of hearts she was really glad, for the veiled suspicion of the man's sincerity had grown into an actual distrust of him—a distrust that would have been increased a thousandfold could she have known that the quarter-breed was even then upon Snare Lake at the head of a gang of outlaws who were thawing out MacNair's gravel and shoveling it into dumps for an early clean-up; instead of looking after his "neglected interests" upon the rivers.

But she did not know that, nor did she know of his midnight visit to Tostoff, nor of what happened at Brown's cabin, nor of the release of MacNair.

CHAPTER XX

ON THE TRAIL OF PIERRE LAPIERRE

BOB MACNAIR drove a terrific trail. He was known throughout the northland as a hard man to follow at any time. His huge muscles were tireless at the paddle, and upon the rackets his long swinging stride ate up the miles of the snow-trails. And when Bob MacNair was in a hurry the man who undertook to keep up with him had his work cut out.

When he headed northward after his release from the Fort Saskatchewan jail, MacNair was in very much of a hurry. From daylight until far into the dark he urged his *malamutes* to their utmost. And Corporal Ripley, who was by no means a *chechako*, found himself taxed to the limit of his endurance, although never by word or sign did he indicate that the pace was other than of his own choosing.

Fort McMurray, a ten to fourteen day trip under good conditions, was reached in seven days. Fort Chippewayan in three days more, and Fort Resolution a week later—seventeen days from Athabasca Landing to Fort Resolution—a record trip for a dog-train!

MacNair was known as a man of few words, but Ripley wondered at the ominous silence with which his every attempt at conversation was met. During the whole seventeen days of the snow-trail, MacNair scarcely addressed a word to him—seemed almost oblivious to his presence.

Upon the last day, with the log buildings of Fort Resolution in sight, MacNair suddenly halted the dogs and faced Corporal Ripley.

"Well, what's your program?" he asked shortly.

"My program," returned the other, "is to arrest Pierre Lapierre."

"How are you going to do it?"

"I've got to locate him first, the details will work out later. I've been counting a lot on your help and judgment in the matter."

"Don't do it!" snapped MacNair.

The other gazed at him in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I'm not going to help you arrest Lapierre. He's mine! I have sworn to get him, and, by God, I *will* get him! From now on we are working against each other."

Ripley flushed, and his eyes narrowed. "You mean," he exclaimed, "that you defy the Mounted! That you refuse to help when you're ralled on?"

MacNair laughed. "You might put it that way, I suppose, but it don't sound well. You know me, Ripley. You know when my word has passed—when I've once started a thing—I'll see it through to the limit. I've sworn to get Lapierre. And I tell you, he's mine! Unless you get him first. You're a good man, Ripley, and you may do it—but if you do, when you get back with him, you'll know you've been somewhere."

The lines of Ripley's face softened; as a sporting proposition the situation appealed to him. He thrust out his hand. "It's a go, MacNair," he said, "and let the best man win!"

MACNAIR wrung the officer's hand in a mighty grip, and then just as he was on the point of starting his dogs, paused and gazed thoughtfully after the other who was making his way toward the little buildings of Fort Resolution.

"Oh, Ripley," he called. The officer turned and retraced his steps. "You've heard of Lapierre's fort to the eastward. Have you ever been there?"

Ripley shook his head. "No, but I've heard he has one somewhere around the east end of the lake."

MacNair laughed. "Yes, and if you hunted the east end of the lake for it you could hunt a year without finding it. If you really want to know where it is come along, I'll show you. I happen to be going there."

"What's the idea?" asked the officer, regarding MacNair quizzically.

"The idea is just this. Lapierre's no fool. He's got as good a chance of getting me as I have of getting him. And if anything happens to me you fellows will lose a lot of valuable time before you can locate that fort. I don't know myself exactly why I'm taking you there, except that—well, if anything should happen to me, Lapierre would—you see, he might—that is— Damn it!" he broke out wrathfully. "Can't you see he'll have things his own way with *her?*"

Ripley grinned broadly. "Oh! So that's it, eh? Well, a fellow ought to look out for his friends. She seemed right anxious to have *you* put where nothing would hurt you."

"Shut up!" growled MacNair shortly. "And before we start there's one little condition you must agree to. If we find Lapierre at the fort, in return for my showing you the place, you've got to promise to make no attempt to arrest him without first returning to Fort Resolution. If I can't get him in the meantime I ought to lose."

"You're on," grinned Ripley, "I promise. But, man, if he's there he won't be alone! What chance will you have single-handed against a whole gang of outlaws?"

MacNair smiled grimly. "That's my



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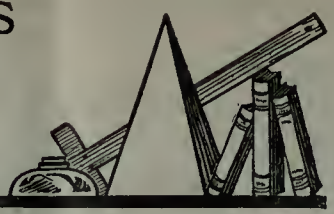
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lookout. Remember, your word has passed, and when we locate Lapierre, you head back for Fort Resolution."

The other nodded regretfully, and when MacNair turned away from the fort and headed eastward along the south shore of the lake, the officer fell silently in behind the dogs.

THEY camped late in a thicket on the shore of South Bay, and at daylight headed straight across the vast snow-level, that stretched for sixty miles in an unbroken surface of white. That night they camped on the ice, and toward noon of the following day drew into the scrub timber directly north of the extremity of Peththenneh Island.

Long after dark they made a fireless camp directly opposite the stronghold of the outlaws on the shore of Lac du Mort. Circling the lake next morning, they reconnoitered the black spruce swamp, and working their way, inch by inch, passed cautiously between the dense evergreens in the direction of the high promontory upon which Lapierre had built his "Bastile du Mort."

Silence enveloped the swamp. An intense, all-pervading stillness, accentuated by the low-hung snow-weighted branches through which the men moved like dark fantoms in the gray half-light of the dawn. They moved not with the stealthy, gliding movement of the Indian, but with the slow, caution of trained woodsmen, pausing every few moments to scrutinize their surroundings, and to strain their ears for a sound that would tell them that other lurking forms glided among the silent aisles and vistas of the snow-shrouded swamp. But no sounds came to them through the motionless air, and after an hour of stealthy advance, they drew into the shelter of a huge spruce and peered through the interstices of its snow-laden branches toward the log stockade that Lapierre had thrown across the neck of his lofty peninsula.

To be continued.

Federation After the War?

Continued from page 14.

influence upon the mind of the world goes, America is, as Professor Hugo Munsterberg called her, "a power for peace and for ethical ideals."

But so long as the country to which Prof. Munsterberg belonged continues to disbelieve utterly in any ideals but those of the ruffian and the bully and the thief, it is useless to hope that this influence will prevail, it is useless to reckon upon wars coming to an end. "War is the national industry of Prussia, "said Mirabeau. It is still. Not only do the generals of Prussia proclaim the benefits of war; the professors are equally loud, and even those of other parts of Germany have been infected by the poison. There is in Munich a Dr. Kerschensteiner who became known by the good work he did in connection with Continuation Schools. Such a man one would suppose to be in favor of anything which could sweeten the relations between man and man. What is the whole object of education, if not

that? Yet this Dr. Kerschensteiner, in a book published last year on the Future of Germany, writes:

"It is useless, it is dangerous to rely upon the affection and loyalty of any ally. . . . If the war has done no more than awake the German people out of love's young dream, that is, out of its reliance on the goodwill and honest dealing of peoples and states, it will have done us a great service."

In other words, trust nobody, and, as a corollary, behave so that nobody will be tempted to trust you.

It is hopelessly out-of-date, this cynic philosophy. It is well known that modern business could not continue a day if men did not trust one another. Why should professors assume that that those who govern states cannot be swayed by the same motives, the same ideals of conduct which influence private individuals? Why? Because they live under an Absolutist system of government, a system which claims to have "Divine Right" behind it. Such systems have always shown the utmost contempt for justice and equity. They have always relied on blood and iron, and so long as they can find men like Professor Kerschensteiner to support them, and sheep like the Germans to fight for them, they will continue to disturb the world, unless the world determines to deal with them as dangerous criminals and to fall upon them with all its force as soon as they become troublesome.

IF the world should decide to do that, the chief part in the League of Repression would fall to the British Empire and the United States. Their power united could accomplish the aim of the League. Whether there would be further advantages in an alliance between them, in a Federation of the English-speaking peoples, I shall not attempt to decide here. All that I see clearly at present is that, if Prussian Absolutism remains intact after the war, the two peoples will be forced to come together for mutual protection against it. This is understood in Germany. The Socialist deputy, Max Cohen, urged a few days ago in *The Voss Gazette*, that every effort should be made to bring about a Russo-German solidarity in order to "oppose the enormous power of Anglo-American alliance." Such an alliance could prevent Prussia and her dupes from becoming again dangerous. If this should not be prevented, neither the United States nor the British Empire could be for a moment secure.

Flutter in Diamonds

Continued from page 17.

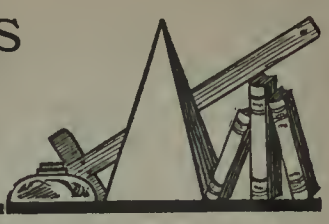
"Jiminy! You didn't take me up?" asked Dave, a little startled.

"You bet I did," replied Forsythe. "Fifteen hundred please. You should have enough diamond stuff in those lands to make every bartender politician happy, from Halifax to Vancouver."

FOR an instant the educator, watching Dave draw the cheque, relented. Then he froze hard again. The man who aspired to guard Grace's welfare had to be taught tricks. He wished the cheque covered the boy's last sou. His conscience smote him again when he saw Grace and Dave in earnest conversation. The twelve hundred and fifty in his wallet



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G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, March 12, 1917.

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seemed tainted. Doubtless they were discussing diamond crops. Poor kids!

The next day Dave disappeared on one of his irritatingly mysterious trips. This time he was gone a week, and when he came back the cold had set in and broken up the colony for the year. The day after the Forsythes left, he dropped into Maxson's office.

"I've been up at the Frampton Place," he said. "I see you've dumped some rock there. I'd be ever so much obliged if you'd take it away."

"Do you really mean it?" asked Maxson, uneasily. "It will be an awkward and expensive job."

"You should have figured that before you put it there," replied the visitor, bluntly.

"It was done before my time," said Will. "Is there really much damage done? The place is waste, I understand. You'll find nothing there."

"What I want to find is a covered up tract of land," answered Eglinton. "I might take a notion to fill in the hole and use the place."

"There's your filling right at hand," said the other. "Tell you what I'll do, for I don't like these affairs. We'll transfer the dump to you, and give you a couple of hundreds to help the shovelling. It's more than the land is worth, but we have undoubtedly trespassed. I'll give you a cheque now and fix the thing up formally."

Forsythe came back to the mines after he had seen his people home.

"By the way," said Dave to him. "I settled that trespass affair with Maxson. He met me pleasantly enough, and it seemed the neighborly thing to do."

The other sniffed. He knew Maxson, and suspected over-amiable deals.

"I took the rock over, with a two hundred dollar plaster. It isn't a whole lot, but it's so much better than fussing. The old man was a cut-throat, but the son's different," said Dave.

"You'll find it a pretty good rule, when you get on top of the man who tried to throttle you, to give him the best whaling you know how, first, and sing that 'jolly good fellow' tune later on," observed the mine man. "This's no kid glove country. The French-Canadian is French at the core, and oozes money by drops, but collects with a bucket. The settler's an Ulster Scotsman who'd take clothes and hide off a Jew, and grudge him his bones. Hello! There's Dalrymple stepping off the train. What brings him into this country these days?"

He rose and went over to the station. When he returned with his friend Dalrymple, Dave had vanished, leaving word that he was going down the line and might not be back for a day or two. The run down the line terminated in New York City. Dave displayed no undue anxiety to return, made one or two out of town trips, dallied a few days in the city, and then leisurely went off.

WHEN he reappeared at the Ste. Cecilie hotel, he found Forsythe absent, so he loafed round waiting for him. He was deep in an armchair, busy with pipe and paper-backed novel, when Maxson found him.

"Back again, Dave?" he said. "Forsythe was thinking about sending a posse into the woods to look for you. I say, Dave, about our dicker of the other day. I find I can use that rock and it occurred



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to me that you'd just as soon be rid of it."

Before Eglinton could reply, in burst Forsythe. He looked at the young man in extreme disgust. A lusty fellow, on a bustling working morning, loafing over pipe and novel! The thing was outrageous to every business instinct.

"Where the deuce have you been, Dave?" he asked irritably.

"New York City on a business trip," was the reply.

Something was clearly afoot, for Maxson and Forsythe withdrew to an adjoining room, and were presently in close consultation. They were away for half an hour, then the latter came out, breezily amiable, a paper in his hand.

"Dave," he said. "I'll be obliged if you'll let me take back those options. Maxson and I have got into some business deals we didn't foresee, and we want the properties clear from leasehold encumbrances. Business is business, and you've a right to make your bit on the accommodation. I'll give you five hundred dollars for the Frampton and what's on it, and another five hundred for the cancellation of the options. If you insist we might give you diamond rights for the optioned lease term. Maxson tells me you were dickering about the dump when I butted in. Sign here. It's a blanket agreement covering everything. By the way, Grace was enquiring about you in a letter I had this morning."

DAVE shut the novel, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and got lazily to his feet. Dalrymple and Maxson entered the room by opposite doors.

"I don't hock my golf prizes, and I am not turning golf professional," he said in an injured tone. "I guess I'll pass up my profits on the cancellation. I always had the funniest luck on foolish long shots."

"You don't mean to tell me that you'll let joke agreements block serious business?" protested Forsythe.

"Serious men don't make joke agreements in business," said Dave rebukingly.

"Huh!" grunted the other, as if he had been punched. "A thousand isn't to be sneezed at, and you've got to wake up from that diamond pipe dream."

"I am not sneezing," grinned Dave. "And I am awake all right. I am selling nothing these days but—chrome."

There was silence in the room that could have been chipped with a chisel.

"Some old papers of my father's did the waking," continued Dave. "I also have a friend who used to freight chrome from Asia Minor, and once I made a trip out there with him. I looked him up and learned what war had done to the foreign chrome supply. Then I did a bit of travelling, and found steel mills booming, and getting uneasy about the lessening supply of chrome for the linings of their blast furnaces, so it seemed to me about time that Ste. Cecilie should come on the map in bigger letters with its monopoly. I got busy nailing down chrome properties that were owned by whiskered rubes—and others."

"For diamond dust, you insulting pup!" shouted Forsythe. "You tricky, get-rich-quick robber." Maxson began to laugh.

"I've got more hungry flies buzzing round me than ever haunted a honey jar, and every buzz says 'Chrome,' Eh! Mr. Dalrymple?" said Dave. "Saw your folks in Pittsburgh and did business with them. Guess you know." Dalrymple had the newly arrived mail in his hand.

"I control absolutely Forsythe's, Maxson's, Brogan's, and a list as long as my arm, and if there's one left out, he's a little one the comb didn't catch," continued Dave. "For four years they are mine. At the end of that time I guess the war will be over, and Canadian chrome will be off again. But while it lasts, things look pretty good, eh, Mr. Dalrymple? I like this skittles game with live men for pins."

"Lord! Dave," said Forsythe wilting. "Maxson and I have sold Dalrymple twenty thousand tons."

"So I heard in Pittsburgh. You are not the first mine gamblers to be caught short," rebuked Dave. "Still, I'll be reasonable. You sold at sixteen dollars a ton, and I am getting twenty. I'll take your contracts over and deliver, you paying me the difference."

"You gouging thug!" stormed Forsythe.

"Just as you like," smiled the autocrat. "I'd much rather not, as I am being torn to shreds for the stuff."

"He has us roped, Forsythe," said Maxson with a dry laugh. "I don't know where I can buy a pound elsewhere, so I'm going to settle my end before the price boosts. I hope, though, Dave, you'll take me on that proposition I made just now."

"Oh, the old dump?" said Dave. "Sorry, Will. It isn't top notch stuff, but mostly fair grade chrome ore, as you know, and I sold it to a chap in Philadelphia at fifteen. He starts to load it into the cars to-morrow. Guess there's about five thousand tons of it."

"Seventy-five thousand dollars! And I gave it away with two hundred to boot!" groaned Maxson.

"Here's notice to you gentlemen that I am taking up the leases under my options, with certified cheque for the first year's rental, as called for in our agreements," said Dave handing over a cheque to each.

Forsythe dropped into a chair, and Dalrymple went out to hide his indecent mirth, but Maxson stood his ground.

"I've just one thing to ask, Dave," he said. "Will you shake hands, man way, with an infant like me, and I'll feel it isn't all loss."

Dave's hand shot out, and the big sons buried forever the father's feuds.

"YOU poor old sleepy dear!" And Grace ruffled her father's hair caressingly, as he sat meditatively before the fire.

"And you were in the flutter? My only child!" he said reproachfully.

"We just had to do it," she replied. "Dave had to prove up, but then you know, daddy, it isn't as if the money were going out of the family."

"Oh, it isn't?" he snapped.

"No, the war bride is to be a June bride," she replied.

"Grace!" he said. "When I woke up and saw that Dave had us between the nippers, I was scared stiff he'd let up. I needn't have been. He's a two-fisted, long-headed, bulldog-jawed, impudent-tongued scrapper, the kind of man I always fancied I'd like for a son. There's one thing, though, you've got to do. Promise me you'll never mention diamonds in my hearing—I'm sore on the very word—and I'll take you out to-morrow and buy you your pick of the darned things."

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WOMEN AND THEIR WORK

How I Keep My Expenses Down

By Kate Kearney.



EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The writer of this article is the wife of a prominent man in a small Canadian city. His salary is not a large one, as things go nowadays, but she maintains the pace with the best people of the town, entertains frequently and succeeds at the same time in maintaining every-day comfort for her family. She tells here how she does it. The name signed to the article is, of course, fictitious.*



WHEN Alice in Wonderland devoured the little cake whose currenty label ran "EAT ME," she grew so fast that she began rapidly to lose connection with her hands and feet. Tearfully, she planned how to send a pair of slippers (by parcels post) to her toes, and to address gloves to her cold finger-tips at Christime, that she might not get entirely "out of touch" with them.

Eating cakes—with currants—has today something the same effect on the connecting links between our appetites and incomes, and the power to pay our bills. But Alas! This is no idle dream.

Our papers and magazines are full of helpful and inspiring suggestions for the people whose incomes vary from sixty, to one hundred dollars a month, "How I feed a family of four on four-forty-four per week," and similar articles, make the housekeeper of the larger allowance (which is never JUST enough) feel ashamed to confess her own struggles.

Yet her struggles are real enough. Even the government has recognized that the salaried married man on $2,999 dollars a year, has none too much money for the bills that he has to pay; and has not taxed that income.

The really rich will doubtless forego much—and pay more dearly for the rest of the comforts, luxuries, or necessities of life. But they will not suffer. The really poor—the working man—has never before commanded such good wages, nor such varieties of work, for himself, and all his family. But the salaried man—with a salary under three thousand dollars per year—is in the unpleasant position of having many more calls on his purse, than ever before, while, for all practical purposes, the purchasing power of his salary has been reduced by at least one third.

On "the plains of Timbuctoo," in the dim distant days of early married life (eight years ago) I could buy the very best cuts of meat for from twelve and a half, to sixteen cents per lb. Bread was five cents a loaf; milk seven cents a quart; and whipping cream was forty cents per quart. Butter and eggs (in that district) were expensive out of proportion. We were very particular about our butter, and paid thirty cents per pound for it, the whole year round.

Eggs varied—from twenty cents per dozen up—'way up, in winter, to as high as sixty cents for new laid; the storage eggs, or "Ontario fresh" as they were libelously called (we lived out West) could be bought in December for 35 cents per dozen. The best bacon was considered dear at twenty-five cents a pound. Coal cost four-fifty per ton: and I had a very satisfactory "General" for sixteen dollars a month. I had two dollars worth of washerwoman every two weeks, and paid about $1.50 per month for starched shirts and collars, etc. The rest of the laundry was done at home; and I put the personal touch on the ironing.

My husband's position, in a small but "live" western town, obliged us to entertain, informally, it is true, but with that ready, and almost constant hospitality that is characteristic of the West. We also went out a good deal, perhaps an average of three times a week. If we got six free meals during the week, we certainly served twelve extra ones.

My housekeeping allowance, and a small income of my own, gave me about $115.00 per month for fuel, light, water, food, clothes, doctors, dentists, druggists, telephone, amusements, improvements, wages, washing, carfare, stationery, books, travelling and personal, church and charity subscriptions, my husband paying our family subscriptions, and his own personal expenses, and the rent out of the remainder of his salary.



Since then, living expenses have risen out of all proportion to salaries, in our business. Washing costs ten to twelve dollars a month. Coal is $9.50 per ton. Servants' wages vary from twenty to forty dollars a month depending (partly) on the (in) competence of the labor supplied. The "Women-by-the-day" plan costs about twenty-five dollars a month (if one dispenses with servants) and does not give a very great deal of satisfaction.

WITH a boy of six, and a girl of four, to dress and feed (lively children, with healthy appetites, for which Heaven be thanked) and an allowance of one hundred and eighty-five dollars per month, I am far poorer than I was eight years ago.

I do not quote present prices of food. Every woman knows them—to her cost! The harried housewife feels as though she were trying to shin up a greased pole, to that pinnacle where the Cost of Living perches like a prize at the top. Can she reach it? Is there any sand to put on her hands?

I have, however, managed to cater for my family so that the cost per meal has not doubled, though it has certainly risen much higher than I could wish! As late as March, 1916, I was still able to feed my family at an average cost of ten dol-

lars to $10.75 a month per head. In April, 1917, each member of the household ate up twelve dollars and twenty-four cents. This cost included twelve dozen eggs for packing (at 34 cents a dozen) for next winter.

In May, our personal Budget bounded upwards, to $17.10 per head. But thirty dozen of eggs for packing, and one hundred pounds of sugar for preserves, were included in that price. In June the food thermometer sank a little (in spite of the last five dozen of eggs for packing purposes, and another hundred pounds of sugar) and registered $16.13 for each person. In July it steadied so as to be almost normal, at $12.76 for each person. Giving an average cost for each member of our family (of five) of $14.55 for the four months; or about sixteen and a sixth cents per person per meal—as against eleven cents, sixteen months ago.

What do we have at this price?

There are oranges (probably twice a week) for breakfast. I find that the cheaper grades are usually the best value, as they are juicy, but there is not so much skin to be paid for. Half an orange (prepared exactly like a grapefruit, but without sugar) is almost as satisfying as a whole one, prepared any other way. Al-



ways there is a cereal—oatmeal, cornmeal, cream of wheat, or whole wheat, five days out of the seven, with one of the prepared cereals, for a change, on other days. We buy about three pints of cream a week, so there is usually some for the porridge; but if not, we use "top milk." Both children usually manage two good plates of cereal. Then there are eggs—fried, boiled, poached or scrambled—for the Man of the House, who spares a taste for the children, if they want it. Perhaps four times a week, three or four slices of bacon go with the eggs. There is tea; plenty of milk; white and brown bread for toast; butter of course; and marmalade or honey.

Lunch (in winter) may consist of a good thick soup, a dish of eggs, a made over fish dish ("Kedgeree" being elastic—and popular); cold meat occasionally, with baked potatoes, or scalloped vegetables for the children, or macaroni and cheese. For a second course, there are brown and white breads, (or hot biscuits, or Graham gems) and homemade jams preserves or bottled fruit. And always there is a big jug of milk. Sometimes this dessert is varied by serving a rechauffed pudding from the last night's dinner. The children have tea at five. Plenty of good milk, and bread and butter—or toast—with perhaps an egg for each; boiled custard; milk or custard puddings; stewed fruit; wheat biscuits, with jam and hot milk; cornmeal (porridge); porridge (always a treat, with brown sugar and cream); sliced bananas; jam sandwiches, and plain cake.

Afternon tea, for the grown-ups, with bread and butter and cake, is to be had, if wanted.

Our dinner is at seven. We seldom have soup, unless there is no special meat, but a very light "made" dish instead. There is generally meat (with



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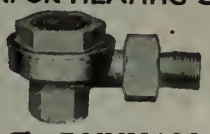
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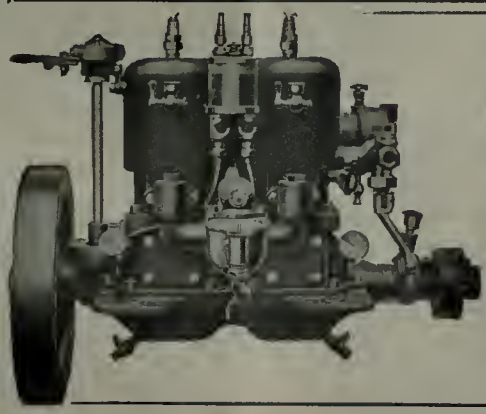
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plenty of good gravy) or fish; potatoes or rice, and another vegetable with pudding or pie, fruit salad, or custard and cake, to follow.

On Sunday, breakfast is served an hour later than on week-days, and we take more time over it. Coffee is a Sunday treat; and fish, fishcakes, or sausages, are the principal dish.

That relic of Barbarism "a Sunday dinner" is unknown in our house. We eat bread and jam, or stewed fruit, with milk, eggnoggs, or iced coffee, if we are hungry at mid-day. At four-thirty we have tea, with bread and butter, sandwiches or toast, and cake. Supper is (in the main) a cold, and movable, feast. Sometimes there is hot soup; or potatoes. Otherwise it consists of cold meat, salad, and dessert.

Summer breakfasts are much the same as the winter ones. But lunch (except on a rainy day) is usually of the picnic variety, and eaten out of doors. Hard boiled eggs and bread and butter, are as Natural to us as "Maconochie" is to the soldier in the trenches. Sandwiches of course, of every variety, egg, meat, bacon, cheese, fish, or fowl. Salads are plentiful, with lettuce as the main ingredient, and any cold vegetables that anybody wishes to add; with French, or boiled, dressing; or mayonnaise.

Sometimes, if the sandwiches are "mild" there is iced bouillon to go with them.

There is always milk—and fresh fruit in season.

The evening meal may be dinner or supper, varied to suit the weather. Iced soup is a favourite dish—or cup. Very little meat, plenty of vegetables, and summery desserts. A quart of ice-cream twice a week, makes "a teaparty" for the children, as well as a dessert for the grown-ups.

Our living is simple, but good.

Not to waste—either the materials for meals, or the time, in "fussing them up" —that is the First of the National Service Commandments. It is an equally Patriotic Duty (as an aid to good digestion, and therefore to consequent physical fitness) to cook and serve meals so that they are pleasing to the eye and the palate.

Meals at sixteen and one-sixth cents each, need not be "dull" or tasteless.

It is true that we do not eat much meat—but we are far from being starved. I have never—I confess it humbly:—had much success with those mysterious things "the cheaper cuts." When we have meat, T-bone steak is usually our portion. I have it cut very thick, with plenty of fat. Broiled—very brown outside, and very rosy and juicy inside.

The only equal to such steak eaten very hot, with gravy, is the same steak, eaten cold.

American gourmets think that cold, broiled steak, is superior to cold roast beef.

From a three pound steak, two to four "Salisbury steaks" may be made of that limp thing "the flap end," if it is cut off before broiling. Or that same scrap of "cheaper cut" may be pounded, and made into a meat pie, shepherd's pie, a stew, or a Spanish steak. The bone, and every scrap of fat (when the soup is strained and cold, the fat is skimmed and rendered) and every snippet of unused meat, goes into the stock pot; with vegetable, raw and cooked, a teaspoonful of gravy, a scrap of porridge, rice, barley, macaroni, a few breadcrumbs—a general clean-up from the pantry and refrigerator, in fact! So that is not such an expensive cut in the end, as the price leads one to suppose.

Potatoes are usually boiled in their skins. When they are not, the water in which they are cooked, goes into the soup too; with the water from any other vegetables (except cabbage water, which should be used very sparingly) or from rice or macaroni. When properly coloured and flavoured, these soups are excellent. If too weak, I boil barley or rice in the stock after straining, which reduces the liquid, and conserves the goodness of the cereal.

Any scraps of meat, or chicken from soup, minced with the vegetables, may be made into a tiny mold, with stiffened stock; or mixed with gravy, and used for sandwiches, or as a stuffing for savoury eggs.

We eat a good deal of bread—but we waste none. In winter the birds get the crumbs, from the bread board, because the feathered friends of the garden must not go unfed. In summer, they go into the crumb-box, with the few dry crusts that we collect at stray moments—to be dried, rolled and sifted, for one of the dozen uses to which they may profitably be put.

Careful buying—and still more careful using—are the things that will reduce the cost of living—and the work of the Waste-gatherer.

We, at last, can never qualify for the social standing of that family of whom it was said (by one refuse collector to another):

"Wouldn't you jes' KNOW they wus bank managers? They have the swellest garbage in town!"

Whoso preaches the Gospel of the Clean Plate, is also teaching the companion doctrine of the Destitute Garbage tin.

The Care of Children

By a Well-known Child's Specialist

THE MOST PERFECT FOOD FOR THE INFANT

ONE often wonders on seeing the extensive advertising in our newspapers, etc., of various patented foods how many mothers are tempted because of some minor disturbance in her baby, to think that patented foods are the best foods. Of course such is entirely erroneous. Not only is it true that mother's milk is by far the best food, but it is also true that cow's milk properly prepared is the next best. Patented foods should be avoided.

Mother's milk is the most perfect food because:—

(1) *It is the natural food.*

Nature's way is always the best. Man cannot improve on that. In this connection one must remember that nature, to do her work requires the mother to do this in nature's way as much as possible if the proper results are to be obtained. This means leading the simple life before and after the birth of the child. One cannot expect normal phenomena unless everything conductive to them is lived up to. The mother must sleep normally, getting to bed at proper hours. Exercise, fresh air and sunshine mean healthier bodies and the proper condition of the mind, a balance which is necessary for the successful mothers. This is no time for selfishness. Everything must be done with the baby's welfare in view. If this be the case, then the mother will provide the proper food.

(2) *It contains the proper elements for growth.*

In the past two years a great deal of discussion and research work has been centred about substances called *Vitamines.* Here it is only necessary to know that they are the essential elements of proper growth. Mother's milk is abundantly supplied with them. Patented foods have none. Their absence is productive of a series of disorders called deficiency diseases (scurvy and rickets are examples). Mother's milk has this most important factor, that is one reason why a breast fed infant looks and is a real baby, healthy, robust and strong. It gets the necessary elements in its food.

(3) *Mother's milk produces infants that can resist disease. Below is a fact to think about and keep before you, namely,—*

That a breast-fed baby has five times as many chances of living and of growing up as a bottle-fed baby. When you wean your baby before the proper time, you lessen its chances of living fivefold. Surely this is a strong reason for calling *Mother's milk* the perfect milk. Then these reasons should be sufficient to intensify the desire in every mother to nurse her own infant. *What should a mother do toward reaching this end?*

The mother should expect to nurse her infant. To be able to do this, she must train herself. Aim at being healthy. A healthy woman can nurse her infant better than a sickly woman. The diet should consist of everything conductive of good health. Meals should be at regular hours, and slowly eaten, the tannin in tea and coffee interferes with the digestion. Avoid salads, etc. Eat plain foods, meat moderately: of vegetables and fruit freely. Get eight hours sleep with a nap after lunch if possible. Don't worry or get angry, the psychological effect on the supply of milk is very great. A moderate amount of exercise is necessary, too much is as bad as not enough. Don't let yourself get too tired, rest often. When a mother says she cannot nurse her infant, it is usually because she has not played the game square. It can be done in 90% of the cases. The reason most women have trouble in nursing their infants is that they do not follow the proper technique, and do not know what to do to accomplish the desired end.

Cooking the Cheaper Cuts

By Elizabeth Atwood



"I KNOW," complained a neighbor to whom I was preaching economy, "everyone tells me that the cheaper cuts of meat are really better flavored and more nourishing than the more expensive parts. But I've tried, and you cannot make me believe that it is true."

"What did you try?" I asked her.

"A pot roast. My husband is extremely fond of them, but I always get just as good a piece of beef for a pot roast as for a standing rib roast. I tried a cheaper cut once, top of the round, and my husband asked me who cooked it. He said he didn't believe I did because it wasn't as good as mine."

"How did you cook it?" I demanded.

"Exactly as I would cook a sirloin piece of beef for pot roast," was her triumphant answer.

And that was right where her trouble was. She didn't allow for the fact that the cheaper cuts are not as tender as the more expensive. However, they had quite as much good meat juice and they actually have better flavor and more nourishment or calories to the pound than the cuts which cost top prices.

Long and slow cooking is necessary for the cheaper cuts. That is one of the great secrets. A hot, quick fire will toughen the meat. The top of the round, which I have mentioned, is one of the most desirable cuts of beef, it is much cheaper than most of the other cuts, yet it is really best for stews, pot roasts, corning and similar dishes.

For a pot roast put several heaping tablespoonfuls of beef dripping or fresh lard into an iron pot and when hot, but not smoking, put in the roast and brown *slowly*. Turn till all sides are browned. The meat can be ruined, at the very beginning by too hot a fire, for it is the high temperature that toughens the meat. The purpose of browning the meat is to sear over the pores so that all juice will remain in the meat.

If one were using the same cut of meat for soup, the pores should be left open for the escape of the juice. It is easy to see, then, that the browning temperature must be between a very hot one and a very low one. After the meat is browned nicely, the heat should be lowered very considerably. The liquid in which the meat cooks should *merely ripple*. This is the test for cooking all meats in liquids, soups included.

Some excellent cooks start the roast the night before and allow it to stand on the back of the range and barely ripple all night. They also use olive oil for browning, but that is a matter of taste. When browned, they add one or two tomatoes, an onion sliced, salt, a tiny piece of bay leaf and any savory herbs like sweet basil, a bit of parsley and a few leaves or a stalk of celery.

The one who knows most slips into the



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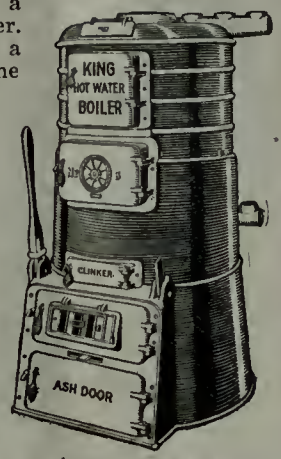
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pot a clove of garlic sliced thin. She keeps that fact to herself and merely smiles when her pot roast is praised. To all of this she adds water enough to cover the meat.

The pot is then covered closely and put in its proper place and let alone for hours. If the time is necessarily shortened, it is possible to hurry matters a little (without spoiling the meat) by raising it just out of the water on a rack and allowing it to cook in the steam. This necessitates keeping the water at boiling point.

For Hamburger steak, form the meat into balls, allowing eight to a pound of ground meat. Before forming into balls, flatten out and season with salt, pepper, a tablespoonful of minced onion and one-fourth teaspoonful of ground nutmeg. Squeeze and knead till thoroughly mixed, then form into balls. Try out pieces of suet for frying, or use lard, drippings or bacon fat. Place the balls in the fat and use care in browning, turning so that both sides are seared. Lower the fire and cook for eight or ten minutes slowly. Drop two tablespoonfuls of flour into the pan with the meat and a pinch of salt. Stir with a fork and when browned, add water or milk enough to half cover the meat. Cook till the gravy is thick and then dish up, pouring the gravy around the balls.

A meat stew should be started exactly like the pot roast. It may be made of either lamb, mutton or beef. If one can obtain the trimmings from steaks and roasts, the meat is more tender, but, as a rule, the stewing pieces are from the round. If mutton is used, trim off all fat, as it is strong. Cut the meat into strips three or four inches long and half as wide.

Beef roll. Chop one and a half pounds of round, one-half pound of salt pork, and one small onion. Spread flat and add pepper, salt, grated nutmeg, minced parsley and one egg, well beaten. Mix with the hands, shape into a loaf and dredge with flour. Put into a pan and cover with two slices of the salt pork saved from the half pound. Put into a hot oven and as soon as the meat begins to brown, baste it with just enough water to moisten it well. Pour a cup of hot water into the pan and continue basting with this every ten minutes. Lower the oven after the meat browns. Cook forty minutes. Drain the liquid from the pan and add two tablespoonfuls of flour and a pinch of salt. When nice and brown, add two cupfuls of hot water and cook till thick enough. Place the meat in a dish and pour the gravy around.

The sweetest meat in the beef is the flank steak. The thick part can be boiled and the thin end used for stews. There are several variations of the stew possible with this steak. Cut into four-inch squares. Sear lightly as already directed. Spread each square with finely minced carrot and onion, a bit of celery and minced parsley, salt and pepper. Roll and tie at both ends with clean twine. Place in a granite pot. Between each layer of meat put several inches of lentils which have been soaked over night and parboiled with soda. Here and there place a slice of onion and a pinch of salt. Cover with water and simmer or bake in the oven till the lentils are done. This should take six or more hours to prepare.

Stuffed cabbage. Use the larger leaves of cabbage for this dish. Spread each



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leaf out smooth and place on it a piece of lean fresh pork. The pieces of meat should be about three inches long and half as thick. Season nicely with salt and pepper. Wrap in the leaf, folding it in such a manner that the meat will be covered during cooking. Place carefully in a granite kettle and cover with water or stock. If pure water is used, throw in a few slices of carrots, onion and sweet herbs to flavor. Also add a little fat of some kind. Stew slowly for two hours.

Another way to prepare stuffed cabbage is to parboil the head entire after removing the outer imperfect leaves. Drain and cut out the heart. Squeeze out all the water and fill the center with a mixture of sausage meat, the yolks of four eggs, and a little beef marrow, all well mixed. Also spread a spoonful of the mixture under each leaf. Press the cabbage into shape and tie with a soft string, not too tight. Put into a granite kettle with a little sausage meat, carrots, onion, grated nutmeg and sweet herbs. Cover with water or stock. When done, remove the string and serve with the gravy. This is called Russian cabbage.

Spice beef should be served cold with pickles and parsley. Take fifteen pounds of the round and rub with one cup of sugar. Put in a glazed jar for twelve hours. Then rub with the following mixture; one teaspoonful each of grated allspice, thyme, and nutmeg; half a teaspoonful each of ground ginger, black pepper, bag leaf, and cloves; and half an ounce of saltpeter. After twelve hours rub in a pound of salt and let the beef stay in the jar for six days, rubbing it well with the mixture twice each day. Soak for two hours and then cover with water. Add two sliced carrots, two onions, two stalks of celery, two cloves of garlic and a bunch of parsley. Let the water boil for five minutes and then set in the oven for two and a half hours. Turn the meat often and, if it is not tender at the end of time given, continue the cooking. Let it cool in the water it was cooked in. When cold, wrap tightly in a cloth in order to press into shape for slicing.

Chile con carne is made by cooking two pounds of beef till it falls in pieces. Then add six large sweet red peppers, cut in long narrow strips, one large onion minced, one small clove of garlic, and a large cupful of ripe chopped tomatoes. When the vegetables are done, add salt to taste, and serve.

Beef is best for preserved beef, from the shin, round or neck. Cook in clear water till tender and the meat falls apart. Chop it very fine, add salt, pepper, and sour cucumber pickles chopped fine. Put a teaspoonful of gelatin in enough of the water in which the meat was cooked to moisten the chopped meat. Heat the water after soaking the gelatine in it for a few minutes. Press the meat into a brick-shaped mold and set away to harden. Slice thin and serve cold.

This is the best way to make corned beef. To one gallon of water add one and a half pounds of salt, three-fourths of a cupful of molasses, and one-half ounce, of saltpeter. Boil and skim; when cold, put in the meat with a weight on top. Cover closely and keep in the pickle a week or more.



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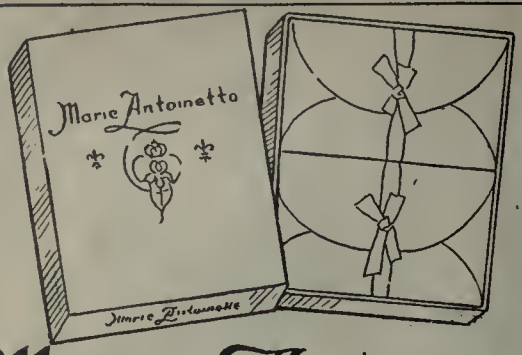
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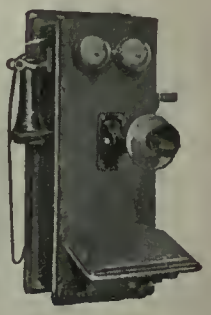
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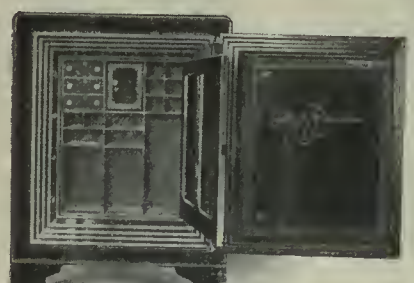
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The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance

THE past month has in many respects upset the complete confidence that has been felt in the soundness of business conditions. This is due to the rather sudden slackening of the munition industry and the more or less official announcement that further shell orders are not to be placed in Canada.

There has been nothing official as to the reason for this. It is known, however, that it is largely a financial matter. That the decision to stop the making of shells in Canada was a sudden one is indicated by a story published in the *Financial Post* to this effect: "Within the past few weeks a cable was received at Ottawa from Winston Churchill ordering that all shell orders be cut off. It was an official order and absolutely definite and explicit. Sir Joseph Flavelle cabled in reply, pointing out that such action might create an antagonistic feeling in Canada, and urging less sharp action. The result was a second cable from Churchill granting an extension of three months. The extension, as *The Post* understands it, was not on all orders for three months. That period was fixed for the gradual tapering off of shell orders."

GREAT BRITAIN has two objectives in view in this matter. The first is to keep the balance of trade with Canada and also the United States from becoming too unfavorable. The second is to become self-sustaining in every respect, and particularly in the matter of munitions. As long as the U-boat campaign persists there will be a danger of starvation and defeat unless Britain can become self-sustaining. It is said that the munition industry has been developed to the stage where enough shells are being turned out in Britain to provide for every need and emergency. In any case there is an accumulation of munitions in Canada which will take some months to ship across. For all these reasons, therefore, it was decided not to place further shell orders in Canada except in certain lines, where an indefinite tenure is being granted.

AND so Canada must face the problem of readjusting her industrial fabric to suit the conditions created by this unexpected ending of munition activity. There have been approximately 200,000 people engaged in munition work or in subsidiary industries, such as the making of machine tools, gloves, etc. The bulk of these people will have to be absorbed back into normal peace-time occupations. The women who have worked at shell-making will in most cases be content to drop out. They have done their "bit" and will perhaps be only too glad to desert the ranks of labor for more accustomed and congenial tasks. On a conservative estimate, however, there will be 100,000 workers to be placed within the next few months.

THE situation is not necessarily one to create apprehension, but it is unquestionably serious. Industry in Canada has been sadly hampered for lack of help, and the farmers have cried vainly for men; so that the cessation of the golden and prosperous industry of shell making will bring relief. There will now be plenty of men to fill the vacancies in the industrial ranks. It looks also as though there would be quite a considerable margin left over after all the needs of industry have been met. This will create the means of solving the problem of farm help and increased food production if there is prompt government action. If the various governments follow the time-honored practice of looking on, however, it may be that in the near future we shall see evidences of unemployment in the cities; and our farms still hungry for help. It is only by organized action to bring supply and demand together that the labor situation arising out of the cutting off of war work can be solved. And quick action is necessary.

ON the whole there is no apprehension yet on the part of the men who are watching the situation closely, the heads of banks and big industrial corporations. There is a feeling that the men released from munition work can be absorbed, provided that the process of closure is not made too sharp. The very important fact is taken into consideration, however, that the shutting off of shell orders means that the bonanza day of sky-high wages is over. Men who have been making anywhere from $40 to $60 a week on piece work must settle back into far less remunerative work. It is out of the question for manufacturers to pay the wages that the munition worker has commanded. It simply means that a large proportion of our population must face the problem of living on smaller incomes. This is a second contingency following immediately on the heels of the first, which concerns the finding of work for all.

Putting this matter of lower wages into cold figures is inducive of rather startling results. It is a conservative guess that 100,000 workers will be earning an average of $10 less per week when the period of readjustment has been completed. This means a loss of earning power of one million dollars weekly!

The situation is not as serious as that figure would make it seem, however. There has been a great deal of extravagance in the country as a result of the high wages that have been paid. Standards of living have been raised. The opulence of the munition worker has manifested itself in the purchase of luxuries. This will now stop, to some extent at least. There will be a closer check on expenditures. Wages will still be high enough to provide for every actual need, but not high enough to permit of the pur-

chase of luxuries on the scale that has prevailed to date.

On the whole this will not be a bad thing. It was an anomalous condition that during a time of war people generally should plunge into such unrestricted prodigality. Of course, it made for better business. There may be a quieter tone to business generally as a result of this readjustment, but it will be a sounder and saner condition. The change had to come. It is perhaps a blessing that it is coming now and gradually rather than later and suddenly.

Manufacturers have in the main provided for just such an emergency as this. Knowing that the munition business was one that had a definite ending that might come very suddenly, they laid plans to cover themselves. Some will turn to the manufacture of new lines and have already arranged for the necessary equipment.

IN discussing the business outlook it is not possible to ignore the persistent peace rumors that come from all the capitals of Europe, and also with an insistent note from Washington. An early peace would bring Canada to a period of sharp readjustment. Unbelievable though it may seem from a purely military standpoint, there is a well-defined feeling that peace with victory for the allied cause is not far off. This feeling is based on the belief that the central powers are practically at the end of their resources and dare not face the prospect of another winter of war. There is some basis for this belief in the persistent peace feelers that the Central Powers, Austria particularly, are sending out. These feelers may be part of a deep-seated scheme to unsettle the Allies and keep them from preparing for their maximum efforts in the vain hope of early peace. On the other hand it may be a proof of exhaustion.

In Washington there is a curious under current of peace talk. It is known in well-informed circles that Austria has made overtures for peace through the offices of the King of Spain. There is a tendency on the part of the administration to hold up big contracts. Certain war stocks have weakened surprisingly on the market, which might be due to "dumping" on the part of those on the inside. There is gloom among the pro-Germans.

It would be the worst of folly at this stage to put any degree of credence in this peace talk. Our business is to win this war and to put every ounce of energy, national and individual, into the fight. Even if peace were certain within a given period it would be a terrible mistake to lessen our efforts in any respect. A careful study of the situation in Europe confirms the opinion that MACLEAN'S has already advanced: That the war has still a long way to go before it can be fought to a successful conclusion. Only a revolution in Germany or the absence there of war supplies could bring about an early peace on terms satisfactory to the Allies. In the meantime we must bend our efforts more resolutely than ever to the task of carrying on the war. It is possible that the peace talk in the United States is but another phase of deep German policy designed to slacken war preparations in that country.

It is impossible to ignore this phase, however, in considering future prospects for business. It is not impossible that peace may come, and so business men must complete their plans for the sharp readjustment that will follow peace.

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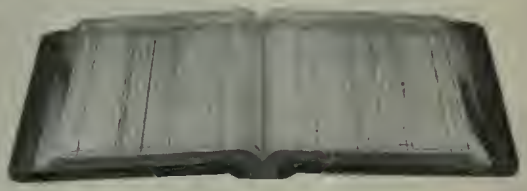
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THE man or woman with money to invest should watch developments with reference to war loans. Another loan will be launched by the Canadian Government in the near future and it is the patriotic duty of every Canadian who has the money to help make this loan a success.

It is realized by the Government and perhaps even more so by the banks and investment houses that it is not going to be an easy matter to float this next loan. Three loans have already been put on the market and this has served to use up a tremendous amount of money. The third loan, for reasons which have already been pointed out in these columns, was not very well assimilated. Some of the insurance companies and other institutions took larger allotments than they were in a position to carry, expecting that the loan would be oversubscribed and that probably not more than half of what they had ordered would be allowed them. The loan was not as much over-subscribed as had been expected and the allotments were, therefore, larger. Some of the institutions are still paying off their shares and cannot be counted upon to take much of the new loan if it is brought on before the end of the year.

Recognizing that the new loan will have to be marketed somewhat differently the Minister of Finance has consulted with the security houses and will likely adopt several new ideas. Any new methods of marketing that may be adopted will aim at giving the loan a more popular appeal and interesting a larger number in it.

IN the first place a distinctive name is regarded as necessary. In Britain the Victory Loan went literally with a grand hurrah and unquestionably the name had something to do with its success. The name gave the imagination of the public something to grip. It summed up the purpose of the loan and drove home the fact that it was a patriotic duty to participate to the limit of one's financial capacity. In the United States the Liberty Loan went equally well and again the name was a potent factor.

It is figured that a good name should be found for our new loan, to distinguish it from the three that have gone before. The idea is a sound one, particularly as it is intended to approach the general public much more directly than ever in the past.

A still more important matter under consideration is the offering of the loan in smaller denominations. This again is an effort to interest the man of comparatively small means. The American Liberty Loan was offered in denominations as low as $50 and the result was that there were four million people in all who contributed to that loan. It was a popular loan in every sense of the word. It is figured that we might do the same here, having $50 bonds to offer. It has even been suggested that the Government should go a step further and sell $10 participation certificates. These would be offered with the understanding that they could be bought from time to time and that when five had been acquired they could be turned in for a $50 bond. This suggestion, if acted upon, would make is possible for practically everyone—man, woman or child—to have a hand in the Win-the-War Loan, or whatever the name decided upon may be.

As a means of quickly and effectively "selling" the loan it has been suggested that committees be formed in various centres to draft an organization. It is deemed necessary to have so complete an organization that practically every man will be approached. With the first three loans the appeal was almost exclusively made to the regular investors, the men who were known to have money at their disposal. With a sufficiently complete organization it would be possible to approach everyone, more or less, and to even put on a more or less complete canvass of the farm sections. Farmers to-day, as a class, are prosperous, and it is certain that a large response could be obtained from a careful effort to reach all agricultural sections.

IT will be seen that this matter of the next war loan—and it is possible that it may be launched as early as October—is one of very direct interest to everyone. It is not a matter that concerns only the wealthy institution or the big investor. It is going to be brought home to every man more or less in the country. It will be a patriotic duty for each and every Canadian to put as much into the loan as he can, even if it is only to buy one $10 participating certificate. A few less trips to the movies, a few less cigars—and the necessary amount is saved.

THE investment market continues most favorable for the investor. Values are improving all the time. Bonds are being offered at prices which give truly magnificent yields, and the tendency is all toward better values still. The truth of the matter is that money is scarce and getting scarcer all the time. War expenditures are exacting enough to keep the market pretty well bared of money and such provincial, municipal and industrial offerings that come along are necessarily at very choice figures. Furthermore, the attractive terms of the European war loan have set a standard of yield that the investor has come to expect.

That the money scarcity will continue is something about which there can be no doubt. It follows that bond values will

continue as attractive for the investor as at present. And so the advice printed at the head of this column has a particular pertinency for the investor to-day.

The Failure of the U-Boat

Naval Authority Draws Conclusion From Figures on Losses.

THAT the U-boat campaign after all is showing signs of failure is the conclusion drawn by *The Scientific American* after a close analysis of the figures supplied on losses. From the allied standpoint this expression of opinion will be received with elation as *The Scientific American*, has been very sound in its attitude on naval matters and has moreover been very pessimistic up to the present on the score of the submarine situation. There was one stage when this paper preached ruin to the allied cause from the activities of the U-boats. It's change of opinion is logically explained as follows:

In the absence of any detailed official statement of the facts, it is difficult to make a reliable estimate as to the total losses, or the rate of losses of shipping, due to German U-boat depredations. The people who do know won't tell, and when official statements are made by leading men, lay or military, they are so contradictory as to leave one in a state of positive bewilderment. Hence the following study of the question does not claim to be highly authentic; it is merely our own estimate based upon what we consider to be the most reliable statistics.

The first difficulty that confronts one is the statement frequently made in Washington, and made by men in more or less official positions, that the British are concealing their losses. By this it is meant that not only is concealment involved in publishing merely the number of ships sunk, without giving their tonnage, but that these very numbers as given week by week are under-statements of the truth. Personally, we do not believe for a moment that the British are deliberately lying about their losses. It is not their way. In fact, the recent publication of scathing reports of military failures shows that, if anything, they lean too far toward a brutal self-exposure.

We may take it, then, that the weekly statement of British losses is correct so far as it goes. That it does not give the total tonnage loss is to be regretted; but this fact does not invalidate the truthfulness of the figures showing the total number of ships lost.

Now the record of British losses from the opening of the ruthless campaign to date shows that the U-boats have sunk on an average 20 ships were week of over 1,600 tons. If we assume that the average size of these ships was 5,000 tons (4,500 tons would probably be nearer the truth; but we wish to be over rather than under the true figure), and if we assume an average of 1,200 tons for the ships of under 1,600 tons, we find that by January 1st, 1918, the British will have lost during the intensive U-boat war 5,720,000 tons over and above that lost in 1917 before the campaign started. Such statistics as have been published of the French and Italian losses, worked out on the same basis, indicate a loss for these countries of 1,145,000 tons. If we assume that the losses of the neutral countries are proportional to the total amount of neutral tonnage, as compared with the total amount of British tonnage, we find that the neutrals have lost to date 2,250,000 tons. Summing up, then, we reach the conclusion that, if the rate of sinking which has obtained during the first half of this year be continued throughout the rest of the year, the Allies and neutrals together will have lost between January 1st, 1917, and January 1st, 1918, about 9,500,000 tons.

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Lord Beresford, an English statesman who has consistently urged that the public should be made fully acquainted with the extent of the U-boat depredations, stated recently in the House of Lords, that from August, 1914, to January, 1917, the British, Allied and neutral losses were 4,000,000 tons. Adding this total to the total estimated losses for the present year, we find that by January 1st, 1918, the Germans will have sunk about 13,500,000 tons of shipping.

As an offset to this loss, we have the construction of new shipping and the placing in service of the interned German vessels. In making an estimate of the ships which will have been built from the commencement of the war to January 1st, 1918, we must bear in mind, that although in the earlier period of the war there was a great falling off in British merchant ship construction, the total having fallen in one year to about 650,000 tons, Great Britain having now brought her fighting navy up to sufficient strength, is bending her enormous shipbuilding capacity to the turning out of a maximum amount of merchant tonnage; and it is probable that by the end of this year she will have set afloat during the war 3,500,000 tons of new shipping. Our own record during the same period of war will be about 2,250,000 tons, while France, Itlay, Norway and Sweden will have set afloat about 1,500,000 tons.

The total amount of shipping, then, built in all countries during the three and a half years of the war ending January 1st, 1918, if these figures are correct, will be about 7,250,000 tons. If we add to this total the interned German and Austrian ships, estimated at 1,750,000 tons, which by that time will have become available for the carrying trade, we reach a total of 9,000,000 tons, with which to offset the total loss to that date of 13,500,000 tons. This would leave a net loss to the Allied and neutral powers of 4,500,000 tons.

Now, in August, 1914, the total world's shipping amounted to 49,000,000 tons. Deducting the tonnage of the Central Powers, which was 6,600,000 tons, we get a total of 42,400,000 tons for the Entente (including ourselves) and the neutral powers. Deducting from this the total net loss of 4,500,000 tons, as found above, the tonnage remaining available for service on January 1st, 1918, will be 37,900,000 tons.

Now, if it be assumed that the U-boat sinkings will be maintained during 1918 at the rate which they are accomplishing in 1917, namely, 9,500,000 tons, let us see how far that may be offset by new construction during 1918. Lloyd George has recently stated that Great Britain would set afloat 4,000,000 tons, and if we assume that the United States will build 3,000,000 tons and the other powers 1,000,000 tons, we reach a total of new construction of 8,000,000 tons for the year, which would leave a net loss for the year, supposing the Germans continue to sink ships at the present rate, of 1,500,000 tons for the year. From these figures it is evident that unless the Germans make a great spurt in their U-boat campaign, the new construction will nearly equal the losses.

If our estimate as given above is approximately correct, it must be admitted that the prospects of Germany's succeeding in her U-boat campaign are very remote. To succeed, two things must happen: Germany must greatly increase her rate of sinkings, and the Allies must break down in their attempt to build shipping at the rate which their public men have predicted.

Decisive Naval Battle Not Possible

Naval Critic Compares Present War With Napoleonic Wars.

CRITICS of the work of the British navy have usually taken the Admiralty to task for not having achieved a decisive victory. To amateur tacticians it seems feasible for the navy to either lure the German High Seas Fleet out and destroy it, or to slash in at Cux-

aven and force a "show down." They clamor or another Trafalgar. An effective answer o this criticism is supplied by Archibald Hurd n *The Fortnightly Review*. He shows first hat a decisive battle under present conditions s impossible, and, second, that there has never een a decisive battle in history for the same easons. He even shows that Trafalgar was ot in any sense of the word decisive. The oncluding paragraphs of his line of reasoning may be quoted.

The French Fleet, after Trafalgar, under Napoleon's impulse, was soon stronger in material than it had been since the opening of he war.

During the years that followed Trafalgar here was no further great fleet action, but, n spite of all the efforts of the British naval orces, this country's command of the sea was ubject to severe limitations. It was after, nd not before, the Battle of Trafalgar that he British mercantile marine suffered most erious depredations. Vigorous warfare was vaged under Napoleon's direction, Professor W. R. Scott has controverted the belief that he British losses were balanced in the prizes ained from the French, and has given a reminder which may well be emphasized to-day, hat "the nation which keeps the sea risks its hips, while the one confined to its ports may ave its vessels," adding that "from 1803 to 1814 our losses in prizes as far as recorded were twelve times as great as those of the French, the figures being: British ships captured by the French, 5,314; French ships captured by the British, 440." The years following, and not the years preceding, the Battle of Trafalgar submitted British sea power to the severest strain, and imposed upon the nation privations which it had not known during the early period of the war. In short, when Nelson fell in the hour of his glory, the naval war did not come to an end, but entered on a new phase. British seamen had done their best to annihilate the French fleet and failed. Napoleon henceforward was content to adopt a policy of evasion by sea, developing corsair warfare to the utmost extent. He had no use for a battle fleet except to cover the passage of an army to England, and once that scheme had to be abandoned, though he went on building ships of the line which he perhaps expected to use in their legitimate role later on, he was well content to devote his energies to war upon British maritime communications.

What the German submarines have been attempting to do since the Battle of Jutland, the ships which Napoleon managed to send to sea in large numbers during the years succeeding the Battle of Trafalgar attempted to achieve. The passage of time has dimmed the memory of the sufferings which brought the British people low in the final ten years of the great war of the last century. It was only very gradually, as the bitter memories were overlaid by the prosperity which marked the early Victorian period, that the Battle of Trafalgar acquired the popular character which it has since assumed. It did not save the life of Pitt; it did not check the career of victorious conquest which eventually brought almost the whole continent under Napoleon's heel it did not spare these islands from dire privations, the very poor being confronted with starvation. It proved the last great battle of the war by sea, but it was not the end of the war, any more than the Battle of Jutland has proved to be the last act of German sea power in the present struggle.

We must conclude that in its long, glorious history the British Navy has never achieved a victory corresponding to Nelson's ambition—not victory, but annihilation. On the other hand, the British Fleet has won a succession of victories which have not only moulded the history of the British Empire, but powerfully affected the development of the world. The error which is committed in these days is to regard the result of a naval action purely from the material point of view—how many ships were sunk; how many men were killed; how do the losses on the one hand and on the other compare? Those are not unimportant questions, but they do not constitute the decisive factor. The most important effect produced by a general action at sea is psychological—which of the belligerents is convinced that he is beaten and fears to risk another encounter? That is the real issue.



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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The Pawns Count

A Story of the Great War

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Author of "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo," "The Double Traitor," etc.

Illustrated by C. L. Wrenn

A Glimpse Ahead

This is the first instalment of the splendid secret service serial by Mr. Oppenheim. It is perhaps the most timely and interesting story that MacLean's *has ever offered. In early issues new stories by three famous Canadian authors will start—"Metropolitan Nights," by Arthur Stringer; "The Blue Stones of Kuhl," by W. A. Fraser; and "The Great Mogul," by Arthur E. McFarlane.*

FOREWORD.

"I am for England and England only," John Lutchester, the Englishman, asserted.

"I am for Japan and Japan only," Nikasti, the Jap, insisted.

"I am for Germany first and America afterwards," Oscar Fischer, the German-American, pronounced.

"I am for America first, America only, America always," Pamela Van Teyl, the American girl, declared.

They were all right except the German-American.

CHAPTER I.

Mefiez-Vous! Taisez-Vous! Les Oreilles Ennemies Vous Ecoutent.

THE usual little crowd was waiting in the lobby of a fashionable London restaurant a few minutes before the popular luncheon hour. Pamela Van Teyl, a very beautiful American girl, dressed in the extreme of fashion, which she seemed somehow to justify, directed the attention of her companions to the notice affixed to the wall facing them.

"Except," she declared, "for you poor dears who have been hurt, that is the first thing I have seen in England which makes me realize that you are at war."

The younger of her two escorts, Capt. Richard Holderness, who wore the uniform of a well-known cavalry regiment, glanced at the notice a little impatiently.

"What rot it seems!" he exclaimed. "We get fed up with that sort of thing in France. It's always the same at every little railway station and every little inn. 'Mefiez-vous! Taisez-vous!' They might spare us over here."

John Lutchester, a tall, clean-shaven man, dressed in civilian clothes, raised his eyeglass and read out the notice languidly.

"Well, I don't know," he observed. "some of you Service fellows—not the Regulars, of course—do gas a good deal when you come back. I don't suppose you any of you know anything, so it doesn't really matter," he added, glancing at his watch.

"Army's full of Johnnies, who come from God knows where nowadays," Holderness assented gloomily. "No wonder they can't keep their mouths shut."

"Seems to me you need them all," Miss Pamela Van Teyl remarked with a smile.

"Of course we do," Holderness assented, "and Heaven forbid that any of us Regulars should say a word against them. Jolly good stuff in them, too, as the Germans found out last month."

"All the same," Lutchester continued, still studying the notice, "news does run over London like quicksilver. If you step down to the American bar here, for instance, you'll find that Charles is one of the best-informed men about the war in London. He has patrons in the Army, in the Navy, and in the Flying Corps, and it's astonishing how communicative they seem to become after the second or third cocktail."

"Cocktail, mark you, Miss Van Teyl," Holderness pointed out. "We poor Englishmen could keep our tongues from wagging before we acquired some of your American habits."

"The habits are all right," Pamela retorted. "It's your heads that are wrong."

"The most valued product of your country," Lutchester murmured, "is more dangerous to our hearts than to our heads."

"SHE made a little grimace and turned away, holding out her hand to a new arrival—a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a strong, cold face and keen, grey eyes, aggressive even behind his gold-rimmed spectacles. There was a queer change in his face as his eyes met Pamela's. He seemed suddenly to become more human. His pleasure at seeing her was certainly more than the usual transatlantic politeness.

"Mr. Fischer," she exclaimed, "they are saying hard things about our country! Please protect me."

He bowed over her fingers. Then he looked up. His tone was impressive.

"If I thought that you needed protection, Miss Van Teyl——"

"Well, I can assure you that I do," she interrupted, laughing. "You know my friends, don't you?"

"I think I have that pleasure," the American replied, shaking hands with Lutchester and Holderness.

"Now we'll get an independent opinion," the former observed, pointing to the wall. "We were discussing that notice, Mr. Fischer. You're almost as much a Londoner as a New Yorker. What do you think?—Is it superfluous or not?"

Fischer read it out and smiled.

"Well," he admitted, "in America we don't lay much store by that sort of thing, but I don't know as we're very good judges about what goes on over here. I shouldn't call this place, anyway, a hotbed of intrigue. Excuse me!"

He moved off to greet some incoming guests—a well-known stockbroker and his partner. Lutchester looked after him curiously.

"Is Mr. Fischer one of your typical millionaires, Miss Van Teyl?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"We have no typical millionaires," she

assured him. "They come from all classes and all states."

"Fischer is a Westerner, isn't he?"

Pamela nodded, but did not pursue the conversation. Her eyes were fixed upon a girl who had just entered, and who was looking a little doubtfully around, a girl plainly, but smartly, dressed, with fluffy light hair, dark eyes, and a very pleasant expression. Pamela, who was critical of her own sex, found the newcomer attractive.

"Is that, by any chance, one of our missing guests, Capt. Holderness?" she inquired, turning towards him. "I don't know why, but I have an idea that it is your sister."

"By Jove, yes!" the young man assented, stepping forward. "Here we are Molly, and at last you are going to meet Miss Van Teyl. I've bored Molly stiff, talking about you," he explained, as Pamela held out her hand.

The girls, who stood talking together for a moment, presented rather a striking contrast. Molly Holderness was pretty but usual. Pamela was beautiful and unusual. She had the long, slim body of a New York girl, the complexion and eyes of a Southerner, the *savoir faire* of a Frenchwoman. She was extraordinarily cosmopolitan, and yet extraordinarily American. She impressed everyone, as she did Molly Holderness at that moment, with a sense of charm. One could almost accept as truth her own statement—that she valued her looks chiefly because they helped people to forget that she had brains.

"I won't admit that I have ever been bored, Miss Van Teyl," Molly Holderness assured her, "but Dick has certainly told me all sorts of wonderful things about you —how kind you were in New York, and what a delightful surprise it was to see you down at the hospital at Nice. I am afraid he must have been a terrible crock then."

"Got well in no time as soon as Miss Van Teyl came along," Holderness declared. "It was a bit dreary down there at first. None of my lot were sent south, and a familiar face means a good deal when you've got your lungs full of that rotten gas and are feeling like nothing on earth. I wonder where that idiot Sandy is. I told him to be here a quarter of an hour before you others—thought we might have had a quiet chat first. Will you stand by the girls for a moment Lutchester, while I have a look around?" he added.

HE hobbled away, one of the thousands who were thronging the streets and public places of London—brave, simple-minded young men, all of them, with tangled recollections in their brains of blood and fire and hell, and a game leg or a lost arm to remind them that the whole thing was not a nightmare. He looked a little disconsolately around, and was on the point of rejoining the others when the friend for whom he was searching came hurriedly through the turnstile doors.

"Sandy, old chap," Holderness exclaimed with an air of relief, "here you are at last!"

"Cheero, Dick!" was the light-hearted reply. "Fearfully sorry I'm late, but listen—just listen for one moment."

The newcomer threw his hat and coat to the attendant. He was a rather short, freckled young man, with a broad, high forehead and light-colored hair. His eyes just now were filled with the enthusiasm which trembled in his tone.

"Dick," he continued, gripping his friend's arm tightly, "I'm late, I know, but I've great news. I've motored straight up from Salisbury Plain. I've done it! I swear to you, Dick, I've done it!"

"Done what?" Holderness demanded, a little bewildered.

"I've perfected my explosive—the thing I was telling you about last week," was the triumphant reply. "The whole world's struggling for it, Dick. The German chemists have been working night and day for three years, just for one little formula, and I've got it! One of my shells, which fell in a wood at daylight this morning, killed every living thing within a mile of it. The bark fell off the trees, and the laborers in a field beyond threw down their implements and ran for their lives. It's the principle of intensification. The poison feeds on its own vapors. The formula—I've got it in my pocketbook——"

"Look here, old fellow," Holderness interrupted. "It's all splendid, of course, and I'm dying to hear you talk about it, but come along now and be introduced to Miss Van Teyl. Molly's over there, waiting, and we're all half starved."

"So am I," was the cheerful answer. "Hullo Lutchester, how are you? Just one moment. I must get a wash. I motored straight through, and I'm choked with dust. Where do I go?"

"I'll show you," Lutchester volunteered. "Hurry up."

The two men sprang up the stairs towards the dressing room, and Holderness strolled back to where his sister and Pamela were talking to a small, dark young man, with rather high cheek-bones and olive complexion. Pamela turned around with a smile.

"I have found an old friend," she told him, "Baron Sunyea—Captain Holderness. Baron Sunyea used to be in the Japanese Embassy at Washington."

The two men shook hands.

"I was interested," the Japanese said slowly, "in your conversation just now about that notice. Your young friend was telling you news very loudly indeed, it seemed to me, which you would not like known across the North Sea. Am I not right?"

"In a sense you are, of course," Holderness admitted, "but here at Henry's — why, the place is like a club. Where are the enemies' ears to come from, I should like to know?"

"Where we least expect to find them, as a rule," was the grave reply.

"Quite right," Lutchester, who had just rejoined them, agreed. "They still say, you know, that our home Secret Service is just as bad as our foreign Secret Service is good."

Holderness smiled in somewhat superior fashion.

"Can't say that I have much faith in that spy talk," he said. "No doubt there was any quantity of espionage before the war, but it's pretty well weeded out now. I say, how good civilization is!" he went on, his eyes dwelling lovingly on the interior of the restaurant. "Tophole, isn't it, Lutchester—these smart girls, with their furs and violets and perfumes, the little note of music in the distance, the cheerful clatter of plates, the smiling faces of the waiters, and the undercurrent of pleasant voices. Don't laugh at me, please, Miss Van Teyl. I've three weeks more of it, by George—perhaps more. I don't go up before my board till Thursday fortnight. Dash it, I wish Sandy would hurry up!"

"You never told me how you got your wound," Pamela observed, as the conversation flagged for a moment.

"Can't even remember," was the careless reply. "We were all scrapping away as hard as we could one afternoon, and nearly a dozen of us got the knock, all at the same time. It's quite all right now, though, except for the stiffness. It was the gas did me in. . . . What a fellow Sandy is! You people must be starving."

They waited for another five minutes. Then Holderness limped towards the stairs with a little imprecation. Lutchester stopped him.

Don't you go, Holderness," he begged. "I'll find him and bring him down by the scruff of the neck."

He strode up the stairs on a mission which ended in unexpected failure. Presently he returned, a slight frown upon his forehead.

"I am awfully sorry, he announced, "but I can't find him anywhere. I left him washing his hands, and he said he'd be down in a moment. Are you quite sure that we haven't missed him?"

"There hasn't been a sign of him," Molly declared promptly. "I am so hungry that my eyes have been glued upon the staircase all the time."

Pamela, who had slipped away a few moments before, rejoined them with a little expression of surprise.

"Isn't Capt. Graham here yet," she asked incredulously.

"Not a sign of him," Holderness replied. "Queer set out, isn't it? We won't wait a moment longer. Take my sister and Miss Van Teyl in, will you?" he went on, laying his hand on Lutchester's shoulder. "Ferrani will look after you. I'll follow directly."

THE chief *maitre d'hotel* advanced to meet them with a gesture of invitation and led them to a table arranged for five. The restaurant was crowded, and the colored band, from the space against the wall on their left, was playing a lively one-step. Ferrani was buttonholed by an important client as they crossed the threshold, and they lingered for a moment, waiting for his guidance. Whilst they stood there, a curious thing happened. the leader of the orchestra seemed to draw his fingers recklessly across the strings of his instrument and to produce a discord which was almost appalling. A half-pained, half-amused exclamation rippled down the room. For a moment the music ceased. The conductor, who was responsible for the disturbance, was sitting motionless, his hands hanging down by his side. His features remained imperturbable, but the gleam of his white teeth, and a livid little streak under his eyes gave to his usually good-humored face an utterly altered, almost malignant expression. Ferrani stepped across and spoke to him for a moment angrily. The man took up his instrument, waved his hand, the music recommenced in a subdued note. Pamela turned to the chief *maitre d'hotel*, who had now rejoined them.

"What an extraordinary breakdown!" she exclaimed. "Is your leader a man of nerves?"

"Never have I heard such a thing in all my days," Ferrani assured them fervently. "Joseph is one of the most wonderful performers in the world. His control over

his instrument is marvellous. . . Capt. Holderness asked particularly for this table."

They seated themselves at the table reserved for them against the wall. Their *cicerone* was withdrawing with a low bow, but Pamela leaned over to speak to him.

"Your music," she told him, "is quite wonderful. The orchestra consists almost entirely of Americans, I suppose?"

"Entirely, madam," Ferrani assented. "They are real Southern Darkies, from Joseph, the leader, down to little Peter, who blows the motor-horn."

Pamela's interest in the matter remained unabated.

"I tell you it makes one feel almost homesick to hear them play," she went on, with a little sigh. "Did they come direct from the States?"

Ferrani shook his head.

"From Paris, madam. Before that, for a little time, they were at the Winter Garden in Berlin.



At first glance Pamela could scarcely see anything except a dark figure on his knees before the closed and shrouded window.

They made quite a European tour of it before they arrived here."

"And he is the leader—the man whom you call Joseph," Pamela observed. "A broad, good-humored face—not much intelligence, I should imagine."

Ferrani's protest was vigorous and gesticulatory. He evidently had ideas of his own concerning Joseph.

"More, perhaps, than you would think, madam," he declared. "He knows how to make a bargain, believe me. It cost us more than I would like to tell you to get these fellows here."

Pamela looked him in the eyes.

"Be careful, Monsieur Ferrani," she advised, "that it does not cost you more to get rid of them."

She leaned back in her place, apparently tired of the subject, and Ferrani, a little puzzled, made his bow and withdrew. The music was once more in full swing. Their luncheon was served, and Lutchester did his best to entertain his companions. Their eyes, however, every few seconds strayed towards the door. There was no sign of the missing guest.

CHAPTER II.

MOLLY HOLDERNESS, for whom Graham's absence possessed, perhaps, more significance than the others,

relapsed very soon into a strained and anxious silence. Pamela and Lutchester, on the other hand, divided their attention between a very excellent luncheon and an even flow of personal, almost inquisitorial conversation.

"You will find," Pamela warned her companion almost as soon as they took their places, "that I am a very curious person. I am more interested in people than in events. Tell me something about your work at the War Office?"

"I am not at the War Office," he replied.

"Well, what is it that you do, then?" she asked. "Capt. Holderness told me that you had been out in France, fighting, but that you had some sort of official position at home now."

"I am at the Ministry of Munitions," he explained.

"Well, tell me about that, then?" she suggested. "Is it as exciting as fighting?"

He shook his head.

"It has advantages," he admitted, "but I should scarcely say that excitement figured amongst them."

She looked at him thoughtfully. Lutchester was a little over thirty-five years of age, tall and of sinewy build. His coloring was neutral, his complexion inclined to be pale, his mouth straight and firm, his grey eyes rather deep-set. Without possessing any of the stereotyped qualifications, he was sufficiently good-looking.

"I wonder you didn't prefer soldiering," she observed.

He smiled for a moment, and Pamela felt unreasonably annoyed at the twinkle in his eyes.

"I am not a soldier by profession," he said, "but I went out with the Expeditionary Force and had a year of it. They kept me here, after a slight wound, to take up my old work again."

"Your old work," she repeated. "I didn't know there was such a thing as a Ministry of Munitions before the war."

He deliberately changed the conversation, directing Pamela's attention to the crowded condition of the room.

"Gay scene, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Very!" she assented drily.

"Do you come here to dance?" he inquired.

She shook her head.

"You must remember that I have been living in Paris for some months," she told him. "You won't be annoyed if I tell you that the way you English people are taking the war simply maddens me. Your young soldiers talk about it as though it were a sort of picnic, your middle-aged clubmen seem to think that it was invented to give them a fresh interest in their newspapers, and the rest of you seem to think of nothing but the money you are making. And Paris. . . No, I don't think I should care to dance here!"

Lutchester nodded, but Pamela fancied somehow or other that his attitude was not wholly sympathetic. His tone, with its slight note of admonition, irritated her.

"You must be careful," he said, "not to be too much misled by externals."

Pamela opened her lips for a quick reply, but checked herself.

CAPT. Holderness and Ferrani had entered the room and were approaching their table, talking earnestly. The latter especially was looking perplexed and anxious.

"It's the queerest thing I ever knew," Holderness pronounced. "We've searched every hole and corner upstairs, and there isn't a sign of Sandy."

"Have you tried the bar?" Lutchester inquired.

"Both the bar and the grillroom," Ferrani assured him.

"If he had been suddenly taken ill——" Molly murmured.

"But there is no place in which he could have been taken ill which we have not searched," Ferrani reminded her.

"And besides," Holderness intervened, "Sandy was in the very pink of health, and bubbling over with high spirits."

"One noticed that," Lutchester remarked, a little drily.

"He might almost have been called garrulous," Pamela agreed.

Ferrani took grave leave of them, and Holderness seated himself at the table.

"Well, let's get on with luncheon, any way," he advised. "It's no good bothering. The best thing we can do is to conclude that the impossible has happened—that Sandy has met with some pals and will be here presently."

"Or possibly," Lutchester suggested, "that he has done what certainly seems the most reasonable thing—gone straight off to the War Office with his formula and forgotten all about us. Let us return the compliment and forget all about him."

They finished their luncheon a little more cheerfully. As the cigarettes were handed round, Pamela's eyes looked longingly at a Tray of Turkish coffee which was passing.

"I'm a rotten host," Holderness declared, "but to tell the truth, this queer prank of Sandy's has driven everything else out of my mind. Here, Hassan!"

The colored man in gorgeous oriental livery turned at once with a smile. He approached the table, bowing to each of them in turn. Pamela watched him intently, and, as his eyes met hers, Hassan's hands began to shake.

"The waiter is bringing us ordinary coffee," Holderness explained. "Please countermand it and bring us Turkish coffee for four."

The man had lost his *savoir faire*. His wonderful smile turned into something sickly, his bland speech of thanks into a mumble. He turned away almost sheepishly.

"Hassan doesn't seem to like us today," Molly remarked.

"I should have said that he was drunk," her brother observed, looking after him curiously.

There was certainly something the matter with Hassan, for it was at least a quarter of an hour before he reappeared and served his specially prepared concoction with the usual ceremony, but with more restraint. Molly and the two men, after Hassan had sprinkled the contents of his mysterious little flask into their coffee, gave him their hands for the customary salute. When he came to Pamela, he hesitated. She shook her head and he fell back, bowing respectfully, his hand tracing cabalistic signs across his heart. For a moment before he departed, he raised his eyes and glanced at her. It was like the mute appeal of some hurt or frightened animal.

"You don't approve of Hassan's little ceremony?" Lutchester asked her.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"In America," she observed, "I think we look upon colored people of any sort a little differently. Well, we've certainly given your friend a chance," she went on, glancing at the little jewelled watch upon her wrist. "We've outstayed almost everyone here."

Their host paid the bill, and they strolled reluctantly towards the door, Holderness and Pamela a few steps behind.

"Now what are your sister and Mr. Lutchester studying again?" the latter inquired, as they reached the lobby.

Molly had paused once more before the notice on the wall, which seemed somehow to have fascinated her. She read it out, lingering on every word:

MEFIEZ-VOUS
TAISEZ-VOUS!
LES OREILLES ENNEMIES VOUS ECOUTENT!

Holderness listened with a frown. Then he turned suddenly to Lutchester, who was standing by his side.

"It would be too ridiculous, wouldn't it—you couldn't in any way connect the idea behind that notice with Sandy's disappearance?"

"I was wondering about that myself," Lutchester confessed. "To tell you the truth, I have been wondering all luncheon-time. If ever a man broke the letter and the spirit of that simple warning, I should say your excitable young friend, Captain Graham, did."

"But here at Henry's" Holderness protested, "with friends on every side! Isn't it a little too ridiculous! We'll wait until the last person is out of the place, any way," he added.

The crowd soon began to thin. Ferrani seeing them still waiting, approached with a little bow.

"Your friend," he asked, "he has not arrived, eh?"

"No sign of him," Holderness replied gloomily.

"What about his hat and coat?" Ferrani inquired, with a sudden inspiration.

"Great idea," Holderness assented, turning towards the cloakroom attendant. "Don't you remember my friend, James?" he went on. "He arrived about half-past one, and threw his coat and hat over to you."

The attendant nodded and glanced towards an empty peg.

"I remember him quite well, sir," he acknowledged. "Number sixty-seven was his number."

"Where are his things, then?"

"Gone, sir," the man replied.

"Do you remember his asking for them?"

The attendant shook his head.

"Can't say that I do, sir," he acknowledged, "but they've gone right enough."

A party of outgoing guests claimed the man's attention. Holderness turned away.

"This thing is getting on my nerves," he declared. "Does it seem likely that Sandy would chuck his luncheon without a word of explanation, come out and get his coat and hat and walk off? And, besides, where was he all the time we were looking for him?"

IT was unanswerable, inexplicable. They all looked at one another almost helplessly. Pamela held out her hand.

"Well," she announced, "I am sorry, but I'm afraid I must go. I have a great many things to attend to this afternoon."

"You are going away soon?" Lutchester inquired.



A melancholy-looking little procession slowly emerged.

She hesitated, and at that moment Mr. Fischer, who had been saying farewell to his guests, turned towards her.

"You are not thinking of the trip home yet, Miss Van Teyl?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered a little evasively. "I'm out of humor with London just now."

"Perhaps we shall be fellow-passengers on Thursday?" he ventured. "I am going over on the New York."

"I never make plans," she told him.

"In any case," Mr. Fischer continued, "I shall anticipate our early meeting in New York. I heard from your brother only yesterday."

She looked at him with a slight frown.

"From James?"

Mr. Fischer nodded.

"Why, I didn't know," she observed, "that you and he were acquainted."

"I have had large transactions with his firm, and naturally I have seen a good deal of Mr. Van Teyl," the other explained. "He looks after the interests of us Western clients."

Pamela turned a little abruptly away, and Lutchester walked with her to the door.

"You will let me see that they bring your car round?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Thank you, no," she replied, holding out her hand. "I have not yet said good-bye to Captain Holderness and his sister. Good-bye, Mr. Lutchester!"

Her farewell was purposely chilly. It seemed as though the slight sparring in which they had indulged throughout luncheon-time, had found its culmination in an antipathy which she had no desire to conceal. Lutchester, however, only smiled.

"Nowadays," he observed, "that is a word which is never necessary to use."

She withdrew her hand from his somewhat too tenacious clasp. Something in his manner puzzled as well as irritated her.

"Do you mean that you, too, are thinking of taking a holiday from your strenuous labors?" she asked. "Perhaps America is the safest country in the world just now for an Englishman who——"

She stopped short, realizing the lengths towards which her causeless pique was carrying her.

"Prefers departmental work to fighting, were you going to add?" he said quietly. "Well, perhaps you are right. At any rate, I will content myself by saying *au revoir*."

He passed through the turnstile door and disappeared. Pamela made her adieux to Holderness and his sister, and then recognizing some acquaintances, turned back into the restaurant to speak to them. Fischer, who had just received his hat and cane from the cloakroom attendant, stood watching her.

CHAPTER III.

PAMELA, after a brief conversation with her friends, once more left the restaurant. In the lobby she called Ferrani to her.

"Has Mr. Fischer gone, Ferrani,?" she asked.

"Not two minutes ago," the man replied. "You wish to speak to him? I can stop him even now."

She shook her head.

"On the contrary," she said drily, "Mr. Fischer represents a type of my countrymen of whom I am not very fond. He is a great patron of yours, is he not?"

"He is a large shareholder in the company," Ferrani confessed.

"Then your restaurant will prosper," she told him. "Mr. Fischer has the name of being very fortunate. . . That was a wonderful luncheon you gave us to-day."

"Madame is very kind."

"Will you do me a favor?"

Ferrani's gesture was all-expressive. Words were entirely superfluous.

"I want two addresses, please. First, the address of Joseph, your head musician, and, secondly, the address of Hassan, your coffee-maker."

Ferrani effectually concealed any surprise he might have felt. He tore a page from his pocketbook.

"Both I know," he declared. "Hassan lodges at a shop eighty yards away. The

name is Haines, and there are newspaper placards outside the door."

"That is quite enough," Pamela murmured.

"As for Monsieur Joseph," Ferrani continued, "that is a different matter. He has, I understand, a small flat in Tower Mansions, Tower street, leading off the Edgware Road. The number is 18C. So!"

He wrote it down and passed it to her. Pamela thanked him and stood up.

"Now that I have done as you asked me," Ferrani concluded, "let me add a word. Both these men are already off duty and have left the restaurant. If you wish to communicate with either of them, I advise you to do so by letter."

"You are a very courteous gentleman, Mr. Ferrani," Pamela declared, dropping him a little mock courtesy, "and good morning!"

She made her way into the street outside, shook her head to the commissionaire's upraised whistle, and strolled along until she came to a cross street down which several motor cars were waiting. She approached one—a very handsome limousine—and checked the driver who would have sprung from his seat.

"George," she said, "I am going to pay a call at a disreputable-looking news-shop, just where I am pointing. You can't bring the car there as the street is too narrow. You might follow me on foot and be about.

The young man touched his hat and obeyed. A few yards down the street Pamela found her destination, and entered a gloomy little shop. A slatternly woman looked at her curiously from behind the counter.

"I am told that Hassan lodges here, the coffee-maker from Henry's," Pamela began.

The woman looked at her in a peculiar fashion.

"Well?"

"I wish to see him."

"You can't, then," was the curt answer. "He's at his prayers."

"At what?" Pamela exclaimed.

"At his prayers," the woman repeated brusquely. "There," she added, throwing open the door which led into the premises behind, "can't you hear him, poor soul? He's been pinching some more charms from ladies' bracelets, or something of the sort, I reckon. He's always in trouble. He goes on like this for an hour or so, and then he forgives himself."

Pamela stood by the open door and listened—listened to a strange, wailing chant, which rose and fell with almost weird monotony.

"Very interesting," she observed. "I have heard that sort of thing before. Now will you kindly tell Hassan that I wish to speak to him, or shall I go and find him for myself?"

"Well, you've got some brass!" the woman declared, with a sneer.

"And some gold," Pamela assented, passing a pound note over to the woman.

"Do you want to see him alone?" the latter asked, almost snatching at the note, but still regarding Pamela with distrustful curiosity.

"Of course," was the calm reply.

The woman opened her lips and closed them again, sniffed, and led the way down a short passage, at the end of which was a door.

"There you are," she muttered, throwing it open. "You've arst for it, mind. Tain't my business."

SHE slouched her way back again into the shop. At first Pamela could scarcely see anything except a dark figure on his knees before a closed and shrouded window. Then she saw Hassan rise to his feet, saw the glitter of his eyes.

"Pull up the blind, Hassan," she directed.

He came a step nearer to her. The gloom in the apartment was extraordinary. Only his shape and his eyes were visible.

"Do as I tell you," she ordered. "Pull up the blind. It will be better."

He hesitated. Then he obeyed. Even then the interior of the room seemed shadowy and obscure. Pamela could only see, in contrast with the rest of the house, that it was wonderfully and spotlessly clean. In one corner, barely concealed by a low screen, his bed stood upon the floor. Hassan muttered something in an Oriental tongue. Pamela interrupted him. She spoke in the soothing tone one uses towards a child.

"That's all right, Hassan," she said. "Sorry to have interrupted you at your prayers, but it had to be done. You know me?"

"Yes, mistress," he answered unwillingly. "I your dragoman one year in Cairo. What you want here, mistress?"

"You know that I know," she went on, "that you are a Turk and a Mohammedan, and not an Egyptian at all.

"Yes, mistress, you know that," he muttered.

"And you also know," she continued, "that if I give you away to the authorities you will be sent at once to a very uncomfortable internment camp, where you won't even have an opportunity to wash more than once a day, where you will have to herd with all sorts of people, who will make fun of your color and your religion——"

"Don't mistress!" he shouted suddenly. "You will not tell. I think you will not tell!"

He was sidling a little towards her. Again one of those curious changes seemed to have transformed him from a dumb, passive creature into a savage. There was menace in his eyes. She waved him back without moving.

"I have come to make a bargain with you, Hassan," she said, "just a few words, that is all. Not quite so near, please." He paused. There was a moment's silence. His face was within a foot of hers, lowering, black, bestial. Her eyes met his without a tremor. Her full, sweet lips only curved into a faintly contemptuous line.

"You cannot frighten me, Hassan," she declared. "No man has ever done that. And outside I have a chauffeur with muscles of iron, who waits for me. Be reasonable. Listen. There are secrets connected with your restaurant."

"I know nothing," he began at once; "nothing, mistress—nothing!"

"Quite naturally," she continued. "I only need one piece of information. A man disappeared there this morning. I just have to find him. That's all there is about it. At half-past one he was inveigled into the musicians' room and by some means or other rendered unconscious. At three o'clock he had been removed. I want to know what became of him. You help me and the whole world can believe you to be an Egyptian for the rest of their lives. If you can't help me it is rather unfortunate for you, because I shall tell the police at once who and what you are. Don't waste time, Hassan."

He stood thinking, rubbing his hands and bowing before her, yet, as she knew very well, with murder in his heart. Once she saw his long fingers raised a little.

"Quite useless, Hassan," she warned him. "They hang you in England, you know, for any little trifle such as you are thinking of. Be sensible, and I may even leave a few pound notes behind me."

"Mistress should ask Joseph." he muttered. "I know nothing."

"Oh, mistress is going to ask Joseph all right," she assured him, "but I want a little information from you, too. You've got to earn your freedom, you know, Hassan. Come, what do they do with the people who disappear from the restaurant?"

"Not understand," was the almost piteous reply.

Pamela sighed. She had again the air of one being patient with a child.

"See here, Hassan," she went on, "a few days ago I went over that restaurant from top to bottom with the manager. There is the musicians' room, isn't there, just over the entrance hall? I suppose those little glass places in the floor are movable, and then one can hear every word that is spoken below. I am right so far, am I not?"

Hassan answered nothing. His breathing, however, had become a little deeper.

"An unsuspecting person, passing from the toilet rooms upstairs, could easily be induced to enter. I think that there must be another exit from that room. Yes?"

"Yes!" Hassan faltered.

"To where?"

"The wine cellars."

"And from there?"

Hassan was suddenly voluble. Truth unlocked his tongue.

"Not know, mistress—not know another thing. No one enters wine cellar but three men. One of those not know. If I guess—I, Hassan—I look at little chapel left standing in waste place. Perhaps I wonder sometimes, but I not know."

Pamela drew three notes from her gold purse, smoothed them out and handed them over.

"Three pounds. Hassan, silence, and good day! You'll live longer if you open your windows now and then, and get a little fresh air, instead of praying yourself hoarse."

Again the black figure swayed perilously towards her. She affected not to notice, not to notice the hand which seemed for a moment as though it would snatch the door handle from her grasp. She passed out pleasantly and without haste. The last sound she heard was a groan.

"Done your bit o' business, eh?" the landlady, asked curiously.

Pamela nodded assent.

"Rather an odd sort of lodger for you, isn't he?"

"Not so odd as his visitors," the woman retorted, with an evil sneer.

PAMELA passed into the narrow street and drew a long sigh of relief. Then she entered her car and gave the chauffeur an address from the slip of paper which she carried in her hand. When they stopped outside the little block of flats, he prepared to follow her.

"Tough neighborhood this, madam," he said.

"Maybe. George." she replied, waving

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German Plotting in America To-day

Underground Activities in Canada and the United States

By Agnes C. Laut

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*In the accompanying article Miss Laut deals with German activities and makes the startling statement that Teutonic influences are being felt in Canada to-day. That Germany had a million and a half rifles stored in the United States for the purpose of an invasion of Canada is information that seems hardly credible, but the facts presented bear this out. Miss Laut's articles in* MACLEAN'S *have, during the past two years, presented inside information with reference to German activities that seemed almost unbelievable, but each statement made has been borne out by subsequent developments since the United States declared war.*

THE volcano continues to seethe at the Vatican and beneath the thrones of Spain and Austria; but President Wilson's hopes of peace have gone aglimmering in the past month. For the first time since war was declared it is evident that the United States is planning for a long, hard war, and for a big hard part in that war. The second collapse of Russia was the signal for the stiffening up there. Contracts, that had hung fire for three months, were at once signed. This applied to ships, submarines, aeroplanes. Denman was asked to resign and Goethals was allowed to withdraw.

The controversy between these two men was really the result of dual control on a shipping board. Denman represented and was personally very close to big lumber interests on the Pacific Coast, to whom a revival of wooden ship building would have meant a big boom. Goethals was very close to certain steel interests. Steel opposed wood, and wood opposed steel. Neither at any time accused the other of sinister motives; but the ships were not being built. Both men had to go; and the contracts have been signed—signed very much as Goethals planned, which is the best testimony to the soundness of steel's arguments.

As Canada is entering on a marvellous shipbuilding programme, and as Canadian ships are for the first time permitted to do a coastal trade along American shores, some of the arguments against wood for steel may be set down.

In a wooden ship of 400 tons are 10 miles of caulking. Imagine a programme for 500 ships of 5,000 tons! Where were the caulkers to come from on short notice? And where was the lumber to come from? As Goethals declared at the "steel" dinner, when he threw down the gauge of battle—"the birds were still nesting in the trees."

Ten years ago, a ship building firm of Bath, Maine, turned out 120 fine five-masted schooners — freight carriers. Not one is on top of the water to-day. All have been wrecked, where steel carriers put out at the same time, are still plowing the waves.

Also, where would the United States get sailors on short notice for a sailing fleet? Seamen for sailers must be well seasoned true seamen. The modern seaman on a steel freighter need only be a good mechanic, able to swim, and at a pinch, pull an oar; but the seaman manning sailing craft must be as much at home on the sea, as the sea gull; and that is not learned on ten days' notice, for a sudden and terrible war.

Also where were the ship builders for a dead handicraft to come from? At one stage, when it looked as if Denman's wooden ship programme would go through, it was announced that 10,000 ship builders would repair to a certain plant, to renew their old and beloved craft. Less than 150—and they were chiefly derelicts—turned up. In fact, the most of the wooden ship programme was on paper. The great argument in favor of wooden ships was cheapness, so that if a submarine got them, the loss would not be great; but nations do not build ships to feed the maws of a submarine; and steel replied that no wooden ship could be depended on to make faster speed than 14 knots, and that to escape a submarine, the pursued cargo carrier must make a speed of at least 18 knots.

Any way, the dispute has been settled by Admiral Capps and Commissioner Hurley taking over Goethal's programme, and Goethals still remaining as adviser.

THE contracts signed make it self-evident that the United States is going to depend more on submarines than on dreadnoughts for defence, and more on aeroplanes and quick-firing Lewis guns for attack than on heavy ordnance and human canon fodder advancing across the open against long range fire. Of submarines, it is impossible to tell or guess how many have been ordered—certainly $200,000,000 worth for this country alone—and the yards have been standardized at last and can work at terrible speed. Over $600,000,000 has been appropriated for aeroplanes; and as training aeroplanes cost $6,000, and fighting aeroplanes $30,000, you can average up about how many are ordered for delivery before January. In aeroplane work, peculiar difficulties have been experienced, and the fault seems to lie more in the quality of the tensile steel than in the power of the engines. In fact, both the big aeroplane companies are delivering enormous orders of engines to the Allies. The trouble lies in the combination of lightness and strength in the steel. Where Lewis guns were ignominiously rejected by the ordnance men as late as March, they are now being ordered in consignments of 25,000. Of shells, this country can now turn out 500,000 a day, of rifles 10,000, of cart-



ridges 10,000,000, of machine guns 1,000, of motor trucks close to 10,000.

Rifles are, of course, the sorest spot with manufacturers here to-day. That one rejection of 22,000,000 was a jar to national complacency, which no shock-absorber could soften; but if the whole story of that foreign order were openly told, it would be evident that greater fault lay with the army inspectors, who directed the work of this particular order, than with the manufacturers. The order was a foreign one. The inspectors were foreigners, many of them since suspected of being Russians in the pay of Germany; and where the factory inspectors were American army men, they were unfortunately inexperienced.

This whole order for rifles is now being salvaged and done over, and will be used for American troops. Speaking of rifles, there is another perfectly authentic story going the rounds. It will be recalled that at one stage of German plotting on this continent, I referred to plans for massing reservists on the borders of Canada, and to an order emanating from the German Embassy commanding all German-born residents of the United States to conceal weapons. At the time, both stories were hooted as wildly improbable. MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE was questioned for publishing what seemed to be such lurid fictions; but when the declaration of war by the United States came, it was acknowledged that these stories had been all too true. Now comes the sequel. *I want you as a Canadian to consider what the sequel means. Certain German-Americans are breaking their necks just now to sell a million-and-a-half rifles "stored somewhere in the United States,"* supposed to be a consignment from Germany for Argentina or Mexico. I am stating only the facts. You may draw from the facts any inference that seems to you correct. The irony of the joke is they are trying to sell the consignment for use by the United States Government. It is one of the first signs that the German Emperor really knows the United States really is in the war. The German Emperor is a shareholder in the German concern that supplied these rifles for "Argentina or Mexico." The impudence of the *sub-rosa* transaction is only equalled, by another Wall Street transaction, where members of the German Embassy staff speculated on the rise in Bethlehem steel, consequent on Allied orders.

ANYWAY, the United States knows at last it is in a big war. Immediately all hopes of peace went aglimmering, the Food Bill began to feel pressure from behind. Wilson utterly refused three-man control and insisted on Hoover as sole administrator of food distribution pending the war. Hoover's job is on distribution, not production, and it is the biggest job one man ever tackled in this country; for if Hoover can give three-quarters instead of only a third of the consumer's price to the producer, he will have done more to stimulate production than all the agricultural preachments in the world. Guarantee the farmer a certain and good price for all he raises, and he will raise all the land can be made to produce; but in this, the year of the world's most appalling need, right at the present time, when it is evident we are in for a world shortage of food, food is rotting in New York and New Jersey by the thousands of tons daily because there is no cheap system of putting that food in the hands of the consumers; and the consumers of New York City are paying 400 per cent. higher for lettuce, cabbages, potatoes than the farmers of New Jersey are receiving for their produce. The liquor dispute was eliminated from the Food Bill by a special "dry vote." This vote was obviously only a political expedient—it provided "dry" legislation on condition of a certain percentage of the State Legislators voting "dry" within six years—which was really an insincere way of pushing temperance legislation off the Federal arena back to State politics.

BUT the most conspicuous sign of the Administration giving up hopes of peace was in the Secretary of State taking the muzzle off. Mr. Lansing has been advising the country to keep cool for three years. This is the same Mr. Lansing, who shut down the lid on all facts for the public and didn't know whether *The Hesperian* had been sunk by a mine or a torpedo, and let Austria take the blame for the sinking of *The Ancona*, and was blind, deaf, and dumb to all reports of German propaganda no matter what proofs were shunted into his hands and pigeon-holed. Mr. Lansing came out with the most scathing condemnation of German plots that has been uttered by administrative circles. Perhaps he was inspired to courageous utterance by the amazing impudence of Germany offering to sell to the United States a million and a half rifles, which she had sent here en route to "Mexico" or "Argentina." Certainly, he did not come out a moment too soon. People had been asking why the Administration blows hot in one breath and cold in the next, why Von Rintelen was a plotter of deepest dye, when he was a prisoner in England, and only a minor offender sentenced to a year's imprisonment, when he was sent by the British Government back to the United States. There is a curious lot of conjecture about Von Rintelen's trial here. Before Von Rintelen was sent here by the British, Government men in the Federal employ declared there were proofs enough piled up against him to sentence him to sixty years. When his trial came off, proofs were withheld; and Von Rintelen was sentenced to one year. Simultaneously, veiled threats came from Germany that if one hair of his head were touched, certain prominent prisoners in Germany would suffer; and conjectures linked up those threats with rumors of Kitchener still being alive—which may be German bluff to protect her law-breakers of the Von Rintelen type, or may be true. Certain it is, in Von Rintelen's case and in many other cases, something stays the avenging hand.

AND though Germany is trying to sell her rifles in the United States, she is not ceasing her plots and machinations and intrigues to palsy efforts here. It will be recalled that it was not force of arms defeated Russia, but internal intrigue. The same game is being worked to the limit in the United States now. A campaign is being waged from end to end of the country for an "early peace." The organization behind it is of the same stripe that has bedeviled Russia—Pacifists, Socialists, Germans, pernicious labor agitators. The first result of the campaign has crippled half the copper mines in the country, and the agitators are now busy amid the harvest hands of the Western wheat fields and the lumber jacks of the Pacific Coast. The procedure is this: Ostensibly, meetings are held to agitate against conscription and to repeal the laws against freedom of speech; and the leaders are plentifully supplied with money that seems to come from nowhere. Arizona has acted by bodily and forcibly expelling 1,500 agitators and another Western State has revived its old Vigilantes and lynched an I.W.W. ring-leader, who six years ago worked great mischief in British Columbia.



The underground movement has been making amazing headway. Mass meetings are being held nightly and secretly from New York to San Francisco. Trade Unions are so alarmed that they are fighting the movement inside their own ranks; but the secret propaganda has funds in abundance. The work against conscription is evident in the fact that in certain foreign centres, like wards of New York, every man called by the first draft has claimed exemption on some ground or

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For Catherine's Sake

By W. A. Fraser

Autor of "Mooswa," "Thoroughbreds," etc.

Illustrated by
E. J. Dinsmore



A man's hand signalled encouragingly from the open door.

ON a lane that projects through the countryside from Broadway to Sixth Avenue there is a club, and across the lane from the club there is a theatre.

The night we are interested in it was raining little tigers. The play was over and the people had all gone except a well-dressed girl. At first she had waited for her escort, but for five minutes the door-keeper had been trying to secure a cab. He had just said, "Nothing doing, Miss; it's a wet night, and the theatres just out" — when a taxi skidded up to the entrance, and a white-gloved man's hand signalled encouragingly from the open door. The lady, under the protection of the door-keeper's umbrella, pattered to the taxi and was swept inside by a strong arm. A voice called "Knickerbocker!" and the rubber tires squeegeed along the wet cement.

The girl shrank into a corner, nursing her resentment. From his guilty effacement in the other corner the man said, "Sorry." He put his strong hand over the slim fingers that rested on the seat, and gave them an apologetic squeeze. The gloved hand was snatched from his clasp, and utilized to establish more obscuringly the feather boa and wrap about his companion's face. Inwardly the man chuckled; the warm supper room, the soft glow of lights, music, a sip of wine—under these benign conditions his tardiness might be forgiven.

At the Knickerbocker the lady, a step in advance, still held herself aloof in the slender jungle of her feather boa. And so down the winding steps that led to the supper room. At the bottom she turned her face for an instant, only half stifling the cry that rose to her lips—she did not know the man! The bewilderment in his eyes indicated that he was in the same fix.

INSTINCTIVELY a woman appraises a man the instant she is thrown, what we might call deeply, into his presence, no matter how distracting the circumstances may be; and if the man had been common, or, even if the woman had not been beautiful, the incident would have terminated with a few explanations.

"There's been a delicious mix-up," he said, "but I think we'd better see it through." The voice made the request compelling; it was as honest as a good-toned bell. "I'll wait for you," he added, as the lady hesitated; then she turned and went to the cloak room.

The man stepped to the door of the crowded supper room, and touched the head waiter on the arm, saying, "Jacques."

"Ah, Mr. Gray," and the waiter's face lighted.

Very unobtrusively a magnetic "ten-spot" insinuated itself into the waiter's palm, and Gray was saying: "Did you keep that little table in the corner for me, Jacques?"

The "ten-spot" had.

GRAY observed with delight that the lady chose the seat with her back to the room.

"Jacques, something very nice—just your very nicest."

The head waiter held the wine card and raised his eyebrows interrogatively. Gray nodded. "Very good, sir. I think you'll find everything very pleasant."

"Now," Gray said, addressing his companion, "It's up to me to tell all I know. I think that will clear the air, and there'll be nothing left but to just enjoy ourselves."

His eyes asked for approval, and the lady said, "That's very nice, Mr.———"

"Gray."

"Mr. Gray. I like frankness."

"My name is Philip Gray. I spend a great deal of my time in the West—mines and things." A whimsical smile twisted the corners of his eyes; "You know the mining engineer of our magazines?"

She nodded an affirmative.

"They are men to be trusted by women, especially in an adventure. And the adventure to-night came about in this way. I reached New York to-day, and called up a young lady who is in the company at that theatre." The expressive face across the table had certainly stiffened, and Gray added hastily: "I'm her guardian—and not married." He watched closely the blue-gray eyes across the table, fancying he detected a look of pleasure. "So I called up my ward and told her that I had a busy evening, but would pick her up after the play for supper here—don't you see?"

"That's too bad!" she suggested, tentatively.

"For my little ward perhaps," he declared. "I was kept later than I thought over the meeting, and no doubt she thought I had forgotten her."

THE waiter now had certain placings of wine glasses and table bric-a-brac to attend to, and the lady synchronized the sentiments the man across the way had stirred. Everything about him, his smooth frictionless way of arranging matters, his quiet, evenly-modulated voice, his brown, capable hands, his eyes, suggested strength. There was no doubt about his delicacy, too. How carefully he had avoided the very semblance of drawing her in to having to explain anything; even to give her name; his method implied that she was all right, but that he had to be explained into good standing.

Aided by furtive glances between the waiter's crooked arms Gray was limning in the finer touches of his companion's caste. Madison Avenue, he opined. But what kind of a creature must the man have been—and yet, by Jove! he had been

practically the same kind of an offender.

The oysters, emblem of silence, seemed to have created an hiatus of speech. Somewhat to break this Gray said casually; "There's a friend of mine at the door—evidently looking for somebody. Brilliant chap; author, playwright. Perhaps you know of him,—Jack Braund?"

It was fortunate that Gray's eyes were still watching the twistings of his friend Braund as the latter peered about the room, for the lady's face went white. When he turned to her she was taking her first sip of wine. Her eyes were full of beseechment as she said, "Please don't —"

"He won't see me in this corner," Gray interrupted; "besides, Braund is one of the shyest creatures on earth. There! He's gone now; evidently his people are not here."

"You know him very well, then?"

"My best friend in New York."

"Perhaps your friend also was late over some appointment with a ward at one of the theatres."

Gray laughed. "Might be looking for his fiancée."

"Oh, he's engaged," the lady said in an expressionless voice.

"Yes. I hope the girl is the right kind, for Jack is temperamental,—is easily led."

"Then you don't know her?"

"Not even her name—I've been away, you see."

THE little waiter, almost hidden under his large tray appeared, followed by Jacques, who, taking the lid from the *pièce de resistance*, replaced it, and turned a face beaming with satisfaction upon Gray.

"Look all right, Jacques?" the latter queried.

"Exquisite. Our chef excels in his treatment of ortolans."

As the little waiter placed the birds, Jacques talked. "When I send word to the chef that it is my suggestion, then he knows it is a desirable guest to please."

Now the birds were served, and Jacques gazed upon their brown forms in adoration.

"The art is in the cooking, of course," Gray suggested.

"For the ordinary palate," Jacques resumed, "they may be wrapped in thin slices of bacon, but these, you will observe, have been roasted in vine leaves, which does not destroy the exquisite flavor that an artist would enjoy. Ah, Mr. Gray, cooking is a great art. I have Oscar's treatise on this matter, and I lie for hours reading it. It is a great book." He lowered his head, and speaking low, added: "Our chef is a great man, but Oscar is a poet."

Then Jacques darted away, called by an uplifted hand. His chatter had temporarily relieved the somewhat strained atmosphere. That it was so was a tribute to the lady's class. There was undoubtedly a mutual liking, even a spontaneous trusting. The evidence of this came more from her eyes.

Up to the very moment of, say, the oysters' arrival, everything had been embarrasing. She had plumped into a stranger's taxi; in the car he had squeezed her hand—the remembrance of this must still linger in the lady's mind; then had come the paralyzing discovery that they were utter strangers. Considering all this it was little wonder that they did not feel perfectly at ease. He felt it was not rude for him to suggest that they might go whenever she felt inclined. A charm that Gray found was that she understood—appreciated every turn of his consideration.

HER eyes lighted. "That's very good of you, Mr. Gray. They will be anxious at home for—for—somebody will telephone."

In a very few minutes the check had been paid, and, as they waited for a taxi he said: "Please let me drop you home—even if the rain has ceased."

A troubled look swept across her face, but she preceded him to the taxi. "Tell the chauffeur to stop at the corner of Fiftieth Street and Madison Avenue," she said. When they had started she added, "They will be looking for me at home, and I'd rather walk the last few steps."

"Now," he answered, "I'm going to leave it entirely to you. Here is my card with my address. Here is another card, a fearful business-looking affair, and this is what you are to do. I want you to enquire about me—mind, I say I *want* you to, then, if you will, I want you to let me know at my address when and where I can see you again. Am I not tremendously prosaic and wooden?"

"I'd call it chivalrous," the girl answered, putting his card in her card case. "There's been so much to-night," she continued, "that's been—well startling—"

"Not unpleasant?" he interjected.

"No-o-o; only the standing in the rain."

The taxi had stopped. As Gray held the lady's fingers for an instant, his eyes rested on the face wistfully. What if he'd never see it again. She was saying, "Good-by, and thank you so much; you've been so nice." Then she was gone, walking down the cross street.

GRAY gave the driver his address, stepped into the taxi, and the wheels sputtered in their whirling start. Next instant his hand touched a silver card case on the seat.

"Stop!" he called. When the taxi skidded to the curb he sprang out saying, "Wait!" and on a little run hurried back toward the corner. As he turned it he heard a scream, and saw a woman struggling with a man.

Thrusting the card case in his pocket Gray sprang forward, and before the tough was aware of rescue, the fingers of a strong hand had grabbed the collar of his coat, and he was shot parabolically backward, landing in a crumpled heap on the flags.

"Are you hurt—did he get anything?" Gray asked, still clutching the man.

"No—o—o, I'm all right."

Gray yanked the half-starved creature to his feet, and said, "Beat it, before I knock your head off!" One invitation was enough, and as the tramp scuttled away he muttered in awe, "Some man. Bo; some *man!*"

"I'm glad you didn't strike that creature," the girl said, and her voice was trembling with excitement.

"What good would it do. He deserved it, but a beating would not have reformed him—it never does; it would only make him more vicious next time he got a woman in his power. Now I've simply got to see you home," he added; "this street is so dark."

"I live on the Avenue," she said naively.

He laughed.

"Yes, I was punished for my deceit."

At the corner he asked: "Is it down, or in this block?"

"A few doors down," she answered.

"Then I'll wait here so I can see if you have any more adventures."

She held out her hand. "You are the most considerate man I ever met."

He watched till she had disappeared up a flight of brown-stone steps, then, as he was whirled homeward, he put his hand in his pocket and found the card case which he had forgotten to deliver.

AS the girl reached the upper hall a door opened, and her sister beckoned. "Where have you been, Catherine?" she asked when she had closed the door.

"Has Jack phoned, Fronda?" the girl parried.

"Yes; and I, like a silly, said you weren't home, not knowing, until he explained what had happened."

"I don't care," Catherine answered. "What was Jack's excuse for missing me?"

"Sit down while I tell you; you look tired."

"I am."

"He said that he went across to the club at the last act to see a manager about his new play. Was that true, Catherine?"

"Yes, he was to meet me in the foyer as we came out."

"Well, he got so deeply into matters with—"

"Wine!" Catherine declared scornfully.

"That he forgot the time—missed you by a minute. Where did you go?"

"To the Knickerbocker for supper."

"With the Lansings; they were going to-night?"

"With Philip Gray."

"Philip Gray?" Fronda puzzled; "I never heard of him before."

"Neither did I—before to-night."

Fronda put her hands on the other's shoulders. "Catherine Laird! Are you going out of your mind? Went with a stranger to the Knickerbocker for supper?" She drew a hassock up beside her sister. "Now begin at the beginning and tell me all about it."

Obediently Catherine began at the end, perhaps because it loomed so important, and told about the rescue first.

"Very much of a man after all, I should say, Catherine. Did you find out who he is—where he lives?"

"I've got his card; hand me my bag, Fronda."

When she opened the hand bag she gave a cry. "That tramp! He got my card case!"

"You mean he got mine; yours is on the bureau; you took mine by mistake."

"But I've lost Mr. Gray's card!" This seemed the great grievance.

"Oh, he'll call you up; don't cry."

"No he doesn't know my name. And he won't till I communicate with him."

"Didn't you give him any name—how did you get on?"

"No; he's just beautiful in his consideration; he simply said 'Lady' when he addressed me."

"I can't follow you, Cathie. Tell me about the man, he sounds interesting."

AFTER a little, as Catherine talked, Fronda exclaimed, "Do you know what I think? That it's a very good

thing you lost that card. I chip in my vanished card case with a good grace."

At that instant the little bell on the phone tinkled. "That's Jack again," Fronda exclaimed, rising.

"Well, you tell Mr. Jack Braund to keep away; I never want to see him again."

The little wires called into Fronda's ear, "I want to speak to Miss Fronda Laird."

"Very well, I'm here," the girl answered.

"This is Philip Gray, and I recognize your voice."

"You do? That's—"

But the man's voice interrupted, "I found your card case in the taxi. May I deliver it at your home to-morrow?"

"Oh, no, don't come—"

"No, don't let Jack come!" Catherine commanded.

"Then will you meet me to-morrow so I can deliver it? You see our pact is destroyed because my card is in the case."

"I can't."

" Please," the phone pleaded. "Meet me at the Knickerbocker at lunch. I'll wait for you at the entrance at one."

"I'll see." And Fronda hurriedly hung up the receiver, for Catherine was coming toward the phone.

"I was getting afraid that you would let him come," Catherine said. "Jack Braund will learn how to treat a girl next time he—" Catherine, becoming involved, did not explain further.

"Go to bed, Cathie," Fronda advised; "as you undress, tell me about the new man."

FRONDA developed an extraordinary curiosity; Gray's mustache, the color of his eyes, his features—adroitly Catherine was led on to picture the man.

"I like the way you've got your hair done to-night, Cathie," Fronda said; "let me try it." And out of the abundance of her tresses she quickly twisted up a replica of her sister's crown of glory. She put her arm around Catherine's waist, and drawing her in front of the large mirror, exclaimed, "How is that?" She viewed the reflected faces critically. "Are we as much alike as people say?"

"Well, we are called the near-twins; but you are much prettier, Fronda; better color."

As she kissed her sister good-night Fronda said: "I don't blame you; Phil seems a good sort. But you really love Jack, don't you, Catherine?"

"Yes, I did."

"And will again in a day or two. I'm glad that card case lost itself."

For an hour Fronda lay wide awake puzzling out the thing that had popped into her mind like an inspiration when Gray had said through the telephone, "I recognize your voice." She knew that Jack Braund was passionately in love with her sister, that he was a splendid fellow; perhaps lacking just the manstrength that Philip Gray seemed to possess.

With the card case in his possession almost any happening might throw Catherine and Gray together again. The thing to do was to get that card case; also keep Gray from calling up, or coming to the house. She felt sure that, not even knowing there were two, so to speak, Fronda Lairds, he would take her on trust as his companion of the evening before. She laughed herself to sleep imagining divers complications that might arise.

Next day Fronda advised Catherine to rest; said she was going shopping and wouldn't be home for lunch. "I've phoned Jack," she said, "and made him promise to not call up for a couple of days. That's the best way."

"The only way," Catherine agreed.

"Will you do my hair in the charming way you had yours last night," Fronda pleaded. Then she borrowed a platinum necklace to which clung three pearls; Fronda had noticed her sister had worn this the night before. She would have given something to have borrowed the diamond engagement ring from Catherine's third finger.

AT one o'clock Miss Fronda alighted from a taxi, very deliberately paid her fare, her demure eyes cautiously searching the landscape for a figure resembling Catherine's description of Philip Gray. As she walked, also deliberately, toward the entrance, a man stepped forward, and, raising his hat said, interrogatively, "Miss Laird?"

As the girl's eyes met his he added: "I



Fronda developed an extraordinary curiosity Adroitly Catherine was led on to picture the man.

am Philip Gray. Do you recognize me—evening dress is so disguising?"

"Oh, yes," Fronda answered.

"It was so good of you to come," he said.

And so they drifted in.

At the table Gray said: "You really—how can I say it without appearing—I mean, that the crisp air to-day has given you more color. To say something actually stupid—"

Fronda, smiling, interrupted him, "Don't say it then. I was tired last night and—and worried."

There was a marked improvement, Gray thought; more vivacity, less shrinking. Of course the girl knew him better now; besides sunlight gives courage. There was the same restful composure though; the same delightful simplicity of rich-textured garment. He looked at her left hand; he had been wondering if the diamond ring on the third finger the night before had meant an engagement. It did not, for it was absent now; left at home probably as a sacrifice to refinement. Every little new development increased Gray's interest.

Covertly assaying the man Fronda decided that he was all Catherine had pictured him.

"Here is the card case, before I forget it again," Gray said presently. "My cards are in it. Don't forget to find out if I am worthy of knowing you more intimately, for I want to. A little later he said, "Don't think that I want to pry into—well, into anything." He smiled like a boy who had upset something, and Fronda laughed too; he certainly was like a solemn grown-up boy.

She encouraged him, for he seemed to have given up the idea; "What did you want to know, Mr. Gray?"

Even at that his courage almost failed, but the absence of the ring—that was something. "Well," he began, with an effort, "I feel that I am going to be tremendously interested in you, if possible, but I want to play the game. I don't want to take advantage of a lucky accident."

Behind the apparently puzzled eyes the girl knew what Gray was driving at; but he, thinking that she did not comprehend, floundered on. "You seemed so upset last night, and then you waited so patiently—"

"In the rain," Fronda suggested.

Gray nodded: "Yes, in the rain. Are you—was it a—young man to whom you are—are bound in any way? I mean, you see, who would even expect you were going to marry him?" It was out at last.

Fronda laughed; not satirically but joyously. "Neither young man nor old man," she answered.

"I hadn't thought of an old man," Gray admitted, with a smile; "I even forget, at times, that I'm old myself."

"You old? Why you're just a great—" Fronda stopped, a flush sweeping to her cheeks at her temerity.

"Boy," he completed. "I'm really afraid I never will grow up."

"Don't," she advised.

SO they went on through the lunch, just getting acquainted. And before they parted Gray had drawn a promise from Fronda to go for an auto spin the next day. In three days they had met three times, in point of progress they had met a hundred; and Catherine knew nothing of it.

Then on the morning of the fourth day the collar button rolled under the bureau.

Jack Braund, still denied the companionship of Catherine, who had really gone to pieces over the episode of the tramp, went to his friend, Philip Gray, seeking companionship. "I've come to ask you to dine with me to-night, old chap."

"All right, my dear boy," Gray answered. He looked sharply into Braund's face. "You look tucked up, Jack. Work? What's the matter?"

Braund took a turn to the window, then he crossed back and flung himself into a chair.

"Oh, I see," Gray commented, "a woman eh? What's happened?"

"Had a row—no, not a row; that we might have settled. I behaved like a fool, and she won't see me."

"Well, Jack, it's only a question of who can stand it the longer. Don't worry."

Gray lighted a cigar, and some little devil riding astride the smoke prompted him to ask: "What silly thing did you do—I suppose it's the girl you're engaged to?"

"Last Monday night I let her stand in the rain in front of the Belasco Theatre after everybody had gone away, while I talked play-writing, and drank wine across the way in the club."

At the gasping noise from Gray Braund raised his eyes from the floor, saying: "What's wrong, Phil?"

Gray dropped the cigar in an ash tray, saying: "Smoking—Doctor told me to quit it."

"You see," Braund added, "Khrone asked me to step across during the last act to talk about a play. I excused myself to Miss Laird, and forgot the passing of time."

A cold perspiration broke on Gray's forehead. "And—and, what happened?" His lips were dry, the query was barely audible.

"When I turned up she had gone; the door-keeper told me she had driven off in a taxi with another man; he thought they had gone to the Knickerbocker. When I managed to get her on the phone—which was yesterday afternoon for the first time, she said she had been taken home by a friend, but that she hadn't seen him since."

"And you are very much in love with the girl, are you, Jack?"

"I feel that I am going crazy; I can't stand it. Phil, you have been an avoider of women, you can't understand it. A man of my temperament gives his very soul into the possession of the woman he loves."

"I think I understand," Gray said, putting his hand on the other's shoulder; "and I'm sure that it will come all right."

"Don't you see, Phil, why I wanted you to dine with me to-night? Just that touch of your hand on my shoulder is what I need—strength."

"I'll be with you, Jack."

"Meet me at the Club at six-thirty, and we'll go somewhere to eat."

"And it will be our last dinner together for some time, old boy; to-morrow I'm going West."

"Going West? Thought you were going to stay in New York for a month?"

"Changed my mind; business; must go."

After Braund had gone Gray lighted another cigar. "Even had to lie about that grunt of surprise," he confided to the cigar.

He sat for ten minutes, mentally wording the shattering thing. First and foremost he was a damned sneak, a claim jumper—yes, that was the word; Fronda was Jack's claim, rich beyond count in desirability; and he, Jack's friend—God! That he didn't know about it didn't change the results any. There was something horrible in the knowledge that Fronda had lied to Jack about seeing the man again; somehow that, too, seemed his fault. And she had lied to him about being engaged, told this straight lie with smiling lips, and eyes guileless. And she had prepared to deceive him, for she had taken the engagement ring off her finger—there was no doubt about that.

Then he softened about Fronda; not that there was any argument in her favor—he couldn't think of one. Perhaps she had, like himself, been swept into a sudden infatuation. Gray laughed bitterly. His first effort in love, and he had made a despicable mess of it.

HE got paper and pen and wrote half-a-dozen notes to "Miss Laird," five going into the waste basket. Recrimination had trickled through the five in a gradually attenuating stream, until in the sixth there was none of it. Just that Jack Braund, his friend, had told him that his soul was in Fronda's keep; that personally he could understand this, three days of her presence had taught him how possible this might be; that he couldn't keep the engagement made with her for that afternoon; that he would never see her again; that he was leaving next day for the west. The letter went by a messenger, addressed to "Miss Fronda Laird."

It was twelve o'clock when it was put in Fronda's hands. Now a heart-broken letter ordinarily should have brought tears from the recipient; but what Catherine heard was a peal of joyous laughter, and the next instant Fronda's arms were about her, and Fronda's lips were on her cheek.

Catherine pushed the excited girl away, saying: "Now tell me."

Fronda thrust the letter into her sister's hand. the latter read it with puzzled eyes. "What's it all about?" she cried perplexedly; "Is the man crazy? I have no engagement with him; he hasn't even taken the trouble to find out if I'm alive." A light radiated her mind. "Fronda! you haven't—haven't—?"

"Yes," Fronda nodded, "I have. Isn't it great?"

"You've made a fine mess of it! What did you do it for?"

"To save you. You'd have fallen in love with that man—any woman would."

"Have you?"

"Rather."

"But now?"

"Well, that shows he's in love with me."

"I don't understand it. How will it work out? He thinks you are me."

"No, he thinks *you* are *me*."

Catherine waved her hands in perplexity. "What are you going to do about it, Fronda?"

"You've got to make it up with Jack, Cathie."

"Just to get you out of this hole, eh?"

"I'll get Jack on the phone now and tell him," Fronda declared.

It was Braund who answered.

"This is Fronda, Jack; and Catherine has forgiven you." There was a squeak

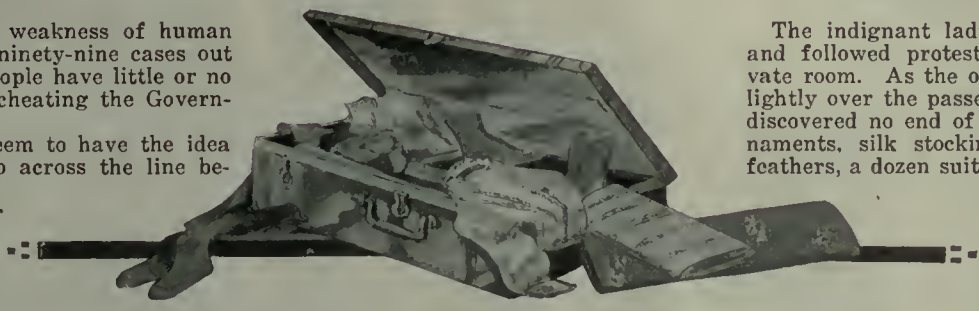
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The Way of the Smuggler

By J. D. Ronald

Who wrote "The Master Smuggler," "The Smuggler and His Remarkable Drum."

Drawings by D. G. Howchin



IT IS a peculiar weakness of human nature that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred people have little or no compunction about cheating the Government revenues.

Women always seem to have the idea that a pleasure trip across the line between the United States and Canada is incomplete unless they have added to it the zest of smuggling articles of clothing. They never think of paying duty on what they buy and are almost always highly indignant when called upon to do so. Summer and winter this smuggling goes on and the customs officers both at the frontier and on the trains and boats have to be constantly on the watch.

So consistently insistent are the ladies in their smuggling operations that the customs keeps two or three lady experts always on the move where International traffic is most frequent. These lady experts move about unostentatiously. They allow a month or so to lapse between their visits to various points then some fine day when the boats and trains are crowded, the ladies on board find themselves herded like sheep into a fold to be called forth one at a time and thoroughly searched for smuggled goods. Great is the indignation and many and hot are the expletives hurled at the lady officer. She goes about her work notwithstanding, firm but courteous; and the results are always very profitable to the customs revenue. One of these women experts has been known to take in almost a thousand dollars at a single raid. The materials smuggled in this way are invariably dutiable at 35 per cent.

Ladies who go across the line quite slim return full of bust and wide of hip. Their usual method is to fill their corsets with small wares such as gloves, collars, handkerchiefs, and silk stockings. It is not infrequent for a woman to have on three silk blouses, and as many skirts, while to a string tied around her waist underneath her skirts will be suspended all manner of goods from dress lengths, remnants of linen to high-class millinery.

To thoroughly search a lady's clothing is quite an intricate task. They cannot resent as an indignity being searched by one of their own sex. They protest vigorously, however, and generally the stronger the protest the more concealed goods are found.

The women in the customs department are so thoroughly conversant with the methods of the feminine smuggler that they can tell from outward appearance and facial expression when contraband is being carried.

NOT long ago a special officer of customs *en route* from Toronto to Buffalo was sitting in the parlor car as the train stopped at the Ambitious City. He noticed five well dressed ladies board the train. They came and took seats in the car across the aisle from him. They had all the appearance of refinement and were evidently on pleasure bent but each carried an empty suitcase. Quite frankly they opened the suitcases and compared notes.

"We should have no trouble in passing the United States Customs going over," said one, a robust young lady.

"It's coming back we'll have to be more careful," said a more timid one.

"Here is the way I'll fix that," said a third. She slipped a five-dollar bill out of her purse. "That's for the customs Johnnie as we come back," These five were society women in Hamilton. Their conversation then turned to what they were going to buy in Buffalo. The custom's officer, who was all ears, decided that they were going to leave quite some considerable Canadian coin behind them in Buffalo.

When passing the frontier he dropped off the train for a moment found the Chief Officer of the Port took him aboard and pointed the ladies out to him. "Watch for them coming back," he directed.

That evening on the six o'clock train the five shoppers, tired but satisfied flopped into their chairs on the return trip. They were very much surprised at the Canadian border when a customs officer stepped into the car and asked that all ladies follow him to the waiting room in the station. In the waiting room they were met by a lady officer who had been called to that point during the day. The officer went silently but systematically to work.

"This is an absolute outrage for respectable ladies to be treated this way. I am going to have my husband appeal to the Minister of Customs at Ottawa and have these officials dismissed," said the young lady who had manipulated the five dollar bill in the morning.

"You will please step this way," said the officer, singling her out for the first search.

"I have absolutely nothing upon me and I am not going to submit to any such indignity as being searched."

"Bring your suitcase and come this way," repeated the lady officer. "The train leaves in fifteen minutes. If I am not through you and your friends remain over night."

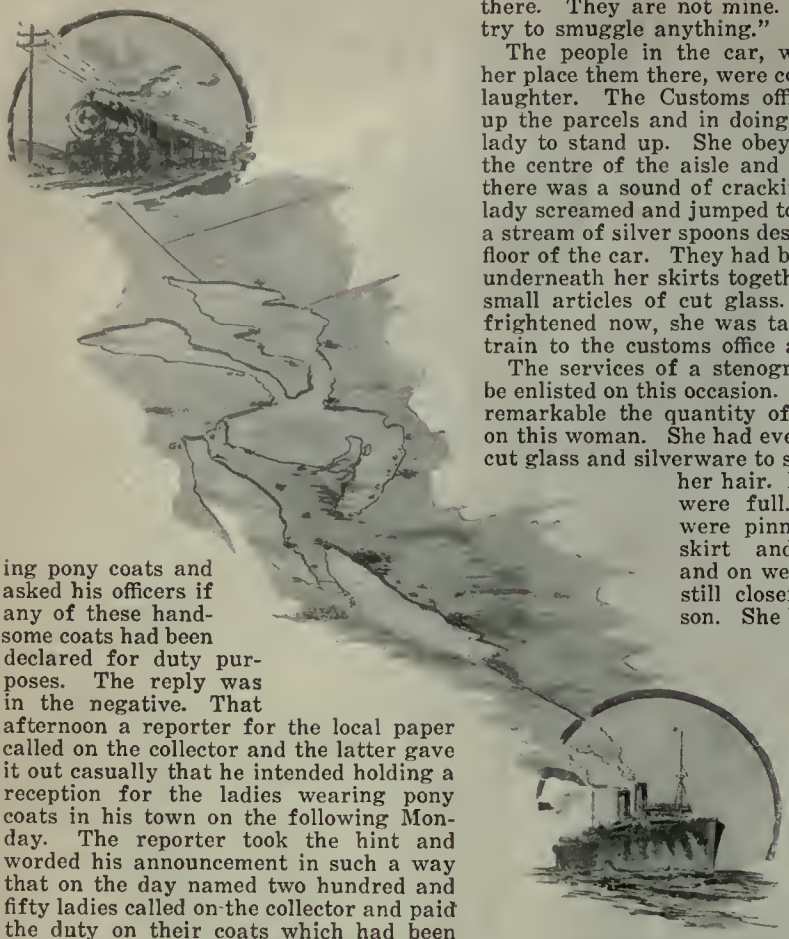
The indignant lady weakened at this and followed protestingly into the private room. As the officer ran her hands lightly over the passenger's clothing, she discovered no end of stuff—millinery ornaments, silk stockings, gloves, ostrich feathers, a dozen suits of silk underwear, two silk skirts. When she was through the passenger had been stripped almost to the skin. From her person there had actually been taken over two hundred dollars' worth of clothing. The suitcase yielded about fifty dollars' worth more. The duty payable on this day's shopping amounted to about seventy dollars. But—and this was the tragedy of it—the indignant young matron had been so confident of her ability to get by the Customs that she had spent all her money in the stores and had not a cent left to pay duty. So the goods were confiscated.

From seven other ladies in the car, all of whom protested volubly that they had nothing, about eight hundred dollars' worth of goods were taken. Not one of them had enough money left to pay the duty. The goods being confiscated meant that, to get them back, the owners would have to pay the value of the goods plus the duty. So that was a pretty expensive day's shopping.

IN another instance a young lady who had been to New York taking a post graduate course in nursing at the completion of which she intended to get married, put on a new pair of boots when she dressed in the morning before crossing the line. She was proud of the boots and possibly also of her well-shod ankles. At any rate she placed her feet up on the seat in front of her when the customs officer came along. He did not happen to be a lady's man and asked her promptly to pay duty on the new boots. She tossed her head haughtily and challenged him to take them off. Off they came in a jiffy. In her suitcases there was about two hundred dollars' worth of silk hose, underwear and furbelows. She had no money left to pay the duty; and so lost all her trousseau finery.

The facts in connection with customs work lead inevitably to the conclusion that women are gamblers at heart. They will risk all on a single throw. Knowing that detection means the confiscation of the goods unless they can pay the amount of the duty, they will attempt to smuggle over any amount and any manner of goods without a sou markee left. This does not occur in isolated cases. It is occurring all the time.

ABOUT three years ago the ladies in a Western Ontario town, adjoining the border, became inoculated with the pony coat fad. The collector of customs in this town noticed the number of ladies wear-



ing pony coats and asked his officers if any of these handsome coats had been declared for duty purposes. The reply was in the negative. That afternoon a reporter for the local paper called on the collector and the latter gave it out casually that he intended holding a reception for the ladies wearing pony coats in his town on the following Monday. The reporter took the hint and worded his announcement in such a way that on the day named two hundred and fifty ladies called on the collector and paid the duty on their coats which had been purchased in Detroit. They all apologized profusely.

ONE evening not long ago the wife of a prominent merchant in Toronto boarded a T. H. & B. train in Buffalo. She had her arms full of parcels and was accompanied by two red-capped station boys loaded with all they could carry. She took her seat in the parlor car and carefully hung her coat over the back of the chair. The coat reached to the floor and spread around the sides like a canopy. She then neatly arranged her parcels in a complete circle around the bottom of her chair so that the coat covered them, put the remaining two or three at her back and sat down, carefully spreading her skirts so as to conceal the front of her chair and feet. When she was thus safely ensconced she resembled a plump clucking hen sitting on a nest of eggs. But instead of chicks she hatched troubles out of this setting. The car was full of passengers when the train pulled into Bridgeburg on the Canadian side. As the Customs officer approached she opened her grip and tried to look unconcernedly out of the window. The officer picked up the grip at the same time brushing the coat from the back of the chair. This disclosed the nest of parcels.

"Madame," he said, "I am afraid we will have to ask you to step into the office."

"Me?" she said looking around indignantly.

"Yes," replied the officer, "if these parcels under the chair belong to you, you will have to pay duty on the goods they contain."

"Parcels under my chair!" exclaimed the woman, hysterically. "I have no parcels. Somebody must have put them there. They are not mine. I would not try to smuggle anything."

The people in the car, who had seen her place them there, were convulsed with laughter. The Customs officer gathered up the parcels and in doing so asked the lady to stand up. She obeyed moving to the centre of the aisle and as she did so there was a sound of cracking glass. The lady screamed and jumped to one side and a stream of silver spoons descended on the floor of the car. They had been concealed underneath her skirts together with some small articles of cut glass. Thoroughly frightened now, she was taken from the train to the customs office and searched.

The services of a stenographer had to be enlisted on this occasion. It was really remarkable the quantity of goods found on this woman. She had everything from cut glass and silverware to side combs for her hair. Her stockings were full. The goods were pinned on to her skirt and underskirt, and on wearing apparel still closer to her person. She had spent two days shopping in Buffalo; and when the officers were through with her she had been fined close to five hundred dollars.

In July four ladies and two small children took the Niagara boat for Lewiston, en route to Buffalo. They had no baggage except a lunch basket, and two lounge cushions which the children used. They went to Buffalo and did a big day's shopping, having quite a lot of goods sent to a room in a cheap hotel which they had taken for the day. In the room the stuffing of the cushions, which had been made up of old newspapers, was removed, and silk underwear, dresses, hose, shoes and gloves, in all, goods to value of two hundred dollars, inserted in its place.

As the party approached the boat at Lewiston on the return trip the children were given the cushions to carry. As they were rather heavy for the tots to handle the children dragged the cushions along after them. The party found a comfortable place on deck and were unmolested by the Customs officers on the way over. They reached their homes in peace and quietness. They had beaten the customs to it, as hundreds of others had done before them, and have done since. This particular scheme was an ingenious one but it would not work again. The Customs heard of this case some time after. It was too late to take any action but the facts were verified and now the officers look closely at all pillows that passengers carry.

THERE is a little boat runs from Sandusky, Ohio, to Kingsville, Ontario. Its points of call are Leamington, Kingsville, Peele Island, and Sandusky.

This boat was a veritable highway for smuggling.

One day, without warning, after the boat had reached the Canadian side of the boundary line which cuts through the middle of Lake Erie, a man appeared on deck with a small hand grip. He opened it and took out a cap with a badge "Canada Customs," thereon. This he put on his head and proceeded to make a little speech. The deck was crowded with passengers. He told them that he had enjoyed the trip across in the morning splendidly. It had been a beautiful trip and Cleveland was a fine place to shop in.

"But you know, ladies and gentlemen," he went on. "There is a duty to be paid on all goods coming into Canada from the United States, I have to ask you all to come forward and pay the duty on such goods as you have bought in Sandusky and Cleveland to-day,"

There was consternation on board that boat. The women and men crowded around the Customs man in a threatening attitude. But there he stood bland and polite, and told them to "come across." The men swore while some of the women grew hysterical.

"I am sorry," said the customs officer, "that you feel so badly about this matter. But duty must be done."

He signaled the captain to stop the boat. As the boat slowed down and came to a standstill, almost in the middle of Lake Erie, a big burly farmer walked up to the Custom's officer with a pair of shoes. "I guess we're it, friend," he said. "And there is no use of making a fuss about it. How much duty have I got to pay?"

Just as the farmer spoke four women shied their parcels at the Customs officer's head. Two of them containing boots hit the farmer. One stout old lady approached the Customs officer and asked timidly: "I can't very well undress on board the boat and all the clothing I have on is new. I have no money left to pay duty. There are several other ladies in the same position I am. What are we going to do?"

"You and your lady friends stand to one side," replied the Customs officer, "and I will find a way to help you out."

Stopping the boat had a soothing effect on the passengers. They began to come forward meekly, until the Customs officer was inundated with parcels containing goods of various descriptions. He collected close to five hundred dollars that day in duties.

THE petty smuggling is not all done by the ladies, however. The men do their share; but they do not go about it as smoothly as the ladies.

For years the Customs had serious trouble with owners of automobiles smuggling tires which were dutiable at thirty-five per cent. Men would motor across the line with their old tires, discard the old ones and replace them with new tires. Then they would run the car forty or fifty miles before returning across the line thus taking the new appearance off the tires. And accordingly at the frontier they would not be questioned.

The Customs authorities soon became aware of this practice and, to stop it, they instituted a system of checking all cars out by serial numbers. The motor of each car has its factory serial number. So have all parts including the tires. Thus they were able to ascertain when new tires had been put on.

A prominent stock and financial broker of Toronto devised a scheme by which he expected to beat this system of identification. He owned a large six-cylinder car, the tires of which cost over a hundred dollars apiece. He motored to Buffalo once and purchased a complete new outfit of tires, including a "spare." He had the serial numbers of his old tires cut out and vulcanized into the new ones. Then,

after a long spin, he got by the Customs all right at the frontier. The new tires were covered with mud and the numbers checked in O.K.

Mr. Broker was very jubilant over having beaten the Customs, and one night, when he had been drinking too many highballs, he bubbled the story to a group of friends. One of these friends knew a Customs officer intimately. On another occasion a few highballs had the same effect on this friend and the Customs officer got the whole story.

He promptly went across the line, and walked into the repair shop where the vulcanizing had been done. The serial numbers of the new tires were still lying on the workman's bench. The Customs man gathered them up, went to the office, asked for copies of the invoices covering the tires corresponding with the numbers. He got them and returned to Toronto. He lost no time in calling at the office of the financial broker, and "putting it up" to him. The broker denied the charge and fussed and fumed and threatened and swore. But the Customs man sat pat. He held five aces, to wit, the serial numbers of the new tires.

"Now," said the officer, as he laid his hand out on his side of the desk, "I want seven hundred and thirty-five dollars from you. Otherwise I will seize your car." The car, by the way, was standing at the door.

"But that is more than the duty on the tires," protested the Broker.

"It is the value of the tires plus the duty," returned the Customs man. "You are fined the value of the tires for being clever."

The Broker swore and tore and threatened an appeal to friends in the Government. Finally, however, he handed the officer a cheque, with the remark: "Those were d—d expensive tires. This puts the price over twelve hundred dollars."

ANOTHER rich man in Toronto, a retired merchant, tried another method of securing expensive tires without paying the United States price plus thirty-five per cent. He was in Detroit on other business, and decided that it was a good opportunity to bring in a couple of tires. He bought a whole section in the Pullman, taking upper and lower berth. Then he had the porter put the tires in the upper berth and close it up. The colored gentleman in charge of the car was a dollar ahead; but he lost his job later.

The smuggler's chauffeur met him at the train on his arrival at Toronto; so there was no trouble getting the tires home. Another trip to Detroit followed a couple of weeks later and the game was repeated. The chauffeur thought it was a pretty good joke. He told somebody else. That somebody else repeated the joke and before long it reached the ears of a Customs officer.

The Customs officer ran down the facts, found the car where it was stored in a garage, and put it under seizure.

The gentleman who owned it had proven rather elusive, for when the Customs officer had called to see him, he could not be found. However, the car was seized at ten a.m. and at ten thirty the owner was after the Customs officer. He was in an apologetic frame of mind and carried his cheque book in his hand. He wanted to know how much he had to pay, and sighed with relief when told that it was five hundred and fifty dollars. Like the Broker he remarked: "Dashed expensive tires." They had cost him over eight hundred dollars.

THE sales manager of an automobile manufacturing firm in Detroit, wished to establish some branch agencies in Ontario. To do this he decided to send a salesman with a demonstrating car through the Province; but he did not want to pay duty on the car entering Canada for this purpose. So he hit upon the idea of sending the salesman in with the car under a tourist's permit. The salesman started out in September with his demonstrating car, and started through the Provinces establishing agencies.

It is strictly contrary to law to use an automobile entered under a tourist's permit for any manner of business whatever. But this did not worry the salesmanager. He was a wiseacre. At the expiration of the thirty days in which time the permit expired, there was no word of the car returning for export at the point of entry. Another thirty days went by and still no word of the car. The collector who had issued the permit gave the facts to a special officer and asked him to look up the car. This officer sent out an S.O.S. call to all the collectors of Customs in Ontario, giving a description of the car, the license number under which it was running, and also the name of the salesman who was driving the car. He received information in return showing that many agencies had been established in Ontario by this salesman, but there was no word of the car.

The special officer hunted high and low but could not locate that car. One day in December he had business in a small town not far from Toronto, and was walking down a back street. Passing a garage he chanced to look in, and there sat the car. The Customs officer went into the garage, asked where the car came from, and was informed that the driver had been stalled in that town some time in November owing to bad weather and bad roads and had gone on without it.

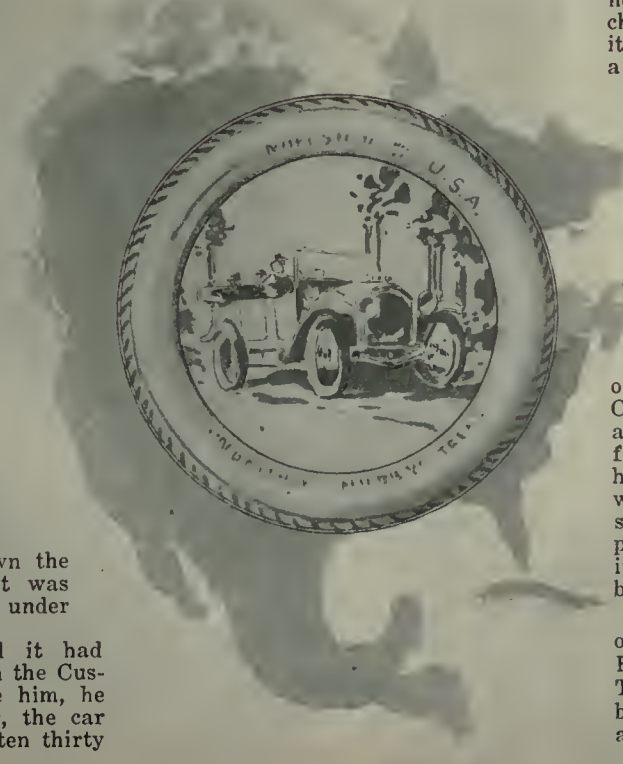
The officer gave the garage owner a receipt for the car, cranked it up, and drove it forty miles into Toronto that afternoon. Every tire was punctured during the trip. But the officer stuck to his car till he got it to headquarters, and safely stored.

Two days later the salesman turned up at the Custom officer's head office in Toronto and made a bluff at demanding the release of his car. He had not a move on the board, however. When he denied establishing agencies, the Customs officer laid the evidence before him, showing him the names and addresses of the agents on his list. He "cussed" the Customs up hill and down dale, but his car ultimately was forfeited.

A RICH merchant from Vancouver, B.C., went to Detroit, the Mecca of the automobile industry, and purchased a high-class car. He did not mind paying four thousand dollars for it. But he balked at paying fourteen hundred dollars duty thereon. He was coming as far east as Toronto. The automobile manufacturer who sold it to him suggested taking it into Canada on a tourist's permit.

So, the new owner entered the car on a tourist permit at Windsor, and drove it to Toronto; and there the car disappeared. The Customs searched for the car for a year, and finally found it at a point outside of Vancouver. The car had been shipped from London, Ontario, to British Columbia. The owner was fined double the duty on the car in this case.

A MINISTER of the gospel in a small town in Manitoba, not far from the United States border line had developed his congregation and his church, to the point where he thought they could afford a high class organ to assist them in their song service. Having succeeded in collecting the necessary money for the organ he proceeded to Minneapolis and purchased the instrument. He did not order it shipped to his town in Canada, but to a small town across the border about twenty miles away. On receiving notice that the organ had arrived at its destination, this bright young parson engaged a Galician farmer to team the organ from the station where it had landed across the border to his church. This manœuvre was successfully carried out and the instrument was duly installed. It became the pride of the congregation.



The question of how the organ had been carried past the Canadian Customs was never mooted. The wise ones and the preacher did not boast about their feat, because they were afraid they would have to put up the duty, if the organ were discovered. And so the music swelled. the choir sang, the preacher preached, in happiness for a year. The innovation of the kist of whistles had become an old story.

The Galician who had teamed the organ in had prospered in the meantime. He wanted a threshing outfit and plow. This rugged farmer did not know much but he knew there was a duty on such articles entering Canada, and he knew

that the ruse used with the organ might be tried again. So he gave an order for his threshing outfit to be shipped to the same town across the border at which the organ had arrived. Then he hitched up his traction engine and trekked the outfit across into Canada without being molested.

A threshing machine salesman heard of the new outfit that had been acquired by the Galician and made it his business to see if the duty had been paid. An investigation followed. When a Customs special officer called on the Galician, that individual was mad enough to boot him off the premises.

"To hell mit your Customs!" he said. "I am not going to pay any duty. I have paid enough for the outfit now."

THE Customs officer explained quietly that it was the law of the country that duty should be collected, and that the Government required money to assist the farmers in developing the country. "That be d——d nice for a yarn!" replied the Galician. "You go after us poor farmers for duty when we run our machine across the line, but you let the Sky Pilot bring the Hurdy Gurdy for his church for nothing."

"What Sky Pilot? What Hurdy Gurdy?" demanded the Customs man.

The Galician was thoroughly mad now and proceeded to tell the whole story. "I teamed it across for him and all he gave me was a kind look," he concluded.

"Was he with you when you teamed it across?" asked the Customs officer.

"Sure thing he was," replied the farmer.

"Well, I'll attend to him," replied the Customs officer, "in the meantime you settle for your threshing outfit."

"I'll drive over dere mit you," replied the Galician. "And see you make him pay the duty on dat hurdy gurdy. When you do, I pay up what I owe. Cause I don't believe you make him pay."

"Come on," said the Customs officer, "I'll go you."

Together they drove some eight miles, and found the parson at home. The Customs officer presented his card. The man of God went white and then turned very red. Finally, however, he pulled himself together, said with admirable sang-froid: "I believe the matter of duty on that organ was overlooked. How much will it be?"

The invoice of the organ was produced. The Customs officer named the amount—a couple of hundred dollars. The Parson excused himself, ran over to a neighbor's house and returned in a few minutes with the money.

The Customs officer let him down easy. He did not fine him.

The Galician chuckled all the way back home. Arriving there he went down into his trunk, fished up a roll of bills like a young stove pipe, and paid the Customs officer the duty on his threshing outfit. He did it cheerfully.

"Canadian law is good," he said to the Customs officer. "It is great. It is—how you say dat?—no respecter of persons."

Wind—and the Dust of Death

By MAIN JOHNSON

Of all the playmates Willie Proctor had
His favorite was the Wind.
He liked it to caress him, to blow upon his cheeks,
Or, better still,
To tousle all his curly hair.
His mother noticed him
More vibrant,
Much more zestful
On those days when the wind
Blew hard.

Young Proctor was brought up among the foothills of the Rockies.
Where his father owned a ranch.
The lad, when ten years old,
Was riding fiery cayuses,
Which other children feared.
When he was old enough, he took to motor cars,
And frightened men and beasts alike,
By tearing over the sunbaked trails,
As fast and heedless as the wind that he adored.
When William was eighteen,
His father died.
He and his mother left the ranch,
Built a secluded bungalow on the mountain slopes,
And there lived quiet lives.

In August of the fateful year,
There came the War.
His mother shuddered,
And began to steel herself for what she felt must come.
Her son, she knew,
Would go,
And, with true mother's instinct,
She knew, beyond a doubt,
The branch of warfare he would choose.
It happened in September;
"I think I'll take a little trip to Europe,"
William said, quite casually one night,
As he was straightening pictures on the wall,
"Into the flying service, I suppose.
You know, I always liked the wind."

Within six months, his mother read his exploits in the daily press.
Somewhere in France,
He was flying,
Flying with such vim and such abandon,
That honors showered upon him.

The next news that his mother read,
As she sat beneath the mountain skies,
In the greenish yellow springtime of the mountain woods,
Was the story of his death,
His death among the clouds,
A death in company with his friend, the Wind.

She cabled to Europe,
Asking the cremation of the body of her son,
The ashes to be sent her
In an urn.

* * * * *

After two months, there arrived at the bungalow,
On the forest sprinkled slopes,
The Sacred Box.
That very afternoon, the mother left the house,
And started on an upward climb.
The way was steep;
Huge boulders barred the path,
And jagged fissures lay agape.
The spume of rapids drenched the rocky trail.
A porcupine slunk back behind a ledge of stone,
And a shrill-voiced marmot,
Invisible on some far peak, whistled
Lonesomely.

In the early stages of her climb, the woman was depressed,
At last, she gained access
To open, lofty spaces.
A wind,
Gentle, silent and caressing,
Began to blow about her hair.
Her face brightened; fatigue fell from her side.
More tightly still she pressed the Box.

As she clambered up, the wind grew gusty.
The woman seemed intoxicated with its inspiriting breath.
And then—the mountain peak,
The top-ledge of the world!
As she reached it, first her hair
And then her face
Were bathed in crimson from the sun,
Sinking slowly through a valley,
In the red and purple west.

Scarce fifty feet above her,
White foamy clouds raced past.
On her forehead she could feel their dampness,
Like a mist.
The wind grew to a storm;
It wrenched away the golden pin that had confined her tie.
The silken ends flew out, straight from the collar,
Pulling and tugging in the gale.

This was her waited omen.
The god of Speed,
The Wind-god,
Adored One of her son in life and death,
Was close at hand.
And with his coming, so it seemed to her,
Came mystic music of the air,
Moaning and chanting,
Sighing, singing,
Gloom and melody. ..
She bowed her head in worship;
And then undid the Box, and took therefrom
A simple Urn.
Slowly, with slowness infinite,
She lifted off the lid,
And put her hand within.

Near the top,
She felt
A fine, soft dust.
Blackness of agony blotted all her face,
Black, gripping black, the Black of Death!

But then once more she heard
The singing of the winds.
She felt again the rousing flip-flop of her tie,
No more despair!
Exultant triumph now!

Again her hand went down into the Urn,
And, this time,
Her fingers closed upon a handful of the dust.
She drew it forth, and, for a moment, held her arm
Outstretched.
The music, for an instant, ceased.
The very world stopped in its course,
And all that is
Was still.

Then, peal on peal,
Burst forth a glorious symphony,
As thousand times ten thousand winds
Marched past!

Shouting,
She opened wide her hand.
The dust leaped out, and swirled away over the abyss,
Midmost in one vast maelstrom,

The Gun Brand

A Story of the North

By James B. Hendryx

Author of "Marquard the Silent," "The Promise," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

SYNOPSIS.—*Chloe Elliston, inheriting the love of adventure and ambitious to emulate her famous grandfather, "Tiger" Elliston, who had played a big part in the civilizing of Malaysia, sets out for the Far North to establish a school and bring the light of education to the Indians and breeds of the Athabasca country. Accompanied by a companion, Harriet Penny, and a Swedish maid, Big Lena, she arrives at Athabasca Landing and engages transportation on one of the scows of Pierre Lapierre, an independent trader. Vermilion, the boss scowman, decides to kidnap the party and hold them to ransom; but Lapierre, getting wind of his plans, interrupts them at a vital moment, kills Vermilion, and rescues the girl. Predisposed in his favor, she accepts him as her mentor in the wilderness, believing all he tells her, especially about one Robert MacNair, another free-trader whom Lapierre saddles with a most villainous reputation and the epithet of "Brute." On Lapierre's advice Chloe establishes herself at the mouth of the Yellow Knife River on Great Slave Lake, and starts to building her school, et cetera. Then Brute MacNair turns up and warns her to leave his Indians alone. She defies him, and later starts to his post on Snare Lake. Meeting MacNair just before she gets there, they have an interview, which ends when Lapierre, appearing suddenly, shoots MacNair. Chloe, in spite of Lapierre's protest, takes the wounded man to her place and nurses him. MacNair's Indians attack the school and he returns with them. While he is away on a hunting trip, Lapierre sends his accomplice, Lefroy, to give the Indians whisky, making them all drunk, during which they burn their own cabins and MacNair's storehouse. Lapierre arranges it so that Chloe shall witness the debauch from a distance, under the impression that MacNair is to blame. MacNair, furious at this outrage, returns and declares that now he will camp on Lapierre's trail till he gets him; but an officer of the Mounted happening along, Chloe charges MacNair with all the crimes Lapierre is really guilty of, but which, with remarkable cunning, he has convinced Chloe are MacNair's. MacNair is arrested, but Lapierre, in attempting to manufacture evidence against him, overreaches himself, and two of his men are captured. Believing they have been betrayed by their master, the prisoners confess everything, and MacNair is released. With an officer of the Mounted he goes to Lapierre's stronghold.*

CHAPTER XX—*Continued.*

SILENT and gray and deserted loomed the barrier so cunningly devised as to be almost indistinguishable at a distance of fifty yards. Snow lay upon the top of the barrier, and vertical ridges of snow clung to the crevices of the upstanding palings.

A half-hour passed, while the two men remained motionless, and then, satisfied that the fort was unoccupied, they stepped cautiously from the shelter of their tree. The next instant, loud and clear, shattering the intense silence with one sharp explosion of sound, rang a shot. And Corporal Ripley, who was following close at the heels of MacNair, staggered, clawed wildly for the butt of his service revolver which protruded from its holster, and, with an imprecation on his lips that ended in an unintelligible snarl, crashed headlong into the snow.

MacNair whirled as if upon a pivot, and with hardly a glance at the prostrate form, dashed over the back-trail with the curious lumbering strides of the man who would hurry on rackets. He had jerked off his heavy mitten at the sound of the first shot, and his bared hand clutched firmly the butt of the blue-black automatic. A spruce-branch, suddenly relieved of its snow, sprang upward with a swish, thirty yards away. MacNair fired three shots in rapid succession.

THERE was no answering shot, and he leaped forward, charging directly toward the tree that concealed the hidden foe before the man could reload; for by the roar of its discharge, MacNair knew that the weapon was an old Hudson Bay muzzle-loading smoothbore—a primitive weapon of the old north, but in the hands of an Indian, a weapon of terrible execution at short range, where a roughly molded bullet or a slug rudely hammered from the solder melted from old tin cans tears its way through the flesh, driven by three fingers of black powder.

Near the tree MacNair found the gun where its owner had hurled it into the snow—found also the tracks of a pair of snowshoes, which headed into the heart of the black spruce swamp. The tracks showed at a glance that the lurking assassin was an Indian, that he was traveling light, and that the chance of running him down was extremely remote. Whereupon MacNair returned his automatic to its holster and bethought himself of Ripley, who was lying back by the stockade with his face buried in the snow.

Swiftly he retraced his steps, and, kneeling beside the wounded man, raised him from the snow. Blood oozed from the corners of the officer's lips, and, mingling with the snow, formed a red slush which clung to the boyish cheek. With his knife MacNair cut through the clothing and disclosed an ugly hole below the right shoulder-blade. He bound up the wound, plugging the hole with suet chewed from a lump which he carried in his pocket. Leaving Ripley upon his face to prevent strangulation from the blood in his throat, he hastened to the camp on the shore of the lake, harnessed the dogs, and returned to the prostrate man; it was the work of a few moments to bind him securely upon the sled. Skilfully MacNair guided his dogs through the maze of the black spruce swamp, and throwing caution to the winds, crossed the lake, struck into the timber, and headed straight for Chloe Elliston's school.

IN the living-room of the little cottage on the Yellow Knife, Harriet Penny and Mary, the Louchoux girl, sat sewing, while Chloe Elliston, with chair pulled close to the table, read by the light of an oil-lamp from a year-old magazine. If the Louchoux girl failed to follow the intricacies of the plot, an observer would scarcely have known it. Nor would he have guessed that less than two short months before this girl had been a skin-clad native of the north who had mushed for thirty days unattended through the heart of the barren grounds. So marvelously had the girl improved and so dexterously had she applied her needle, that save for the beaded moccasins upon her feet. her clothing differed in no essential detail from that of Chloe Elliston or of Harriet Penny.

Chloe paused in her reading, and the three occupants of the little room stared inquiringly into each other's faces as a rough-voiced "Whoa!" sounded from beyond the door. A moment of silence followed the command, and then came the sounds of a heavy footfall upon the veranda. The Louchoux girl sprang to the door, and as she threw it open the yellow lamp-light threw into bold relief the huge figure of a man, who, bearing a blanket-wrapped form in his arms, staggered into the room, and, without a word, deposited his burden upon the floor. The man looked up, and Chloe Elliston started back with an exclamation of angry amazement. The man was Bob MacNair! And Chloe noticed that the Louchoux girl, after one terrified glance into his face, fled incontinently to the kitchen.

"You! You!" cried Chloe, groping for words.

The man interrupted her gruffly. "This is no time to talk. Corporal Ripley has been shot. For three days I have burned up the snow getting him here. He's hard hit, but the bleeding has stopped, and a good bed and good nursing will pull him through."

As he snapped out the words, MacNair busied himself in removing the wounded man's blankets and outer garments. Chloe gave some hurried orders to Big Lena, and followed MacNair into her own room, where he laid the wounded man upon her bed—the same he, himself, had once occupied while recovering from the effect of Lapierre's bullet. Then he straightened and faced Chloe, who stood regarding him with flashing eyes.

"So you did get away from him after all?" she said, "and when he followed you, you shot him! Just a boy—and you shot him in the back!" The voice trembled with the scorn of her words. MacNair pushed roughly past her.

"Don't be a damn fool!" he growled, and called over his shoulder: "Better rest him up for three or four days, and send him down to Fort Resolution. He'll stand the trip all right by that time, and the doctor may want to poke around for that

bullet." Suddenly he whirled and faced her. "Where is Lapierre?" The words were a snarl.

"So you want to kill him, too? Do you think I would tell you if I knew? You—you *murderer!* Oh, if I—" But the sentence was cut short by the loud banging of the door. MacNair had returned into the night.

An hour later, when she and Big Lena quitted the bedroom, Corporal Ripley was breathing easily. Her thoughts turned at once to the Louchoux girl. She recalled the look of terror that had crept into the girl's eyes as she gazed into the upturned face of MacNair. With the force of a blow a thought flashed through her brain, and she clutched at the edge of the table for support. What was it the girl had told her about the man who had deceived her into believing she was his wife? He was a free-trader! MacNair was a free-trader! Could it be——

"No, no!" she gasped—"and yet—"

With an effort she crossed to the door of the girl's room and, pushing it open, entered to find her cowering wide-eyed between her blankets. The sight of the beautiful, terrorized face did not need the corroboration of the low, half-moaned words, "Oh, please, please don't let him get me!" to tell Chloe that her worst fears were realized.

"Do not be afraid, my dear," she faltered. "He cannot harm you now," and hurriedly closing the door, staggered across the living-room, threw herself into a chair beside the table, and buried her face in her arms.

Harriet Penny opened her door and glanced timidly out at the still figure of the girl, and, deciding it were the better part of prudence not to intrude, noiselessly closed her door. Hours later, Big Lena, entering from the kitchen, regarded her mistress with a long vacant-faced stare, and returned again to the kitchen. All through the night Chloe dozed fitfully beside the table, but for the most part she was widely—painfully—awake. Bitterly she reproached herself. Only she knew the pain the discovery of MacNair's treachery had caused her. And only she knew why the discovery had caused her pain.

Always she had believed she had hated this man. By all standards, she should hate him! This great, elemental brute of the north who had first attempted to ignore, and later to ridicule and to bully her. This man who ruled his Indians with a rod of iron, who allowed them full license in their debauchery, and then shot them down in cold blood, who shot a boy in the back while in the act of doing his duty, and who had called her a "damn fool" in her own house, and was even then off on the trail of another man he had sworn to kill on sight. By all the laws of justice, equity, and decency, she should hate this man! She was conscious of no other feeling toward him than a burning, unquenchable hate. And yet, deep down in her heart she knew—by the pain of her discovery of his treachery—she knew she *loved him*, and utterly she despised herself that she could be so.

Daylight softly dimmed the yellow lamplight of the room. The girl arose, and after a hurried glance at the sleeping Ripley, bathed her eyes in cold water and passed into the kitchen, where Big Lena was busy in the preparation of breakfast.

"Send Lefroy to me at once!" she ordered, and five minutes later, when the man stood before her, she ordered him to summon all of MacNair's Indians.

The man shifted his weight uneasily from one foot to the other as he faced her upon the tiny veranda. "MacNair Injuns," he answered, "dem gon' las' night. Dem gon' 'long wit' MacNair. Heem gon' for hunt Pierre Lapierre!"

CHAPTER XXI.

LAPIERRE PAYS A VISIT.

UP on Snare Lake the men to whom Lapierre had passed the word had taken possesion of MacNair's burned and abandoned fort, and there the leader had joined them after stopping at Fort McMurray to tip off to Ripley and Craig the bit of evidence that he hoped would clinch the case against MacNair. More men joined the Snare Lake stampede—flat-faced breeds from the lower Mackenzie, evil-visaged rivermen from the country of the Athabasca and the Slave, and the renegade white men who were Lapierre's underlings.

By dog-train and on foot they came, dragging their outfits behind them, and in the eyes of each was the gleam of the greed of gold. The few cabins which had escaped the conflagration had been pre-empted by the first-comers, while the later arrivals pitched their tents and shelter traps close against the logs of the unburned portion of MacNair's stockade.

At the time of Lapierre's arrival the colony had assumed the aspect of a typical gold camp. The drifted snow had been removed from MacNair's diggings, and the night-fires had thawed out the gravel glared red and illuminated the clearing with a ruddy glow in which the dumps loomed black and ugly, like unclean wens upon the white surface of the trampled snow.

Lapierre, a master of organization, saw almost at the moment of his arrival that the gold-camp system of two-man partnerships could be vastly improved upon. Therefore, he formed the men into shifts; eight hours in the gravel and tending the fires, eight hours chopping cordwood and digging in the ruins of MacNair's storehouse for the remains of unburned grub, and eight hours' rest. Always night and day, the seemingly tireless leader moved about the camp encouraging, cursing, bullying, urging; forcing the utmost atom of man-power into the channels of greatest efficiency. For well the quarter-breed knew that his tenure of the Snare Lake diggings was a tenure wholly by sufferance of circumstances — circumstances over which he, Lapierre, had no control.

With MacNair safely lodged in the Fort Saskatchewan jail, he felt safe from interference, at least until late in the spring. This would allow plenty of time for the melting snows to furnish the water necessary for the cleaning up of the dumps. After that the fate of his colony hung upon the decision of a judge somewhere down in the provinces. Thus Lapierre crowded his men to the utmost and the increasing size of the black dump-heaps bespoke a record-breaking clean-up when the waters of the melting snow should be turned into sluices in the spring.

WITH his mind easy in his fancied security, and in order that every moment of time and every ounce of man-power should be devoted to the digging of gold, Lapierre had neglected to bring his rifles and ammunition from the Lac du Mort rendezvous and from the storehouse of Chloe Elliston's school. An omission for which he cursed himself roundly upon an evening early in February when an Indian; gaunt and wide-eyed from the strain of a forced snow-trail, staggered from the black shadow of the bush into the glare of the blazing night-fires, and in a frenzied gibberish of jargon proclaimed that Bob MacNair had returned to the northland. And not only that he had returned, but had visited Lac du Mort in company with a man of the Mounted.

At first Lapierre flatly refused to credit the Indian's yarn, but when upon pain of death the man refused to alter his statement, and added the information that he himself had fired at MacNair from the shelter of a snow-ridden spruce, and that just as he pulled the trigger the man of the soldier-police had intervened and stopped the speeding bullet, Lapierre realized that the Indian spoke the truth.

In the twinkling of an eye the quarter-breed realized the extreme danger of his position. His fury knew no bounds. Up and down he raged in his fury, cursing like a madman, while all about him—blaming, reviling, advising — cursed the men of his ill-favored crew. For not a man among them but knew that somewhere some one had blundered. And for some inexplicable reason their situation had suddenly shifted from comparative security to extreme hazard. They needed not to be told that with MacNair at large in the northland their lives hung by a slender thread. For at that very moment Brute MacNair was, in all probability, upon the Yellow Knife leading his armed Indians toward Snare Lake.

In addition to this was the certain knowledge that the vengeance of the Mounted would fall in full measure upon the heads of all who were in any way associated with Pierre Lapierre. An officer had been shot, and the men of Lapierre were outlawed from Ungava to the western sea. The intricate system had crumbled in the batting of an eye. Else why should a man of the Mounted have been found before the barricade of the Bastile du Mort in company with Brute MacNair?

The quick-witted Lapierre was the first to recover from the shock of the stunning blow. Leaping onto the charred logs of MacNair's storehouse, he called loudly to his men, who in a panic were wildly throwing their outfits onto sleds. Despite their mad haste they crowded close and listened to the words of the man upon whose judgment they had learned to rely, and from whose dreaded "dismissal from service" they had cowered in fear. They swarmed about Lapierre a hundred strong, and his voice rang harsh.

"You dogs! You *canaille!*" he cried, and they shrank from the baleful glare of his black eyes. "What would you do? Where would you go? Do you think that, single-handed, you can escape from MacNair's Indians, who will follow your trails like hounds and kill you as they would kill a snared rabbit? I tell you your trails will be short. A dead man will lie at the end of each. But even if you succeed in escaping the Indians, what, then, of the Mounted? One by one, upon the rivers and lakes of the northland, upon wide

snow-steeps of the barren grounds, even to the shores of the frozen sea, you will be hunted and gathered in. Or you will be shot like dogs, and your bones left to crunch in the jaws of the wolf-pack. We are outlaws, all! Not a man of us will dare show his face in any post or settlement or city in all Canada."

The men shrank before the words, for they knew them to be true. Again the leader was speaking, and hope gleamed in fear-strained eyes.

"We have yet one chance. I, Pierre Lapierre, have not played my last card. We will stand or fall together! In the Bastile du Mort are many rifles, and ammunition and provisions for half a year. Once behind the barricade, we shall be safe from any attack. We can defy MacNair's Indians and stand off the Mounted until such time as we are in a position to dictate our own terms. If we stand man to man together, we have everything to gain and nothing to lose. We are outlawed, every one. There is no turning back!"

Lapierre's bold assurance averted the threatened panic, and with a yell the men fell to work packing their outfits for the journey to Lac du Mort. The quarter-breed despatched scouts to the southward to ascertain the whereabouts of MacNair, and, if possible, to find out whether or not the officer of the Mounted had been killed by the shot of the Indian.



He leaped to his feet, overturning his chair, which banged sharply upon the plank floor.

At early dawn the outfit crossed Snare Lake and headed for Lac du Mort by way of Grizzly Bear, Lake Mackay, and Du Rocher. Upon the evening of the fourth day, when the outfit threaded the black spruce swamp and pulled wearily into the fort on Lac du Mort, Lapierre found a scout awaiting him with the news that MacNair had headed northward with his Indians, and that Lefroy was soon to start for Fort Resolution with the wounded man of the Mounted. Whereupon he selected the fastest and freshest dog-team available and, accompanied by a half-dozen of his most trusted lieutenants, took the trail for Chloe Elliston's school on the Yellow Knife, after issuing orders as to the conduct of defense in case of an attack by MacNair's Indians.

Affairs at the school were at a standstill. From a busy hive of activity, with the women and children showing marked improvement at their tasks, and the men happy in the felling of logs and the whip-sawing of lumber, the school had suddenly slumped into a disorganized hodge-podge of unrest and anxiety. MacNair's Indians had followed him into the north; their women and children brooded sullenly, and a feeling of unrest and expectancy pervaded the entire settlement.

Among the inmates of the cottage the condition was even worse. With Harriet Penny hysterical and excited, Big Lena more glum and taciturn than usual, the Louchoux girl cowering in mortal dread of impending disaster, and Chloe herself disgusted, discouraged, nursing in her heart a consuming rage against Brute MacNair, the man who had wrought the harm, and who had been her evil genius since she had first set foot into the north.

Upon the afternoon of the day she despatched Lefroy to Fort Resolution with the wounded officer of the Mounted, Chloe stood at her little window gazing out over the wide sweep of the river and wondering how it all would end. Would MacNair find Lapierre, and would he kill him? Or would the Mounted heed the urgent appeal she despatched in care of Lefroy and arrive in time to recapture MacNair before he came upon his victim?

"If I only knew where to find him," she muttered, "I could warn him of his danger."

The next moment her eyes widened with amazement, and she pressed her face close against the glass; across the clearing from the direction of the river dashed a dog team, with three men running before and three behind, while upon the sled, jaunty and smiling, and debonair as ever, sat Pierre Lapierre himself. With a flourish he swung the dogs up to the tiny veranda and stepped from the sled, and the next moment Chloe found herself standing in the little living room with Lapierre bowing low over her hand. Harriet Penny was in the schoolhouse; the Louchoux girl was helping Big Lena in the kitchen, and for the first time in many moons Chloe Elliston felt glad that she was alone with Lapierre.

When at length she removed her hand from his grasp, she stood for some moments regarding the clean-cut lines of his features, and then she smiled as she noted the trivial fact that he had removed his hat, and that he stood humbly before her with bared head. A great surge of feeling rushed over her as she realized how clean and good—how perfect this man seemed in comparison with the hulking brutality of MacNair. She motioned him to a chair beside the table, and drawing her chair close to his side, poured into his attentive and sympathetic ears all that she knew of MacNair's escape, of the shooting of Corporal Ripley, and his departure in the night with his Indians.

Lapierre listened, smiling inwardly at her version of the affair, and at the conclusion of her words leaned forward and took one of the slim brown hands in his. For a long, long time the girl listened in silence to the pleading of his lips; and the little room was filled with the passion of his low-voiced eloquence.

NEITHER was aware of the noiseless opening of the door, nor of the wide-eyed, girlish face that stared at them through the aperture, nor was either aware that the man's words were borne distinctly to the ears of the Louchoux girl. Nor could they note the change from an expression of startled surprise to slitlike, venomous points of fire that took place in the eyes of the listening girl—nor the clenching fists. Nor did they hear the soft, catlike tread with which the girl quit the door and crossed to the kitchen table. Nor could they see the cruel snarl of her lips as her fingers closed tightly about the haft of the huge butcher-knife, whose point was sharp and whose blade was keen. Nor did they hear the noiseless tread with which the girl again approached the door, swung wider now to admit the passage of her tense, lithe body. Nor did they see her crouch for a spring with the tight-clutched knife upraised and the gleaming slitlike eyes focused upon a point midway between Lapierre's shoulder-blades as his arm unconsciously came to rest upon the back of Chloe Elliston's chair.

For a long moment the girl poised gloating — enjoying in its fullness the measure of her revenge. Before her, leaning in just the right attitude to receive upon his defenseless back the full force of the blow, sat the man who had deceived her. For not until she had listened to the low-voiced, empassioned words had she realized there had been any deception. With the realization came the hot, fierce flame of anger that seared her very soul. An anger engendered by her own wrong, and fanned to its fiercest by the knowledge that the man was at that moment seeking to deceive the white woman—the woman who had taught her much, and who with the keenest interest and gentleness had treated her as an equal.

She had come to love this white woman with the love that was greater than the love of life. And the words to which this woman was now listening were the same words, from the same lips, to which she herself had listened beside the cold waters of the far-off Mackenzie. Thus the Louchoux girl faced suddenly her first great problem. And to the half-savage mind of her the solution of the problem seemed very simple, very direct, and, had Big Lena not entered by way of the outer door at the precise moment that the girl crouched with uplifted knife, it would doubtless have been very effective.

BUT Big Lena did enter, and, with a swiftness of perception that belied the vacuous stare of the fishlike eyes, took in the situation at a glance; for Lefroy had already hinted to her of the relation which existed between his erstwhile superior and this girl from the land of the midnight sun. Whereupon Big Lena had kept her own counsel and had patiently bided her time, and now her time had come, and she was in no wise minded that the fulness of her vengeance should be marred by the untimely taking off of Lapierre. Swiftly she crossed the room, and as her strong fingers closed about the wrist of the Indian girl's upraised knife-arm, the other hand reached beyond and noiselessly closed the door between the two rooms.

The Louchoux girl whirled like a flash and sank her strong, white teeth deep in the rolled-sleeved forearm of the huge Swedish woman. But a thumb, inserted dexterously and with pressure in the little hollow behind the girl's ear, caused her jaws instantly to relax, and she stood trembling before the big woman, who regarded her with a tolerant grin, and the next moment laid a friendly hand upon her shoulder and, turning her gently about, guided her to a chair at the farther side of the room.

Followed then a quarter of an hour of earnest conversation, in which the older woman managed to convey, through the medium of her broken English, a realization that Lapierre's discomfiture could be encompassed much more effectively and in a thoroughly orthodox and less sanguinary manner.

The ethics of Big Lena's argument were undoubtedly beyond the Louchoux girl's comprehension; but because this woman had been good to her, and because she seemed greatly to desire this thing, the girl consented to abstain from violence, at least for the time being. A few minutes later, when Chloe Elliston opened the door and announced that Mr. Lapierre would join them at supper, she found the two women busily engaged in the final preparation of the meal.

Big Lena passed into the dining-room, which was also the living room, and without deigning to notice Lapierre's presence, proceeded to lay the table for supper. Returning to the kitchen, she despatched the Indian girl to the storehouse upon an errand which would insure her absence until after Chloe and Lapierre and Harriet Penny had taken their places at the table.

Since her arrival at the school the Louchoux girl had been treated as "one of the family," and it was with a look of inquiry toward the girl's empty chair that Chloe seated herself with the others. Interpreting the look, Big Lena assured her that the girl would return in a few moments; and Chloe had just launched into an empassioned account of the virtues and the accomplishments of her ward when the door opened and the girl herself entered the room and crossed swiftly to her accustomed place. As she stood with her hand on the back of her chair, Lapierre for the first time glanced into her face.

THE quarter-breed was a man trained as few men are trained to meet emergencies, to face crises with an impassiveness of countenance that would shame the Sphinx. He had lost thousands across the green cloth of gambling tables without batting an eye. He had faced death and had killed men with a face absolutely devoid of expression, and upon numerous occasions his nerve — the consummate *sang-froid* of him—had alone thrown off the suspicion that would have meant arrest upon charges which would have taken more than a lifetime to expiate. And as he sat at the little table beside Chloe Elliston, his eyes met unflinchingly the flashing, accusing gaze of the black eyes of the girl from the northland—the girl who was his wife.

For a long moment their glances held, while the atmosphere of the little room became surcharged with the terrible portent of this silent battle of eyes. Harriet Penny gasped audibly; and as Chloe stared from one to the other of the white, tense faces before her, her brain seemed suddenly to numb and the breath came short and quick between her parted lips to the rapid heaving of her bosom. The Louchoux girl's eyes seemed fairly to blaze with hate. The fingers of her hand dug into the wooden back of her chair until the knuckles whitened. She leaned far forward and, pointing directly into the face of the man, opened her lips to speak. It was then Lapierre's gaze wavered, for in that moment he realized that for him the game was lost.

With a half-smothered curse he leaped to his feet, overturning his chair, which banged sharply upon the plank floor. He glanced wildly about the little room as if seeking means of escape, and his eyes encountered the form of Big Lena, who stood stolidly in the doorway, blocking the exit. In a flash he noted the huge, bared forearm; noted, too, that one thick hand gripped tightly the helve of a chopping ax, with which she toyed lightly as if it were a little thing, while the thumb of her other hand played smoothly, but with a certain terrible significance, along the keen edge of its blade. Lapierre's glance flashed to her face and encountered the fishlike stare of the china-blue eyes, as he had encountered it once before. The eyes, as before, were expressionless upon their surface, but deep down—far into their depths—Lapierre caught a cold gleam of mockery. And then the Louchoux girl was speaking, and he turned upon her with a snarl.

CHAPTER XXII

CHLOE WRITES A LETTER

WHEN Bob MacNair, exasperated beyond all patience by Chloe Elliston's foolish accusation, stamped angrily from the cottage, after depositing the wounded Ripley upon the bed, he proceeded at once to the barracks, where he sought out Wee Johnnie Tamarack, who informed him that Lapierre was up on Snare Lake, at the head of a band of men who had already succeeded in dotting the snow of the barrel grounds with the black dumps of many shafts. Whereupon he ordered Wee Johnnie Tamarack to assemble the Indians at once at the storehouse.

No sooner had the old Indian departed upon his mission than the door of the barracks was pushed violently open and Big Lena entered, dragging by the arm the thoroughly cowed figure of Lefroy.

Continued on page 70.

The Redeemer of Waste Lands

A Romantic Story of the Canadian West

By Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Prairie Wife," "The Anatomy of Love."

"HOW'S your land, Loony?" the bearded man in the sombrero asked the gaunt-limbed figure at the card-table. His tone was friendly yet faintly derisive.

Loony did not look up at the other man. He was watching a thin-cheeked girl take the faded cover from a piano in the corner of the room. It was the only piano in Buckhorn Gap. The girl was the only girl in the room.

"Not so bad, Dutch," was his gently abstracted reply. His voice was startingly small and mild for a frame so big. About the solemn eyes, wrinkled with their prairie-squint, was a vague air of pathos, an apparently instinctive dread of solitude. Yet about the entire figure of the man huddled down in the chair, for which he seemed too huge, dwelt a note of undefinable loneliness, an air of mental isolation.

"And how's the ditch goin'?" asked the man called Dutch, as he stood looking indulgently down at the other, after the manner of an adult looking down at a child. The sneer was veiled, for no one laughed openly at Loony. There was a rumor that he had been a gun-man somewhere down in the southwest, that he had come up over the Line to escape the law, and that once, in Calgary, this gentle-eyed giant had tossed an over-offensive rancher through a window-sash.

No one openly ridiculed Loony. But behind its hand all northern Alberta was broadly smiling at him. For a land-sharp had unloaded three thousand acres of muskeg on Loony, and Loony had both achieved and justified his name by solemnly taking it over and proclaiming he had got it cheap. He had taken over a swamp-bottom at a dollar an acre, when by going twenty miles "out" he could have got the finest open range-land all ready for the settler and his oil-tractor and seeder.

Loony had taken over his domain of unbroken morass and solemnly glorified in it. "Land like that ought t' be sold by the quart!" Syd Reemer, the keeper of the roadhouse had once declared. And now Dutch could afford to smile pityingly down at Loony as he repeated the question: "And how's the big ditch goin'?"

Loony's face remained both wistful and patient as he watched the girl seat herself at the piano.

"It's goin' pretty good, Dutch," he absently replied. But his eyes were still on the girl.

The man called Dutch could see that the other man did not care to talk about the enterprise of the big ditch. Nobody believed in that big ditch. It was a waste of time and labor. They could maybe make a hit with that sort of thing in Holland. But it would never go in a new country, like the Northwest. It wasn't needed. The country was too big. There was no call for reclaiming, with all outdoors to go and squat on.

Loony was a good name for a "sucker" like that. Nothing but a nut would have seen anything in a three-thousand acre stretch of sour black swamp, a pestilential hole of mosquitoes and frogs and black ooze bubbling with marsh-gas, "a farm you'd have to go out and look for with a thirty-foot pole!" as Syd had once put it.

BUT Loony, at the present moment, was not thinking of either ditches or swamps. He was busy watching the girl who sat at the piano tinkling out syncopated time and repeating three-year-old music-hall "rag hits" for the delectation of that lonely little roadhouse and its saloonful of men. It was Buckhorn Gap's one place of revelry. The Gap itself boasted of five houses and a hop-joint. There would be six thousand when the steel got through. But the steel was slow in coming. So the Gap lived on hope and strong liquor, and things out of tin cans. It was also helped along by the music which the hollow-cheeked girl pounded out of the tinkly old piano.

Loony liked to sit and watch the play of the lamp-light on that hollow-cheeked girl's yellow hair. He liked to see the white of her neck. He liked to watch her bare forearms as they moved up and down along the keyboard. He liked to watch the line of her back, through the smoke-haze. He liked the sound of her clothes when she walked. He knew the way she always threw her skirt to one side and sat down. Once he had stared in abashment at her ankles in their thin black stockings. Once, too, she had taken a powder-chamois from the top of one of those stockings; but Loony, tingling, had looked discreetly away. She was about the only woman he had seen for two long years. He had never once spoken to her, and yet he felt that he knew her as well as any man ever knew a woman.

All winter long, in fact, he had been coming down to Buckhorn Gap for the particular purpose of sitting and studying her. Nearly every night he hit the trail and covered his lonely fourteen miles, just to order his drink and chew his Montreal cheroot, and sit in silent contemplation, apparently of the pyramid of glasses, surmounted by a lemon, which glistened in front of the bar-mirror.

Yet it was not these drinking-glasses that interested him. But from his seat at the card-table, in that mirror, he could study the smoky coal-oil lamps above the piano on the little dais in the corner. He could study the worn sheets of music, and the piano-stool, and the pornographic wall-calendar above it. But most of all he could study the girl as she sat in front of the keyboard. He could sit and watch every hand-turn, every arm movement. He could sit and watch her without being afraid of a row—for he knew it would be a row if any one of those uncouth frontier spirits attempted to guy him about the girl.

NOT that anything had ever passed between them. That girl always minded her own business, Loony could see that. She had nothing to do with any of the men who sat around listening to her music. She had scarcely looked at Loony. He imagined she didn't even know he sat there every night. And he didn't expect it; he didn't ask for it. It was good enough to hang around inside the same four walls with a girl, with a white girl. And she was white, too white. Even her hair was paler than it ought to have been, but it was coming in dark again, about the same shade as her eye-brows. Her skin was so white that Loony kept telling himself she looked sick, and wondered how true it was, that rumor about her being a "lunger." He could see that she rouged her cheeks a little, over the hollows. But that only made the soft column of her neck look whiter. It only accentuated the pallor of her forehead and throat in the strong side-light from the wall-lamp. And he had come to know every line and shadow in her face. He got to know her moods, her different ways of doing her hair, her tricks of movement, her habit of staring abstractedly through the smoke-haze without seeing anything before her. He knew when she coughed more than usual. He could even tell when she was tired. He could tell when, now and then, she wrote a letter between pieces. Those letters used to trouble Loony a lot. He would sit and wonder where they went, and what they said, and why they should be written. He even resented them.

But he soon forgot them, once she started playing again. For Loony loved music. He had brought an old Mexican guitar up into Canada with him, but it had gone bad. He had cured elkgut and tried to make new strings for it. These new strings, however, had no tone to them, and the heavy frosts had affected the wood. And Loony had always liked a piano.

It maybe wasn't the best of music; he admitted that. But it sounded mighty good to him. It was worth twenty-eight miles of trail-pounding to hear. He knew it wasn't the drinking or the smoking crowds, or the companionable press of fellow-beings after a day of loneliness, that brought him night by night to the Gap. It was just the music, he kept telling himself. Something seemed to go out, every time that girl stopped playing. He could see she wasn't putting much heart into it. But it hit him somehow, and hit him hard. He really hated the place, when once that girl had left the piano and slipped off to her room for the night. It seemed to get noisy and stuffy and commonplace. It was just everyday earth again. Loony would remember it was after midnight, and time to hit the trail for home. But all the way home, along coulee and slough, and over plain and hog-back, he kept thinking of the girl and her music.

Then came the momentous night when she had first spoken to him. An English remittance-man, new to the coun-

try, had dropped in at the Gap to drown the sorrows of the unschooled exile in "red-eye." He was ignorant of the traditions of that road-house. He made his inebriate way up to the piano where the girl was tinkling out her rag hits, tinkling them out as impersonally as a hurdy-gurdy with its obsolescent street-tunes. He even leaned over the piano and addressed her in the offhand way of the music-hall *habitue*. The girl ignored him and went on with her music. He crowded closer and tried to take possession of the thin hand nearest him.

"Please go 'way!" Loony heard her say as she turned her sheet of music and tried to go on. But the remittance-man interposed his swaying body between her and the keyboard.

It was as she looked around, a little helplessly and a little frightened, that Loony rose to his feet. He felt a tingle creep up to his backbone, like a fuse, and explode something in the very centre of his brain. He had no memory of getting to his feet or crossing the room. But his great hand reached out and caught the Norfolk jacket of the inebriate one, caught it just at the back of the neck, and twisted the loose cloth until it tightened on the fat throat and plainly made breathing a thing of much effort. Then Loony's great arm lifted the jacket-clad figure off the dais, shaking it as a terrier shakes a rag.

"What d'you want me t' do with him?" he solemnly asked the girl, who was staring at him with wide and startled eyes.

She hesitated, hardly knowing what to say. Then she stood up, steadying herself with one hand on a corner of the piano. "Don't hurt him!" she finally stammered out. "Please don't hurt him!"

Loony renewed his grip on the coat-collar. "I won't hurt him," he said, quite soberly, as he wheeled about and dragged the struggling figure across the crowded floor after him, as casually as a child drags a doll at its side. Out through the opened door he swung this gasping and struggling figure, as though it was something of no moment, something not human.

Then he made his way to the piano. "If that thing ever talks t' you again, you tell me!" he said to the white-faced girl.

She stood for a moment without speaking. Then she murmured a vague "Thank you," and turned back to her soiled music sheets, as though to hide her face from the sight of the staring room.

FROM that night forward Loony knew that she was not ignorant of his presence there. And from that night, too, for some reason, he thought less of the music and more of the woman who made it. He noticed, as the winter dragged on and her face grew thinner, that her cough was worse than it had been. He knew the smoke was bad for it. He felt sorry for her. He could see that she ought to be out in the fresh air. He dramatized exigencies which might give him the right to take her away from the noise and smoke and dust of that unsavory roadhouse. When Spring came he gathered the first willow-catkins he could find in the coulee-bottoms and shyly shoved a handful of them in under the faded old piano-cover, where she could not fail to find them.

She did not look at him, that night, as she took them up in her hand. But her cheeks turned a shell-pink as she niffed hungrily at the subtle fragrance of the blossoms. She did not speak to him, as he had half hoped she might. But when she left the piano and the smoke-filled room that night she carried the willow-catkins with her.

IT was one morning almost two weeks later that Loony, galloping through the Gap with a new cayuse in tow, met her face to face in the open. It was the first time he had ever seen her in the daylight. Something about her face disturbed him as he swung about and pulled up short in front of her.

"You ride?" he said, out of a clear sky. He saw he had always made a mistake in thinking of her as a girl. She was a woman, a grown woman, a woman no longer young.

"Yes," she faltered.

"Ten miles a day 'd do you good!" He marveled at his own unexpected audacity.

"I know," she acknowledged, without looking at him.

He slid down from his saddle, dexterously lengthened the left stirrup-strap and threw it across the horse, and as quickly shortened the right.

"Try my hoss," he said. "I'll take this pinto."

She hesitated. Hesitation was still in her eyes, in fact, as he reached out and lifted her bodily into the saddle. He adjusted her shoe-toes to the stirrups. "Come on!" he commanded as he swung himself easily up to the pinto's back.

They rode across the prairie in utter silence. He could see her drinking in great lungfuls of the keen air. It was not until she swung about and headed back for the Gap that Loony ventured to speak. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Alice," she answered, after a pause.

"That's a purty name," he said, almost as though he were speaking to himself. He crowded in a little closer to her. "You don't look well."

"The smoke keeps my cough bad," she confessed. He vowed never to smoke in that Gap road-house again.

"Could—could I bring a real hoss down, some day, f'r a real ride?" he suddenly asked her.

She looked almost frightened. The galloping had taken her breath away. "You'd better not," she said, in little gasps.

They swept into the Gap, and he helped her dismount.

"Tucker you out?" he asked, as she let her slow gaze for the first time meet his. He was oblivious of the fact that the Gap, all eyes, was watching them.

She shook her head in negation. She stopped to shake out her crumpled skirts. Then she suddenly stood upright. The look in her eyes was almost one of belligerency.

"I don't want to have any doings with any man," she announced, as though his brusqueness had awakened a corresponding brusqueness in her. "So don't bring down that horse!"

Loony was adjusting his stirrups. "I'll bring that hoss down, all right," he solemnly repeated.

"I won't take kindness from no man!" she suddenly cried out.

"Why?" asked Loony.

"I guess I've had too much of that, in my day!"

The note of bitterness in her voice astonished Loony. He turned and looked at her. "I guess you ain't had enough!" he calmly retorted. "And I'll be down with that hoss!" He rode away before she had time to answer him.

HE came back to the Gap early that night, but he did not bring the extra horse, for he knew she would be tired. In the almost empty bar-room he found himself under the studious eye of Buck Anstett, the gambler. Buck put down his whisky-glass and dropped an unsteady eye-lid. "You're makin' the mistake o' your life, Loony," he said with conviction.

"Am I?" said Loony.

"You're goin' soft on that woman."

Loony stepped nearer. "Am I?" he repeated.

"You know you are," maintained Buck.

"Well?"

Buck emitted his breath suddenly, through his nostrils. "Ah, hell, that woman's not worth it!" He did not see Loony's face as he spoke.

"I'll make you eat that," said the gaunt-framed giant. He spoke very quietly.

"Eat nothin'! Go and ask her!"

"I'll make you eat that!" repeated Loony, louder than before.

Buck turned to speak, but no word came from his lips. For Loony's great hand went out and enclosed the other man's flaccid features. The giant paw shut on them as though the man's face were a sponge. It carried the head backward and downward until the back of the skull smote the wooden bar-top. Then Loony forgot himself. He smote that head from side to side, with quick and agile frenzy, very much as a cat strikes at a spinning spool in its play.

"You slur that woman," he said between breaths, "an' I'll sure kill you! You, or any other geezer 'round this Gap! I'll sure do things that'll make this section sit up! I'll sure initiate you all into what a Bad Man means!"

But no further word of the girl was said in Loony's presence. He could feel a pregnancy in the nightly silence that reigned at his advent. He could decipher a new and inarticulate opposition in those about him. But it only strengthened him in his resolution.

IT was three days later that he came to the Gap with a white-dappled pinto and a time-stained side-saddle. Spring had crept over the land, almost in a night, reluctant, northern Spring, Spring that seemed an abandonment of passion after icy repression, ardent warmth after a too gray era of indifference.

It was a beautiful morning as Loony cantered down to the Gap. The air was crisp and clear, a dome of crystal azure arching over a circling skyline of opal. Loony supposed there had never been such a Spring day in all the world before. The breeze rippled the soft green of the prairie-grass. A strange peace filled the vast wash of air that stretched from the horizon. The world seemed made over. "Spring don't mean nothin' to folks, down South," ruminated Loony as he viewed the cobalt skies and the virginal glory of the world.

But Spring must have meant something to the woman called "Alice" as she rode out into the silence of the plains with Loony at her side. She seldom spoke. She seemed content with the vernal silence that surrounded her. There was something rapt about the expression of her parted lips. In her eyes, wide with

a childlike wonder, lurked a look that was neither perplexity nor anguish, but a mingling of both.

Loony, on the other hand, seemed able to talk as he had never talked before. He told her he guessed that prairie air was going to his head; but she only smiled back her vague and enigmatic smile.

"I want to take you out an' show you that swamp o' mine," he said as they cantered along the trail. "I've got ten Swedes and six teams workin' there, on the big ditch!"

They rode on in silence for a minute or two.

"They think I'm nutty about that swamp. They think that ditch is a pipe-dream. They keep yappin' that I should 've gone t' high land. They say it's waste, that swamp. And they don't understand. They don't seem t' see that waste land's been gettin' richer year after year, that all the good stuff's been drainin' down into it, and pilin' up and waitin' there, century after century!"

He paused, as though he expected her to agree with him. But she rode on at his side in silence.

"And now all it needs is ditchin'," he went on. "Ditchin' 'll make that swamp into three thousan' acres o' the best land in Alberta. I'll have my cut finished in five weeks' time. Then you'll see them pools dry up, an' that water seep away, an' drain that stinkin' insect life off, an' the pond-bottom start t' check an' crack in the sun. Then we'll underbrush an' burn her off. Then we'll get the ploughs in on that black loam, an' put the drills t' work, an' next year you'll see the straw 's high 's your head, an' potatoes as big 's that pinto's nose, an' thick as cinders in hell!"

He chuckled audibly and joyously as he rode along at her side. "That's why they call me Loony!" he went on. "An' I s'pose it does look queer, when you don't understand." He turned to her. "Don't you think so?"

"I guess I understand," she said at last.

"Queer, how we can straighten out things, if we only get down t' the good that's in them!" He rode on for a minute with the prairie-squint wrinkling deeper about his eye-corners. "Syd says you ain't doin' very well down at the Gap."

"I didn't expect to," she answered. They were side by side on the trail by this time, and walking their horses.



The girl sat at the piano tinkling out syncopated time and "rag hits"



Loony's great hand went out and enclosed the other man's flaccid features.

"You don't like it there?"
"Not much."
"Ever married?"
"No."
"Free now?"
"Yes."
Loony pulled up his horse. "Why couldn't us two hitch?"
She tried to start her horse; but Loony repeated his question. "I couldn't!" was her retort.
"Why?"
"You'd get tired o' me!"
"Tired o' you? Why, I'd wait on you, hand an' foot!"
"For a week—yes! Most men do!"
"Try me!'
"I wouldn't—I couldn't!" was her fierce reply.
They rode on again. "Why couldn't you marry me?" he asked, out of the silence.
"Marry you?" she cried, looking about him in wonder.
"Sure! Why couldn't you? I need you more'n a man ever needed a woman!"
"You don't know anything about me."
"I know what you are! You're jus' a woman! Woman—jus' rich, deep, tangled-up woman! An' you ain't been used right any more'n that swamp o' mine's been used right!
"You don't need to tell me anything about yourself. Look at me! See what I've been! I ain't fit t' wipe the trail-dust off your shoes!"
"Oh. God, you can't understand!" she cried in anguish.
"Yes, I do," he said, reaching out and catching her pinto's bit. They were standing side by side again on the trail. "We ain't been livin' f'r anything, you an' me. We're jus' like that swamp o' mine, that waste land. We had to wait till somebody showed us what we were good f'r, what we had in us!"
"You couldn't change me, now!" she declared.
"I ain't goin' to change you! You've got to change me. You've got to marry me an' make life mean something!"
She shook her head.
"You've got 'o marry me!" he repeated solemnly.
"I'd be afraid!" she said.
"You'd be afraid to, the same as men 've been afraid to put a ditch through that swamp! An' now that swamp's goin' to stand up an' thank me to my dying day, for jus' showin' how rich it was!"
"But my life ain't that way!" she cried back at him. "It ain't rich! It could 've been, once, but I didn't use it right! I didn't know any better! I've done things you can't drain off, the way you talk about draining off that swamp o' yours!"
He laughed a little with his full-throated and Jove-like laughter. "Then them's the things I thank God f'r," he devoutly avowed. "Them's the things that saved you f'r me, or a thousand better men 'n me would 've been fightin' an' hagglin' f'r you the same as they'de been fightin' an' hagglin' f'r this open range, long b'fore I got here!"
"No! No!" was her bitter cry. "Nothing was saved!"
"Ain't you sittin' here beside me?" he demanded. "Ain't it you, *you*, I can reach out an' touch, an' take care of, an' get God a'mighty's sun to sweeten up an' show you're richer 'n some thin-loamed hog-back that couldn't grow weeds? Ain't that enough? Ain't I gettin' enough when I get *you?*"



"It's goin' pretty well, Dutch," he absently replied. But his eyes were still on the girl.

She did not answer him. Instead she reached out and touched him on the arm, almost wonderingly. "God, but you're big!"
The tears in her eyes translated that cry of hers into something far from the blasphemous.
He slipped from the saddle and came to her side. He lifted his great arms and linked the huge hands about her hips, in a hungry movement of appropriation. There was something almost animal-like in the inarticulated want that deepened in his eyes.
"You're goin' to marry me!" he repeated still again as he let his head sink down until it rested against her knee. He clung to her in that child-like and foolish position until her hand, hovering for its moment of uncertainty, touched his thick hair.
"All right," she said a little thickly, for her tears were falling. "I'll marry you!"

CONDITIONS IN GERMANY

THE actual conditions now existing in Germany will be shown in next month's MacLean's through the stories of Canadian soldiers who have returned or escaped from German prison Camps. A remarkable series of narratives will be presented.

Conscription in Quebec

By John Bayne Maclean

The articles by Colonel Maclean have attracted a great deal of attention and have aroused variously warm commendation, bitter criticism and intolerant skepticism. Some publications have brushed aside his statements as unbelievable and not worthy of serious consideration. Unpleasant truths are never popular and always hard to drive home. Colonel Maclean foretold in August, 1912, the money stringency and coming let up in trade. He started in October, 1914, through the columns of THE FINANCIAL POST, to give utterance to certain things that he knew to be true, but which ran contrary to public opinion at the time. His facts were brushed aside and his conclusions derided then by the same people and the same publications now expressing disapproval of his articles in MacLean's. Here are some of the things he put forward as early as October, 1914: (1) "That the War would last 5 or 6 years (at the time even British Cabinet Ministers said the Germans would be defeated in a few months); (2) That Canada must not be contented with the 25,000 men then authorized, but must get another 100,000 men under arms right away; and make plans for 250,000 more. (3) That our real danger was submarines; this was laughed at by many critics. (4) That "the possible political developments out of this war are causing many Canadians to do some serious thinking, but this is no time to discuss them. The duty now is to support the British arms to the limit of our capacity." Within the last three weeks there has been an animated discussion on this subject. One of the biggest men in Canada said frankly that we would become independent, while another man, who occupies a very important position at Ottawa, thinks the outcome will be union with the U.S. With neither of these views do we agree. (5) That the British needed different leaders than Asquith, Grey Balfour and Churchill. (6) That Lloyd George was the man to take the helm. (7) That National Governments must take the place of purely party administrations and leading business men be given portfolios calling for executive ability; Borden and Laurier now agree to this. (8) That conscription should come in Canada. (9) That Russia might seek a separate peace. On all these points and many others he had the truth at least two years in advance of public opinion. This is not intended as a defence of what he has written in MacLean's, but as a guide to such as desire to judge between what he says now and what his critics say.—The Editors.

CONSCRIPTION is not a novelty in Quebec. French-Canadian conscripts helped in 1775 to save Canada for the British, and Quebec for the Roman Catholic Church and French language.

The occurrences then are being repeated, almost exactly, in these days; excepting that then they had real war-time conscription. Then men were enlisted at the point of the bayonet and not after elaborate court proceedings.

> "With the whole united strength of our people, we will win, but we shall only just win. It will need all our strength, so don't let us throw it away. It is a mighty foe which has set itself to destroy this Empire, and it will take all of our strength to beat it."
>
> —*David Lloyd-George.*

Brigadier-General Allan Maclean had been authorized to organize two battalions of Highlanders in the States, Quebec and Maritime Provinces—the Royal Highland Emigrants, they were called. He was given power "to get them by beat of drum, or otherwise." The settlements and the farmsteads on the St. Lawrence were visited and each able-bodied man was seen in turn. Many volunteered, but finally when conditions became desperate, as they are with us to-day; when only Quebec City remained British—Benjamin Franklin was on his way from Philadelphia to start his newspaper in Montreal—French-Canadians were forced to join; rounded up by detachments of the Emigrants with fixed bayonets.

They proved very good soldiers. They made their way to Quebec in canoes. It is recorded that they had to pass the American sentries below Three Rivers by paddling with their hands. They arrived just in time. There was disloyalty in the garrison. Quebec was on the point of surrender. Articles of capitulation were being arranged, it was said, at a meeting of leading citizens in the Bishop's Chapel. The Highlanders and French-Canadians at once took charge of this meeting. The Chairman, one Williams, was kicked out of the pulpit. Detachments from the regiment were placed at the gates of the city—to prevent surrender. Internal plotting was put down with a strong hand. When Arnold's emissaries came forward with a flag of truce, expecting the surrender, they were fired on. They protested, but the old Highlander, now in full command at Quebec, said he could not recognize a flag of truce in the hands of rebels. The final effort, under Montgomery, on that stormy New Year's eve, was met and repulsed mainly by these conscripts and their Highland compatriots. Two of the French-Canadians distinguished themselves in the good work they did. It was Washington Irving, was it not, who wrote, that but for Maclean and his "brigands" Canada would have been part of the States to-day, and Capt. Key, of the York and Lancaster Regiment in a paper read in 1912 before the Royal United Service Institution, said: "Had it not been for the Highland Emigrant Regt., Quebec would have fallen, and had Quebec fallen, the British prestige west of the Atlantic would have ceased to exist."



French-Canadians are misrepresented by the noisy agitators in the big centres of population. The real *habitants* are a good-living, industrious, loyal, contented, hard-working people. They are simple, honest, trusting, and, therefore, easily imposed upon. In those troublous times, 142 years ago, and constantly since, this honest simplicity of the *habitant* has been taken advantage of by political carpet-baggers.

In 1775 the *habitants* knew they were vastly better off under British than the former French rule, but it is recorded that:—

"Agents and friends of the United States Congress were very busy all through the settled portions of Quebec. By word or letter the simple peasant minds were alienated from their English friends. Mysterious armed strangers appeared in some of the parishes, and disappeared as secretly as they had come. The rumor gained ground that the British Minister had formed plans to enslave the country folks; that fighting would be incessant; that their lives would be spent in foreign wars and bloodshed."

In consequence, writers of those days tell us, the people became dupes to these pretensions, just as they are to-day the victims of the oily-tongued orators—and oratory is one of the vanities sought by the ambitious young men of a certain type in Lower Canada, just as tenor singing or bull fighting is to the same class in Spain.

The same condition has come down to our own time. In 1896 during the election campaign, thousands of pieces of campaign literature, supplemented by fiery speeches, conveyed the impression that, if the Conservatives were returned to power, they would "send our children to Africa or Asia whence they will never return." And this took so strong a grip on the electors that, even with the church against him, Laurier received their overwhelming support.

This was repeated on behalf of the Conservatives in the last election. Uniformed agents traversed the rural districts, taking the names of all the available men, explaining that Laurier intended to put them into the British navy. And they voted for Borden's friends.

IN all these generations since 1775, the terrors of conscription and foreign service, the dread of being wantonly and forcibly torn away from his little family, has been drilled into and is to-day haunting the French Canadian. This condition is pathetic. The French-Canadians are sincere in their opposition to conscription to-day. They do not believe that their homes are in real danger.

On our part we have done nothing to counteract this unfortunate impression. This phase impressed another student of the situation, W. Sanford Evans. In his book, "The Canadian Contingents and Canadian Imperialism," published in 1901, he comes to the same conclusion, when he refers to the opposition stirred up

against sending troops to South Africa. He says: "A campaign of education judiciously conducted might have removed all difficulties, but it was not systematically attempted."



IN the early months of the war, the masses in England were quite indifferent when urged to join the army. Young men constantly answered the recruiting officers: "Why should we fight? We will be just as well off under the Kaiser as under King George. Both are German."

Two of my American friends had spent a week end in the home of a Cabinet Minister in September, 1914. They came back to London very much distressed. They had seen something of the war on the Continent. They knew of Germany's heartless designs. They were depressed. Yet they found the Minister and his friends most optimistic—rather pleased with the war. In three months at the longest, they had been told, Russia would be in Berlin. In any event, so this member of the Cabinet had declared, Germany would be starving by Christmas. The official foodstuffs statistics proved this. The war was going to be a good thing for Britain. The British were in no danger with the navy to protect them. They had done their part in sending 120,000 to the continent. "Business as Usual" was their policy; and they expected to completely capture Germany's trade.

The leaders and the press—excepting Northcliffe and a few others—positively refused to take the war seriously. Considering the opportunities they had of knowing the actual situation, their optimistic utterances were criminal. Perhaps the kindest explanation is that men with giant intellects, like Asquith, Grey and Balfour usually fail to understand the ordinary every-day affairs of life.

When the truth was told the masses they would not believe. It needed the Zeppelin raid and the atrocity stories to arouse them from the state of apathy which had been encouraged by the Government.

This being the situation in Britain, for many months after the outbreak of the war, it is not difficult to understand why we are not yet aroused in Canada; why we have not yet made practical attempts to overcome the prejudice in Quebec.

ONE of the newest developments in business is "investigations." The word has a new specific meaning. A concern finds its goods are not selling in some fields. Perhaps there is a prejudice against them. Other makes may be preferred. Smith can't sell his products in Quebec. Jones has that market, but he can't sell a pound in Ontario. The Ontario consumers won't have any but Smith's. Or it may be a new market is to be tried, or a new article. They see the leading merchants and families in scores of business centres; and away out on the farms. When they get through they will have answers to or explanations on, every topic the manufacturer needs, to enable him to decide upon the best plan for creating a sentiment for, or overcoming the prejudice against, his goods or methods of business. Sometimes a manufacturer will find a prejudice has been created against him by unscrupulous competitors—agitators—blackmailers perhaps. The criminal courts and the jails are then the remedies.

This intensive, scientific method was developed more generally in Germany than anywhere else. It is steadily growing in the United States.

Germany, through a New York business house, asked a Toronto firm to make an investigation in Canada a few months before the war. They had not the men to do the work and a corps of investigators sent from New York covered the leading centres from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

We, of the British Empire, as a result of our long years of power and prosperity have been in a rut. We have been accustomed to fight first and investigate afterwards, as Lord Salisbury said.

The usual method of big business concerns for overcoming a prejudice or creating a favorable sentiment is by talks to the people they desire to influence. As it is impossible to secure orators or other good advocates and still more impossible to personally see more than a very small fraction of the people, the most successful concerns put their talks in writing and place them before every person interested in the literature they read. Even the most uninteresting matter eventually succeeds. It is often a hard, long campaign, for wrong information, prejudices and falsehoods travel fast and are magnified as they go. Corrections move with the tortoise.



In Canada we are too far from the war to be seriously influenced. And, besides, the competitor, the agitator, the pacifist, has been among our people, spreading false stories, playing upon their prejudices.

OUR Government, even in Parliament, has done nothing to counteract wrong impressions or to develop right sentiment. Yet they had a splendid series of talks to send out. Why were not the Belgium-Bryce report and the French atrocity report printed in full in every daily and weekly newspaper in Canada?

A perusal of "When the Prussians came to Poland," by the Countess Turczynowicz—the Canadian woman, who, with her children, went through it all—could not fail to impress the people who think the dangers magnified. Lloyd George's speeches and Northcliffe's important articles should be placed in every home in the Empire. Balfour should have sent out a straight business talk to the people of Canada—told us the actual conditions as he told them in Washington—that we were being defeated; and that final defeat would mean a German Quebec, that the rapings of Belgium and Poland might be repeated.

No foreigner ever created so profound an impression on a whole nation as did Balfour at Washington. His story was a revelation to the American leaders. He said the Allies could not hold out much longer. The enemy submarines were succeeding only too well. Unless the United States came in and assisted them in directions he named, they would assuredly be defeated. If they were defeated, Germany would make the Americans pay the cost of the war and Canada would become a German colony. The Americans knew he told the truth. The seriousness of the situation stunned them. It was what they needed to arouse them. Before Mr. Balfour left Washington the United States had agreed to the first effective steps to curb the submarines.

Canada got no such straight talk. Instead, Mr. Balfour sent us a message of beautifully expressed sentiments, and those of us who have tried to arouse the country to the dangers ahead, by telling the actual truth are, as Frederick Palmer, the leading Allied war correspondent, recently so well said,

"Being subjected to an amused condescension which had formerly warned you of the folly of proven experience tilting at an adamant state of mind."

ALL Canada, and particularly Quebec, needs to be educated, to be told all the truth about this war, in order that there may be given the moral backing to the conscription which cannot be enforced too soon.

The real truth is never popular. Therefore, the men who know, and the papers which ought to know, keep quiet. The idle rich and professional politicians whom we elect to rule—particularly in London—the men whose duty it is to tell—suppress the facts, because they would expose their own great incapacity and failures. Lloyd George said recently: "The people of this country are all the better for being told even unpalatable truths. It is essential they should know the facts, whether they are cheering or whether they are discouraging. Unless they get both they cannot possibly exercise reasonable judgment and discretion, or come to any useful decision in regard to the facts of the case."

The public otherwise get an entirely erroneous impression, and when the real truth is told they do not want to hear it. They suspect the motives of the people who tell them; and they do not believe them. They demand action by the Censor, instead of the elimination of the incompetent politicians.

Back to the City!

This is the End of a Perfect Growing Season

By Stephen Leacock

Author of "Further Foolishness," "Germany from Within," etc.

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys



Our radishes stand seven feet high, unbeatable.

I HAVE just come back — now in the third week of September—to the city. I have hung up my hoe in my study, my spade is put away behind the piano. I have with me seven pounds of Paris Green that I had over. Anybody who wants it may have it. I didn't like to bury it for fear of its poisoning the ground. I didn't like to throw it away for fear of its destroying cattle. I was afraid to leave it in my summer place for fear that it might poison the tramps who generally break in in November. I have it with me now. I move it from room to room, as I hate to turn my back upon it. Anybody who wants it, I repeat, can have it.

I should like also to give away either to the Red Cross or to any thing else, ten packets of radish seed (the early curled variety, I think), fifteen packets of cucumber seed (the long succulent variety, I believe it says), and twenty packets of onion seed (the Yellow Danvers, distinguished, I understand, for its edible flavor and its nutritious properties). It is not likely that I shall ever, on this side of the grave, plant onion seed again. All these things I have with me. My vegetables are to come after me by freight. They are booked from Simcoe County to Toronto: at present they are, I believe, passing through Schenectady. But they will arrive later all right. They were seen going through Detroit last week, moving west. It is the first time that I ever sent anything by freight anywhere. I never understood before the wonderful organization of the railroads. But they tell me that there is a bad congestion of freight down South this month. If my vegetables get tangled up in that there is no telling when they will arrive.



Who would suspect that a man was keeping in reserve a pair of breeches four sizes too large.

IN other words, I am one of the legion of men—quiet, determined, resolute men — who went out last spring to plant the land, and who are now back.

With me—and I am sure that I speak for all the others as well—it was not a question of mere pleasure; it was no love of gardening for its own sake that inspired us. It was a plain national duty. What we said to ourselves was: "This war has got to stop. The men in the trenches thus far have failed to stop it. Now let *us* try. The whole thing, we argued, is a plain matter of food production.

"If we raise enough food the Germans are bound to starve. Very good. Let us kill them."

I suppose there was never a more grimly determined set of men went out from the cities than those who went out last May, as I did, to conquer the food problem. I don't mean to say that each and every one of us actually left the city. But we all "went forth" in the metaphorical sense. Some of the men cultivated back gardens; others took vacant lots; some went out into the suburbs; and others, like myself, went right out into the country.

We are now back. Each of us has with him his Paris Green, his hoe and the rest of his radish seed.

THE time has, therefore, come for a plain, clear statement of our experience. We have, as everybody knows, failed. We have been beaten back all along the line. Our potatoes are buried in a jungle of autumn burdocks. Our radishes stand seven feet high, uneatable. Our tomatoes, when last seen, were greener than they were at the beginning of August, and getting greener every week. Our celery looked as delicate as a maiden hair fern. Our Indian corn was nine feet high with a tall feathery spike on top of that, but no sign of anything eatable about it from top to bottom.

I LOOK back with a sigh of regret at those bright, early days in April when we were all buying hoes, and talking soil and waiting for the snow to be off the ground. The street cars, as we went up and down to our offices were a busy babel of garden talk. There was a sort of

farmer-like geniality in the air. One spoke freely to strangers. Every man with a hoe was a friend. Men chewed straws in their offices, and kept looking out of windows to pretend to themselves that they were afraid it might blow up rain. "Got your tomatoes in?" one man would ask another as they went up in the elevator. "Yes, I got mine in yesterday," the other would answer, "but I'm just a little afraid that this east wind may blow up a little frost. What we need now is growing weather." And the two men would drift off together from the elevator door along the corridor, their heads together in friendly colloquy.

I have always regarded a lawyer as a man without a soul. There is one who lives next door to me to whom I have not spoken in five years. Yet when I saw him one day last spring heading for the suburbs in a pair of old trousers with a hoe in one hand and a box of celery plants in the other I felt that I loved the man. I used to think that stock brokers were mere sordid calculating machines. Now that I have seen whole firms of them busy at the hoe wearing old trousers that reached to their armpits and were tied about the waist with a polka dot necktie, I know that they are men. I know that there are warm hearts beating behind those trousers.

Old trousers, I say. Where on earth did they all come from in such a sudden fashion last spring? Everybody had them. Who would suspect that a man drawing a salary of ten thousand a year was keeping in reserve a pair of pepper and salt breeches, four sizes too large for him, just in case a war should break out against Germany! Talk of German mobilization! I doubt whether the organizing power was all on their side after all. At any rate it is estimated that fifty thousand pairs of old trousers were mobilized in Toronto in one week.

But perhaps it was not a case of mobilization, or deliberate preparedness. It was rather an illustration of the primitive instinct that is in all of us and that will out in "war time." Any man worth the name would wear old breeches all the time if the world would let him. Any man will wind a polka dot tie round his waist in preference to wearing patent braces. The makers of the ties know this. That is why they make the tie four feet long. And in the same way if any manufacturer of hats will put on the market an old fedora, with a limp rim and a mark where the ribbon used to be but is not—a hat guaranteed to be six years old, well weathered, well rained on, and certified to have been walked over by a herd of cattle—that man will make and deserve a fortune.

These at least were the fashions of last May. Alas, where are they now? The men that wore them have relapsed again into tailor-made tweeds. They have put on hard new hats. They are shining their boots again. They are shaving again, not merely on Saturday night, but every day. They are sinking back into civilization.

YET those were bright times and I cannot forbear to linger on them. Not the least pleasant feature was our rediscovery of the morning. My neighbor on the right was always up at five. My neighbor on the left was out and about by four. With the earliest light of day little columns of smoke rose along our street from the kitchen ranges where our wives were making coffee for us before the servants got up. By six o'clock the street was alive and busy with friendly salutations. The milkman seemed a late comer, a poor, sluggish fellow who failed to appreciate the early hours of the day. A man, we found, might live through quite a little Iliad of adventure before going to his nine o'clock office.



One spoke freely to strangers.

"How will you possibly get time to put in a garden?" I asked of one of my neighbors during this glad period of early spring just before I left for the country. "Time!" he exclaimed. "Why, my dear fellow, I don't have to be down at the warehouse till eight-thirty."

Later in the summer I saw the wreck of his garden, choked with weeds. "Your garden," I said, "is in poor shape." "Garden!" he said indignantly. "How on earth can I find time for a garden? Do you realize that I have to be down at the warehouse at eight-thirty?"

WHEN I look back to our bright beginnings our failure seems hard indeed to understand. It is only when I survey the whole garden movement in melancholy retrospect that I am able to see some of the reasons for it.

The principal one, I think, is the question of the season. It appears that the right time to begin gardening is last year. For many things it is well to begin the year before last. For good results one must begin even sooner. Here, for example, are the directions, as I interpret them, for growing asparagus. Having secured a suitable piece of ground, preferably a deep friable loam rich in nitrogen, go out three years ago and plough or dig deeply. Remain a year inactive, thinking. Two years ago pulverize the soil thoroughly. Wait a year. As soon as last year comes set out the young shoots. Then spend a quiet winter doing nothing. The asparagus will then be ready to work at *this* year.

This is the rock on which we were wrecked. Few of us were men of sufficient means to spend several years in quiet thought waiting to begin gardening. Yet that is, it seems, the only way to begin. Asparagus demands a preparation of four years. To fit oneself to grow strawberries requires three years. Even for such humble things as peas, beans, and lettuce the instructions inevitably read, "plough the soil deeply in the preceding autumn." This sets up a dilemma. *Which* is the preceding autumn? If a man begins gardening in the spring he is too late for last autumn and too early for this. On the other hand if he begins in the autumn he is again too late; he has missed this summer's crop. It is, therefore ridiculous to begin in the autumn and impossible to begin in the spring.

THIS was our first difficulty. But the second arose from the question of the soil itself. All the books and instructions insist that the selection of the soil is the most important part of gardening. No doubt it is. But if a man has already selected his own back yard before he opens the book, what remedy is there? All the books lay stress on the need of "a deep, friable loam full of nitrogen." This I have never seen. My own plot of land I found on examination to contain nothing but earth. I could see no trace of nitrogen. I do not deny the existence of loam. There may be such a thing. But I am admitting now in all humility of mind that I don't know what loam is. Last spring my fellow gardeners and I all talked freely of the desirability of "a loam." My own opinion is that none of them had any clearer ideas about it than I had. Speaking from experience I should say that the only soils are earth, mud and dirt. There are no others.

But I leave out the soil. In any case we were mostly forced to disregard it. Perhaps a more fruitful source of failure even than the lack of loam was the attempt to apply calculation and mathematics to gardening. Thus, if one cabbage will grow in one square foot of ground, how many cabbages will grow in ten square feet of ground? Ten? Not

at all. The answer is *one*. You will find as a matter of practical experience that however many cabbages you plant in a garden plot there will be only *one* that will really grow. This you will presently come to speak of as *the* cabbage. Beside it all the others (till the caterpillers finally finish their experience) will look but poor, lean things. But *the* cabbage will be a source of pride and an object of display to visitors; in fact it would ultimately have grown to be a *real* cabbage, such as you buy for ten cents at any market, were it not that you inevitably cut it and eat it when it is still only half-grown.

This always happens to the one cabbage that is of decent size, and to the one tomato that shows signs of turning red (it is really a feeble green-pink), and to the only melon that might have lived to ripen. They get eaten. No one but a practised professional gardener can live and sleep beside a melon three-quarters ripe and a cabbage two-thirds grown without going out and tearing it off the stem.

EVEN at that it is not a bad plan to eat the stuff while you can. The most peculiar thing about gardening is that all of a sudden everything is too old to eat. Radishes change over night from delicate young shoots not large enough to put on the table into huge plants seven feet high with a root like an Irish shillaleh. If you take your eyes off a lettuce bed for a week the lettuces, not ready to eat when you last looked at them, have changed into a tall jungle of hollyhocks. Green peas are only really green for about two hours. Before that they are young peas; after that they are old peas. Cucumbers are the worst case of all. They change overnight from delicate little bulbs obviously too slight and dainty to pick, to old cases of yellow leather filled with seeds.

If I were ever to garden again, a thing which is out of the bounds of possibility, I should wait until a certain day and hour when all the plants were ripe, and then go out with a gun and shoot them all dead, so they could grow no more.



The cabbage will be a source of pride.

BUT calculation, I repeat, is the bane of gardening. I knew among our group of food producers, a party of young engineers, college men, who took an empty farm north of Toronto as the scene of their summer operations. They took their coats off and applied college methods. They ran out, first, a base line AB, and measured off from it lateral spurs MN, OP, QR, and so on. From these they took side angles with a theodolite so as to get the edges of each of the separate plots of their land absolutely correct. I saw them working at it all through one Saturday afternoon in May. They talked as they did it of the peculiar ignorance of the so-called practical farmer. He never—so they agreed—uses his head. He never—I think I have their phrase correct—stops to think. In laying out his ground for use, it never occurs to him to try to get the maximum result from a given space. If the man would only realize that the contents of a circle represent the maximum of space enclosable in a given perimeter, and that any one circle is merely a function of its own radius, what a lot of time he would save.



Those who worked with their hands got an injunction against anyone offering advice

These young men that I speak of laid out their field engineer-fashion with little white posts at even distances. They made a blue print of the whole thing as they planted it. Every corner of it was charted out. The yield was calculated to a nicety. They had allowed for the fact that some of the stuff might fail to grow by introducing what they called "a co-efficient of error." By means of this and by reducing the variation of autumn prices to a mathematical curve those men not only knew already in the middle of May the exact yield of their farm to within half a bushel (they allowed, they said, a variation of half a bushel per fifty acres), but they knew before hand within a few cents the market value that they would receive. The figures, as I remember them, were simply amazing. It seemed incredible that fifty acres could produce so much. Yet there were the plain facts in front of one, calculated out. The thing amounted practically to a revolution in farming. At least it ought to have. And it would have if those young men had come back again to hoe their field. But it turned out, most unfortunately, that they were busy. To their great regret they were too busy to come. They had been working under a free and easy arrangement. Each man was to give what time he could every Saturday. It was left to every man's honor to do what he could. There was no compulsion. Each man trusted the others to be there. In fact the thing was not only an experiment in food production, it was also a new departure in social coöperation. The first Saturday that those young men worked there were, so I have been told, seventy-five of them driving in white stakes and running lines. The next Saturday there

were fifteen of them planting potatoes. The rest were busy. The week after that there was one man hoeing weeds. After that silence fell upon the deserted garden, broken only by the cry of the chick-a-dee and the choo-choo feeding on the waving heads of the thistles.

Near to these young men in a similar field there operated, I am told, an assembled party of lawyers. They, too, failed. It was their claim that farming is done in too vague a fashion without a proper understanding of the legal rights of the parties concerned. They organized themselves into a corporation. Everything was on a business footing.

The time of those who worked with their hands was rated at fifty cents an hour and recorded. The time of those who gave advice was counted up at five dollars an hour—the lowest figure, they admitted, at which they could afford to do it. They failed. When the hot spell of weather came in June those who worked with their hands got out an injunction against anybody offering to give advice in the heat to a man working. The corporation ended.

BUT these are only two or three of the ways of failing at food production. There are ever so many more. What amazes me is, in returning to the city, to find the enormous quantities of produce of all sorts offered for sale in the markets. It is an odd thing that last spring, by a queer oversight, we never thought, any of us, of this process of increasing the supply. If every patriotic man would simply take a large basket and go to the market every day and buy all that he could carry away there need be no further fear of a food famine.

And, meantime, my own vegetables are on their way. They are in a soap box with bars across the top, coming by freight. They weigh forty-six pounds, including the box. They represent the result of four months' arduous toil in sun, wind, and storm. Yet it is pleasant to think that I shall be able to feed with them some poor family of refugees during the rigor of the winter. Either that or feed them to the hens. I certainly won't eat the rotten things myself.

REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Germany's Big Offensive in 1918

American Writer Gives This Idea of Future Prussian Strategy.

THAT Germany is laying all her plans with the objective point of a big offensive in 1918 directed against France, an offensive that will destroy the French army, is the substance of a remarkable article by A. Curtis Roth in *The Saturday Evening Post.* Mr. Roth was formerly United States Vice-Consul at Plauen, Saxony and had exceptional opportunities for observation. He concludes his articles with reasons why he believes the Germans will fail. It is his belief that the German people will not stand the strain until 1918 but will force the war lords to make peace. His outline of German strategy, is as follows:

France is implacable. France is not to be bluffed, or terrified, or discouraged by sacrifice. The Germans know this. The great General Staff of Germany has not recovered from its French surprise after three years of fighting, but it has learned to appreciate France. France is only to be beaten by being destroyed, and the Germans are determined to destroy her.

"Our strategy in France is to bleed the enemy white and then to cut down the weakened body," Von Heydebrand told me in Berlin. "France will never recover from the effects of this war."

France has become the central problem of Germany's military endeavor. France is the military problem. German victory is to follow close upon the heels of the collapse of France. German victory must be delayed until France does collapse. It follows that the life of able-bodied Frenchmen must be cut down at all costs and that French economic resistance must be destroyed by every means.

The Verdun offensive was a labor of killing Frenchmen.

The enticement of every fresh French offensive is a labor of the same nature. The preparation of every fresh German offensive in France has the same object. The submarine must withhold supplies from France. Dynamite must wreck the cities and the industries of France. The territories of France behind the German lines must be turned into desert wastes. But, above all, the Germans must kill, kill, kill Frenchmen. This is the German analysis of the French problem as it has often been explained to me by those engaged in its solution.

There is no hatred for the French among the Germans. Their dictum that France must die is merely a businesslike summing up of German necessities. And the German General Staff follows the estimated day-by-day casualties among the French with scientific satisfaction. Ratios of German losses to French losses are continually being revised and cold-blooded calculations of the number of Germans that can be paid for a given number of Frenchmen are continually being redetermined. I have often shuddered over explanations of this scientific warfare. When the Germans have enjoyed a period of unusually favorable ratio of loss it is determined that a certain surplus for wastage is free for the prosecution of some tactical advantage, and the General Staff orders some long-contemplated offensive. Thus the frightful slaughter of Allied troops at La Basse created a surplus of German troops for wastage at Verdun.

Likewise the terrible percentage of Allied losses on the Somme created a large surplus of German troops to be sacrificed on the Aisne this year. The Western Front is a business by itself, and this business is directed without consideration of the affairs on other Fronts. My friends among the German officers assured me again and again that Germany would win the war in France, though, at the same time, Germany was filling the world with reports that she was to find her grand decision in Russia, in the Balkans, in Egypt and on the sea.

Every element of Germany's war machinery is working with special reference to France. Munition stores and munition reserves must be first worked out for the Western Front before the other Fronts may draw their allotments. Raw troops are mostly trained under fire in Russia, in the Balkans and in Turkey before they are sent to the West. The reserves behind the Western lines are never depleted, no matter how great the need for reinforcements may be elsewhere.

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The picked troops of the German Empire—medal winners all—are employed on the Western Front in flying organizations for the toughest and most difficult operations. Lieutenant Enck, of the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Saxon Regiment, a friend of mine of eight years' standing, commanded in one of these flying organizations, and in six months' time he had seen desperate service on the Western Front, all the way from Ypres, in Flanders, to Altkirch, in Alsace. Every man in his command had the Iron Cross, and most of them had one or more other orders.

Lieutenant Enck told me that the men in these flying organizations become merciless savages by reason of the blood-glut of their work. He said that the men of these organizations seldom give quarter, but kill both enemy wounded and prisoners. He spoke of receiving orders to take no Canadian prisoners when his command was doing duty in Flanders. His troops held a trench section next to a Bavarian flying contingent, and he described how the Bavarians split the heads of their prisoners with their keenly sharpened intrenching tools.

"The prisoners let out just one roar," he said; "and it was funny to see them sprawl round on the ground like crazy crabs!"

To my mind the German conception of war is far from funny, and I could repeat many a tale to prove my point; but, then, these tales have no place in the present story.

Waste the enemy and retreat, is the key to Germany's plans in the West. In other words, the General Staff is adopting the much pooh-poohed strategy of Pere Joffre. Line after line of intrenchments and field fortifications has been prepared for this retreat, broken by lunges forward as favorable opportunities occur; and meantime troops, munitions and plans are being assiduously prepared for the knock-out campaign to be begun in France's "hour of weakness."

"The line of the Western Front is a powerful, unbroken fortress," Lieutenant Enck said to me one evening. We were discussing with a number of furloughed Saxon officers the probable duration of the war. This was in the autumn of last year. "The enemy has been persistently dashing himself to pieces against this fortress for many months. He accomplishes nothing. Here and there he overruns an outwork, a detail of the fortress. Or his luck is better and he captures a whole section of the fortress; but he never breaks into the stronghold itself, and no matter how brilliant his work or how costly his venture he always finds himself confronted with the necessity of starting his task all over again. France must break through this fortified line or give up the fight. As things stand, France is rapidly exhausting herself in man power and economic power by fruitless endeavor."

"But surely Germans are being killed and German munitions are being expended in the resistance?" I broke in.

"Certainly. The expenditure of munitions on both sides would be about equal were it not for the superiority of our gunners. Our loss in men, however, is much less. We have been losing effectives on the Western Front in a ratio of about one to five. If this ratio is continued for another year France will not be able to hold her lines, much less to continue her offensive. Meantime we are preparing the blow, and preparing it with all care, which will finish France once for all and end the war. This blow should be delivered in the spring or fall of 1918. Its initial movements will be carried out by the finest body of picked offensive troops the world has ever seen, and these troops will be supported by a predominant artillery and an inexhaustible munitions reserve. England will be unable to save France."

What is Happening in Belgium

A Glimpse Behind the Scenes in the Conquered Country

A SOUL-STIRRING story of what is transpiring in Belgium is told by John A. Gade in *Hearst's Magazine*. Mr. Gade was engaged in that stricken country with the Hoover Mission and was brought closely in touch with the suffering people. He gives a close-up impression of what is happening behind the German lines:

Nobody's home, or even thoughts, are any longer his own. The whole people are at bay, cut off from the outside world, like so many lepers. German bayonets to the east and south, mines and submarines to the west, and across the entire northern frontier a double fence of high-tensioned electrified wires; between them, every few hundred feet, a sentinel, his fingers on the trigger. Once inside, you feel as if you were locked up in a sepulchral vault, from which no cry can reach the ear of the outside world or any struggle free you. Without are fathers, husbands, sons and lovers. Inside, seven and a half million Belgians and two and a half million French who, almost without exception, have during the last three years been unable to communicate with each other. German prisons entomb 43,000 more, and German fields and workshops some 70,000 deported slaves.

Never did the pathos, the anguish, of it strike me more forcibly than during the last few days before my departure. I devoted them to memorizing names and addresses. Not a written word could pass out with me. One Belgian woman after another, who felt she might ask a small favor, came with the one sentence she had framed and reframed in order to make it short and concise and yet as fraught with meaning as possible. The moment I was free I was to send it to the loved one on "the other side," fighting for his country. "Just say, Inez still loves you!" "Tell my boy I know he is doing his duty, and that makes me happy." "Write my husband we had a little girl, thirty months ago, and she has his eyes." A mother would bring her children to my door-step that I might write I had laid my eyes on them.

In all modes of communication the Belgians have gone back to the eighteenth century. Their telephones have been wrenched from the walls, leaving only melancholy broken wires. You might as well ask for a private appointment with the Kaiser as to send a telegram. Such service belongs alone to the civil and military officials. As only higher officers, the head delegates of the American Commission, and a few favored and aged members of the National Committee, have motors, they are as rare as during the first year of their invention. In gray war-paint, with black eagles upon their panels, they rush top-speed through villages and fields on their evil errands—followed by the curse of the wayside laborer and the stink of the benzol they now perforce must burn in place of the precious gasoline. Only the country doctor has his bicycle, and pays well for it in taxes. A census of all others has been taken and these have been ingloriously stripped of their rubber tires.

In some mysterious, incomprehensible manner, news travels with lightning rapidity from mouth to mouth. Nobody of course can keep good news to himself, and the bad flies without help. All literary activities have been arrested. There is *La Libre Belgique*, that dangerous, illustrious herald of courage and truth, published no one knows how or where, but constantly appearing secretly, and breathing encouragement and hope. To be found with it in one's possession would mean instant investigation and arrest. The cleverest spies and bloodhounds of infallible scent have time and again been set on the track of the editors, but all to no avail. Once, however, presses, editors, printers and all were discovered in a cellar and the whole plant was burned out as a festering sore. Three days later the freshly printed little sheet brought the news to a chosen few of the last French advance and Mercier's arraignment of Von Bissing. Despite sentinels, clerks and staff-officers, a copy of each new number printed was always to be found on the Governor-General's work-table. I asked one day of a group of influential Belgians if they knew how I might regularly procure the dangerous sheet, but with characteristic Gallic shrugs and friendly warnings I was told they knew little about it, and most certainly I should not desire to take such a risk. Next morning, beside my coffee-cup, there lay the freshly folded edition, to the utter astonishment of servant as well as master, and there it always lay whenever a new number came out.

If a German officer seats himself beside a woman in the street car, she rises quietly at the next stopping place and gets out. When he enters a restaurant, the Belgians settle their scores and leave for another place. Any intercourse, even the most formal, is as impossible as between Pharisee and Publican.

With a thickness of skin and lack of finer perception born of ingrained self-confidence and conceit, the conquerors seem unable to comprehend that a Teuton uniform implies ostracism from Belgian society. Lieutenant W——s, late Assistant-Curator of the Pina-



—Bernard Partridge in *Punch*, London

Russia's Dark Hour.

kothek in Munich, spent a couple of months a few years ago studying the Gothic tapestries of the Musee du Cinquantenaire in Brussels. And now returning in a different capacity, he ventures to call on the lady in whose house he had on his first visit been shown courtesy and hospitality. He sends up his card by the astonished butler. Madame returns word: "Has not the Lieutenant made a mistake?" "Not at all." The officer is kept waiting—twenty minutes. Finally Madame appears, hat and wrap on, ready to go out. "To what do I owe the honor of this call from a stranger?" The officer reaches for her hand to kiss it as he bows. Madame pretends not to see his movement. "Surely Mme H—— remembers the young art-critic to whom she showed so much kindness scarcely four years ago?" No, she did not. "Years as well as the uniform may have altered me, but Madame cannot have forgotten?" "No, it must all be a mistake; will the Lieutenant please excuse me, as I have an errand of importance." And so the young Bavarian is left nonplused in possession of the salon, while Madame went about her business.

The young officers intimate that they are crack tennis players or good at golf—are there not plenty of courts vacant at the Leopold Club, or are not the links rather empty at fashionable Ravenstein? In reply they are politely given to understand that, should they appear, good Belgian society would go elsewhere.

So they have learned to go their own way—and the only Belgians with whom they mix are the women of ill-repute. When the popular concerts are given, with the prima donna from Munich widely advertised, the only Belgian in the audience is the old stage-cat.

Young girls of good society must of course be careful in the streets. The blonde, curly-haired Countess de Y—— was only seventeen, so she did not quite understand. She did not go stylishly dressed, for gloves are now carefully mended in the fingers, and spots are removed in place of new frocks being purchased. But that did not diminish her charm, her exquisite freshness, or the perfect turn of the little ankles, as she one day trotted along the Rue de Luxembourg on her way home. She was too much for the equanimity of Count W—— M—— of the Pass-Zentral. "Won't you come home with me, dearie?" Trembling with fear and anger, she made the instant rejoinder: "Voila encore un sale Prussian, qui me parle." The shot went home. Further down the street stands a guard. "Arrest that slut who is hurrying along the sidewalk," commands the Count; "she dared to insult me in passing." At the guardhouse, the complaint is entered. It is too late to withdraw it when the complainant hears, to his astonishment, the name of the little prisoner—one of the most illustrious in the country, and that the address she gives is the very house in Brussels where he had been a guest three years earlier when riding his hunters against those of the "Guides." Before the time of the trial is set, the accused is permitted by law to send for a male member of her family. "Do you wish to send for your father?" she is asked. "No, he is fighting for his country." "For your brother?" "No," with a catch of breath, "he has fallen on the field of honor for his country." Next day the grandmother, tall and erect despite her seventy-three years, pushes her way beside the little girl into the court-martial, unmoved by the protests of the guard. The old lady informs him, with a haughty stare, that she is used to giving orders and not to receiving them from menials. In front of the prisoners' dock sit the Court, in full uniform, orders on their chests, caps on their heads. The grandmother, taking the clerk's empty chair, is roared at to rise immediately. "For over twenty years I have represented my King at the Imperial Court of Vienna," is her reply, "and you must pardon an old lady if she is unused to standing while young men sit in front of her with their hats on." The trial is summary and swift. "One year in a German prison for both of them!" After six months, when the older woman's health began to fail, news of her plight was, through friends, brought to the knowledge of old Francis Joseph. He at once telegraphed Emperor William that there surely must be some mistake in the imprisonment of his old friend. She was immediately released, but the little Countess with the flaxen curls served out her term in the prison-cell at Aix.

The noble kinsmen "on the other side of the line" all luckily know the story, and when the war is over, should the gallant German officer be so unfortunate as to survive it, one or other of them will find him, wherever he may be, and the ladies will be avenged.

Making Animated Cartoons

How This Latest Development of Moving Pictures is Worked.

An interesting development in moving pictures has been the animated cartoon—drawings that move. The lay mind does not find it hard to understand how the movements of actual people can be photographed, but how are these mere line drawings made to move? Homer Croy explains how it is done in *Everybody's Magazine.*

Looking at a screen we see sixteen pictures go by in a second. We do not see continuous but intermittent action. For a man to raise his hand to his shoulder takes four pictures: One shows his hand at his side; the next when it is raised a few inches; another a few inches higher; and the fourth shows it at his shoulder. We think we have seen the arm leave his side and we think we have followed it all the way to his shoulder, but in reality we have seen only four photographs of it in transit. That is the sum and substance of motion pictures, and by it all things are possible.

Tracing-paper and celluloid sheets that obscure nothing are the solution with the animated cartoon. In the McCay days the whole drawing was painfully remade for each step the man took—for each time the keyhole secreted itself behind the door-knob; but now the labor is much simplified by drawing the house on celluloid or on tracing-paper so that only the moving man need be drawn over. Each step means a new drawing: not of the house, only of the man. A drawing of the wayward husband is made with foot lifted, and placed under the tracing paper, then exposed to the camera; the drawing of the man is taken out, another of his foot just as it is touching the ground is made, slipped under the tracing-paper, and again exposed to the camera. The house and the background remain the same, and thus the artist gets home on the 5.15.

When an animated series is completed there are something like two thousand drawings on calendered paper about the size of typewriter sheets, making altogether a pile higher than a man's head. Each sheet is numbered, clear through the two thousand, and then turned over to the photographer, who works with his camera suspended over his drawings instead of set on a tripod.

All day he sits under his camera following the instructions of the exposure-sheet, making foot after foot of film. But to him a comedy is not passing under the eye of his camera. The funniest contortions of the Boob boys bring not the faintest shimmering smile to his face; for if he does not get the number of exposures exactly right a tragedy will be enacted in the manager's office a few hours later in which he will have a stellar role.

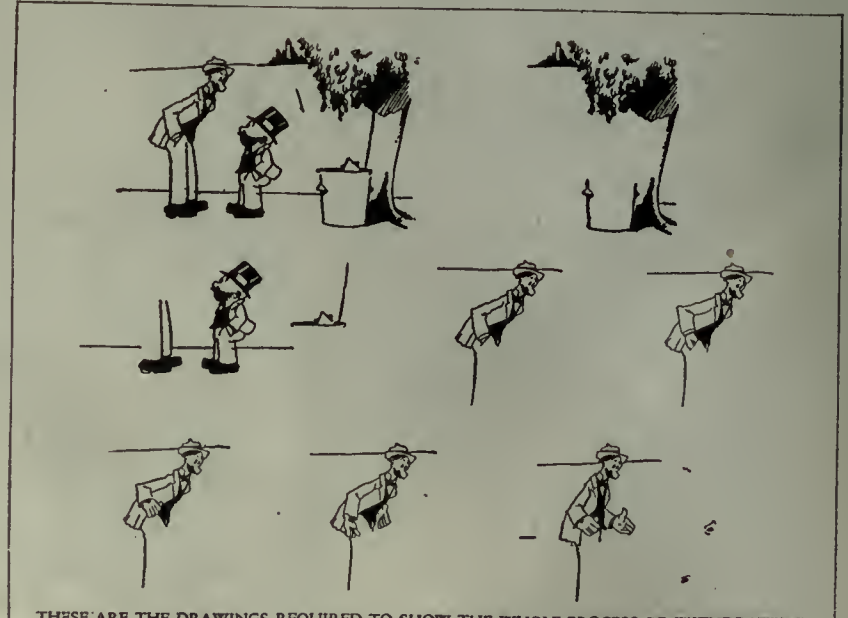
If a single artist were to make a half reel, which is the average length of an animated, even with the most modern of methods, it would take him, working alone, five weeks. The audience sees it in eight minutes.

Which explains the shock a new animated artist, getting his first job in a cartoon studio, got when he proudly looked at his week's work and said, "That's pretty good, isn't it—eighty drawings!"

"Yes, and the audience will see them in a trifle more than half a minute," returned the manager.

We will take the simple matter of Mutt and Jeff standing in front of a garbage-can, talking. Mutt takes his hand out of his pocket and winks. Jeff stands staring up at his friend without saying a word, so that the only action is the withdrawing of Mutt's hand and the winking of his eye. But to show even so simple a movement is a complicated cinematographic performance. Jeff is drawn on one sheet of celluloid, Mutt and the tree on another; and then on the first sheet of drawing-paper Mutt is shown stooping forward, as is made necessary by Jeff's diminutive conversational stature. The first drawing shows Mutt's hand well in his spacious pocket; that is given a couple of exposures; then a new drawing of him is made—and of him alone—with his hand slightly withdrawn. This is exposed as before and then a third drawing is made, and finally on the fourth the hand is completely withdrawn.

When it is understood how complicated the process is, and how, even with the most elaborate backgrounds, two thousand drawings are required to make five hundred feet of film, then one understands better the difference between an originating and an animat-



THESE ARE THE DRAWINGS REQUIRED TO SHOW THE WHOLE PROCESS OF WITHDRAWING MUTT'S HAND AND CLOSING HIS EYE.

ng artist and why Bud Fisher never makes a single one of the film cartoons that bear his name. Nor does Rube Goldbery, or Tom Powers. If they did, we'd see about six of their films a year instead of one a week.

The artist conceives the funny situation, or possibly only the character, and the animator does the rest. In fact, an artist, after having conceived the character, often doesn't know what is being drawn. Bud Fischer has never been in the studio where his Mutt and Jeff films are being made. A man whom the public knows a great deal less about gives us our weekly Mutt and Jeff. He is Raoul Barre.

But Mr. Barre doesn't do it alone—not at the rate of five hundred feet a week. Not by some four hundred and eighty-odd feet. He has sixty artists working for him, all giving us Mutt and Jeff. One man may make a leg, another an arm, and a third a coat. Mutt and Jeff is the weekly combination of the artistic efforts of sixty people.

Prospects of Peace

Noted Writer Believes Last Stage of War Has Started

NO writer on purely military topics has shown more insight and soundness of judgment than Frank H. Simonds. He has preached a long war almost from the start. In the *American Review of Reviews* he now gives his opinion on the prospects of peace and it is interesting to note that he believes we are entering on the final stage of the struggle. He says:

Once more I caution my readers against any belief in an immediate arrival of peace or any hasty acceptation of the German events as a proof that democracy has conquered Germany and the war has thus been won for liberty. Certainly events in Germany mean that there is a beginning. The end may come with great rapidity, once the first step is taken, but I do not believe the old order will pass without a struggle, nor do I believe it will consent to the surrender of all Germany has won in the field in this war without a more determined resistance than it has yet made.

It is essential to realize that if Germany consents to the restoration of the conditions of 1914, that in itself will mean a lost war and a diminished future. Above all else Germany went to war because she believed that only if there were a redistribution of the territories of the world would the German have an equal chance in the future with the Briton, the Russian, and the citizen of the United States. She perceived that as the world was divided, there was left for Germany no outlet for her excess population, and in her overseas colonies there was no opportunity, that even France would distance Germany in commercial possibilities when North Africa was opened to trade.

This situation has not changed. If Germany emerges from the war as she entered it, the old limitations will be renewed. More than this, she has roused all over the world antipathies which will endure. It will be years before German industry can regain its place in France, in Britain, in Belgium. A generation must pass before there will be even a tolerable reception for Germans in these countries. Unquestionably war costs will bring Britain to a new intra-imperial tariff, which will bear heavily upon German exports.

And in three years of war and blockade German commercial organization has lost its place in the Americas and in the Far East. In time some of the ground may be regained but much has been lost forever and Germany, if the situation of 1914 is restored, will be, in fact, far worse off than she was in the year when she undertook a world war because her international position seemed intolerable.

Peace without annexation will then be for Germany a defeat which cannot be concealed from the German people. It will be a defeat



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the extent of which will be revealed in succeeding years. If to this there is added the burden incident to a renunciation of indemnity, if Germany is to have no price for evacuating France and Belgium, Serbia, and Poland, then the German people will have to bear a burden of taxation almost intolerable and calculated to stifle all industrial development. The burden will be far heavier than that of Britain or France, because Germany lacked the capital at the outset, which both her older foes possessed.

We must be chary, then, of accepting German proposals until the nature of these proposals is revealed unmistakably. For any peace proposal that will command even a passing hearing in Allied capitals will be a confession on its face of a defeat such as no unconquered nation has known since Louis XIV agreed to a peace without annexation at the close of the War of the Spanish Succession, a peace that left France intact, but economically ruined.

That Germany is being led by events toward such a peace proposal no one can mistake. That she will be compelled to make such terms within a brief span of weeks or months, I believe. But it seems to me likely that before this time arrives she will inevitably make many efforts to escape her hard fate, both by internal shifts of officials and forms and by external manipulations and manoeuvres. That is why, once one has recognized the enormous importance of the main fact of German internal upheaval it is necessary to be on guard against too optimistic conclusions as to immediate developments.

We are, in my view, arrived at a situation wherein peace is more nearly within reach than at any moment since the war began. More than this, German defeat is more clearly indicated than ever before. But the curtain is rising rather than falling on the last act, and much may yet take place in the field and in the internal affairs of the nations at war.

Was J. P. Morgan "Hard Up"?

Biographer Destroys Popular Belief in His Fabulous Wealth.

THERE used to be a very popular song with a refrain that intimated that J. Pierpont Morgan owned the world. Public belief was that Morgan ranked among the three or four wealthiest men in the world. It is rather surprising to be told, therefore, that he was not really a rich man at all, comparatively speaking and that his son has since actually been "hard up." Such, at any rate, is the story that B. C. Forbes tells in the following vein in the course of an article in *Leslie's Weekly*:

"The inheritance to which the present head of the famous banking house fell heir was not all roses. The bald truth is that he found himself in a trying position. He was bitterly assailed for hurriedly selling important parts of his father's art collection; and in the inner circles a good deal of indignation was felt when it became known that the person in charge of the collection first learned the news of the sale from reporters and not from Mr. Morgan himself. This latter fact illustrates his inherent tactlessness. But the disposal of the priceless pictures for which New York City had erected a special home was not prompted solely by want of public spirit on the son's part. He did not sell them for the fun of the thing. His father in the later years of his life had devoted the bulk of his income to buying art objects, the up-keep of which entailed inordinate expense. The Morgan will revealed that the popular belief that Mr. Morgan was fabulously wealthy was wrong. . . . His security holdings, apart from several millions (par value) that were classed as worthless or of nominal value, aggregated only $19,-

000,000, while of cash he left only an inconsiderable amount.

"To carry on an international banking firm requires a vast amount of capital and, in blunt language, the younger Morgan needed the money to run his business, to pay the $3,000,000 inheritance tax, and to take care of the various provisions in the will."

German Socialists Believed in War

Debate at Conference Held Before War Started Shows This.

DREAMERS hoped that the Socialist Conference at Stockholm would result in the blazing of a path to peace. They would not have indulged in this far-fetched fancy had they known the real temper of the German Socialist. This is shown by an incident told by John Spargo in the course of an article on "Socialism and Internationalism" in *The Atlantic Monthly*. He tells of a meeting of Socialists of several nationalities before the war and of a discussion as to what should be done in the event of war. It was attended by Bebel, the famous, of Germany who was said to be the *bete noire* of the Kaiser and by Jaures the brilliant Frenchman. It will be seen that the Germans checked all hope of an agreement being reached.

At the Stuttgart Congress, in 1907, there was a memorable debate in which the principal participants were August Bebel, the great leader of the German Social Democracy, Jean Jaures, the eloquent apostle of French Socialism, and Emile Vandervelde, president of the International Socialist Bureau, now a Belgian Minister of State.

Jaures proposed a radical policy; in the event of a war-crisis arising, the workers must take action to prevent the war by means of public agitation the general strike, and insurrection. This course, if it were energetically pursued in the belligerent countries would, so Jaures argued, effectually prevent war.

Bebel would not countenance this policy. He supported a resolution which declared, in substance, that capitalism is the cause of war and Socialism the only remedy, and advocated the avoidance of military service and refusal to vote any money for the support of armies, navies, or colonies. When Jaures demanded to know specifically what course the German Socialists would adopt in the event of war being threatened between France and Germany, Bebel made no response. There is much food for thought in the impassioned questioning of the great French orator:

"If a government does not go into the field directly against Social Democracy, but, frightened by the growth of Socialism, seeks to make a diversion abroad; if a war should arise in this way between France and Germany, would it be allowable in such a case that the French and German working classes would murder one another for the benefit of the capitalists, and at their demand, without making the extreme use of their strength? If we did not try to do this, we should be dishonored.'

Vandervelde begged the Germans to answer the question of Jaures, pointing out that by their refusal to do so they were practically destroying all hope of international proletarian action for the prevention of war, and forcing the Socialists of other countries to be reconciled to militarism. "The majority of the Congress finds that it would be an evil thing if the French plunge into an anti-military agitation, while the Germans oppose it as much as they possibly can," said Vandervelde, with pointed candor.

Bebel took the position he had taken earlier at the German Party Congress at Essen, that Socialists could never support a war of ag-



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gression, but should always support wa waged in defense of their fatherland.

This position Kautsky, the great theoret cian, opposed with vigor. He argued again the position of Bebel, that to adopt the pri ciple that Socialists must defend their fathe land and support their governments in wa of defense, opposing them only in wagin wars of aggression, would be a surrender the capitalist class. It is not always possib to tell with certainty which power is t aggressor, and it will always be a simp matter for the government of a country persuade its citizens that its policy is pure defensive.

To this Bebel replied that such deceptio of the workers may have been possible the eighteen-seventies, but not to-day.

Kautsky argued further against Bebel, tha in certain circumstances Socialists migh welcome an attack upon their country becaus it weakened their government. "If, for ex ample, Japan had attacked Russia, were th Russian Socialists obliged to defend the nationality, to support the government Certainly not."

What, then, is the principle by which So cialists should be governed in times of war Kautsky answered that question by sayin that, because the workers' interests are neve opposed to the interests of other nations, th Socialists should determine their policies, no by the criterion of defensive war, but by tha of proletarian interests which at the sam time are international interests. Accordin to this view, in the event of war Socialist must ask themselves, "What is best calcu lated to advance proletarian interests?" an shape their policies in accordance with th answer.

Soon after the outbreak of the present wa Kautsky abandoned the criterion of prole tarian interest as being quite as unreliabl as that of the differentiation between aggres sive and defensive war. Experience ha shown that French and German Socialists while accepting the principle in good faith arrive at opposing conclusions. The Frenc Socialists identify the victory of France wit the interests of the proletariat, while the Ger man Socialists identify the victory of Ger many with the interests of the proletariat.

Is there, then, no principle upon which clear and binding policy, valid for the Social sists of all countries, can be based? To thi question Kautsky makes affirmative reply:—

"One may dispute who is the attacker an who is the attacked, or which threatens Europ more—a victory of Germany over France o a victory of Russia over Germany. One thin is clear: every people, and the proletariat o every people, has a pressing interest in this to prevent the enemy of the country fron coming over the frontier, as it is in this way that the terror and devastation of war reacl their most frightful form, that of a hostil invasion. And in every national state the proletariat must use all its energy to see tha the independence and integrity of the nationa territory are maintained. That is an essen tial part of democracy, and democracy is necessary basis for the struggle and victory of the proletariat."

According to this view, the sole aim of the Socialists must be the protection of their country from the enemy, not the punishment of the enemy or his humiliation. Although he does not say so, presumably Kautsky would protect only the actual territory of a nation, not its ships at sea, for example, though these are, alike in law and logic, part of the national domain, and attacks upon them may be a very serious form of "invasion," menacing the very existence of a people.

The Stuttgart Congress decided upon the following policy: If ever war threatens, the Socialists in the countries affected must take all possible steps to make the outbreak of war impossible. If, despite their efforts, war actually breaks out, they must strive to bring it to an early conclusion and use all the opportunities offered by the economic and political crises produced by the war to further the Socialist programme. This resolution was reaffirmed at the Copenhagen Congress in 1910.

China Needs the Foreigner

A Picture of Actual Conditions in the "Real China."

IT has become customary for superficial observers to believe that foreign interference in China is the cause of much trouble and wrongdoing and that China should be left alone. An opposite view is taken by Richard Washburn Child, writing in *Collier's*. Mr. Child prefaces his argument by a vivid picture of what he calls the real China.

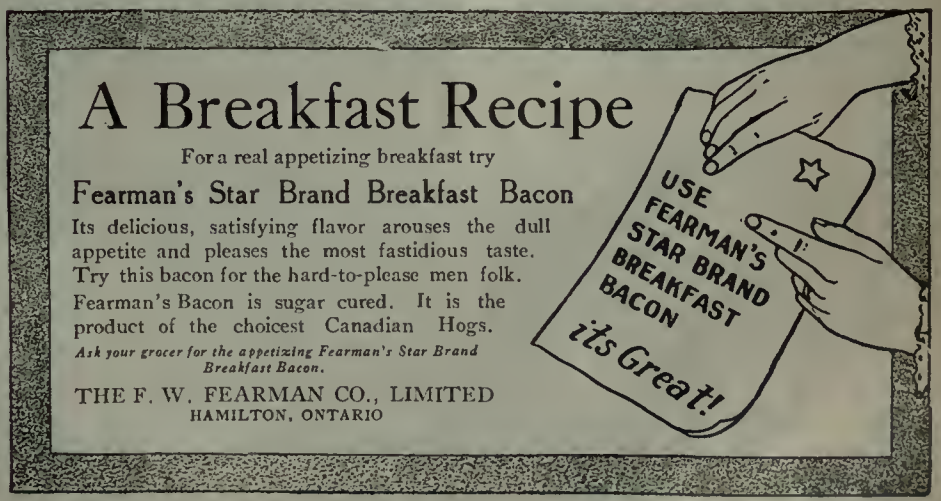
Down in the Province of Hupeh on the bank of the Siao-kan River there is a decrepit Buddhist temple. It is not far along the canal path from the Pagoda of the God of Literature. If one squats down at dusk, Chinese coolie fashion, in the grass, when the boatmen, clad in the universal blue patched cotton of the Chinese swarms and up to their yellow thighs in the stream, are pushing their crowding junks toward the evening shadows, the United States, straight underfoot, on the other side of the world, is expecting dawn; and here, in the lingering light, one can see and feel as much of China as in any place I could find in China. There is the sun, a butter plate of silver in a thick sky which appears to be a vast flat plane of frosted glass. The air is filled with the fine dust of China, settling down upon the long stretches of flat lands—dust which, century after century, has drifted, swept up by winds, dropped by calms, building the surface of China and renewing in grievously small measure the exhaustion of the soil whose yield has gone down the gullets of the endless human swarms of endless generations. There is the river, stained by the silt and the sluggish, foul-odored canal. China is covered with a network of waterways, natural and artificial, so thick that, when they are marked out, the surface of the map appears to be the surface of a piece of porcelain, finely cracked, on which the Yangtse River, the drainage way and trade route of China, appears as a great rent running across the middle.

Here, on the bank of the Siao-kan, one can see the distant hills and mountains, bare and brown, denuded of trees, as most of China is, and, because there are no trees, the freshets pour down; into this river basin they pour, and there is flood. And when they have rushed all away there is drought, so that torrents and empty river beds often mean disaster or famine to the countless swarms who live on the countless junks and sampans of the countless waterways of China; they mean famine and disaster to the countless swarms of men and women who work in the countless crazy quilts of China's agricultural land where bits of ground have been raised or lowered so that the precious water which has been caught in the spring may be let down or raised by man power from one field to another of those stretched out as far as the eye can see.

At this spot one can see not only the most characteristic bit of China, but also the real Chinese—the swarms which swarm thickest in the cities, but thickly everywhere, so that, no matter how much one penetrates into the country, unless it be into a region of rocky fastnesses or the Mongolian Desert, the empty-faced swarm—bearing its burdens, going about it stupid tasks, industrious in order to live, living to eat—moves eternally in the field of vision as bacteria go back and forth across a nasty culture.

There is the farmer, tenant of a landowner, with his primitive hoe, his legs knotted and rheumatic from the damp of the mud in which he and his wife wallow in their blind round of labor. There is the boatman, whose woman and brood live out their lives in baking sun and chilling rain beneath a straw thatch on a dirty sampan. There is the Taoist priest in his smutched robes, thinking of the new ways to create new superstitious fears and to sell to the people new charms which shall defeat and outwit the host of devils he has helped to create. There is the concubine with





her bound feet, mincing along a path in a land where there are no roads. There are the groups of children, like their elders, covered with sores, alive with germs and parasites, whose heads in a crowded group make a rug of scabs and scales. There is the dirty, undisciplined soldier. There is the artisan whose eyelids are almost closed and whose sight is almost gone by laboring over minute tasks under the flickering of a tiny oil light in some dark and moldy hole.

There is the fat man of property, whose little capital is hidden away for fear that his fellows may estimate his ability to pay and that he may be the victim of neighbor, official, tax collector, or any other factor in the system of extortion which is the economic fabric of the land. He is riding in a Sedan chair, the poles of which bear down into the calloused flesh on the stooped shoulders of two coolies. These coolies are like the hordes of other coolies, whose task of carrying pares down expectancy of life to a short span of years, whose burdened legs are covered with varicose veins and who all over China hitch along in pairs, accompanying each step with an exchange of guttural rhythms, so that, for instance, the progress of a bale of cotton or a chest of tea may sound like this: "Honan—Hupeh! Honan—Hupeh!" or: "Here's woe—woe's here! Here's woe—woe's here!" And as the fat merchant rides on toward the town he meets the vender with a travelling kitchen over his shoulders, singing a rambling song in the falsetto voice of a schoolgirl, relying for business on the everlasting capacity of his kind to eat anything any time, anywhere. And the sleek man of property meets the distorted body of one of the ever-present Chinese beggars, foul of body, foul of mouth. Black pigs stare out at the rich man from the doorways of houses made of mud mixed with straw, plastered on a bamboo framework.

This is the real China. The key of China is near this spot on the Siao-kan River, from which all that is really China can be seen.

The thin skim of educated Chinese, of civilized Chinese, of Chinese who have ever tasted or heard of Western civilization—or even of the thing the sentimentalists call the "ancient civilization" of China—is not China. The philosophic, scholarly old and new China may be seen in the treaty ports and in Peking. But that skim is not the Chinese. It is not the mass. It is not the swarms. To be sure, it is the thing we know in the United States; it is the thing about which ardent friends of China write and which, by some missionaries, who have had a praiseworthy hand in its production, and by paid and unpaid boosters, is exhibited to Americans visiting China. But this enlightened skim is not China.

Nor are the handful of old, grasping, selfish fifteen-century leaders who play with government at Peking, nor the military bullies with their mercenaries who play with government in the provinces, any more China than are the handful of young, educated "exhibits" of "Young China."

There is something gloriously absurd indeed about the seriousness with which the authors of treatise and broadsides on international politics write about "China" and about the abuses given to "China" by foreign powers.

What is China? The Government of China for years was an old empress dowager who with her viceroys mortgaged China and milked China, and, with the money raised to create a navy, built a summer palace with a marble boat on an artificial lake. The successor of the empire has been a "republic" which—to call a spade a spade—has given the suffering, illiterate, blind millions of China less of the boons of government than the emperors gave them, and has bestowed upon them the added burdens of increased disorder and corruption, the centralization of power in a few wicked and weak hands, a parasite soldiery, and unrest endless.



—Bernard Partridge in *Punch*, London

THE BREATH OF LIBERTY

The German Autocrat: "They may find this wind very bracing in Russia; but it makes me feel extremely uncomfortable."



Carter in Philadelphia *Press*

The Winged Victory.

Secret Truce Signals at the Front?

How Soldiers on Both Sides Arrange to "Lay Off" for Night.

A RATHER remarkable story of tacit understandings which grow up along the front line trenches is told by William G. Shepherd in the course of an article in *Every Week*. It is to this effect:

At the beginning of the war, when the men had settled down into trenches for the first time, there were so many night raids from one trench to another that white lights were invented which might be fired into the sky to illuminate a large area.

Whenever, in the night, a rifle fire began in one trench, the enemy sent up a white light to discover whether or not the rifle fire meant that a charge was under way. There was, of course, a highly excusable nervousness on both sides, and it was a common occurrence for a trench sentry to fire his rifle at imaginary objects across the way. One rifle shot like this was a signal for all the men in the sentry's trench to grasp their

Continued on page 53.

Continued from page 50

rifles and fire at random toward the enemy, whether they saw anything or not, on the chance that the enemy had climbed out of his trench and was charging. Then, in the course of time, the following strange arrangement worked out:

If the enemy sent up a white light, it meant that he was *not* charging. As time went on, these white lights became tacitly a signal which said to the nervous enemy: "What are you fellows firing at? We're not going to charge. Go on to sleep again, and let us sleep too."

Then the nervous firing would die down, the scare would be over, and quiet would settle down over the trenches again.

Human nature had twisted the meaning of the white light from a question-mark to a declaration point.

"How good it was to see the Germans send up one of those white lights," said an Englishman to me. "It meant that they were telling us that they weren't planning any devilment."

Men have been executed in this war for giving the enemy less comfort than the English and German soldiers have given each other by the signal of the white light. And yet, there was no way for the military authorities on either side to prevent this form of signaling. Human nature had outwitted them.

In the same article he tells of an incident on the Russian front which has its humorous side—the existence of "blind pigs" for the sale of sugar!

One night, after a sugarless week in Przemysl during the Russian attack on the forts, I said to an Austrian officer, expressing the deepest yearning of my soul:

"I'd give a week of my life for some candy."

"So?" he said simply. "Come with me."

We went out into the pitch-dark streets, and, at the risk of our necks, made our way over the slippery mud-covered sidewalks. We turned into a side street; then into an alley; then into a back yard, and he led me to a door in the rear of a little shop. He knocked gently three times. The door opened, and a timid little woman thrust forth her gray head.

"It's only I, with a friend," said the officer.

"Ah! Come in," said the woman.

It was the kitchen of a little home bakery. One oil-lamp stood on the big brick stove. A dozen officers sat about, chatting.

"Have you bonbons to-night?" asked the officer.

"You see what I have," said the old woman, turning and pointing to a shelf that bore an array of chocolate drops neatly set out in rows on strips of oiled paper.

"Behold!" said the officer to me triumphantly.

All the yearning of a drug fiend for his cocaine was in my soul for sugar.

"You may have only four to-night," said the old woman. "They didn't bring me much sugar to-day."

The officer and I paid thirty cents for four little chocolate drops, and we sat down at the kitchen table with the other officers, to eat them slowly, and to talk as we ate.

The Escape of the Glasgow

A Story of the Survivor of the Coronel Defeat.

THE story of the "Glasgow," the British cruiser which survived the battle off Coronel is told by Bennet Copplestone in *The Cornhill.* It shows the justification that the officers of the cruiser had in leaving when it became apparent that they were fighting against overwhelming odds:

On October 31 the *Glasgow* entered the harbor of Coronel, a large harbor to which

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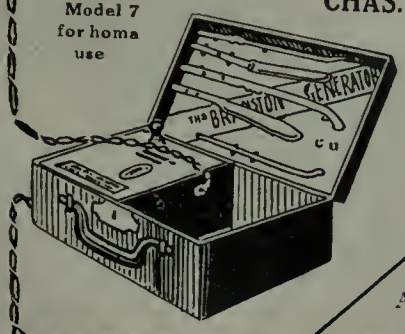
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there are two entrances, and a rendezvous off the port had been arranged with the rest of the squadron for November 1. Her arrival was at once notified to von Spee at Valparaiso. The mails and telegrams were collected, and at 9.15 on the 1st the *Glasgow* backed out cautiously, ready, if the Germans were in force outside, to slip back again into neutral water and to take the fullest advantage of her twenty-four hours' law. She emerged seeing nothing, though the enemy wireless were coming loudly, and met the *Good Hope*, *Monmouth*, and *Otranto* at the appointed rendezvous some eight miles out to sea. Here the mails and telegrams were transferred to Cradock by putting them in a cask and towing it across the *Good Hope's* bows. The sea was rough, and this resourceful method was much quicker and less dangerous than the orthodox use of a boat. Cradock spread out his four ships, fifteen miles apart, and steamed to the northwest at ten knots. Smoke became visible to the *Glasgow* at 4.20 p.m., and as she increased speed to investigate, there appeared two four-funnelled armoured cruisers and one light cruiser with three funnels. Those four-funnelled ships were the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, and until they were seen at that moment by the *Glasgow* they were not positively known to have been on the Chilian coast. To this extent the German Admiral had taken his English opponents by surprise. 'When we saw those damned four funnels,' said the officers of the *Glasgow*, 'we knew that there was the devil to pay.'

Von Spee held off so long as the sun behind the English gave them the advantage of light, and did not close in until the sun had set and the yellow afterglow made his opponents stand out like silhouettes. He could see them while they could not see him. During the action, the light cruiser *Glasgow*, with which I am mainly concerned, had a very unhappy time. The armed liner *Otranto* cleared off, quite properly, and the *Glasgow*, third in the line, was exposed for more than an hour to the concentrated fire of the 4.1 inch guns of both the *Leipzig* and *Dresden*, and afterwards, when the *Good Hope* had blown up and the *Monmouth* been disabled, for about a quarter of an hour to the 8.2-inch guns of the *Gneisenau*. Her gunnery officers could not see the splashes of their own shells, and could not correct the ranges. When darkness came down, it was useless to continue firing blindly, and worse than useless, since her gun flashes gave some guidance to the enemy's gunners. At the range of about 11,000 yards, a long range for the German 4.1-inch guns, the shells were falling all round very steeply, the surface of the sea was churned into foam, and splinters from bursting shells rained over her. It is a wonderful thing that she sufferod so little damage and that not a single man of her company was killed or severely wounded. Four slight wounds from splinters constituted her total tally of casualties. At least six hundred shells, great and small, were fired at her, yet she was hit five times only. The most serious damage done was a big hole between wind and water on the port quarter near one of the screws. Yet even this hole did not prevent her from steaming away at 24 knots, and from covering several thousand miles before she was properly repaired. I think that the *Glasgow* must be a lucky ship. After the *Good Hope* had blown up and the *Monmouth*, badly hurt, was down by the bows and turning her stern to the seas, the *Glasgow* hung upon her consort's port quarter, anxious to give help and deeply reluctant to leave. Yet she could do nothing. The *Monmouth* was clearly doomed, and it was urgent that the *Glasgow* should get away to warn the *Canopus*, then 150 miles away and pressing towards the scene of action, and to report the tragedy and the German concentration to the Admiralty at home. During that anxious waiting time, when the enemy's shells were still falling thickly about her, the sea, to the *Glasgow's* company, looked very, very cold! At last, when the moon was coming up brightly, and further delay might have made escape impossible, the *Glasgow* sorrowfully turned to the west, towards the wide Pacific spaces, and dashed off at full speed. It was not until half an hour later, when she was twelve miles distant, that she counted the seventy-five flashes of the *Nurnberg's* guns which finally destroyed the *Monmouth*. I am afraid that the story of the cheers from the *Monmouth* which sped the *Glasgow* upon her way must be dismissed as a pretty legend. No one in the *Glasgow* heard them, and no one from the *Monmouth* survived to tell the tale. Captain Grant and his men of the *Canopus* must have suffered agonies when they received the *Glasgow's* brief message. They had done their utmost to keep up with the *Monmouth*, and the slowness of their ship had been no fault of theirs. Grant had, I have been told, implored the Admiral to wait for him before risking an engagement.

The journey to the Straits and to her junction with the *Canopus* was a very anxious one for the *Glasgow's* company. They did their best to be cheerful, though cheerfulness was not easy to come by. They had witnessed the total defeat of an English by a German squadron, and before they could get down south into comparative safety the German ships, running down the chord of the arc which represented the *Glasgow's* course, might arrive first at the Straits. That there was no pursuit to the south may be explained by the one word—coal. Von Spee could get coal at Valparaiso or at Coronel—though the local coal was soft, wretched stuff—but he had no means of replenishment farther south. One does not realize how completely a squadron of warships is tied to its colliers or to its coaling bases until one tries to discover and to explain the movements of warships cruising in the outer seas.

While running down towards the Straits—for twenty-four hours she kept up 24 knots—the *Glasgow* briefly notified the *Canopus* of the disaster of Coronel and of her own intention to make for the Falkland Islands. Beyond this, she refrained from using the telltale wireless which might give away her position to a pursuing enemy. Upon the evening of the 3rd she picked up the German press story of the action, but kept silence upon it herself. On the morning of the 4th, very short of stores—her crew had been on reduced rations for a month—she reached the Straits and, to her great relief, found them empty of the enemy. She did not meet the *Canopus* until the 6th, and then, with the big battleship upon her weather quarter, to keep the seas somewhat off that sore hole in her side, she made a fortunately easy passage to the Falkland Islands and entered Port Stanley at daylight upon November 8. Thence the *Glasgow* despatched her first telegram to the authorities at home, and at six o'clock in the evening set off with the *Canopus* for the north. But that same evening came orders from England for the *Canopus* to return, in order that the coaling base of the Falklands might be defended, so the *Glasgow*, alone once again after many days, pursued her solitary way towards Rio and to her meeting with the *Carnarvon*, *Defence*, and *Cornwall*, which were at that time lying off the River Plate guarding the approaches to Montevideo and Buenos Ayres. The *Glasgow* had done her utmost to uphold the Flag, but the lot of the sole survivor of a naval disaster is always wretched. The one thing which counts in the eyes of English naval officers is the good opinion of their brethren of the sea; those of



—Carter in Philadelphia *Press*.

Regilding the Gold Brick.

the *Glasgow* could not tell until they had tested it what would be the opinion of their colleagues in the Service. It was very kind, very sympathetic; so overflowing with kindness and sympathy were those who now learned the details of the disaster, that the company of the *Glasgow*, sorely humiliated, yet full of courage and hope for the day of reckoning, never afterwards forgot how much they owed to it. At home men growled foolishly, ignorantly, sank to the baseness of writing abusive letters to the newspapers, and even to the *Glasgow* herself, but the Service understood and sympathized, and it is the Service alone which counts.

A Monarch in North America

Esteban Cantu Rules Lower California With Absolute Powers

THERE is still one place on the North American Continent where the form of government approximates monarchy. Lower California is ruled by a picturesque tyrant of the name of Colonel Esteban Cantu. The country belongs nominally to Mexico but since Cantu took charge he has established absolute rule over the land. Clair Kinamore writes of this backward corner of America in *The Bookman* as follows:

Conditions which obtain in Lower California are not duplicated in any other place on the globe, to my knowledge, and the government as it stands to-day is a testimonial to Cantu's shrewdness and nerve, no less than to his lack of morals. For the first time in nearly four hundred years Lower California is self-supporting. It is a free principality, owing no allegiance and paying no tribute to any other government whatsoever, and the state, the law, the parliament, the judiciary and the military — is Cantu. A notable figure is this dapper little blond gentleman, who rules a province in which he is not popular, who commands a makeshift army of seventeen hundred men in which he has no confidence, who defies his powerful neighbor states, and who holds his own power by his wits and the gifts of fortune. He is an *insouciant Ajax*, who, if he hears, never heeds the mutterings of the thunder. The lightning has been for years delayed.

While revolutions were the only business of Mexico, none of the leaders paid much attention to Cantu. He was left alone, except for an occasional proposal of alliance from Villa or Carranza. He treated these with contempt. He is of the Diaz clan, and such people as the revolutionists warring in the Central States were far beneath him. Since Carranza has been established in Mexico City he has several times pointed out to Cantu the advisability of coming into the fold. Cantu has remained unmoved. Carranza has threatened. Cantu has sneered. He has cajoled, and Cantu has laughed. Carranza's government has not obtained one peso of the revenue which Cantu has collected. He has been permitted to issue none of the licenses. He grants none of the concessions. Cantu rides alone. As a preliminary to a bluff that he was about to send troops against Lower California, Carranza despatched a customs collector with a carload of stamps to take post at Mexicali. Citizens of Lower California took his money away from him, and Cantu gave him railroad fare back to Mexico City. The carload of stamps was returned by express, collect. That was considered a great joke in the Southwest.

Cantu's career, briefly told, is this: He was an honor student at the Mexican Military Academy at Chepultepec, and as such, attracted the attention of President Diaz, so he was attached to the President's staff. After the storm clouds of revolution had

Continued on page 56.

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White on the Job again

"SEE here, Jennings, this will never do. What *is* wrong with that boiler anyhow?"

Said Jennings, "I don't know, Boss, what makes these boiler plates blister, and neither do the makers seem to be able to tell. I am fair at my wit's end."

"Well," said the Boss, "there's a cause and it's got to be found out. Here we are losing any amount of money with that boiler out of business."

Then Jennings: "Will you let me send for White?"

"Who's White?" snapped the Boss.

"Darling Brothers' man. He seems to know what's wrong with most things where steam is used or made, and I believe he could help us now."

"Go ahead. I suspect his bill will be a fancy one, but we're up against it and any price is cheap if only we can get that trouble removed."

And so White was sent for.

White Arrives

Now, White knows that oil in the condensation, when fed back into the boiler, is bad for the boiler, and he has met blistered boilers and ruptured plates frequently. He suspected this trouble, had the water chemically tested, and sure enough found oil present. Then he knew he was on the right track and that he had the remedy.

"How does oil get into the condensation?" asked the Boss.

"From the cylinder lubricant," said White. "Your engineer very properly uses the condensation for boiler feed, and he thinks he has been getting out all the oil. But he has not been getting it all out. He's been commonly careful by using an oil separator, which is absolutely necessary if Safety First is your motto. Now, let me put on a Reliance Feed Water Filter as well, and if you do, I'll guarantee that you will never have your present troubles again."

"Why that Water Filter?" asked the Boss.

"Well," said White, "the best Oil Separator made does not take out every particle of oil. The Webster will take out 98 per cent., but not 100 per cent., and that 2 per cent. in time may make trouble. But the Reliance Feed Water Filter along with a Webster Oil Separator gives you absolute protection."

"Well," said the Boss, "it looks and sounds all right. What's to pay?"

"What's to Pay?

"You already have a Webster Oil Separator so you will only require the Reliance Feed Water Filter, the size you require will cost $200."

"Do we need both?" asked the Boss. "Won't a Reliance Feed Water Filter alone do?"

"No," said White, "the Oil Separator does most of the hard work, and lightens the work of the filter, and it will not have to be cleaned out so often."

"Jennings," said the Boss, "get rid of that man White. He'll be selling something else the next minute. Give him an order for that Filter of his, and tell him to take the next train home and not come back again.

"Good-bye, Old Man. I guess we have been losing a good deal more than $200, and it would have paid us to have had you come round the first time we had trouble. Next time you are passing this way, come in and see if you can save us more money. It's Safety First with us from now on."

Reliance Feed Water Filters are manufactured by Darling Brothers, Limited, Steam Appliance Experts, Montreal. — Advt.

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A Monarch in North America

Continued from page 55

lowered about the old President, Cantu was sent to Lower California with a new governor, who soon departed, leaving Cantu in command. When Diaz was overthrown Cantu virtually severed his cnonection with the mother country. He was left in command of an isolated state, without friends or fortune, the hot desert to the south of him, the warring mainland of Mexico to the east, the cold and unresponsive Pacific Ocean to the west and the colder and more unresponsive United States to the north.

Did he falter or repine? He did not. He set to work and made of his patrimony a garden spot. He gathered about him clever, brainy people and made his court the last stand of the Cientificos. He planted parks, built schools and roads and watched the development of the biggest gambling house in the world. He gave free rein, under a heavy impost, to the opium trade, and there is amassed to-day in his territory half a million dollars' worth of smoking opium waiting for a market. Just now Cantu is at Ensenada, where the ocean breezes ride in on top of the long rollers from the Pacific, but his capital is at Mexicali. In midsummer the temperature sometimes rises as high as 125 degrees at Mexicali. One hundred and ten at midnight is a matter of moment and importance to those present. Such a condition is not unknown there.

In contrast to the deserts of the interior and the sea-coasts, the country about Mexicali presents the greatest contrast in this land of contrasts. The land there is as rich and as prosperous as any in the world, and this condition makes another mighty bulwark in Cantu's defence. The condition is peculiar. The Imperial Valley, famed in story, is watered from the Colorado and Gila rivers, which drain the higher slopes of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, but the water flows toward the Gulf of California, and goes from the United States across the border into Mexico before it is turned north again to do its work of irrigation in the United States. The great canals and ditches circle Cantu's little capital city of Mexicali. All the water goes under Cantu's control before it is used, and he is the boss of the water. The American engineers, who keep the system of supply canals in repair, work in Lower California only by grace of Cantu. The supply of water, which is as the life blood in the veins of the valley, is Cantu's to give or withhold. There was no more desolate desert in the world than the Imperial Valley before the water was harnessed. It was a waste of sun-baked land, hemmed in by mountains which converged the rays of the sun. The bed of the valley sloped away to two hundred and sixty feet below sea level. Even the rattlesnakes and tarantulas, the only inhabitants, found difficulty in sustaining life. Now sixty-five thousand people live there. It has big towns, with street cars and moving-picture shows and chambers of commerce. This year the crops will sell for a sum equal to the interest on five hundred million dollars.

In the upper, or southern, end of the valley, across the line in Lower California, the Colorado flows to the sea between well-built walls. Cantu could blow up the levee on one side and let the whole river into the valley, leaving the ditches unsupplied; or he could blow up the levee on the other side of the river and turn the valley dry again. Either would be fatal to the American end of the Imperial Valley. These possibilities were pointed out to me by Cantu's prime minister. That the governor ever would resort to such desperate means, he said, was impossible, unthinkable. It could never happen. Except, of course, under one condition. That condition was that the United States should so far forget itself as to permit Carranza to send troops through United States ter-

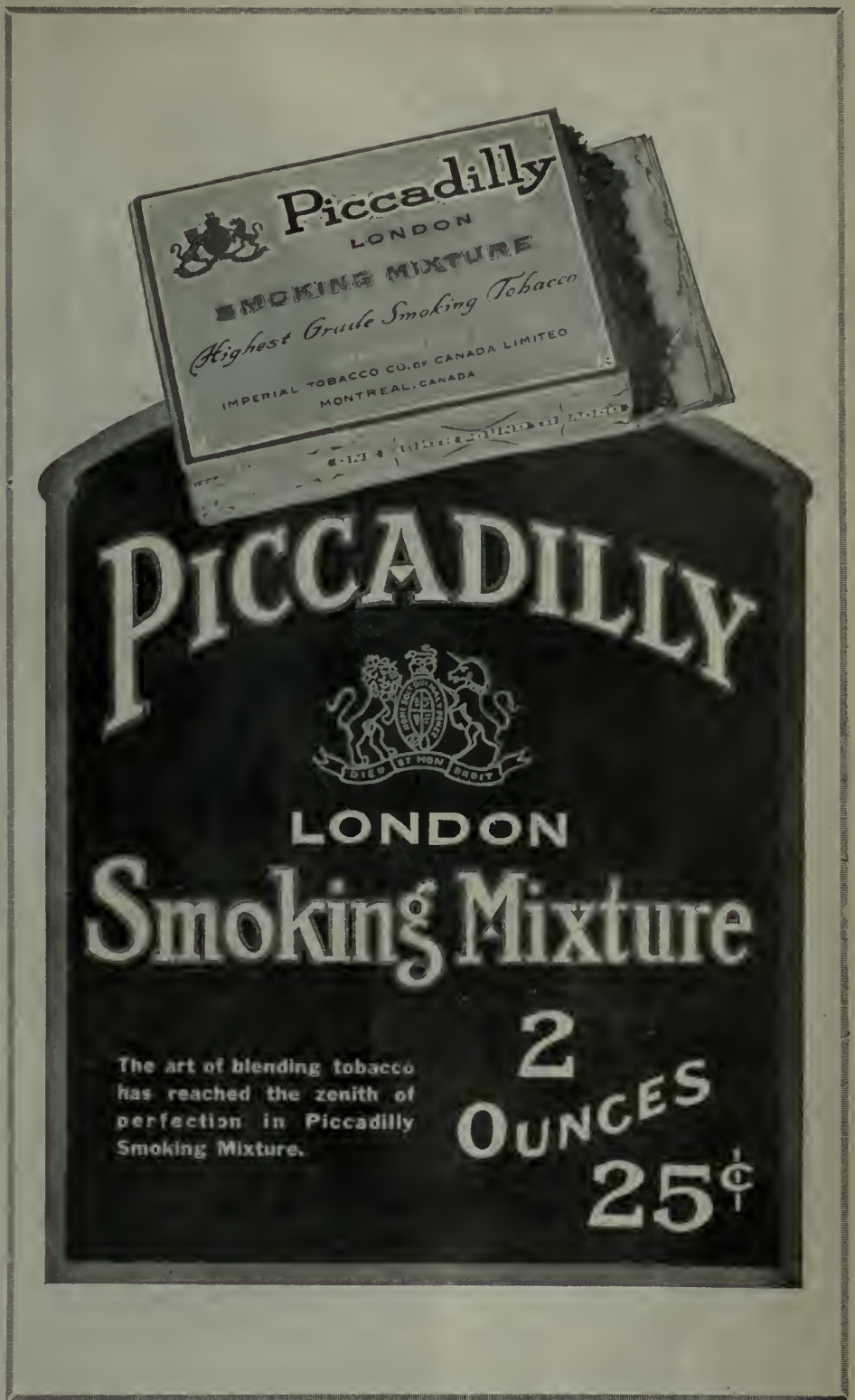
ritory to move against the government of Lower California. Californians would not like to see Carranza troops oust Cantu. I doubt if they would meekly permit them to pass through California to make war on him. If we should allow such a movement of troops it must be through the Imperial Valley. Carranza would not advance his interests, except sentimentally, by taking the few towns on the west coast.

Now, California from which the peninsula depends, is a great state, somewhat fond of dancing and light wines, but with strong ideas along some lines. It is greater now than ever, since its vote elects presidents. Colonel Cantu saw that his free-and-easy country might offend its neighbor to the point of international complications, so he thought it would be well to have an American lawyer. He chose Mr. Isadore Dockweiler, of Los Angeles. Besides being a good lawyer, Mr. Dockweiler is the Democratic national committeeman from California, and generally credited with throwing California into the Democratic column at the last election. It would seem assured that when he makes a hurried trip to Washington his client to the south of the line will have at least a respectful hearing. All the protests of the ultra-moral element in California against the reprehensible ways of the Cantu government have been unavailing at Washington. Carranza's requests for aid in recovering the rebel state and whipping it again into line with the mother country have all been denied. All the big cotton plantations below the line are run by Americans, and the system of taxes and duties is one of the most ingenious of Cantu's creations. In spite of this they are prosperous almost beyond belief. The Americans do considerable grumbling, after the manner of men heavily taxed, but to a man they are strongly pro-Cantu. They will not consider the idea of changing the security of the present corrupt and unauthorized government for the moral and upright dominion of Carranza, with the accompanying anarchy, irresponsibility and weakness.

It would be profitless to point out all the iniquities which flourish under Cantu. A few will suffice. At Mexicali is the Tecolote gambling house, proudly proclaimed the largest in the world. Fifty games of various kinds are running. Each game will accommodate from a dozen to twenty players. The bar is one hundred and sixty feet long. The dance-hall girls come from the four quarters of the world. The patrons of the place are Americans, Mexicans, Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, Germans and Indians. There may be a few other breeds, unclassified, for many of the ghastly drug users who gather there have lost their racial traits. This place pays Cantu fifteen thousand dollars a month license. Tijuana is the popular resort on the western coast. It has a race-track, which caters exclusively to Americans, and its gambling house has more tinsel, but for concentrated wickedness and vice, Tijuana cannot compare with Mexicali.

Soon after Cantu came into power he gave a monopoly to a French citizen of Ensenada for the refining of opium. The raw opium was brought from India. This man flourished greatly, despite his heavy taxes, until the smuggling of opium into the United States gained such proportions that several capable American revenue men were sent down to end it. They did so, but there is now the great store of contraband in Lower California ready to be smuggled across. In fairness, it should be said that Cantu now declares himself to be opposed to the drug traffic.

Smuggling aigrettes is now the only traffic with which line officers have constant trouble. These are bought by tourists usually. In the back room of the establishment of a Chinese merchant, in Mexicali, I was shown what good authority declared was the finest collection of aigrettes in the world, and I was assured by the proprietor that the prices were shamefully low.



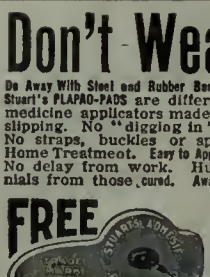
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The Menace of the Rats

The Rodent Constitutes a Real Menace to Mankind.

THE rat is the commonest of pests, but it is doubtful if the public has any appreciation of the extent of the menace that the rat holds for civilization. After reading what Edward W. Nelson, chief of the U.S. Biological Survey, has to say on this subject in the *National Geographic Magazine*, one realizes how serious the rat question is. He says:

The history of the brown rat is an extraordinary one, unequaled by that of any other mammal. It was unknown in Europe until 1727, when vast hordes of them swam the Volga River. A year or two later it arrived in England on ships from the Orient. Since that time it has steadily extended its distribution by means of ships and other transportation agencies, and by migrations overland, until it shares with mankind nearly all parts of the earth from Greenland to Patagonia and around the globe.

It is a sturdy, fierce, and cunning animal with extraordinary fecundity. These characteristics have enabled it quickly to overrun and occupy new territory despite the never-ceasing warfare waged against it by man and the competition of other mammals.

The smaller black rat and roof rat formerly existed in most parts of the Old World. They preceded the brown rat also in America, but when the latter arrived were promply reduced by it to a secondary position or exterminated. Black rats still exist in some parts of the United States, and roof rats are common with the brown rat in the milder climate of the Southern States.

The greater size of the brown rat readily distinguishes it from either of the other species. It averages from one to one and a half pounds in weight and about 18 inches in length. Occasional giants of its kind occur, however, as shown by the capture, near Canterbury, England, of one huge individual weighing over four pounds and measuring 22½ inches in length.

With an abundant food supply brown rats increase with almost incredible rapidity. They have from three to twelve litters a year, each containing from six to more than twenty young, the average being about ten. The young begin to breed when less than three months of age.

Rats are nocturnal and as a rule keep hidden during the day in holes and other places of concealment about buildings or in burrows which they dig in the ground. Within their retreats they make warm nests of shredded fibrous material, often cut from costly fabrics, in which their naked and helpless young are safely brought forth.

After careful investigation the United States Public Health Service estimates that the number of rats living under normal conditions in our cities equals the human population, but that in country districts they are relatively three or four times as numerous.

This estimate is practically the same as that obtained some years ago in Great Britain and Ireland, Denmark, France, and Germany. At intervals, as the result of especially favorable conditions of food supply and weather, extraordinary increases of rats occur over considerable areas and the damage by them is enormously increased.

A vivid realization of the multitude of rats which thrive as parasites on man's industry may be gained from the results of local campaigns against them. In 1904 a plague of rats occurred in Rock Island and Mercer counties, Illinois, and during the month ending April 20 one man killed 3,445 on his farm.

During the campaign of the Public Health Service against the bubonic plague in San Francisco from 1904 to 1907, inclusive, more than 800,000 were killed; and in New Orleans, during 1914 and 1915, 551,370 were destroyed.

During the winter and spring of a single year more than 17,000 rats were killed on a

rice plantation containing 400 acres in Georgia, and by actual count 30,000 were killed on another plantation containing about 1,200 acres. On a farm of about 150 acres on Thompson Island, in Boston harbor, 1,300 occupied rat holes were counted and other rats were living about the farm buildings. At a large meat-packing establishment in Chicago from 4,000 to 9,000 have been killed yearly.

Islands in the tropical or semi-tropical seas furnish ideal conditions for rats, and in many instances they have increased until they have become intolerable pests, threatening the total ruin of the inhabitants. On one sugar-cane plantation in Porto Rico 25,000 rats were killed in less than six months.

In Jamaica an effort was made to suppress them by introducing the mongoose, which resulted in the establishment of a second pest. In the Hawaiian Islands the introduction of the mongoose caused the rats to take refuge in the tree-tops, where many of them have nests and have arboreal habits, like squirrels. Wherever present on these islands the mongoose has rendered it exceedingly difficult to raise domestic fowls of any kind.

As has long been known, rats are very numerous on ships. After the fumigation of a grain vessel at Bombay 1,300 dead rats were found, and the fumigation of the steamship *Minnehaha* at London yielded a bag of 1,700. In eight years 572,000 were killed on the London docks, including those on the ships.

As reported to Parliament by the Famine Commission, in 1881, a rat plague existed in southern Deccan and the Mahratta districts of India. Bounties were paid for destruction of rats and more than 12,000,000 were killed. On many occasions, both on the mainland as well as on islands, the unlimited increase of rats has finally led to the almost total loss of crops and other food supplies and resulting famines.

One of the most amazing accounts of the abundance of these animals comes from the Island of South Georgia, on the borders of the Antarctic east of Cape Horn. For some years summer whaling operations have been conducted at this island and great numbers of whale carcases, after being stripped of the blubber, have drifted ashore. The short cool summers and long cold winters of this region preserve the bodies from rapid decay and the rats which have landed from the ships find there a never-ending surplus of meat.

As a consequence they have multiplied until they now exist literally by millions. They make their nests in the grass and peat back from the shore and swarm along well-worn roads they have made on the mountain sides.

The ready adaptability of rats to their surroundings is one of the qualities which has enabled them to conquer the world. On the approach of warm weather in summer large number of them leave buildings and resort to fields on farms, or to the outskirts of the towns, where the growing vegetation, particularly cultivated plants, affords them an abundant food supply until the approach of winter. At the beginning of cold weather they return again to the shelter of buildings, where they find the harvested crops ready for their consumption.

When the food supply suddenly decreases, following a period of plenty during which the rats have greatly increased in numbers, a migratory impulse appears to affect the entire rat population over large areas and a general migation takes place. At such times the rats are extraordinarily bold, swimming rivers without hesitation and surmounting all other natural obstacles. The first invasion of Europe, when rats swam the Volga, was an instance of this kind. Experiments by the U.S. Public Health Service have shown that when released in the water of a harbor rats may swim ashore for a distance of 1,500 yards.

An observer in Illinois, who saw a more local migration, states that he was passing down a road in the moonlight one night in the spring when he heard a rustling in a field near by. Soon a great army of rats swarmed across the road before him, extending as far as he could see. This district afterwards suffered severely from the presence of these pests.

The extent to which rats wander from centers of abundance was well illustrated in

Continued on page 62.



Pathephone

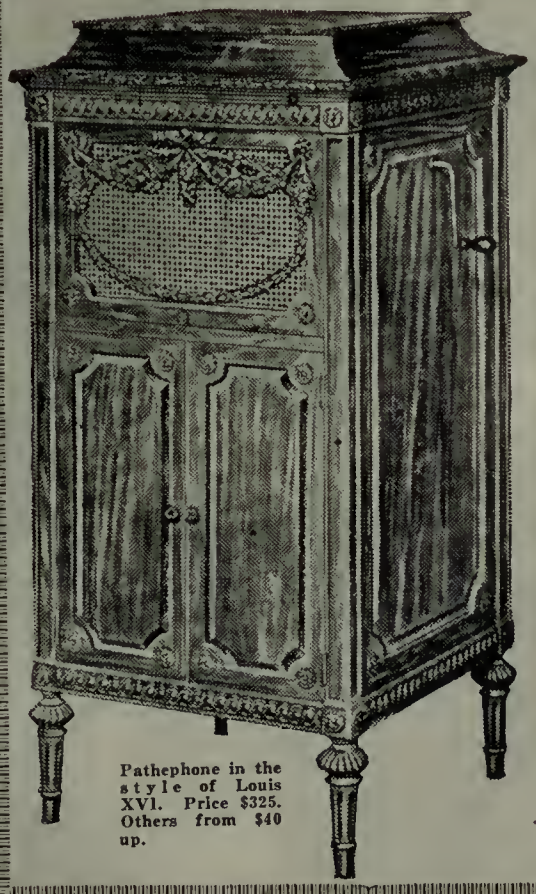


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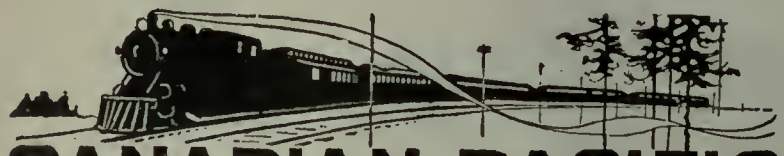
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The Forfeit. By Ridgwell Cullum, author of "The Men Who Wrought," etc. Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. $1.35.

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later married to his twin brother, who is ignorant of her part in the affair. His discovery of this and the complications that ensue therefrom provide the material for an interesting narrative.

Bab, a Sub-Deb. By Mary Roberts Rinchart, author of "K." Illustrated by May Wilson Preston. Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. $1.40.

A graphic picture of the adolescent American girl.

"Beyond." By John Galsworthy, author of "The Patrician," etc. Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. $1.50.

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WAR BOOKS.

Christine. By Alice Cholmondeley. Macmillans. $1.25.

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TRANSLATIONS.

The Lady With the Dog and Other Stories. By Anton Chekhov. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. Macmillans. $1.50.

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The Menace of the Rats

Continued from page 59.

New Orleans by experiments of our Public Health Service. One hundred and seventy-nine marked rats were released at a point in the residential part of the city. In less than 60 hours one of the marked rats was captured in a trap about a mile from the point where it was liberated, and within two weeks others were taken at various points in a direct line up to a distance of four miles.

Rats are excellent climbers, as every one appreciates who has seen them about barns and other buildings. They have also demonstrated their skill in this in the Hawaiian Islands and elsewhere.

In cities they have been seen to climb iron pipes for the purpose of entering buildings, to travel from one house to another on telephone wires, and to perform other extraordinarily ingenious feats in maintaining themselves.

It is impossible to ascertain with precision the total losses resulting from the depredations of house rats. It is, however, practicable to secure information on which to base reasonable estimates of losses from this source. Rats are practically omnivorous and their depredations cover a wide range. They feed indifferently upon all kinds of vegetable and animal matter.

They dig up newly planted grain, destroy it while growing, and also when in the shock, stack, crib, granary, mill, elevator, warehouse, wharf, and ship's hold, as well as in the bin and feed trough. They eat fruits, vegetables, and meats in the market, destroying at the same time by pollution far more than is consumed.

They destroy enormous numbers of eggs and poultry, as well as the eggs and young of song and game birds. In addition, they invade stores and warehouses and destroy groceries of every description, as well as furs, laces, silks, carpets, and leather goods.

They cause many disastrous fires by gnawing matches, by gnawing through lead pipe near gas meters, or by cutting the insulation from electric wires in order to secure material for nests and by gathering oil-soaked rags and other inflammable material in their nests; flood houses by gnawing through lead water pipes; ruin artificial ponds and embankments by burrowing, and damage foundations, floors, doors and furnishings of dwellings.

As disease carriers they also cause enormous commercial losses, especially through the introduction of bubonic plague and the resulting suspension of commerce. With the introduction of plague they become directly responsible for business disaster as well as for an appalling mortality.

America Needs More Babies

Theodore Roosevelt Hints at Danger of Race Becoming Extinct.

THAT the American race is in danger of ultimate extinction unless the birth rate among the most desirable classes is increased is the suggestion behind Theodore Roosevelt's last article in *The Metropolitan*. He shows just how serious the condition is becoming in the United States and then cites the dangerous parallel of France:

In instancing France I merely take what the best and most patriotic Frenchmen say. A French newspaper before me says: "In 1850 the population of France surpassed that of Germany. When this war broke out it had become inferior by 27 millions. It was this fact to which the war was really due. If the Germans had had before them 60 millions of French instead of 39 they would have hesitated long. The cause of the war was that we had not furnished to France enough children. . . . If the French birth rate continues to diminish we shall some day face a new war of conquest waged against us. It is a question of life or death which confronts France. She must live! But in order to live she must face the implacable realties of existence. The national conscience should insist that our legislators put the matter of the repopulation of France in the first place." The lesson applies as much to the United States. If our birth rate continues to diminish we shall by the end of this century be impotent in the face of powers like Germany, Russia or Japan; we shall have been passed by the great states of South America.

In a small group there may be good and sufficient explanations why the individual men and women have remained unmarried; and the fact that those that marry have no children, or only one or two children, may be cause only for sincere and respectful sympathy. But if, in a community of a thousand men and a thousand women, a large proportion of them remain unmarried, and if of the marriages so many are sterile, or with only one or two children, that the population is decreasing, then there is something radically wrong with the people of that community aa a whole. The evil may be partly physical, partly due to the strange troubles which accompany an over-strained intensity of life. But even in this case the root trouble is probably moral; and in all probability the whole trouble is moral, and is due to a complex tissue of causation in which coldness, love of ease, striving after social position, fear of pain, dislike of hard work and sheer inability to get life values in their proper perspective all play a part.

The fundamental instincts are not only the basic but also the loftiest instincts in human nature. The qualities that make men and women eager lovers, faithful, duty-performing, hard-working husbands and wives, and wise and devoted fathers and mothers stand at the foundations of all possible social welfare, and also represent the loftiest heights of human happiness and usefulness. No other form of personal success and happiness or of individual service to the state compares with that which is represented by the love of the one man for the one woman, their joint work as home-maker and home-keeper, and their ability to bring up the children that are theirs.

Among human beings, as among all other living creatures, if the best specimens do not, and the poorer specimens do, propagate, the type will go down. If Americans of the old stock lead lives of celibate selfishness (whether profligate or merely frivolous or objectless, matters little), or if the married are afflicted by that base fear of living which, whether for the sake of themselves or of their children, forbids them to have more than one or two children, disaster awaits the nation. It is not well for a nation to import its art and its literature; but it is fatal for a nation to import its babies. And it is utterly futile to make believe that fussy activity for somebody else's babies atones for failure of personal parenthood.

The remedy? There are many remedies, all of them partial. The state can do something, as the state is now doing in France. Legislation must be for the average, for the common good. Therefore legislation should at once abandon the noxious sentimentality of thinking that in America at this time the "only son" is entitled to preferential consideration, either for the sake of himself or of his mother. The preference, as regards all obligations to the state, should be given to the family having the third and fourth children. In all public offices in every grade the lowest salaries should be paid the man or woman with no children, or only one or two children, and a marked discrimination made in favor of the man or woman with a family of *over* three children. In taxation, the rate should be immensely heavier on the childless and on the families with one or two children, while an equally heavy discrimination should lie in favor of the family with *over* three children. This should apply to the income tax and inheritance tax, and as far as possible to other taxes. I speak, as usual, of the average, not the exception. Only the father and mother of over three children have done their full duty by the state; and the state should emphasize this fact. No reduction should be made in a man's taxes merely because he is married. But he should be exempted on an additional $500 of income for each of his first two children, and on an addition $1,000 of income for every subsequent child—for we wish to put especial emphasis on the vital need of having the third, and the fourth and the fifth children. The men and women with small or reasonable incomes are the ones who should be encouraged to have children; they do not represent a class which will be tempted by such exemption to thriftlessness or extravagances. I do not believe that there should be any income exemption whatever for the unmarried man or the childless married couple; let all the exemptions be for the married couples of moderate means who have children.

A Movie Magnate

A Sketch of the Career of William Fox.

A GOOD percentage of the bills seen at moving picture houses have title "leaders" which read something like this "WILLIAM FOX presents *Velva Sorenta* in *The Dollar Duchess*." Yes, William Fox is a producer who believes in laying the emphasis at least as heavily on himself as on the high-priced hired help. He is, however, a 42 centimeter gun in the producing world and so perhaps is entitled to arrange his title bills as he sees fit. Jack Lait tells something of his rather spectacular career in *The American*:

A remarkable individual is William Fox. He is only thirty-eight years old, yet he has marked commerce in several lines of endeavor, established himself around the world with offices in every civilized land, and attained an AAA1 rating in Bradstreet's, a distinction unique in theatrical business.

He was born in New York, on the East Side, and after a grammar school education went to work in a clothing store. But he had an ambition to be a comedian, and joined with the late Cliff Gordon, who later became a famous headliner. They played one performance —a benefit for a prize fighter. Fox sold Gordon his interest in what they would get after the show for two dollars. They got nothing. Thereafter Fox decided he would be a business man!

He went into cloth-sponging and made money. He married, and his children (two) were born before he began the making of his theatrical fortune. That came after he was hoodwinked into buying a "penny arcade" in Brooklyn. The place had been artistically "salted," and he woke up to find he had a poor investment. It was about that time that he heard of a new device—a "moving picture."

He went to see it—about one hundred foot of meaningless film. But he bought it, put it on the second floor of his "arcade" as a free show to draw people to walk through his penny palladium—and "put on" a sword-swallower and fire-eater for a "ballyhoo" besides. He became, thus, the first motion picture exhibitor on this continent. The novelty drew so handsomely that in six months he had cleared $50,000 on his "losing" venture, threw the penny instruments into the garbage can and founded the first movie theater in America.

By this time films were coming regularly from Europe and he formed the first film exchange, supplying reels to others who here and there began to emulate his success.

Later he took the Dewey Theater on Fourteenth Street from "Big Tim" Sullivan at a rental aimed especially to be prohibitive, and financed the first real theater ever showing films exclusively. Sullivan, who thought the idea insane, set the rent at $50,000 a year (it cost him $14,000 a year), and demanded two years rent in advance; next day at noon Fox brought him one hundred $1,000 bills.

The Motion Picture Patents Company, shortly after Americans began manufacturing films, pooled all existing patents on projecting and recording instruments. Fox desired to produce films; he could not, because he was barred from use of the machinery. So he went to Washington, set the Government working, broke up the trust by injunction, and began to make pictures. Now, by virtue of his endeavors, anyone can produce motion pictures.

In addition to these activities he also invaded vaudeville, and acquired twenty-six theaters. He also entered the "legitimate," staging about three hundred dramas at the Academy of Music, the historic house, which he still operates.

His extraordinary success in all these undertakings has proclaimed him a business genius. But, in addition to any unusual talent, he has thriven on several personal qualities for which he is noted: candor beyond belief of the man who has not dealt with him at close range; aggressiveness that stops no more at the seemingly impossible than at the simple things; faith in his own judgment as against rules, accepted measures and critics' findings; faith in young men—with whom he has surrounded himself, and to whom he gives remarkable liberty of activity; and a liberal element of belief that to catch a dollar he must send out twenty, meaning that he is a bold advertiser, and a heavy plunger where he is convinced he has a good prospect.

Foundations of Fortune

A complete novelette by Peter B. Kyne, Creator of "Cappy Ricks," will appear in November MacLean's.

German and Austrian Prisoners in Russia

How the Teutons are Handled and Cared For.

RUSSIA has taken huge numbers of prisoners, chiefly Austrians and, from all reports, has treated them well. It is not a pleasant fate, however, to be marched off into the centre of cold, mysterious Russia, to a destination quite unknown; and Arthur Ruhl paints in *Collier's weekly* the accompanying vivid picture of the fate of the Teuton prisoner of war:

It was at Kiev that I ran into that blue-gray tide of captives which had been flowing eastward across Russia ever since Brusiloff's offensive got well under way in June. The ancient city on the Dnieper had long been close to the fighting. One could still see the emergency bridge which, in the panicky weeks of 1915, when the enemy were driving east from Lemberg, had been flung across the river. Now that victory was swinging the other way, it was a natural concentration point for prisoners, and it was here, in a big fenced camp in the woods not far from the city, that most

Continued on page 66.



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CANADA

These Men Will Help You Decide

Are you liable to be selected for service under the Military Service Act?

The answer to this question is being made readily available for you. Remember that the first class to be called includes only men between the ages of 20 and 34, both inclusive, who are unmarried or widowers without children, those married after July 6, 1917, being deemed single for the purposes of the Act.

Medical Boards are now being established throughout Canada. These Boards will examine, free of charge and obligation, all men who wish to be examined as to their physical fitness for military service. They will tell you in a very short time whether your physical condition absolves you from the call or makes you liable for selection.

It is important that you obtain this information as soon as possible. A certificate of unfitness from a Medical Board will secure for you freedom from responsibility under the Military Service Act from any Exemption Tribunal. A certificate of fitness will not preclude an appeal for exemption on any ground.

In order that you may be able to plan your future with certainty, visit a Medical Board as soon as possible and find out if you are liable to be selected. Your family and your employer are interested as well as yourself.

Issued by The Military Service Council

Will the Jewish Race Disappear?

WILL the Jews in America disappear? After showing how numerous and influential the Hebrews have become, particularly in New York, Burton J. Hendrick proceeds in *Every Week* to deal with the probability of the Jewish race being swallowed up in the "melting pot." He says, in part:

"At first this idea strikes most people as absurd. They have been educated to the conception of the Jews as a peculiar people—as a race inevitably set apart to maintain its integrity through the centuries. The medieval ghetto, the peculiar garb, the exclusive tribal customs and dietary practices, and the rabbinical laws—these are the conceptions that naturally come to mind when we attempt to estimate the future of this people. That our two million American Jews may disappear, in the course of two or three centuries thru intermarriage, seems at first a notion almost too extravagant to be entertained. Yet, in the opinion of many Jews themselves, the theory is not necessarily ridiculous.

One of the greatest Christian writers on the Jews, M. Leroy-Beaulieu, takes the stand that the Jews are not a peculiar people at all, and that it is merely circumstances that have made them so. If we had taken a few hundred thousand Englishmen, two thousand years ago, set them apart to live in restricted districts, forced them to wear a distinctive garb, forbidden them to engage in agriculture, limited their activities to particular trades, and prohibited them from marrying Christians under penalty of death, the English would today probably be a "peculiar" and unassimilable people.

But the study of modern history indicates more clearly what we may expect in the United States. We must constantly keep in mind that intermarriage of Jews and Christians, until recent years, was illegal, precisely as it still is in Russia and Austria. There are unmistakeable evidences, it is true, that intermingling had been going on all through the Middle Ages; but these unions, where they were not illicit, followed baptism. Many thousand Spanish Jews accepted baptism in 1492 in preference to expulsion.

In Europe the intermarriage of Jews and Christians is going on at a rate that few can explain. Dr. Maurice Fishberg, one of our leading American authorities on the Jews, has recently published the figures—figures that are fairly astounding.

In Germany as a whole, according to the figures presented by Dr. Fishberg, nearly twenty per cent. of Jewish marriages to-day are with Christians. But it is only when we take the statistics of the great cities, such as Hamburg and Berlin, that the complete extent of this amalgamation can be understood. Thus in Berlin, from 1875 to 1879, thirty-six per cent. of all Jewish marriages were with Christians. But in 1905 this proportion had increased to forty-four per cent. In Hamburg again, this proportion had increased to sixty per cent.; that is, in this latter city more Jews were marrying Christians than were marrying Jews. In Scandinavia Dr. Fishberg's figures show that the proportion is even higher; there it reaches sixty-five per cent.!

This tendency to assimilation, we must keep in mind, is the product of less than a single generation. After being emancipated, in the matter of matrimony, for only forty years, the Jews of Hamburg and Berlin are marrying more frequently outside their race than within it. Certainly this record lends some weight to the idea that the Jews are not really an exclusive people, but have been made so by the restrictive laws of their environment. Suppose, in Berlin and Hamburg, the age of liberalism had started three or four centuries ago—that the bars against intermarriage had been removed in 1400 instead of in 1875. Of course, the Jewish race, as a race, would long since have disappeared in these cities, and its Jewish element would have become so mingled with the rest of the population that they could never be identified.

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German and Austrian Prisoners in Russia

Continued from page 63.

of those swept up in the Bukowina fighting, were herded, sorted out, and reshipped to prison camps farther east.

Day after day, through the short, hot Russian summer, the long trains of cattle cars dumped their fresh thousands into the big camp in the dusty pines. The Austro-Hungarian Slavs were separated, generally. Kiev was full of these paroled prisoners, still in their faded Austrian uniforms, sleepily driving transport wagons or working on the streets. There was little fear that they would try to escape back to their own country, merely to be sent to the front again. The German-Austrians, Hungarians, and Germans were sent farther east—towards Kazan, down the lower Volga, and toward Siberia.

Kiev was the first real stopping place for most of them, and they still carried some of the air of the battle field. The lightly wounded still wore their rough field dressings; many had scarcely got over the surprise of capture. Team spirit still held them. They were still soldiers, fighting men, part of an army. And here the last of these props fell away. They were no longer part of a great, onrushing organization, no longer soldiers. There was no more vengeance nor hope of victory. They suddenly became nothing; a body to cover, a stomach to feed; stranded human cattle, facing, each for himself, the vastness and mystery of Russia—cold, distance, a hundred inherited dreads. An Englishman or German captured on the Somme may have a comfortable or uncomfortable time, but at any rate he never leaves the cozy distances of Western Europe. There are records to go to, easy communication by way of Switzerland; it is only a matter of a few weeks before his family knows at least where he is and where letters and packages may reach him.

The prisoner in Russia faces quite another prospect. It is not a country, it is a continent he disappears in. By the time his telegram or post card with the news of his capture gets back to his home town, he may be a thousand or three thousand miles away from the place at which he mailed it. By the time his peasant parents have scraped a few dollars together and sent them to Siberia, he may be down in Turkestan or working on a railroad up above the Arctic Circle.

A package travels all the way from Hungary up through Sweden and Finland down into southern Russia for a prisoner who left three weeks before. The package is heaped with others like it, or sent on to another camp—by that time the man has gone somewhere else.

EDISON WEEK

October 21st to 27th

OCTOBER 21st, 1917, is the 36th anniversary of the invention of the incandescent electric light by Thomas A. Edison. The entire week of October 21st will be observed by a number of the industries founded by Mr. Edison.



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It is well known that the phonograph is Mr. Edison's favorite invention. He has steadfastly refused to dispose of any of his phonograph patents ; nor will he permit outsiders to become interested financially in the manufacturing laboratories where the Edison Phonograph is made.

In the United States and Canada there are 3700 merchants who have been licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate and sell

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

These merchants will observe Edison Week in various ways that will be announced by them in their local papers.

$2000.00 in Cash Prizes

A great deal has been said about the New Edison in the newspapers. This new Edison invention has been tested before one million music lovers in direct comparison with thirty great singers, for the purpose of determining whether the New Edison's Re-Creation of an artist's voice can be detected from the artist's real voice. Similar comparisons have been made with instrumentalists. The music critics of 500 of America's principal newspapers have attended these tests and described the results in their respective papers. Prizes are now offered for the best patchwork advertisements composed entirely of quotations from these newspaper accounts. You do not write a single word yourself. Instead you read what the newspapers have said about the New Edison and then piece together a complete advertisement from that material. Perhaps you will quote from a dozen different papers ; possibly you will confine yourself to two or three. That is for you to determine. The prizes are as follows :

$1000 Cash for best patchwork advertisement
500 Cash for second best
250 " " third best
100 " " fourth best
50 " " fifth best
10 " each for ten that earn honorable mention

Professional advertising writers and persons connected in any way with the manufacture or sale of Edison Phonographs are not eligible to the competition.

No advertisement should contain more than three hundred (300) words. Nothing will be considered except the actual text of the advertisement. It is not necessary to send what is technically known as a "lay out." The prizes will be awarded solely on the "wording" of the advertisements. Even "headings" do not count.

You pay nothing to enter the contest and assume no obligation by doing so.

The Edison Week Bureau will give you complete instructions and send you the booklet "What the Critics Say," from which you can select material for *your* "patchwork" advertisement.

The Edison Dealer in Your Locality
Will Help You Win a Prize

Go to his store and hear the New Edison. He may be willing to lend you an instrument for a few days, so that you can study it at your leisure in your own home. He may also be able to give you some good tips about your advertisement, but don't ask him to help you compose it, as he will have to certify that he did not do so.

The Contest Closes October 27th

Edison Week ends October 27th and the contest closes the same day. Write today for Instruction Blank and copy of booklet "What the Critics Say." Address Edison Week Bureau, Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

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German Plotting in America To-day

Continued from page 20.

other. Certain disreputable doctors have been detected "faking" and creating physical disabilities to permit exemption. I had a youth in my employ go to bed for three weeks without a temperature or a pulse, and was not surprised to find that his antecedents were German.

An investigator, who went through certain Southern and Middle Western States, sent back this report: "The actual disloyalty is appalling: 60 per cent. of the farmers and 25 per cent. of the town people are in favor of peace on any terms. It is this which emboldens such vicious little animals as ———" naming certain Senators and Congressmen, who had done all in their power to stall preparations for war.

NOR must Canada stand back from such treason too certain of her own flock. The same investigating body reported that the same funds from the same source were behind certain anti-conscription movements in Canada. How much truth there is in that charge, I do not know; but you have only to keep your eyes open to see that the underground work is occurring simultaneously on both sides of the Border; and that the agitators have abundance of funds, reaching high enough and far enough, to stay the avenging hand that should strike them to extinction. Please read that paragraph over again. With a rigid censorship overhead, the investigators have to be veiled; but their meaning is clear.

The other side of this gloomy picture I am glad to say also concerns certain aliens. The Hungarians! The Hungarians in this country, who have sent millions of dollars home in War Relief, are becoming deadly sick of having their relatives in the home land butchered wholesale for the sake of the asinine vanity of two degenerate royal houses, which Hungary has good grounds to hate altogether apart from the War. What the Hungarians are now asking themselves here is whether their War Relief Funds and efforts would not be better spent to promote a revolution in Hungary and throw another royal house to the scrap heap. Secret meetings are being held among Austrians and Hungarians all through the United States. No use to preach the inviolability and divinity of kings to these people! They have tasted of freedom here and swung like all oppressed people from one extreme to the other. They want Austria-Hungary to do what Russia has done—depose royalty and quit. It was on something of this kind the State Department was banking, when it marked time for peace. How far the movement has gone among Austrians and Hungarians, I do not know; but I do know the movement is the only counterfoil to the agitations financed by Germany.

Of Interest to Women

The new department, "Women and their work," contains a number of interesting and instructive articles.



Quaker Oats Loom

Above Your Other Foods In Nutrition and Economy

Consider these facts—you who so keenly feel the rising cost of living.

The oat is a marvelous nutrient. It has twice the food value of round steak, and about five times the minerals. Measured by food units—calories—it is 2½ times greater than eggs.

Equal nutrition in the average mixed diet costs you four times as much. And in some common foods up to ten times as much. Even bread and milk costs twice as much for a half day's need.

Some foods have multiplied in cost. The finest oat food has advanced but little.

The oat has a wealth of flavor. It adds a delight to bread and muffins, to pancakes and cookies, etc. There was never a time when this premier grain food meant so much as now. And it also conserves wheat.

Quaker Oats

Extra Flavor Without Extra Price

You can make oat food often doubly welcome by using Quaker Oats. These flakes are made from queen grains only, from just the big, plump oats. All the little, starved grains are omitted. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of these luscious Quaker Oats. Yet this luxury grade costs you no extra price.

Among oat lovers all the world over this is the favorite brand. When you order oats see that you get it.

30c and 12c per package in Canada and United States, except in Far West where high freights may prohibit.

Recipe for Quaker Sweetbits A Cookie Confection



1 cup Sugar, 1 tablespoon Butter, 2 Eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons Baking Powder, 1 teaspoon Vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada (1697) **Saskatoon, Canada**

Penmans

Sweater Coats

THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

Your Sweater Coat should represent much more than mere warmth — nowadays you want looks, comfort, individual style and cleverness.

Penmans Sweater Coats are specially designed for stylish sport-wear—the unusual color combinations give the prettiest possible effect—the quality and finish assure long service and certain satisfaction.

Penmans, Limited
Paris



Also makers of Underwear and Hosiery 137

To Hang Up Things
Pictures, Photos, Pennants, Draperies, etc., use the world-famous, strong and dainty
Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads, Steel Points.
Moore Push-less Hangers, *the Hanger with a Twist*, for framed pictures, mirrors, etc.
13c At Stationery, Hardware, Drug and Photo Supply Stores.
Samples and Booklet Free.
Write Dept. C
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

EARN $1 TO $2 A DAY AT HOME
Help to meet the big demand for Hosiery for us and your Home trade.
Industrious persons provided with profitable, all-year-round employment on Auto-Knitters. *Experience and distance immaterial.*
Write for particulars, rates of pay etc. Send 2 cents in stamps.
Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 179E; 257 College Street, Toronto

America's Pioneer Dog Remedies

BOOK ON
DOG DISEASES
And How to Feed
Mailed free to any address by the Author
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
118 West 31st Street, New York

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

For Catherine's Sake

Continued from page 24.

of joy over the wire, a gurgle. Fronda swung her voice toward Catherine, "I hope I haven't killed him."

"No, you can't come up to the house." (This in answer to Braund's eager query). Then, "You must give Catherine and me a dinner to-night."

"Oh, Lord! I can't," Braund cried dismally, "I'm engaged to dine with a friend."

"Put him off."

"I can't; he's leaving for the West to-morrow."

Fronda pricked her ears; "Who is it, Jack—any one we know?"

"No; Phil Gray; you don't know him."

"Why not bring him? Then we shall know him."

"He wouldn't come; he's gun-shy of women; he'd take to the woods."

"Jack, listen! Phone down to the Waldorf and engage a corner table in the Palm Room. We'll wait for you and your friend in that little Moorish Room at the Thirty-third Street side."

"He wouldn't come," wailed Braund.

"Don't tell him. Bring him along to dine with you. Well, Jack, that's the ultimatum. I've got Catherine to forgive you, but those are conditions."

"I'll do it, Fronda."

"Jack, promise faithfully that you won't mention our names."

"I promise anything."

"Good-bye! Seven o'clock then."

AT seven o'clock that evening Braund and Gray swung into the Waldorf from the thirty-fourth side. As they passed the cuckoo clock on the way to the Moorish Room the little wooden bird stuck his head out of the top and jeered at Gray. And something agitated Braund to soften the effect of a sudden surprise by saying, as they reached the news stand, "I'd better warn you, old man; we've made it up. And I couldn't get out of it—my girl is waiting inside to dine with us."

Gray felt his blood run cold; he clutched Braund by the arm, gasping: "Does she know I'm dining with you?"

"Of course, old man. I was afraid to tell you for fear you'd run away."

Like a dead man Gray resigned himself to Jack's, "Come on, Phil; they're waiting."

Just inside the door of the Moorish Room they met Fronda. "This is my friend Mr. Gray, Fronda, Miss Fronda Laird."

Gray's eyes schooled to a polite look saw a cheerful smile on the girl's deceitful lips.

At that instant Catherine came forward into the light. Dimly Gray heard his name mentioned, and the girl's; and then Braund's voice saying cheerily; "This is the girl, Phil! You're going to be my best man."

For a second Gray's eyes failed to register any sensation; he was mentally paralyzed; the next second a glimmer of the truth filmed itself.

At the table Fronda, turning to Gray, said: "Jack says you are leaving for the West to-morrow. Are you really going?"

Gray looked in her eyes; then he answered, "I've changed my mind."

Benjamin

"92" TWO-WAY PLUG

In nearly every Home, Office, Store, Garage, Factory, there is a need of additional electrical sockets. The Benjamin Two-Way Plug fills the need.

It supplies two outlets from one socket without extra wiring, and enables you to use the iron, toaster, fan or other electrical appliance and also have light when you need it.

The Benjamin Two-Way Plug sells for 90 cents (by mail $1.00), at all dealers in electrical goods.

Buy Benjamin Made-in-Canada Goods.

The Benjamin Electric Mfg. Co.
of Canada, Limited
11-17 Charlotte St., Toronto 7



YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE
BUT YOUR NOSE



IN THIS DAY AND AGE ATTENTION TO YOUR APPEARANCE IS AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY IF YOU EXPECT TO MAKE THE MOST OUT OF LIFE. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which alone is well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly if not wholly, by your "LOOKS," therefore it pays to "LOOK YOUR BEST" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new NOSE-SHAPER, "TRADOS" (Model 22) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, QUICKLY, SAFELY and PERMANENTLY. Is pleasant and does not intefere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY:

Miss C. R.—After using my "Trados 22" for only two weeks sees a wonderful improvement in the shape of her nose.

Mr. P. R. writes—Your Nose Shaper is doing the work and I am certainly pleased with it; will recommend it to my friends.

Dr. F. D. G. writes and says that after he had used it for two weeks he thinks that "Trados 22" is fine and will recommend it to his patrons.

Mr. J. B. is very pleased with the Nose Shaper and his nose looks much better.

Miss K. W. says that she is getting fine results and is very much elated over the Nose Shaper.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist - - 628 Ackerman Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

We Need Your Spare Time

Let us show you the way to increase your income to any extent you desire. If your present salary isn't quite sufficient to take care of "extra summer needs," our plan will provide the money for them. It will also furnish the funds for vacation expenses.

The best part of our money-making plan is, no time is needed, only what you can spare from your regular employment. It interferes in no way with business or pleasure, but fits in as a "money maker" into spare-time moments. Work it an hour now and then and the cash results will surprise you.

Now is just the time to start—the days are long—and are getting longer. Turn your evenings and spare time into cash by becoming our district representative.

Full particulars, without obligation, free on request.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited
143-153 University Avenue - - TORONTO, CAN.

The Handy Light for Motorists



The "Franco" is the handiest, most reliable light for the motorist. It is the only flashlight that can safely be carried in the tool box. Contact with metal has no effect on it for the "fibre case" proves a perfect insulator. This "Fibre Case," which protects the battery and prevents waste of electrical energy, is a "Franco" feature, pure and simple.

Always insist on a "Franco" in the "fibre case" and be assured of having light when you want it. "Franco" Tungsten Blubs with which all "Franco" Lights are equipped give a strong, steady, pure white light that lasts long without dimming.

There is a type of "Franco" suitable for every conceivable purpose. There are many styles of tubular cases; pocket lamps; rear lights for bicycles, motorcycles and carriages; and many other types including the famous "Franco" Hand Lantern.



Your Hardware, Electrical or Sporting Goods Dealer should be able to show you the various "Franco" Lights. If he disappoints you write to us direct.

The Interstate Electric Novelty Co.
of Canada, Limited

220 King Street West, - Toronto, Ontario



SEE THE

Canadian Northern Rockies

en route to the PACIFIC COAST

You will be amply repaid. Convenient Train Service. Summer Tourist Fares.

by the Natural Wonders of Jasper Park and Mount Robson, Monarch of the Range

For through tickets, information and our handsome Mountain Booklet apply to nearest C.N.R. Agent or General Passenger Dept., Montreal, Que., Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

The Gun Brand

Continued from page 32.

At sight of the man who, under Lapierre's orders, had wrought the destruction of his post at Snare Lake, MacNair leaped forward with a snarl of anger. But before he could reach the trembling man the form of Big Lena interposed, and MacNair found himself swamped by a jargon of broken English that taxed to the utmost his power of comprehension.

"Ju yoost vait vun meenit. Ay tell ju som'ting gude. Dis damn Lefroy, he bane bad man. He vork by Lapierre, and he tak' de whisky to jour Injuns, but he don't vork no more by Lapierre; he vork by me. Ay goin' to marry him, and ju bet Ay keep him gude, or Ay bust the stove chunk 'crost his head. He vork by Mees Chloe now, and he lak ju gif him chance to show he ain't no bad man no more."

Big Lena shook the man roughly by way of emphasis, and MacNair smiled as he noted the foolish grin with which Lefroy submitted to the inevitable. For years he had known Lefroy as a bad man, second only to Lapierre in cunning and brutal cruelty; and to see him now, cowering under the domination of his future spouse, was to MacNair the height of the ridiculous—but MacNair was unmarried.

"All right," he growled, and Lefroy's relief at the happy termination of the interview was plainly written upon his features, for this meeting had not been of his own seeking. The memory of the shots which had taken off two of his companions, that night on Snare Lake, was still fresh, and in his desire to avoid a meeting with MacNair he had sought refuge in the kitchen. Whereupon Big Lena had taken matters into her own hands and literally dragged him into MacNair's presence, replying to his terrified protest that if MacNair was going to kill him, he was going to kill, and he might as well have it over with.

Thus it was that the relieved Lefroy leaped with alacrity to obey when, a moment later, MacNair ordered him to the storehouse to break out the necessary provisions for a ten-days' journey for all his Indians. So well did the half-breed execute the order that upon MacNair's arrival at the storehouse he found Lefroy not only supplying provisions with a lavish hand, but taking huge delight in passing out to the waiting Indians Lapierre's Mauser rifles and ammunition.

When MacNair, with his Indians, reached Snare Lake, it was to find that Pierre Lapierre had taken himself and his outlaws to the Lac du Mort rendezvous. Whereupon he immediately despatched thirty Indians back to Lefroy for the supplies necessary to follow Lapierre to his stronghold. Awaiting the return of the supply train, MacNair employed his remaining Indians in getting out logs for the rebuilding of his fort, and he smiled grimly as his eyes roved over the dumps—the rich dumps which represented two months' well-directed labor of a gang of a hundred men.

AS Chloe Elliston sat in the little living room and listened to the impassioned words of Lapierre, the man's chance of winning her was far better than at any time in the whole course of their acquaintance. Without in the least realizing it, the girl had all along held a certain regard for MacNair—a regard that

was hard to explain, and that the girl herself would have been the first to disavow. She hated him! And yet—she was forced to admit even to herself, the man fascinated her. But never until the moment of the realization of his true character, as forced upon her by the action and words of the Louchoux girl, had she entertained the slightest suspicion that she loved him. And with the discovery had come a sense of shame and humiliation that had all but broken her spirit.

Her hatred for MacNair was real enough now. That hatred, the shame and humility, and the fact that Lapierre was pleading with her as he had never pleaded before, were going far to convince the girl that her previous estimate of the quarter-breed had been a mistaken estimate, and that he was in truth the fine, clean, educated man of the north which on the surface he appeared to be. A man whose aim it was to deal fairly and honorably with the Indians, and who in reality had the best interests of his people at heart.

No one but Chloe herself will ever know how near she came upon that afternoon to yielding to his pleading, and laying her soul bare to him. But something interposed—fate? Destiny? The materialist smiles "supper." Be that as it may, had she yielded to Lapierre's plans, they would have stolen from the school that very night and proceeded to Fort Rae, to be married by the priest at the mission. For Lapierre, fully alive to the danger of delay, had eloquently pleaded his cause.

Not only was MacNair upon his trail —MacNair the relentless, the indomitable—but also the word had passed in the north, and the men of the Mounted—those inscrutable sentinels of the silence whose watchword is "get the man"—were aroused to avenge a comrade. And Lapierre realized with a chill in his heart that he was "the man"! His one chance lay in a timely marriage with Chloe Elliston, and a quick dash for the States. If the dash succeeded, he had nothing to fear. Even if it failed, and he fell into the hands of the Mounted—with the Elliston millions behind him, he felt he could snap his fingers in the face of the law. Men of millions do not serve time.

For the men who waited him in the Bastile du Mort, Lapierre gave no thought. He would stand by them as long as it furthered his own ends to stand by them. When they ceased to be a factor in his own safety, they could shift for themselves, even as he, Lapierre, was shifting for himself. Some one has said every man has his price. It is certain that every man has his limit beyond which he may not go.

Lapierre, a man of consummate nerve, had put forth a final effort to save himself. Had put forth the best effort that was in him to induce Chloe Elliston to marry him. He had found the girl, kinder, more receptive than he had dared hope. His spirits arose to a point they had never before attained. Success seemed within his grasp. Then suddenly, just as his fingers were about to close upon the prize—the prize that meant to him life and plenty, instead of death—the Louchoux girl, a passing folly of a bygone day, had suddenly risen up and confronted him—and he knew that his cause was lost.

Big Ben

A *Westclox* Alarm



He Fathers Punctuality

A PROUD godfather is kindly Big Ben, when baby first peeps at the world. He shares the joy of mother and dad —and their new duties, *too*.

He lends two willing hands for molding little lives. He helps make better men for Father Time.

From the wee small hours of infancy till twilight of old age, Big Ben is true to his trust. He's a faithful friend through life.

Big Ben of Westclox is respected by all—sentinel of time throughout the world. He's loyal, dependable and his ring is true—ten half-minute calls or steadily for five minutes.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, $3.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer doesn't stock him.

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A. Western Clock Co. Makers of *Westclox*

Other Westclox: Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, America, Bingo and Sleep-Meter

CANADA'S LEADING HOTEL

700 Rooms. 450 with bath.

The Windsor

Dominion Square · Montreal, Canada

European plan exclusively.

Centrally located in the heart of the shopping and theatrical district. Service unsurpassed. Rates from $2.00 upwards per day. One block from Canadian Pacific (Windsor) Station, and five minutes from Grand Trunk (Bonaventure) Station. Headquarters for Motor Tourists.

Further particulars and information on application,

JOHN DAVIDSON,
Manager.

HOTEL WEBSTER

Forty-fifth Street, by Fifth Avenue (Just off Fifth Avenue, on one of city's quietest streets.)

New York's most beautiful small hotel. Much favored by women traveling without escort. Within four minutes' walk of forty theatres. Center of shopping district.

Rooms, adjoining bath, $2.00 and upwards
Rooms, private bath, $3.00 and upwards
Sitting room, bedroom and bath, $5.00 and upwards

Send for booklet 107.

W. JOHNSON QUINN, Manager
Managed by a Canadian

Hotel St. Charles

Along ocean front, with a superb view of famous strand and Boardwalk, the St. Charles occupies an unique position among resort hotels. It has an enviable reputation for cuisine and unobtrusive service. Twelve stories of solid comfort (fireproof); ocean porch and sun parlors; sea water in all baths; orchestra of soloists. Week-end dances. Golf privileges. Booklet mailed.

NEWLIN-HAINES CO.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

More Water is Needed

Very few people drink anything like the amount of water that Nature intended they should, and that right health really demands. Water is Nature's own drink. Most people know that they should drink more of it—and they would drink more of it if they could only get it pure and cold.

A Safe Drink

is pure water from a "Perfection" Cooler. The construction of this cooler does not permit the ice to come into contact with the beverage. The result is at all times a refreshing, thoroughly satisfying supply of pure, bubbling, sparkling cold water.

A "PERFECTION" COOLER

gives you the perfect system for purifying and cooling water. It is fully covered by patent, and is inexpensive.

Every office, home and factory should have one installed. It would promote better health and add to the efficiency of every member of the staff.



A "Perfection" Cooler is an economy in home, office or factory. They are made in a great variety of sizes to suit all requirements.

Write for free scientific treatise on water, and ask for information about the "Perfection" Cooler.

Write to-day.

The Perfection Cooler Co.

LIMITED

21 Alice St.

TORONTO

Canada

LAPIERRE had reached his limit of control, and when he turned at the sound of the Indian girl's voice, his hand instinctively flew to his belt. In his rage at the sudden turn of events, he became for the instant, a madman whose one thought was to destroy her who had wrought the harm. The next instant the snarl died upon his lips and his hand dropped limply to his side. In two strides, Big Lena was upon him and her thick fingers bit deep into his shoulder as she spun him to face her—to face the polished bit of the keen-edged ax which the huge woman flourished carelessly within an inch of his nose.

The fingers released their grip, Lapierre's gun was jerked from its holster, and a moment later thumped heavily upon the floor of the kitchen fifteen feet away, while the woman pointed grimly toward the overturned chair. Lapierre righted the chair, and as he sank into it, Chloe, who had stared dumbfounded upon the scene saw that little beads of sweat stood out sharply against the pallor of his bloodless brow. As from a great distance the words of the Louchoux girl fell upon her ears. She was speaking rapidly, and the finger which she pointed at Lapierre trembled violently.

"You lied!" cried the girl. "You have always lied! You lied when you told me we were married! You lied when you said you would return! Since coming to this school I have learned much. Many things have I learned that I never knew before. When you said you would return, I believed you—even as my mother believed my father when he went away in the ship many years ago, and left me a babe in arms to live or to die among the teepees of the Louchoux, the people of my mother, who was the mother of his child. My mother has not been to the school, and she believes some day my father will return. For many years she has waited, has starved, and has suffered—always watching for my father's return. And the factors have laughed, and the river-men taunted her with being the mother of a fatherless child! Ah, she has paid! Always the Indian women must pay! And I have paid also. All my life have I been hungry, and in the winter I have always been cold.

"Then you came with your laughing lips and your words of love and I went with you, and you took me to distant rivers. All through the summer there was plenty to eat in our teepee. I was happy, and for the first time in my life my heart was glad — for I loved you! And then came the winter, and the freezing up of the rivers, and the day you told me you must return to the southward—to the land of the white men —without me. And I believed you even when they told me you would not return. I was brave—for that is the way of love, to believe, and to hope, and be brave."

THE girl's voice faltered, and the trembling hand gripped the back of the chair upon which she leaned heavily for support.

"All my life have I paid," she continued bitterly. "Yet, it was not enough. Years, when the children of the trappers had at times plenty to eat I was always hungry and cold.

"When you came into my life I thought at last I had paid in full—that my mother and I both had paid for her belief in the white man's word. Ah, if I had known! I should have known, for well I remember, it was upon the day before — before I went away with you — that I told you of my father, and of how we always went north in the winter, knowing that again his ship would winter in the ice of the Bufort Sea. And you heard the story and laughed, and you said that my father would not return—that the white men never return. And when I grew afraid, you told me that you were part Indian. That your people were my people. I was a fool! I listened to your words!"

The girl dropped heavily into her chair and buried her face in her arms.

"And now I know," she sobbed, "that I have not even begun to pay!"

Suddenly she leaped to her feet and, dashing around the table placed herself between Lapierre and Chloe, who had listened white-lipped to her words. Once more the voice of the Louchoux girl rang through the room—high-pitched and thin with anger now — and the eyes that glared into the eyes of Lapierre blazed black with fury.

"You have lied to her! But you cannot harm her! With my own ears I heard your words! The same words I heard from your lips before, upon the banks of the far off rivers, and the words are lies—lies—lies!"—the voice rose to a shriek—"the white woman is good! She is my friend! She has taught me much, and now, I will save her."

With a swift movement she caught the carving-knife from the table and sprang toward the defenseless Lapierre. "I will cut out your heart in little bits and feed it to the dogs!"

Once more the hand of Big Lena wrenched the knife from the girl's grasp. And once more the huge Swedish woman fixed Lapierre with her vacuous stare. Then slowly she raised her arm and pointed toward the door: "Ju git! And never ju don't come back no more. Ay don't lat ju go cause Ay lak ju, but Ay bane 'fraid dis leetle girl she cut ju up and feed ju to de dogs, and Ay no lak for git dem dogs poison!"

And Lapierre tarried not for further orders. Pausing only to recover his hat from its peg on the wall, he opened the outer door and with one sidewise malevolent glance toward the little group at the table, slunk hurriedly from the room.

HARDLY had the door closed behind him than Chloe, who had sat as one stunned during the girl's accusation and her later outburst of fury, leaped to her feet and seized her arm in a convulsive grip. "Tell me!" she cried; "what do you mean? Speak! Speak, can't you? What is this you have said? What is it all about?"

"Why it is he, Pierre Lapierre. He is the free-trader of whom I told you. The man who — who deceived me into believing I was his wife."

"But," cried Chloe, staring at her in astonishment. "I thought — I thought MacNair was the man!"

"No! No! No!" cried the girl. "Not MacNair! Pierre Lapierre, he is the man! He who sat in that chair, and whose heart I would cut into tiny bits that you shall not be made to pay, even

as I have paid, for listening to the words of his lips."

"But," faltered Chloe, "I don't — I don't understand. Surely, you fear MacNair. Surely, that night when he came into the room, carrying the wounded policeman, you fled from him in terror."

"MacNair is a white man——"

"But why should you fear him?"

"I fear him," she answered, "because among the Indians—among the Louchoux—the people of my mother, and among the Eskimoes, he is called 'The Bad Man of the North.' I hated him because Lapierre taught me to hate him. I do not hate him now, nor do I fear him. But among the Indians and among the free-traders he is both hated and feared. He chases the free-traders from the rivers, and he kills them and destroys their whisky. For he has said, like the men of the soldier-police, that the red man shall drink no whisky. But the red men like the whisky. Their life is hard and they do not have much happiness, and the whisky of the white man makes them happy. And in the days before MacNair they could get much whisky, but now the free-traders fear him, and only sometimes do they dare to bring whisky to the land of the far-off rivers.

"At the posts my people may trade for food and for guns and for clothing, but they may not buy whisky. But the free traders sell whisky. Also they will trade for the women. But MacNair has said they shall not trade for the women. At times, when men think he is far away, he comes swooping through the north with his Snare Lake Indians at his heels, and they chase the free-traders from the rivers. And on the shores of the frozen sea he chases the whalemen from the Eskimo villages even to their ships which lie far out from the coast, locked in the grip of the ice-pack.

"For these things I have hated and feared him. Since I have been here at the school I have learned much. Both from your teachings, and from talking with the women of MacNair's Indians. I know now that MacNair is good, and that the factors and the soldier-police and the priest spoke words of truth, and that Lapierre and the free-traders lied!"

AS the Indian girl poured forth her story Chloe Elliston listened as one in a dream. What was this, she was saying, that it was Lapierre who sold whisky to the Indians, and MacNair who stood firm, and struck mighty blows for the right of things? Surely, this girl's mind was unhinged—or, had something gone wrong with her own brain? Was it possible she had heard aright?

Suddenly she remembered the words of Corporal Ripley, when he asked her to withdraw the charge of murder against MacNair: "In the north we know something of MacNair's work." And again: "We know the north needs men like MacNair."

Could it be possible that after all—with the thought there flashed into the girl's mind the scene on Snare Lake. Had she not seen with her own eyes the evidence of this man's work among the Indians! With a gesture of appeal she turned to Big Lena.

"Surely, Lena, you remember that night on Snare Lake? You saw MacNair's Indians, drunk as fiends — and the buildings all on fire? You saw Mac-

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Nair kicking and knocking them about? And you saw him fire the shots that killed two men? Speak, can't you? Did you see these things? Did I see them? Was I dreaming? Or am I dreaming now?"

Big Lena shifted her weight ponderously, and the stare of the china-blue eyes met steadily the half-startled eyes of the girl. "Yah, Ay seen das all right. Dem Injuns dey awful drunk das night and MacNair he come 'long and schlap dem and kick dem 'round. But das gude for dem. Dey got it comin'. Dey should not ought to drink Lapierre's vhisky."

"Lapierre's whisky!" cried the girl. "Are you crazy?"

"Now, Ay tank Ay ain't so crazy. Lapierre he fool ju long tam."

"What do you mean?" asked Chloe.

"Ah, das a' right," answered the woman. "He fool ju gude, but he ain't fool Big Lena. Ay know all about him for a jear."

"But," pursued the girl, "Lapierre was with us that night!"

Lena shrugged. "Yah, Lapierre very smart. He send Lefroy 'long wit' das vhisky. Den when he know MacNair's Injuns git awful drunk, he tak' ju 'long for see it."

"Lefroy!" cried Chloe. "Why, Lefroy was off to the eastward trying to run down some whisky-runners."

Big Lena laughed derisively. "How ju fin' out?" she asked.

Chloe hesitated. "Why — why, Lapierre told me."

Again Big Lena laughed. "Yah, Lapierre tal ju, but, Lefroy, he don't know nuthin' 'bout no vhisky-runners. Only him and Lapierre dos all de vhisky-running in dis country. Lefroy, he tal me all 'bout das. He tak' das vhisky up dere and he sell it to MacNair's Injuns, and MacNair shoot after him and kill two Lefroy's men. Ay goin' to marry Lefroy, and he tal me de trut'. He 'fraid to lie to me, or Ay break him in two. Lefroy, he bane gude man now, he quit Lapierre. Ju bet ju if he don't bane gude Ay gif him haal. Ay tal him it bane gude t'ing if MacNair kill him das night.

"Den MacNair come on de school and brung de policeman, Lefroy he 'fraid for scart, and he goin' hide in de kitchen, and Ay drag him out ond brung him 'long to see MacNair. Lefroy, he 'fraid lak haal. He squeal MacNair goin' kill him. But Ay tal him das ain't much lass annyhow. If he goin' to kill him it's besser he kill him now, den Ay ain't got to bodder wit' him no more. But MacNair, he don't kill him. Ay tal him Lefroy goin' to be gude man now, and den MacNair he laugh, and tal Lefroy to go 'long and git out de grub."

"But," cried Chloe. "You say you have known all about Lapierre for a year, and you knew all the time that MacNair was right, and Lapierre was wrong, and you let me go blindly on thinking Lapierre was my friend, and treating MacNair as I did! Why didn't you tell me?"

"You got yoost so manny eyes lak me!" retorted the woman. "Ju neffer ask me vat Ay tank 'bout MacNair and 'bout Lapierre. And Ay neffer tal ju das 'cause Ay tank it besser ju fin' out jourself. Ay know ju got to fin' das out sometam'. Den ju believe it. Ju know lot 'bout vat stands in de books, but das

Continued on page 77.



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Continued from page 74.

mos' lak MacNair say: 'bout lot t'ing, you damn fool!"

Chloe gasped. It was the longest speech Big Lena had ever made. And the girl learned that when the big woman chose she could speak straight from the shoulder.

Harriet Penny gasped also. She pushed back her chair, and shook an outraged finger at Big Lena. "Go into the kitchen where you belong!" she cried. "I really cannot permit such language in my presence. You are unspeakably coarse!"

Chloe whirled on the little woman like a flash. "You shut up, Hat Penny!" she snapped savagely. "You don't happen to do the permitting around here. If your ears are too delicate to listen to *the truth*, you better go into your own room and shut the door." And then crossing swiftly to her own room, she opened the door, but before entering she turned to Big Lena. "Make a pot of strong coffee," she ordered, "and bring it to me here."

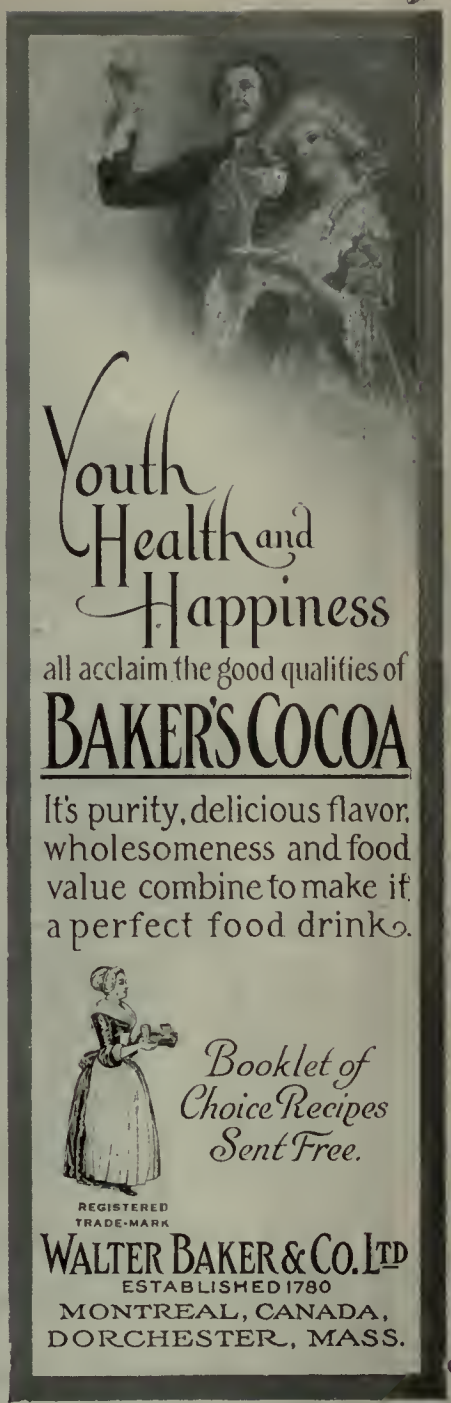
A FEW minutes later when the woman entered and deposited the tray containing coffee-pot, cream pitcher, and sugar bowl, upon the table, she found Chloe striding up and down the room. There was a new light in the girl's eyes, and very much to Big Lena's surprise, she turned suddenly upon her and throwing her arms about the massive shoulders, planted a kiss squarely upon the wide, flat mouth.

"Ah, Lena," she cried happily, "you —you are a dear!" And the Swedish woman, with unexpected gentleness, patted the girl's shoulder, and as she passed out of the door smiled broadly.

For an hour Chloe paced up and down the little room. At first she could scarcely bring herself to realize that the two men, MacNair and Lapierre, had changed places. She remembered that in that very room she had more than once pictured that very thing. As the conviction grew upon her, her pulse quickened. Never before had she been so supremely—so wildly happy. There was a strange, barbaric singing in her heart, as for the first time she saw MacNair—the real MacNair at his true worth. MacNair, the *big* man, the really great man, strong and brave, alone in the north fighting, night and day, against the snarling wolves of the world-waste. Fighting for the good of his Indians and the right of things as they should be.

Her mind dwelt upon the fine courage and the patience of him. She recalled the hurt look in his eyes when she ordered his arrest. She remembered his words to the officer—words of kindly apology for her own blind folly. She penetrated the rough exterior, and read the real gentleness of his soul. And then, with a shame and mortification that almost overwhelmed her, she saw herself as she must appear to him. She recollected how she had accused him, had sneered at him, had called him a liar and a thief, a murderer, and worse.

Tears streamed unheeded from her eyes as she recalled the unconscious pathos of his words as he stood beside his mother's grave. And the look of reproach with which he sank to the ground when Lapierre's bullet laid him low. Her heart thrilled at the memory of the blazing wrath of him, the cold gleam of his eyes, the wicked snap of his iron jaw, as he said, "I have taken the man-trail!" She remembered the words he had once



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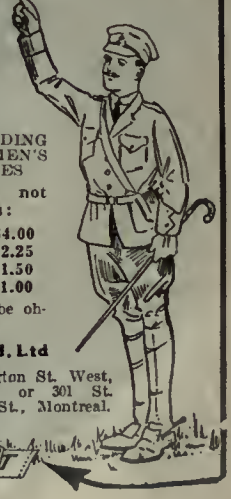
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spoken: "When you have learned the north, we shall be friends." She wondered now if possibly this thing could ever be? Had she learned the north? Could she ever atone in his eyes for her cocksureness, her blind egotism.

CHLOE quickened her pace, as if to walk away and leave these things behind. How she hated herself! It seemed to her, in her shame and mortification, that she could never look into this man's eyes again. Her glance strayed to the portrait of Tiger Elliston that stared down at her from its bullet-shattered frame upon the wall. The eyes of the portrait seemed to bore deep into her own, and the words of MacNair flashed through her brain—the words he had used as he gazed into the eyes of that self-same portrait.

Unconsciously — fiercely she repeated those words aloud: "By God! Yon is the face of a *man!*" She started at the sound of her own voice. And then, like liquid flame, it seemed to the girl the blood of Tiger Elliston seethed and boiled in her veins—spurring her on to *do!*

"Do what?" she questioned. "What was there left to *do*, for one who had blundered so miserably?"

Like a flash came the answer. She had done MacNair a great wrong. She must right that wrong, or at least admit it. She must own her error and offer an apology.

Seating herself at the table, she seized a pen and wrote rapidly for a long, long time. And then for a long time more she sat buried in thought, and at the end of an hour she arose and tore up the pages she had written, and sat down again and penned another letter which she placed in an envelope addressed with the name of MacNair.

This done she took the letter, tiptoed across the living room, and pushing open the Louchoux girl's door entered and seated herself upon the edge of the bed. The Indian girl was wide awake. A brown hand stole from beneath the covers and clasped reassuringly about Chloe's fingers.

She handed the girl the letter.

"I can trust you," she said, "to place this in MacNair's hands. Go to sleep now, I will talk further with you to-morrow." And with a hurried good-night, Chloe returned to her own room.

She blew out the lamp and threw herself fully dressed upon the bed. Sleep would not come. She stared long at the little patch of moonlight that showed upon the bare floor. She tried to think, but her heart was filled with a strange restlessness. Arising from the bed, she crossed to the window and stared out across the moonlit clearing towards the dark edge of the forest — the mysterious forest whose depths seemed black with sinister mystery—whose trees beckoned, stretching out their branches like arms.

A strange restlessness came over her. The confines of the little room seemed smothering — crushing her. Crossing to the row of pegs she drew on her parka and heavy mittens, and tiptoeing to the outer door, passed out into the night, crossed the moonlit clearing, and stepped half-fearfully into the deep shadow of the forest—to the call of the beckoning arms.

As her form was swallowed up in the blackness, another form — a gigantic figure that bore clutched in the grasp of a capable hand the helve of an ax, upon the polished steel of whose double-bitted



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blade the moonbeams gleamed cruelly, slipped from the door of the kitchen and followed swiftly in the wake of the girl. Big Lena was taking no chances.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WOLF-CRY!

SO sudden and unexpected had been Lapierre's denouncement at the hands of the small Indian girl and Big Lena that when he quitted Chloe Eliston's living room the one thought in his mind was to return to his stronghold on Lac du Mort. For the first time the real seriousness of his situation forced itself upon him. He knew that no accident had brought the officer of the Mounted to the Lac du Mort stronghold in company with Bob MacNair, and he realized the utter futility of attempting an escape to the outside, since the shooting of the officer at the very walls of the stockade.

As the husband of Chloe Elliston, the thing might have been accomplished. But alone or in company with the half-dozen outlaws who had accompanied him to the school, never. There was but one course open to him: To return to Lac du Mort and make a stand against the authorities and against MacNair. And the fact that the man realized in all probability it would be his last stand, was borne to the understanding of the men who accompanied him.

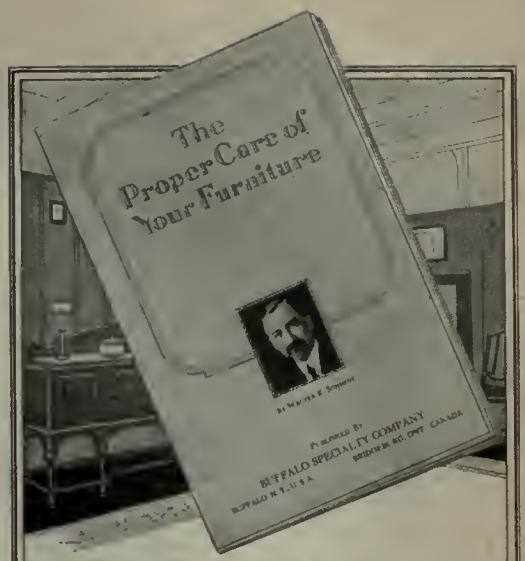
These men knew nothing of the reason for Lapierre's trip to the school, but they were not slow to perceive that whatever the reason was, Lapierre had failed in its accomplishment. For they knew Lapierre as a man who rarely lost his temper.

They knew him as one equal to any emergency—one who would shoot a man down in cold blood for disobeying an order or relaxing vigilance, but who would shoot with a smile rather than a frown.

Thus when Lapierre joined them in their camp at the edge of the clearing, and with a torrent of unreasoning curses ordered the dogs harnessed and the outfit got under way for Lac du Mort, they knew their cause was at best a forlorn hope.

Darkness overtook them and they camped to await the rising of the late moon. While the men prepared the supper, Lapierre glowered upon his sled by the fire, occasionally leaping to his feet to stamp impatiently up and down upon the snow. The leader spoke no word and none ventured to address him. The meal was eaten in silence. At its conclusion the men took heart and sprang eagerly to obey an order — the order puzzled them not a little, but no man questioned it. For the command came crisp and sharp, and without profanity, in a voice they well knew. Lapierre was himself again, and his black eyes gleamed wickedly as he rolled a cigarette by the light of the rising moon.

The dogs were whirled upon the back-trail, and once more the outfit headed for the school upon the bank of the Yellow Knife. It was well toward midnight when Lapierre called a halt. They were close to the edge of the clearing. Leaving one man with the dogs and motioning the others to follow, he stole noiselessly from tree to tree until the dull square of light that glowed from the window of Chloe Elliston's room showed distinctly through the interlacing branches. The quarters of the Indians were shrouded in darkness. For a long time Lapierre stood staring at the little square of light, while his men,



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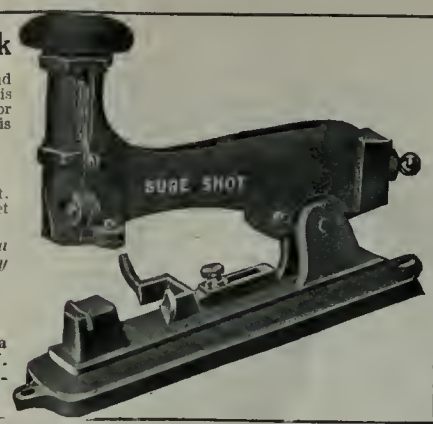
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motionless as statues, blended into the shadows of the trees. The light was extinguished. The quarter-breed moved to the edge of the clearing, and seating himself upon the root of a gnarled banskian, rapidly outlined his plan.

Suddenly his form stiffened and he drew close against the trunk of his tree, motioning the others to do likewise. The door of the cottage had opened. A parka-clad figure stepped from the little veranda, paused uncertainly in the moonlight, and then, with light, swinging strides, moved directly toward the banskian. Lapierre's pulse quickened, and his lips twisted into an evil smile. That the figure was no other than Chloe Elliston was easily discernible in the bright moonlight, and with fiendish satisfaction the quarter-breed realized that the girl was playing directly into his hands. For, as he sat upon the sled beside the little campfire, his active brain had evolved a new scheme. If Chloe Elliston could not be made to accompany him willingly, why not unwillingly?

Lapierre believed that once safely entrenched behind the barriers of the Bastile du Mort, he could hold out for a matter of six months against any forces which were likely to attack him. He realized that his most serious danger was from MacNair and his Indians. For Lapierre knew MacNair. He knew that once upon his trail, MacNair would relentlessly stick to that trail—the trail that must end at a grave—many graves, in fact. For as the forces stood, Lapierre knew that many men must die, and bitterly he cursed Lefroy for disclosing to MacNair the whereabouts of the Mausers concealed in the storehouse.

The inevitable attack of the Mounted he knew would come later. For the man knew their methods. He knew that a small detachment, one officer, or perhaps two, would appear before the barricade and demand his surrender, and when surrender was refused, a report would go in to headquarters, and after that—Lapierre shrugged—well, that was a problem of to-morrow. In the mean time, if he held Chloe Elliston prisoner under threat of death, it was highly probable that he could deal to advantage with MacNair, and, at the proper time, with the Mounted. If not—*Voila!* It was a fight to the death, anyway. And again Lapierre shrugged.

NEARER and nearer drew the unsuspecting figure of the girl. The man noted the haughty, almost arrogant beauty of her, as the moonlight played upon the firm, resolute features, framed by the oval of her parka-hood. The next instant she paused in the shadow of his banskian, almost at his side.

Lapierre sprang to his feet and stood facing her there in the snow. The smile of the thin lips hardened as he noted the sudden pallor of her face and the look of wild terror that flashed for a moment from her eyes. And then, almost on the instant, the girl's eyes narrowed, the firm white chin thrust forward, and the red lips curled into a sneer of infinite loathing and contempt. Instinctively, Lapierre knew that the hands within the heavy mittens had clenched into fighting fists. For an instant she faced him, and then, drawing away as if he were some grizzly, loathsome thing poisoning the air he breathed, she spoke. Her voice trembled with the fury of her words, and Lapierre winced to the lash of a woman's scorn.

"You—you *dog!*" she cried. "You dirty, low-lived *cur!* How *dare* you

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stand there grinning? How *dare* you show your face? Oh, if I were a man I would—I would strangle the life from your vile, sneaking body with my two hands!"

The words ended in a stifled cry. With a snarl, Lapierre sprang upon her, pinning her arms to her side. The next instant before his eyes loomed the form of Big Lena, who leaped toward him with upraised ax swung high. In the excitement of the moment, the man had not noted her approach. With a swift movement he succeeded in forcing the body of the girl between himself and the upraised blade.

With a shrill cry of rage Lena dropped the ax and rushed to a grip. Sounded then a sickening thud, and the huge woman pitched face downward into the snow, while behind her one of Lapierre's outlaws tossed a heavy club into the bush and rushed to the assistance of his chief. The others came, and with incredible rapidity Chloe Elliston was gagged and bound hand and foot, and the men were carrying her to the waiting sled.

For a moment Lapierre hesitated, gazing longingly toward the cottage as he debated in his mind the advisability of rushing across the clearing and settling his score with Mary, the Louchoux girl, whose unexpected appearance had turned the tide so strongly against him.

"Better let well enough alone!" he growled savagely. "I must reach Lac du Mort ahead of MacNair." And he turned with a curse from the clearing to see an outlaw, with knife unsheathed, stooping over the unconscious form of Big Lena. The quarter-breed kicked the knife from the man's hand.

"Bring her along!" he ordered gruffly. "I will attend to her later." And, despite the hurt of his bruised fingers, the man grinned as he noted the venomous gleam in the leader's eye. For not only was Lapierre thinking of the proselyting of Lefroy, who had been his most trusted lieutenant, but of his own disarming, and the meaning stare of the fishlike eyes that had prompted him to abandon his attempt to poison MacNair when he lay wounded in Chloe Elliston's room.

IT was yet early when, as had become her custom, the Louchoux girl dressed hurriedly and made her way to the kitchen to help Lena in the preparation of breakfast. To her surprise she found that the fire had not been lighted nor was Big Lena in the little room which had been built for her adjoining the kitchen.

The quick eyes of the girl noted that the bed had not been disturbed, and with a sudden fear in her heart she dashed to the door of Chloe's room, where, receiving no answer to her frantic knocking, she pushed open the door and entered. Chloe's bed had not been slept in, and her parka was missing from its peg upon the wall.

As the Indian girl turned from the room Harriet Penny's door opened, and she caught a glimpse of a night-capped head as the little spinster glanced timidly out to inquire into the unusual disturbance.

"Where have they gone?" cried the girl.

"Gone? Gone?" asked Miss Penny. "What do you mean? Who has gone?"

"She's gone—Miss Elliston—and Big Lena, too. They have not slept in their beds."

It took a half-minute for this bit of



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information to percolate Miss Penny's understanding, and when it did she uttered a shrill scream, banged her door, turned the key, and shot the bolt upon the inside.

Alone in the living-room, the last words Chloe had spoken to her flashed through the Indian girl's mind: "I can trust you to place this in MacNair's hands."

Without a second thought for Miss Penny, she rushed into her room, recovered the letter from its hiding-place beneath the pillow, thrust it into the bosom of her gown, and hastily prepared for the trail.

In the kitchen she made up a light pack of provisions, and, with no other thought than to find MacNair, opened the door and stepped out into the keen, frosty air. The girl knew only that Snare Lake lay somewhere up the river, but this gave her little concern, as no snow had fallen since MacNair had departed with his Indians a week before, and she knew his trail would be plain.

From her window Harriet Penny watched the departure of the girl, and before she was half-way across the clearing the little woman appeared in the doorway, commanding, begging, pleading in shrill falsetto, not to be left alone. Hearing the cries, the girl quickened her pace, and without so much as a backward glance passed swiftly down the steep slope to the river.

BORN to the snow-trail, the Louchoux girl made good time. During the month she had spent at Chloe's school she had for the first time in her life been sufficiently clothed and fed, and now with the young muscles of her body well nourished and in the pink of condition she fairly flew over the trail.

Hour after hour she kept up the pace without halting. She passed the mouth of the small tributary upon which she had first seen Chloe. The place conjured vivid memories of the white woman and all she had done for her and meant to her—memories that served as a continual spur to her flying feet. It was well toward noon when, upon rounding a sharp bend, she came suddenly face to face with the Indians and the dog-teams that MacNair had despatched for provisions.

She bounded among them like a flash, singled out Wee Johnnie Tamarack, and proceeded to deluge the old man with an avalanche of words. When finally she paused for sheer lack of breath, the old Indian, who had understood but the smallest fragment of what she had said, remained obviously unimpressed. Whereupon the girl produced the letter, which she waved before his face, accompanying the act with another tirade of words, of which the Indian understood less than he had of the previous outburst.

Wee Johnnie Tamarack took his orders only from MacNair. MacNair had said, "Go to the school for provisions," and to the school he must go. Nevertheless, the sight of the letter impressed him. For in the northland His Majesty's mail is held sacred and must be carried to its destination though the heavens fall.

To the mind of Wee Johnnie Tamarack a letter was "mail," and the fact that its status might be altered by the absence of His Majesty's stamp upon its corner was an affair beyond the old man's comprehension.

Therefore he ordered the other Indians

o continue their journey, and, motioning he girl to a place on the sled, headed is dogs northward and sent them skimming over the back-trail.

Wee Johnnie Tamarack was counted ne of the best dog mushers in the north, nd as the girl had succeeded in implanting in the old man's mind an urgent eed of haste, he exerted his talent to he utmost. Mile after mile, behind the lying feet of the tireless malamutes the ledrunners slipped smoothly over the rust of the ice-hard snow.

AND at midnight of the second day they dashed across the smooth surface of the lake and brought up with a ush before the door of MacNair's own abin, which luckily had been spared by he flames.

It was a record drive for a "two-man" oad—that drive of Wee Johnnie Tamarack's, having clipped twelve hours from thirty-six hour trail.

MacNair's door flew open to their rantic pounding. The girl thrust the etter into his hand, and with a supreme ffort told what she knew of the disappearance of Chloe and Big Lena. Whereupon, she threw herself at full length pon the floor and immediately sank into profound sleep.

MacNair fumbled upon the shelf for a andle and, lighting it, seated himself eside the table, and tore the envelope rom the letter. Never in his life had he man read words penned by the hand f a woman. The fingers that held the etter trembled, and he wondered at the vild beating of his heart.

The story of the Louchoux girl had aroused in him a sudden fear. He wondered vaguely that the disappearance of Chloe Elliston could have caused the dull urt in his breast. The pages in his and were like no letter he had ever eceived. There was something personal—intimate—about them. His huge ingers gripped them lightly, and he urned them over and over in his hand, azing almost in awe upon the bold, ngular writing. Then, very slowly, he egan to read the words.

Unconsciously, he read them aloud, nd as he read a strange lump arose in is throat so that his voice became husky nd the words faltered. He read the etter through to the end. He leaped to is feet and strode rapidly up and down he room, his fists clenched and his reath coming in great gasps.

Bob MacNair was fighting. Fighting gainst an irresistible impulse—an impulse as new and strange to him as hough born of another world—an impulse to find Chloe Elliston, to take her n his arms, and to crush her close gainst his wildly pounding heart.

Minutes passed as the man strode up nd down the length of the little room, nd then once more he seated himself at he table and read the letter through.

DEAR MR. MACNAIR:

I cannot leave the north without this little word to you. I have learned many things since I last saw you—things I should have learned long ago. You were right about the Indians, about Lapierre, about *me*. I know now that I have been a fool. Lapierre always removed his hat in my presence, therefore he was a gentleman! Oh, what a fool I was!

I will not attempt to apologize. I have been too *nasty*, and *hateful*, and *mean* for any apology. You said once that some day we should be friends. I am reminding you of this because I want you to think of me as a friend. Wherever I may be, I will think of you—always. Of the splendid courage of the man who, surrounded by treachery and



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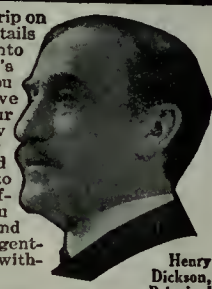
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intrigue and the vicious attacks of the powers that prey, dares to stand upon his convictions and to fight alone for the good of the north—for the cause of those who will never be able to fight for themselves.

It will not be necessary to tell you that I shall go straight to the headquarters of the Mounted and withdraw my charge against you. I have heard of your lawless raids into the far north; I think they are *splendid!* Keep the good work up! Shoot as straight as you can—as straight as you shot that night on Snare Lake. I should love to stand at your side and shoot, too. But that can never be.

Just a word more. Lena is going to marry Lefroy; and, knowing Lena as I do, I think his reformation is assured. I am leaving everything to them. The contents of the storehouse will set them up as independent traders.

And now farewell. I want you to have my most valued possession, the portrait of my grandfather, Tiger Elliston, the man I have always admired more than any other until—

Until what? wondered MacNair. The word had been crossed out, and he finished the letter still wondering.

When you look at the picture in its splintered frame, think sometimes of the "fool moose calf," who, having succeeded by the narrowest margin in eluding the fangs of "the wolf," is returning, wiser, to its mountains.

Yours very truly—and very, very repentantly,
CHLOE ELLISTON.

To be Continued.

The Pawns Count

Continued from page 18.

him back, "but you've got to stay down here. If the man I am going to see thought I was frightened of him, I wouldn't have a chance. If I am not down in half an hour you can try number 18 C."

The chauffeur resumed his place on the driving seat of the car. Pamela, heartily disliking her surroundings, was escorted by a shabby porter to a shabbier lift.

"You'll find Mr. Joseph in," the lift boy assured her with a grin.

Pamela found the number at the end of an unswept stone passage. At her third summons the door was cautiously opened by a large, repulsive-looking woman, with a mass of peroxidized hair. She stared at her visitor first in amazement, then in rapidly gathering resentment.

"Mr. Joseph is at home," she admitted truculently, in response to Pamela's inquiry. "What might you be wanting with him?"

"If you will be so good as to let me in, I will explain to Mr. Joseph," Pamela replied.

The woman seemed on the point of slamming the door. Suddenly there was a voice from behind her shoulder. Joseph appeared—not smiling, joyous Joseph of Henry's, but a sullen-looking negro, dressed in shirt and trousers only, with a heavy under-lip and frowning forehead.

"Let the lady pass and get into the kitchen, Nora," he ordered. "Come this way, mam."

Pamela followed her guide into a parlor, redolent of stale cigar smoke, with oilcloth on the floor and varnished walls, an abode even more horrible than Hassan's lair. Joseph closed the door carefully behind him, and made no apology for his dishabille. He simply faced Pamela.

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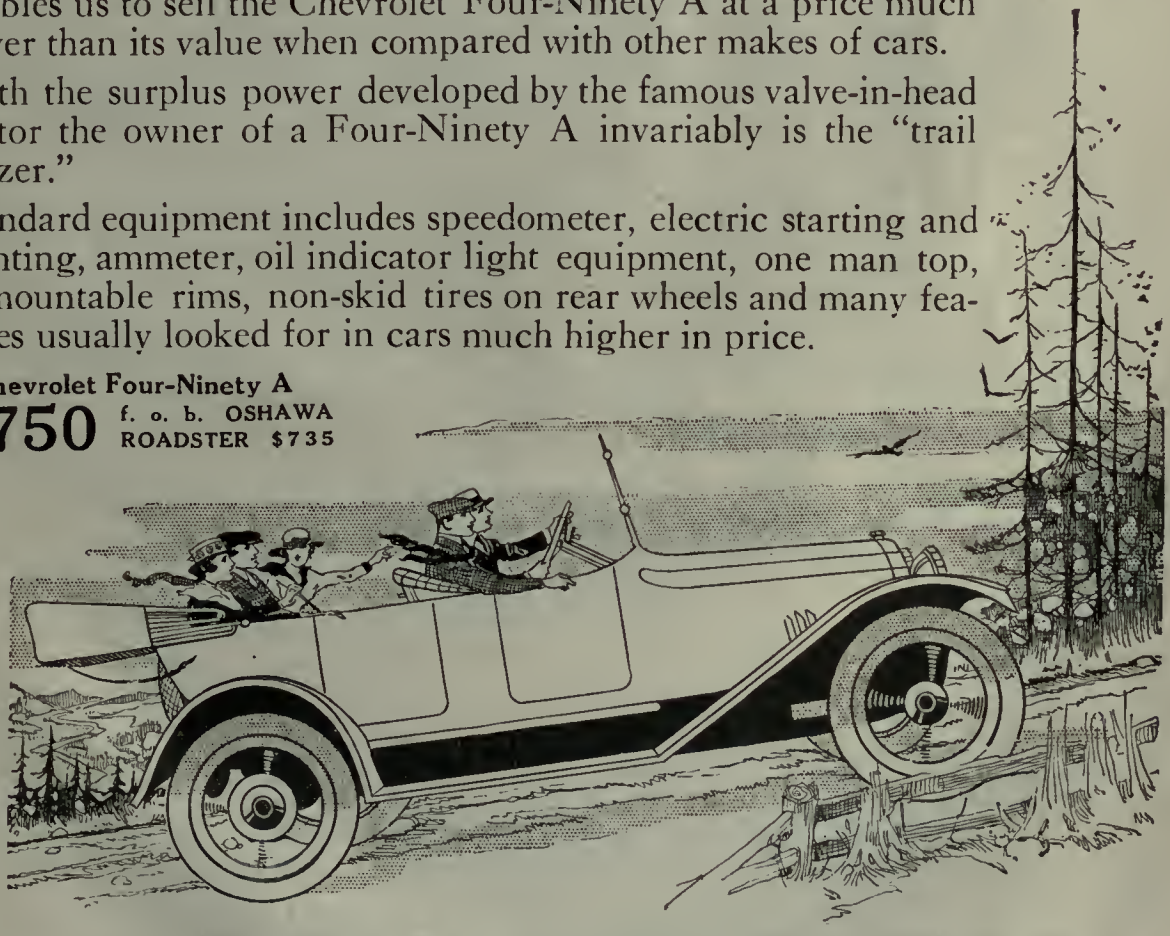
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"Say, what is it you want with me?" he demanded truculently.

"A trifle," she answered. "The key of the chapel in the little plot of waste-ground next to Henry's."

She meant him to be staggered, and he was. He reeled back for a moment.

"What the hell are you talking about?" he gasped.

"Facts," Pamela replied. "Do you want to save yourself, Joseph? You can do it if you choose."

He folded his arms and stood in front of the closed door. Without a collar, his neck bulged unpleasantly behind. There was nothing whatever left of the sauve and genial *chef d'orchestre.*

"Save myself from what, eh? Just let me get wise about it."

Pamela's eyebrows were daintily elevated.

"Dear me!" she murmured. "I thought you were more intelligent. Listen. You know where we met last? Let me remind you. You were playing in the Winter Garden at Berlin, and the gentleman whom I was with, an attache at the American Embassy, spoke to you. He told me a good deal about your past life, Joseph, and your present one. You are in the pay of the Secret Service of Germany. Am I to go to Scotland Yard and tell them so?"

He looked at her wickedly.

"You'd have to get out of here first."

"Don't be silly," she advised him contemptuously. "Remember you're talking to an American woman and don't waste your breath. You can be in the Secret Service of any country you like, without interference from me. On the other hand, there's just one thing I want from you."

"What is it? I haven't got any key."

"I want to discover exactly what has become of Captain Graham," she declared.

"What, the guy that missed his lunch to-day?" he growled.

"I see you know all about it," she continued equably.

"So he's your spark, is he?" Joseph observed slowly, his eyes blinking as he leaned a little forward.

"On the contrary," Pamela replied, "I have never met him. However, that's beside the point. Do I have the key of that chapel?"

"You do not."

"Have you got it?"

"Right here," Joseph assented, dangling it before her eyes.

"I think it's a fair bargain I'm offering you," she reminded him. "You lose the key and keep your place. You only have to keep your mouth shut and nothing happens."

"Nothing doing," the negro declared shortly. "Keys as important as this ain't lost. If I part with it, I get the chuck, and I probably get into the same mess as the others. If I keep it——"

"If you keep it," Pamela interrupted, "you will probably stand with your back to the light in the Tower within the next few days. They've left off being lenient with spies over here."

He looked at her, and there were things in his eyes which few women in the world could have seen without terror. Pamela's lips only came a little closer together. She pressed the inside of the ring upon her third finger, and a ray of green fire seemed to shoot forward.

"I guess I'm up against it," he growled, taking a step forward. "I'll have something of what's coming to me, if I swing for it."

His arm was suddenly around her, his face hideously close. He gave a little snarl as he felt the pinprick through his shirt sleeve. Then he went spinning round and round with his hand to his head.

"What in God's name!" he spluttered. "What in hell——!

He reeled against the horsehair easy-chair and slipped on to the floor. Pamela calmly closed her ring, stooped over him, withdrew the key from his pocket, crossed the room and the dingy little hall with swift footsteps, and without waiting for the lift, fled down the stone steps. Before she reached the bottom, she heard the shrill ringing of the lift bell, the angry shouting of the woman. Pamela, however, strolled quietly out and took her place in the car.

"Back to the hotel, George," she directed the chauffeur. "Don't stop if they call to you from the flats."

The young man sprang up to his seat and the car glided off. Pamela leaned forward and looked at herself in the mirror. There was a shade more color in her face, perhaps, than usual, but her low waves of chestnut hair were unruffled. She used her powder puff with attentive skill and leaned back.

"That's the disagreeable part of it over, any way," she sighed to herself contentedly.

CHAPTER IV.

THE last of the supper-guests had left Henry's Restaurant, the commissionaire's whistle was silent. The light laughter and frivolous adieux of the departing guests seemed to have melted away into a world somewhere beyond the pale of the unseasonable fog. The little strip of waste ground adjoining was wrapped in gloom and silence. The exterior of the bare and deserted chapel, long since unconsecrate, was dull and lifeless. Inside, however, began the march of strange things. First of all, the pinprick of light of a tiny electric torch seemed as though it had risen from the floor, and Hassan, pushing back a trap-door, stepped into the bare, dusty conventicle. He listened for a moment, then made a tour of the windows, touched a spring in the wall, and drew down long, thick blinds. Afterwards he passed between the row of dilapidated benches and paused at the entrance door. He stooped down, examined the keyless lock, shook it gently, gazed upwards and downwards as though in vain search of bolts that were never there. His white teeth gleamed for a moment in the darkness. He turned away with a little shiver.

"Not my fault," he muttered to himself. "Not my fault."

He listened for a moment intently, as though for footsteps outside. The disturbance, however, came from the other end of the building. There was a sharp knocking at the trap-door by which he had ascended. He touched an electric knob. The place was dimly yet sufficiently illuminated. He hastened towards the further end of the place and pulled up the trap-door. A melancholy-looking, little procession slowly emerged. First of all came Joseph, stepping backwards, supporting the head and shoulders of Graham, still bound and gagged. After him came a dark, swarthy-faced wine-waiter, who supported Graham's feet. Behind followed Fischer, carrying his silk hat and cane in his hand. He paused for a moment as he stepped on the floor of the chapel, and brushed the dust from his trousers.

"You can take out the gag now," he ordered the two men. "There isn't much shout in him."

They laid him upon a couch, and Joseph obeyed the order. Graham's head swung helplessly on one side. His eyes opened, however, and he struggled for consciousness. His lips twitched for a moment. In these long hours he had almost forgotten the habit of speech. The words, when they came, sounded strange to him.

"What—where am I? What do you want with me?"

Fischer laid his hat and stick upon a table, on which also stood a telephone instrument.

"The formula, my young friend," he replied, "for that wonderful explosive of which you spoke in the lobby."

A sudden accession of nervous strength brought something almost like passion into the young man's reply, although to himself there still seemed some unreality in the words which might have come from the walls or the roof—surely not from his lips.

"I'll see you damned first!"

Fischer smiled. The man was good-looking, in his way, but this was a pale and ugly smile.

"My request was merely a matter of courtesy," he remarked. "The difficulty of searching you is not formidable. It would have been undertaken long ago but for the fact that the restaurant has been crowded and gags sometimes slip. Besides, there was no hurry. Observe!"

He leaned over Graham, who for the first time struggled furiously but ineffectually with his bonds. His fingers all the time were straining towards the inside pocket of his coat. Fischer nodded understandingly.

"Allow me to anticipate you," he said.

WITH a quick thrust he drew a little handful of papers from the pocket of his captive. One by one he glanced them through and flung them on to the floor. As he came towards the end of his search, however, his expression of confident complacency vanished. His lips shrivelled up a little, his eyes narrowed. The last folded sheet of paper—a little perfumed note from Peggy, thanking Sandy for the beautiful roses—he crumpled fiercely into a little ball. He opened his lips to speak, then he paused. A new light broke in upon him. The fury had passed from Sandy Graham's face. In its stead there was an expression of blank astonishment.

"Where is the formula?" Fischer asked fiercely.

There was no reply. Sandy Graham was still staring at the little pile of papers upon the floor. Fischer made a brief examination of the other pockets. Then he stepped back. His voice shook, his face was dark and malevolent.

"Joseph, Hassan, Jules—listen to me!" he ordered. "Did anyone else enter the musicians' room whilst he was lying in the alcove?"

"Impossible!" Jules declared.

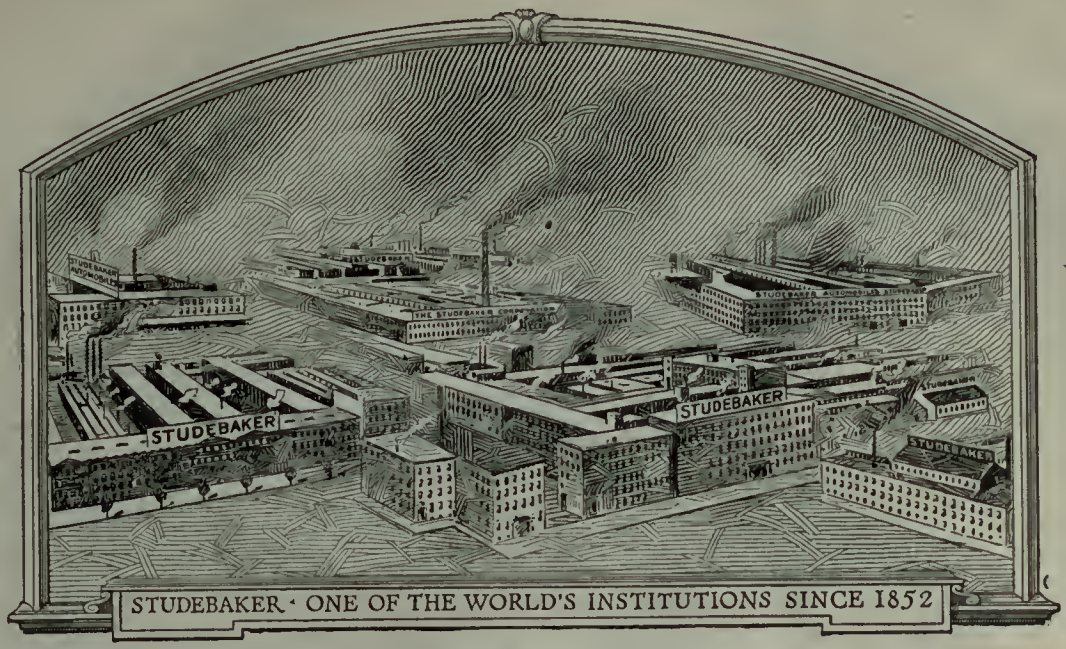
"The door was locked," Hassan murmured.

"Stop!" Joseph exclaimed.

Fischer wheeled round upon him.

"Well?" he exclaimed. "Get on, then. Who?"

To be Continued.



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Industrial Britain

The Wonders of Munition Making in Great Britain.

JUDSON C. WELLIVER gives in *Munsey's Magazine* a graphic picture of the industrial section of Britain where the greatest wonders of the "new workshop of war" are being produced. The article inevitably drifts, however into a disquisition on the position of the woman worker—now and after the war. His conclusion is that woman has come into factory work to stay.

Not long ago I spent a week with the British army in France. I saw as much of war as our cautious hosts ever permit to the civilian—which, at least as to some of its aspects, is quite enough—and returned with a general notion that I now understand something about the way in which modern war is made and won.

But I was mistaken. Now I am able to report that I really do know something about it; for I have just returned from a week in the great industrial region of Scotland and northern England; and that's really the place where the war is being made and won.

Seeing is believing—that is, at first it is; later, it is losing the capacity to believe the things one sees. Surely there isn't enough of iron and steel and forges and lathes and trousered, deft-fingered, munitionettes in the world, to turn out the train-loads of explosives, the mountains of shrapnel, the hundreds of ships big and little, the aeroplanes numbered well into the thousands, the warehouses jammed with khaki uniforms and trench boots—the numberless kinds and inconceivable quantities of the goods and gear of war that we saw.

"Right out here, please—only just a minute for this panorama. It will be interesting," said the courier, as our motor-cars whirled up to an observation platform high up on a hillside which commanded a wonderful view of one of the widest valleys in England.

We scrambled out of our cars and mounted the platform. Two years ago we should have surveyed from that vantage-point a wide stretch of typical English country landscape—a perfect pastoral scene, with sweeping areas of grazing-lands dotted here and there by farmhouses and crossroad hamlets.

But what we saw, when we got our field-glasses adjusted in the vain effort to project eyesight to its utmost bounds, was a cordite-factory nine miles long. That was all there in sight—just cordite-factory. One couldn't see the beginning or the end of it in either direction.

I don't remember how many thousand buildings and warehouses and power-plants and barracks and made-to-order villages had been put there. I remember they told me that within the factory area one hundred miles of railroad track had been laid, to bring materials and haul away the products of the factories. In addition, it had been necessary to construct a labyrinth of macadam roads. One detail that atuck in my mind was that the water-works system which supplies the factory and its community of workers pumps fifteen million gallons of water a day. I once lived in a town of thirty-five thousand people where the town council was turned out of office for wasteful management of the municipal water-works, because the community's daily consumption of water had reached the extravagant total of three and one-half million gallona.

The day this cordite-factory was opened at full capacity, it doubled Great Britain's capacity to produce this particular explosive. Somebody who sounded like an authority told us that that establishment could make more cordite than all the plants in the world before the war.

"Of course it'a the biggest thing of its kind in the world?" suggested one of the visitors.

"No," was the reply. "The American Du Ponts have two or three plants with still larger capacity."

Cordite, as the superintendent of the establishment explained to us, is not a high explosive, and is not put into shells. It is used to drive the shell out of the gun. The stuff in the shells is commonly lyddite, or picric, or "T.N.T."—trinitrotoluol, if you're interested in a little exercise in orthographics.

They told us that about twenty-eight thousand workers are now employed in all capacities with this one explosive factory. The great majority of them are women and girls, in the proportion, as I recollect, of about fifteen women to one man. It was explained that a sprinkling of men were kept in all departments where there was possibility of sudden danger and ensuing panic, to provide leadership and management in case of disaster. After seeing the men and the women at work, I would be willing to wager a shipload of cotton against an exploded glycerin hill that if a big alarm ever comes, the women will behave themselves just as well as the men will.

These women workers on munitions, whether you find them in the shipyards on the Clyde, in the machine shops and shell factories and gun works that are scattered all over the country, or in the explosive-producing establishments, are the most wonderful people I have seen in this war.

It is hopelessly trite to say that they and their work are making it possible to carry on the war. Everybody understands that much; but only the men who have organized the war industries, who have seen how quickly women learn, how deftly they do their work, how willingly they subject themselves to the discipline that is absolutely necesary, how anxious and earnest they are to produce a maximum output instead of the paltry minimum that has become the ideal of British organized labor—only one who understands these factors can possibly have a conception of what the present industrial revolution means. Woman has become not merely the competitor of man in practically every kind of industry, but she has become his superior in many fields which, three years ago, nobody would have dreamed that she would ever enter.

One reads in the government reports on women's work that they are temporarily replacing men in industry. Always that word "temporarily" is diplomatically lugged in as a sop to the laborites; but it's no use. The women have arrived, have made good, have increased the industrial capacity of their country by goodness only knows how much. They have brought new factors into the problems of employment, of wages, of organization, of immigration, of marriage and family life, of domestic service; and whether the men like it or not, the women enjoy their new independence.

Just as well imagine that a bucket of water and a handful of salt are going to prevent the inevitable when glycerin hill No. 13 gets ready to erupt, as to assume that these women of Britain with votes in their hands, are going back to their old station after the war. The rest of the industrial world may as well begin preparing itself to compete with the new England, which is tardily acquiring the methods of grand-scale production and learning how to utilize the work of women.

Here is a sketch from a great foundry at another "certain place," where they were manufacturing fifteen-inch shells for the main batteries of the dreadnoughts:

The pointed nose of a shell was being tempered. The five-hundred-pound mass of steel was picked up by a swinging crane operated by a girl who looked as if she might be twenty years old. It was swung around and deposited on a metal truck. Two women wheeled the truck over to a blast-furnace, and poked the small end of the shell through an opening into the blast. When it was white-hot, it was swung out again and juggled around to a great hydraulic press, in which it was to receive its last shaping under immense pressure.

Those women in overalls and leather aprons, working quickly, confidently, accurately, like soldiers doing the manual of arms on dress parade, performed the entire process. To see them do it was to know beyond peradventure that, given the right tools and appliances, women can do anything men can do, and do it

just as well. For, come to think of it, when it comes to juggling hunks of red-hot iron that weigh half a ton, or half a dozen tons, the difference between a man's physical strength and a woman's becomes mighty unimportant.

I may also mention the fact that in the Clyde area we inspected the most perfectly equipped and most efficient shell-factory in Great Britain. It is an American factory, made over into a shell-works under the direction of American engineers, and now, I believe, in charge of an American superintendent. Nearly all the work in this establishment, which produces shells of calibres from six to fifteen inches, is done by women.

Photographs by Cable

A New Invention Makes Possible the Transmission of Pictures.

THE war has not entirely stopped all scientific research work. It is now announced that the sending of pictures by cable has been perfected to a certain degree and that photographs of people are now being more or less satisfactorily transmitted. The new process is described in *Scientific American* as follows:

A translucent film of the picture to be transmitted is wound upon the outside of a glass cylinder which, by an electric motor, is set rotating about its axis, while slowly advancing in the direction of this axis—a motion precisely that of the cylindrical phonograph record. Each point on the circumference thus describes a helicoidal line, so that the beams from a Nernst lamp (a type distinguished by its extraordinary constant candle-power) which are thrown by a lens system upon a point of the cylinder, successively light up every point-element of the picture — again following the analogy of the phonograph, where the needle passes successively over all points of the record.

In the interior of the cylinder is placed a selenium cell. This is struck by the beams from the lamp, after their passage through the film. The darker the picture at any given point, the less light penetrates at that point to fall upon the selenium cell—and vice versa. At the bright places the beams pass through with practically no diminution of intensity, while the dark portions arrest them more or less completely, and intermediate shades produce an absorption inversely proportional to their intensity. Under the influence of this varying illumination the selenium cell varies in electric conductivity and the current intensity in the circuit fluctuates accordingly.

In the case of ordinary photo-telegraphy, these current fluctuations are reconverted at the receiving station into fluctuations of light, the process above described being, as it were, repeated in reverse order. These fluctuations of light, eventually fixed photographically, reproduce the original picture.

Inasmuch as this cannot be done in the case of a cable line, because of its very low powers of effective current transmission, the current fluctuations corresponding to the variations in shading of the picture, instead of being put directly upon the outgoing wire, are reconverted into what Professor Korn calls an intermediary *cliché* in the form of a letter cablegram. From this, transmitted in the ordinary course to the other end, the original picture can be reconstructed at any moment. Moreover, a further demand upon the inventor's ingenuity arises from the fact that the currents flowing through the circuit containing the selenium cell, necessarily feeble in order not to exceed the capacity of that cell, are unable to perform any mechanical work worth speaking of. They are, therefore, made to switch in stronger currents through the agency of a cleverly designed relay.

The feeble currents pass through an extremely sensitive moving-coil galvanometer, the needle of which undergoes deflection in accordance with their actual intensities. The deflected needle, which is of non-conducting material but carries at its ends small metal



The One Lone Package

On the Pantry Shelf Shows a Wrong Idea of Puffed Wheat

Some people treat Puffed Grains as tidbits, to be served on rare occasions. These bubble grains, flavory and flaky, seem like food confections. As some folks say, "They seem too good to eat."

That is a wrong conception. Puffed Wheat and Rice, above all else, are scientific foods.

They are whole grains, rich in minerals and vitamines. They supply what flour foods lack.

And they are fitted, like no other grain foods, for easy, complete digestion. Every food cell is exploded, so digestion can instantly act. And the whole grain feeds.

Their easy digestion makes them perfect between-meal foods, or good-night foods, or luncheon foods. Everybody revels in them. Keep plenty on hand, and all three kinds, so children can have all they want of them. At odd hours or at mealtime, they are the best foods one can eat.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

Both 15c Except in Far West

Serve in the morning with sugar and cream, or mixed with any fruit. For luncheon or supper, float in bowls of milk. Use as wafers in soup, as nut-like garnish for ice cream. Douse with melted butter, like peanuts or popcorn, for an after-school delight. They are as welcome as confections, and far better for the child.



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The only way to be well is to build up your body---all of it---through nature's methods---not by pampering the stomach. It is not FATE that is making you a failure; it's that poor, emaciated body of yours; your half-sickness shows plain in your face, and the world loves healthy people. So be HEALTHY---STRONG---VITAL. That's LIVING. Don't think too long; send 5c in stamps to cover mailing of my book, **"Intelligence in Physical and Health Culture,"** written by the STRONGEST PHYSICAL CULTURE INSTRUCTOR IN THE WORLD.

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pins, passes on both sides below metallic sectors communicating with a source of Tesla currents, and above a series of contacts each connected with one of a series of circuits. As the needle is deflected into a position bringing its ends above a given one of these contacts, Tesla sparks will pass, thus allowing an alternating current to flow between the ends of a spark gap in the corresponding circuit. This circuit, since an electric arc to all intents and purposes acts like an electric conductor, is then closed, and a direct current of the appropriate intensity can pass through. The several circuits are connected with a high speed telegraph, in the perforated tape of which, through the agency of a polarized relay, the current thus flowing produces a given combination of holes. The valuable feature in connection with this arrangement, and one which would seem to admit of a multitude of other applications, is the absence of any friction worth speaking of, current closure being produced by arcs and Tesla sparks rather than by actual contacts.



A photograph received over the cable in two sections.

From the above it will be understood that each combination of holes in the tape of the high speed telegraph corresponds to a given deflection of the galvanometer needle and, through this, to a certain current intensity in the selenium circuit and to a certain shading in a given point of the picture, which can thus be said to have been converted, point by point, into a series of perforations of the tape. This, however, in the high speed telegraph, can be in its turn translated into a series of letters, each corresponding to one element of the original picture.

An ordinary portrait is decomposed into 10,000 to 20,000 elements, other pictures into more, in accordance with the actual wealth of detail. Professor Korn uses fourteen Tesla circuits, and as each of these corresponds to a given light shading, on the one hand, and on the other to a given combination and a given letter, his scale recognizes the existence of fourteen different shadings in the make-up of a picture.

There are different possibilities for reconstructing the original picture out of the letter cablegram transmitted in the usual way. One course which has been tried and which, if perfected, bids fair to yield excellent results, consists in reproducing the picture by aid of the inventor's photo-telegraphic receiver, the cablegram being automatically reconverted into a series of perforations by well-known means. In a more or less general way, this involves the duplication, in reverse order, of the series of operations employed in passing from the original picture to the perforated tape.

The Passing of the Tenderloin

The Present Administration of New York is Banishing Vice.

NEW YORK is not to-day the picturesque and wicked city of gun men, gambling dives and all-night saloons that it was once supposed to be. The "lid" is on. New York has been rendered more spotless than was ever deemed possible with so big a city. Frank Marshall White tells of "the passing of New York's tenderloin" in Munsey's Magazine, writing in part as follows:—

For the first time in its history, perhaps, New York has an incorruptible as well as competent executive at the head of its police department, simultaneously with a mayor who stands squarely behind him and will not allow him to be hampered by the politicians. If the latter condition had existed when General Theodore A. Bingham was police commissioner, the back of the "system" would have been broken in 1909. It is broken now. It is safe to say that there is to-day no paid collusion between members of the police force and violators of the law in any of the five metropolitan boroughs, save in those negligible instances where an individual policeman may take the risk of accepting money for some casual illicit service.

When Arthur Woods was appointed commissioner, soon after John Purroy Mitchel became mayor, in 1914, the police department was being lifted from a state approaching demoralization by Commissioner Douglas I. McKay, a capable hold-over from the previous administration, that of William J. Gaynor. The revelations of corruption brought about by the murder of the gambler Rosenthal in 1912 and the trials of Police Lieutenant Charles Becker, and of other police officials, in the following year, together with the disclosures made before the aldermanic committee that investigated the department in 1912, had put the comparatively few dishonest men on the force into a condition of unrest and fear, and had unbearably humiliated the great mass of honest men. In the public mind the word "policeman" had almost become synonymous with crook.

Beginning with the administration of Mayor Seth Low, in 1902, there have been honest men at the head of the New York police department. Indeed, there has been but one police commissioner out of the nine who have held that office since 1901 of whose integrity there has been the slightest suspicion. However, Colonel John N. Partridge, General Francis V. Greene, and William McAdoo, police commissioners under Mayors Low and McClellan, had an up-hill fight against the powers of evil, owing to inadequate laws, unscrupulous politicians, and treacherous subordinates.

It was not until 1908, when an amendment was passed to the State liquor law, penalizing the premises whose owner or lessee had been found guilty of permitting disorderly conduct there, by providing that a liquor license might not issue for such premises for the term of one year after the verdict, that the law was able to get a real grip on the vice situation. At that time General Bingham had succeeded Mr. McAdoo as police commissioner under Mayor McClellan's second administration, and had just succeeded in having the law passed under which he was able to promote or demote at will the inspectors and captains under him.

With these new weapons the general made such determined and vigorous assaults upon the gamblers and keepers of disorderly

houses that their political protectors flew to McClellan, and demanded that he should call his police commissioner off. McClellan knew that to call Commissioner Bingham off was beyond his power; and, not daring to defy the men who had made him, he took advantage of a pretext under which he dismissed from office a public servant who deserved, and possessed, the confidence and respect of every reputable citizen of New York.

As has been intimated, if Mayor McClellan had then stood behind Commissioner Bingham as Mayor Mitchel has stood behind Commissioner Woods, the back of the system would have been broken nearly ten years ago. Commissioner Woods, by the way, was at that time one of General Bingham's deputies, in charge of the detective bureau and of the campaign against the vendors of prostitution.

When Mayor Mitchel took his seat on January 1, 1914, the purveyors of vice were on the alert, as usual, to ascertain their status under the new administration. When he named as his private secretary and confidential adviser Arthur Woods, whom they remembered of old as General Bingham's executive officer in the fight upon them in 1908—on which occasion only Mayor McClellan's interference saved them from probable annihilation—they were greatly alarmed; and in April, when Mitchel made Woods police commissioner, their alarm became despair.

Nevertheless, the gamblers and keepers of disorderly houses did not give up the struggle. They had previously seen fat and lean years, and they knew that good times would come again with a mayor or police commissioner tolerant of commercialized vice. They are "scratching gravel" to-day, in the hope that the next mayor will favor an open town—a fact which it might be well for the citizens of New York to bear in mind when they cast their ballots in November.

It should be remembered that while some police commissioners have, for political reasons with which they were unable to cope, been less active than others in the suppression of vice, there has been a general improvement since the Lexow investigation of 1894, which has been previously mentioned. The control of vice was a somewhat less difficult proposition when Commissioner Woods took charge of the police force in 1914 than when he left the detective bureau in 1908. Not only had every police commissioner since Murphy, with one possible exception, done as much toward the repression of gambling and the social evil as the politicians would let him, but new laws dealing with the situation had come into existence, with a stronger public sentiment for their enforcement.

Moreover, judges, district attorneys, and other public officials were beginning to have a clearer conception of their duties in the fight upon organized vice. The three unofficial societies that co-operate with the police—the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and the Committee of Fourteen—have never relaxed their efforts for the promotion of law and order during the city's worst relapses into the slough of immorality, and they were eager for the battle to begin under the egis of the new police commissioner who had previously proved his quality in a subordinate position.

The details of this brilliantly successful campaign it is impossible to present in a single article. Suffice it to say that Commissioner Woods, with the backing of the mayor, has accomplished more—not alone in the suppression of vice, but in many other directions—in his three and a half years at the head of the police department than had all his predecessors, since Murphy, in thirteen years.

There were fifty gambling-houses running in the Tenderloin during Gaynor's administration, and the police estimate that on the East Side the game of stuss was taking one-fifth of the earnings of that densely populated territory. There is now no open gambling-house known to the authorities in New York.



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WOMEN AND THEIR WORK

The Sanity of the Food Campaign

By Ethel M. Chapman

THIS is the farmer's year of the war. The crop reports carry a message of as keen national interest as the war bulletins. The allied armies are facing a shortage of 400,000,000 bushels of grain; a meat shortage equal to 120,000,000 animals. The decisive factor in the war, we are told, is no longer men or munitions, but food.

It is also the housekeeper's year. For the first time, the women of Canada are being asked to register as members of the army at home, and the appeal is very direct and simple. The men who are fighting need wheat, beef and bacon. It will avail nothing for Canada to produce these, unless, in considerable quantities they are released for export to the army. It has been estimated that we must reduce our normal consumption of these foods by at least twenty-five per cent., and this is a phase of the nation's food conservation which will depend largely upon the women in the homes.

But in the newness of the thing the woman is distressed by many doctrines. She hears of meatless days and wheatless days until she can vision only starvation and disaster ahead for her family. There is no legislation to guide her,—we are a uniquely free people here in Canada; the only sacrifice the country has yet asked of us is voluntary sacrifice. Yet when the appeal comes to sign a pledge to "conscientiously carry out the advice and directions of the Food Controller," that requisite foods may be sent to the men holding the line and the starving people in the war-swept territories back of them, women here and there all over the country hesitate before committing themselves and their households; and not infrequently the objection is nothing more serious than that the order is indefinite. It is scarcely conceivable that we belong to the same families as the men who unquestioningly committed themselves to something which was definite only in its hardships and horrors. Fortunately, however, there is nothing to be afraid of in the new food regulations. These are stated specifically in the Order-in-Council issued to public eating-places where restrictions are made compulsory, and they may well be taken as the voluntary standard for the private home. The rule is that beef or bacon shall not be served at more than one meal on any day, and on Tuesdays and Fridays none shall be served. "Bacon," of course, in this case means more than the breakfast strips and tender, lean eyes of meat close to the backbone; it includes all cured sides, backs, hams, and any portion of what is termed in the trade, Wiltshire sides. The regulation framed to save wheat says nothing whatever about a whole "wheatless day." It states simply that "at every meal at which white bread is served there shall also be served some substitute or substitutes such as corn bread, oat cakes, potatoes, etc. It is not, after all, a very severe measure; the woman who really cares, and who has an intelligent understanding of foods might carry it out to the letter, and then go a second mile without interfering with the health and well-being of her family.

Just here however is where serious mistakes may occur. We are not being asked to tighten our belts uncomfortably, even though other nations are starving,—but we are asked, as far as possible to live on the perishable foods which cannot be exported. It is not a matter of starvation but of substitution, and unless the housekeeper undertakes this work of using one food in place of another, with an intelligent understanding of their particular food values, and the needs of the people she has to feed, we may have more trouble with malnutrition at home than with disease in the army. Directly we take from the diet wheat, beef and bacon,—foods rich in flesh-forming substances, and fat, the natural tendency is to fill in with starch in the shape of rice, potatoes, etc. Starch is a good fuel food to supply the energy required for doing ordinary daily work, but it will not repair a molecule of worn out tissue, or take any part in building the growing body of a child, or provide any high quality of resistance to disease. It will put more stiffness into a shirt bosom than into a backbone, so it is not the right food to produce a verile young Canada. Right in line with this we must not allow any thrift preaching to blind us to the fact that it is the most wicked kind of economy to limit the plain food of a growing child. A child of fourteen years requires as much food as an adult; a child of seven years requires half as much; and if the quality as well as the quantity is not right, he is bound to suffer for it later.



The question of finding substitutes for the things we must save will not be as hard as many people seem to think. While it is difficult to make many breads entirely without wheat flour, this can be supplemented with flours from other grains in making cornbread, ryebread, barley bread, oatbread, Boston brown bread where a combination of corn, rye and wheat flour is used, oat cakes, potato cakes, buckwheat gems, and a variety of both raised and quick breads where the whole or outer layers of the wheat grain are included and more of the white flour saved. It is easier still to omit wheat entirely from our breakfast cereals and to use oats, corn, rice and barley. To save beef and bacon we have a variety of meat substitutes to draw from, in the way of milk, cheese, fish, eggs, dried beans, peas and lentils, while certain kinds of meat such as pork chops, mutton, heart, liver, and poultry are not available as army supplies and may be consumed at home without in any way disturbing the conscience. A little bulletin "War Meals" issued by the Food Controller and ready for distribution with the pledge cards, not only sets forth the best substitutes to use, with their particular food values but suggests a series of balanced meals for the man engaged in sedentary work, the man doing hard manual work, and for growing children.

Another phase of food conservation rests largely with the housekeeper. It is estimated that over $50,000,000 worth of foodstuffs goes into the garbage cans of Canada every year. Women are stopping this waste when they set to work to can or dry or preserve in some way every surplus pound of perishable food produced. They are stopping it when they make their meals simpler, serving fewer things at one time so that nothing may be there to be tasted experimentally and left on the plate. The overloading of a table with a mixture of many foods, fussy made dishes where the natural delicate flavor of any one food is lost in the conglomerate

whole, the using of highly-seasoned sauces to stimulate the appetite beyond its normal desires, is a form of barbarity belonging solely to this continent; it is never found in refined homes in Great Britain or France. Apart from the æsthetic standpoint, the best authorities tell us that the simpler the diet, that is the less complicated, provided there is sufficient variety each time to make a balanced meal, the better will each food perform its own particular function. One other point must not be overlooked in attacking the waste problem. We are likely to be very hard on the person who uses any of what are generally called food luxuries; this is a mistake. Suppose for instance mushrooms sell for a dollar a pound. Mushrooms are a wholesome food but they cannot be exported to the army. If by buying and consuming mushrooms at a dollar a pound, a man eats less wheat, beef and bacon, let us be glad we have such a man in the community because most of us couldn't afford it. He has made use of a perishable food which might otherwise have been wasted.

On the week of September the seventeenth, or thereabouts, a unique form of house to house canvass will begin throughout the Dominion. The woman in every home will be asked to sign a card pledging herself and her household to conscientiously carry out the advice and directions of the Food Controller. Will she do it? That is what the women who have to distribute the cards are asking themselves. Judging from the way the women across the line have responded to this appeal, and from the readiness with which Canadian women have offered themselves for any other patriotic work, there is little reason for doubting the general feeling in this case. Still there will be objections, sane, selfish, and political, to meet which, the dispenser of pledge-cards, being a home-keeper herself and possibly not having followed public affairs very closely, may not have the necessary data at hand.

Someone is about sure to ask, "If the government wants us to save meat why doesn't it see that we can get fish at a price low enough to make everyone want it?" This is a most sensible question, and it will be gratifying to those interested to know that while before the time of the Food Controller the fish supply distributed through Toronto amounted to ten thousand pounds weekly, it now averages eighty thousand pounds weekly, and would be considerably more but for the difficulty of getting cars to transport the salt water fish from the Atlantic. Several more cars were arranged for last week. There are many centres where the demand for fish is great enough but where there are no facilities for taking care of them; the government cannot take the responsibility of unloading fish in a town to spoil, but the recent cold storage act has given every municipality the right to build and run its own cold storage plant, and already, largely through the agitation of the women too, by the way, several of the smaller cities and towns have taken up the matter of storage facilities that they may bring in quantities of "government fish." Then there arises the question as to why Canada does not prohibit the export of fish to the United States. The States is our nearest ally and engaged in the same enterprise of saving wheat, beef and bacon for their men and ours. The first resources of their lakes have all been tapped, and they are saying to us, "You see how this is going to upset all our established food plans, if now, when we



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really need fish you cut off what you have been giving us. Why not use your undeveloped waters for home use and leave the export as it is?" This is what is already under way, and the fish supply from our inland lakes will soon add very materially to our food resources.

And the only difficulty with many a dutiful, passive-minded little woman will be John. He has been used to being master in his own house;—that is about the only place in the world where he has ever had a free hand, and war or no war he wants what he wants. He has no intention of allowing his wife to commit him to any food restriction, nor of letting any "blooming placard" go up in his front window. After all, John is about the most formidable stumbling-block the food campaigner will have to meet, because, speaking to his wife, she can't just explain him away as frankly as she can the difficulties outside the family circle. However we may be anticipating too much; the next two weeks will bring forth many discoveries of the inwardness of human nature; we can only hope that the John type may have become extinct.

But against all this there will be the great army of women who have already given so unselfishly of their best, that a little more sacrifice would scarcely be noticed. Even if there should be a troublesome John in the house a woman of this class will have established so surely her ability to take care of the housekeeping part of the establishment, that her decision would scarcely be questioned here. Anyway she will know that she can feed John so skilfully according to food control regulations that he will never know the difference. These women will have a vision big enough to look from the security and peace of their own homes into the desolate homes of Europe where women live in the cellars of houses that have been bombed almost over their heads, where children dazed and shell-shocked cry from hunger, homes from which the men were taken hurriedly and relentlessly at the beginning of the war, and with them love and protection and comfort went out forever. There is no delicate hesitancy over what shall or shall not be eaten here; the people are starving. And another vision the Canadian woman will have. She will see waves and waves of khaki uniformed men with faces hardened and drawn, and perhaps she will see her own boy among them. He didn't stop to weigh the sacrifice against his personal interests; if he and others like them had waited to do that, we women in Canada would now be crouching in our cellars just like the women of Europe, with our homes, our womanhood, everything that once meant life to us, gone. And the men who have been there, who have seen the starving and the suffering, who may even have hunger added to their own hardships unless something is done,—when they come back what will they think of our indifference? The woman knows that her boy may come home physically broken, and ages older than his years, but she cannot bear to think of him coming back embittered against those whom he had trusted. And she does not wait to quibble over details. Glad to be able to help in any way she treasures her little window card as a thing of honor, and without questioning what others may do, she takes the attitude of another staple character of old,—"As for me and my house"—

The Care of Children

By a Well-known Child Specialist

I. ADVICE FOR THE MOTHER.

BEFORE the birth of the child, the mother should lead a simple, quiet life, getting plenty of fresh air, sunshine, and sleep; having a moderate amount of exercise, a rational diet, and a freedom from worry. No anxiety should be felt in regard to not being able to nurse. After the birth of the child the same simple laws should be observed. Below is given a diet which has proven experimentally to be the best for the nursing mother. *Follow it.*

Diet.—8 a.m.—Cereal, fruit, milk, rolls, cocoa or tea and eggs.
12 p.m.—Soup, meat, potato and one green vegetable, cereal, pudding or ice cream, and occasionally cookies.
6 p.m.—Meat, vegetable, cereal, stewed fruit and tea or milk.

In addition to above a glass of milk every four hours. Stewed fruit may be used as it tends to avoid the necessity for laxative.

II. MATERNAL NURSING.

While it is a fact that individuality enters strongly into the question of the technique of breast feeding, nevertheless, on the whole, definite rules for guidance may be laid down. Keep in mind this fact, namely, that ninety per cent. of the trouble in nursing babies is due to their getting either too much or too little breast milk. Below is given a schedule of what babies ought to get at different weights. Notice the writer says different *weights*. We do not estimate their feedings by their *age*, but by their *weights*. It is common sense that a baby weighing twelve pounds needs more milk than a baby weighing eight pounds, no matter what their respective ages, just as a 20 h.p. engine uses more gasoline than a 15 h.p. engine would use. It is hoped that this schedule will not cause any anxiety in any mother because she cannot get her baby up to weight. Just as soon as you begin to worry, get to the doctor as soon as you can. This worry will be the finishing touch in causing trouble.

(*a*) *The Interval of Feeding.* That is, "*how often*" should the baby be nursed?

Here again we have some rules to govern us. If the baby weighs under eight pounds, then it is fed every 3 hours, six times daily. If poorly nourished it should be fed 7 times daily. However, if on the 3-hour interval, if getting too much, or showing signs of dyspepsia (colic, vomiting, etc.), the four-hour interval should be adopted. The babies over eight pounds are usually sufficiently nourished to be put on a four-hour interval. *Under no circumstances should a baby be nursed under 3 hours.*

(*b*) *Regularity in Feeding.*

Nothing should interfere with the baby feeding at its regular time *by the clock.* If being fed every 3 hours, then at 6 a.m., 9 a.m., 12 p.m., 3 p.m., 6 p.m., 10-12 p.m. If on a four-hour interval, 6 a.m., 10 a.m., 2 p.m., 6 p.m., 10-12 p.m. Usually babies under 6 months of age receive this last feeding as late as possible, preferably midnight. They should then sleep the balance of the night until the 6 a.m. feeding In the older babies this late hour is not necessary, the 10 p.m. feeding being the last until morning. Remember to awaken the baby at its proper nursing hour, even if sleeping.

(*c*) *How much should it gain?*

Nursing babies usually gain 5-7 ozs. each week. So that a baby weighing 8 pounds at birth should weigh about 16 pounds at 6 months of age. The baby should be weighed each week and the weight recorded. A pair of household scales may be purchased for $5 to $8. They are very useful when handling a baby. To enable the baby to gain in this way, the following supply of milk is necessary daily:

Weight in lbs.—
6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17

Milk in ozs., per day—
18 19 20 22 24 26 30 31 32 33 35 36

That is, an infant weighing 12 pounds should receive each day 30 ozs. of milk. To determine how much the baby receives, weigh it before and after nursings. The increase will give the amount of milk received. The baby may be weighed thus at each feeding, and an accurate account kept of the day's feeding. As a rule, weighing 2 or 3 times daily will give one an average whereby to arrive at the day's supply. There is no guess work when this is done. It is not advised at all that this be carried out as a routine, if the baby is gaining satisfactorily, weigh once a week only, but if in doubt as to the amount received then weighing will settle the question. Water should be given in between feedings if the baby is awake, but never within an hour of the feeding hour, or for an hour afterwards.

What to Eat When Prices Are High

By Mrs. Elizabeth Atwood

IT is really a serious problem in these days when prices are high and seem to be getting higher, to know what to eat that will satisfy, nourish and yet not double the household expenses.

The housewife feels that she must keep expenses down as much as possible, yet knows that her family must be fed and well fed, since good food and sufficient means health, strength and happiness.

Supplies of good foods have so long been abundant that we have become accustomed to the most expensive, without a thought. Unfortunately a great many housekeepers seem to think that the very best means the highest in price. This is far from the truth. A great many of the cheaper cuts are quite as nourishing as the most expensive.

Worst of all, however, is our habit of wastefulness. We do not mean to be wasteful. Many of us think we are quite



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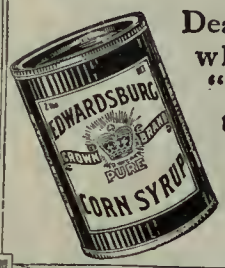
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saving. But we know that the things we throw away or neglect to use up as foods would shock any European housewife, not only now but back in their times of peace and plenty.

For example, we are very apt to ignore the nutritive values possessed by the neck and feet of fowl. We go to the meat market, purchase chicken at highest prices, only to order the removal of the feet and the neck, yet these, together with the giblets, will make a delicious soup, sufficient for five persons. Even boarding house keepers who are supposed to make a business of economical catering are daily guilty of just such extravagance. Lamb chops, purchased at thirty or thirty-five cents a pound are trimmed in French style, and the trimmings, with the ends out from the bone are left with the butcher. The fact that, properly cooked, they would make a toothsome luncheon dish, or entree at dinner, appears not to be suspected. The Englishman regards a good leg of mutton, roasted or boiled, as a dish fit for a king. Here in this country it is looked upon with contempt by so-called lovers of nice-eating. As the result legs are sold for a comparatively small price, while chops are worth nearly their weight in gold, for the market-man must make his entire profit out of that portion of the quarter.

That leg of mutton is delicious when properly seasoned, and cooked to a turn, should be preached from the housetops in this day of high prices. The meat is nutritious, and wholesome, easy of digestion, and desirable from every point of view. Only gross ignorance classes it among undesirable foods. Yet the fact remains that it is largely ignored, and the same holds true with many other cuts of meat.

THE present emergency of high prices can be answered by the housewives as by no other class. Porterhouse steak, lamb chops, choice rib roasts of beef, legs of spring lamb, and the like do not represent the most nutritive meat products. They mean only those of highest cost, and which require least thought in their preparation. The less expensive cuts are often richest in food values. When we learn to make a tempting and toothsome dish from the under part of the round of beef there will be less demand for the tenderloin. In France, the home of perfect cooking, beef's liver is regarded as a dainty, and it is as prepared in that country. In our own land it is thought by many to be unfit to appear upon refined tables.

As slow cooking means delicious flavor, the casserole is one of the best aids in the preparation of many forms of food. Yet it is only within recent years that it has been introduced into American homes to any considerable extent. Veal cooked in the casserole becomes both tempting and wholesome. A most delectable entree can be made from the leg of veal with the added flavor of mushrooms, and as the Italian cooks have taught us, the mushroom need not be a costly luxury. The fresh ones, which are most expensive, can be obtained in all large cities. They are especially delicious, but the dried sort are vastly more economical, can always be obtained, and will answer any culinary purpose nicely. To prepare a sufficient quantity of veal en casserole for six persons, procure a thick slice of veal weighing one pound and a quarter, and cut it into cubes. Lard these with strips of fat salt pork, and brown them in a frying pan in a little pork dripping. Transfer

to the casserole and add three small shalots peeled and sliced, two sprigs of parsley, and a cupful of the thick part of a can of tomatoes. Remove the seeds and white fibre from a good size green pepper, cut into shreds and saute in the pork fat until tender. Then add it to the meat, with a quarter of a pound of fresh mushrooms that have been carefully washed, but not peeled. Add stock to half—cover the meat, and a little salt. Cover the casserole tightly and cook in a moderate oven for an hour and a half. Thicken the sauce slightly and serve in the casserole. If dried mushrooms are to be substituted for the fresh ones, wash a small handful and place in a saucepan with a little tepid water. Bring slowly to the boiling point, and add to the meat.

A dish that is at once palatable and satisfying is made from a slice cut from the round of beef. Let the slice be three-quarters of an inch in thickness and roll it, enclosing two or three thin slices of fat bacon. Brown in the frying pan with a little dripping, then place in the casserole with stock to half its depth. Add tomato flavoring—either canned tomato, or tomato paste, a shredded green pepper and a little salt. Cover the casserole and cook slowly in the oven for about two hours. If liked, thicken the gravy slightly and serve, cutting into round slices.

INDIVIDUAL casseroles and ramekins afford as many fascinating opportunities for the use of left-overs. There are numberless recipes which might be quoted, but it is part of the pleasure to combine flavors individually. Chopped meat can be made in such a variety of excellent dishes as not to be recognized as having the same foundation, for it is part of the satisfaction to obtain new and bewildering results. Souffle cooked in ramekins become a daintily attractive dish; another portion of the same chopped meat made into individual pastries suggests a totally different impression both to the eye and to the palate. Ordinary has become a delicious and appetizing dish when browned in individual casseroles and any clever housewife can evolve countless surprises with the help of these cooking utensils, which are made of simple earthenware and are of little cost. To make the hash tasty in the extreme, add a little cold boiled ham to the fresh meat with just enough pimento to add piquancy and rub the dish in which the mixture is prepared with a clove of garlic. After the mixture has been placed in the casserole, dot the top with bits of butter, and brown in a quick, but not hot, oven.

Soups are enjoyed by the great number of diners, and the French "pot au feu" might well be introduced into every American home. It means simply the perpetual soup pot into which are put the trimmings of the roast, the odds and ends which do not seem important enough for other uses, yet which contribute their share of flavor and nourishment. It provides the best possible stock, or foundation, for soups and sauces, and is delicious as well as economical. Vegetable soups are appetizing also, and the truly scientific housewife will not allow the water in which vegetables and rice have been boiled to go to waste. They add their modicum of flavor and quality, as well as nourishment, and when we realize all these facts we are on the road to outwitting any combine that strives to advance the cost of food supplies.

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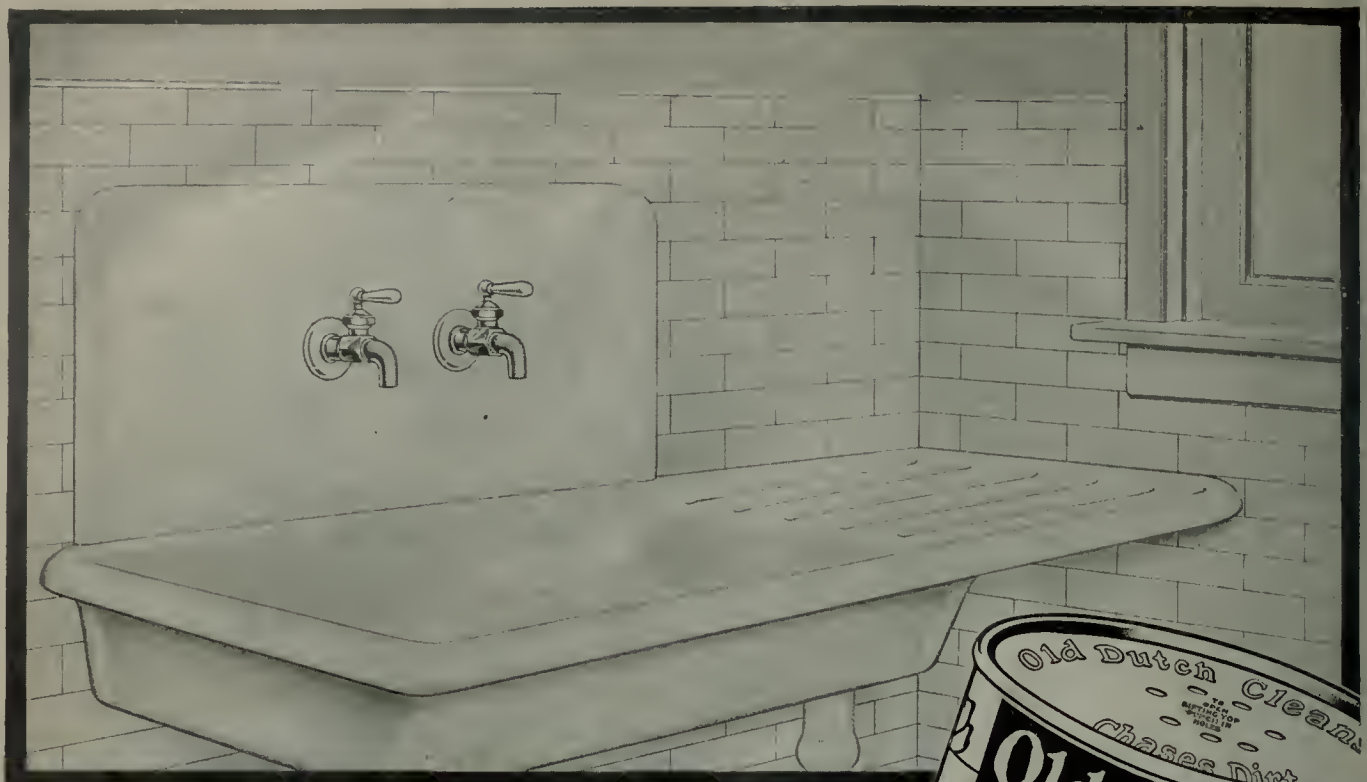
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